























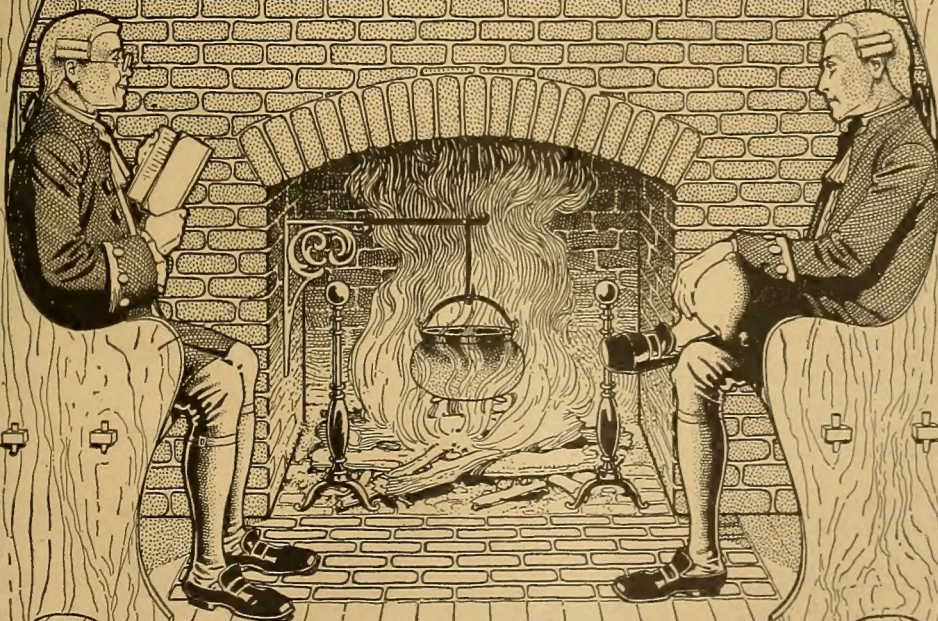


# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

IMMORTALITY.—J. G. Figley.  
HARROD'S LADDIE.—Oma Karn.  
REPAIRING BROKEN RESOLUTIONS.—Ada  
Kircher.  
NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.—Het-  
tie Stauffer.



DEXTER & TUTTLE, CHG.

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 3, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 27. Vol. VIII



# Cheap Excursion

TO

## Butte Valley, Cal.,

Tuesday, August 14



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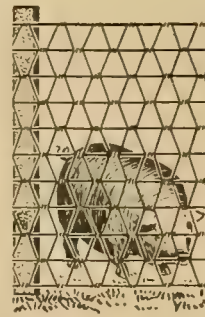
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JULY 3, 1906.

No. 27.

## THE HIDDEN LIFE.

MARY C. STONER.

From his shining courts in glory  
My Savior smiled on me;  
His benediction cheered my soul,  
His peace he gave to me,  
He shed his grace into my heart,  
His spirit made me free.  
I plead to like my Savior be,  
He smiling answered yea;  
His loving hand he bid me take,  
He led to Calvary;  
And, as I stood, the rugged cross  
Came up before my eye;  
He asked in tones so kind and true  
If I for him could die.  
My heart grew faint, my eye grew dim,  
I closer clung to him;  
The cross so hard it seemed to me,  
My life so very dear;  
The human life so cold and vile,  
Grown full of doubt and fear,—  
I glanced to tell my Savior no;  
His blessed look I saw,  
So full of grief, of sorrow, woe,  
And yet so full of love.  
And then my cruel self replied,  
"O Lord, I cannot die,"  
My head I bowed in bitter shame  
My Savior to deny;  
I lay upon his loving breast,  
My heart so faint and chill,  
And when he gently said to me,  
"My child, I love thee still."  
Ah, then, I cried, "Oh, help me, Lord,  
For thee I'll gladly die."  
His love so great I never knew,  
His grace so rich and free,  
He spoke in tones so kind and true  
And smiling said to me,  
"Thy life thou hast already giv'n,  
Thy life is hid in mine,  
My image I have given thee,  
My will shall e'er be thine."

North Manchester, Ind.



Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;  
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*If Pleasure journeys toward Regret, stop her.*



*If innocence lives long, it proves its nature strong.*



*We must undermine ourselves, to throw dirt on others.*



*Exaltation should bear in mind that height is not strength.*



*Borrowed airs are worn by some who would be ashamed of second-hand clothing.*



*It is difficult to decide which is the surest method of contributing to the misery of the world—that of carelessly giving offense, or carefully taking it.*



*Genius may be absent, but we may have the services of reliable industry when we will; and the greater part of our achievements are accomplished by industry.*



*The child of Influence resembles her. Look around—aye look in the mirror if necessary,—to discover the source of evil, and remove it from the child's presence.*



*It is a disgrace not to make the most of favorable circumstances for manhood, and Christianity; but it is an honor—possible through God's "sufficient grace"—to attain to these under adverse circumstances.*



*Vanity has indeed nothing of which to be vain in outward adorning, it but admits a deficiency; and the heart which removes its tracks from the coat above it and gives it secret hiding place is worm-eaten still. Only heroes can rout the enemy from the field.*

Flora, Ind.



## A Prohibition Speech



EITHER temperance nor intemperance is the vital question before the public these days; there has been a time when intemperance had to be shown to the public in the true light, and the virtues of temperance lauded to the skies, in order to attract attention of the fast traveling public.

Not so to-day. The people have been thoroughly aroused. The liquor traffic has been acknowledged to be a foe to science, an anarchist to law, an adversary to gospel, an enemy to society, a crime and a public nuisance.

The point of contact and controversy to-day, is the method of abolishing the great evil that has been the curse of our country, lo! these many years. Years of bitter and costly experience have taught us that the present methods are altogether inadequate. The great temperance army very much desires to use the method that has proved so successful in other great national issues—that of organized party, and from the nature of the case, it must be a prohibition party.

No great national issue was ever carried into effect without a party as a vehicle. From the time the first great Democrat penned the constitution, and from the time the great Republican Lincoln freed the man who was black on the outside and a slave, to the time when both great parties persist in enslaving the man who is black on the inside, the slave to strong drink—all these years, not one great act of legislature has gone on record, but that was backed, carried, advocated and supported by SOME party—not a single act—not ONE. But here is a question which the politicians are willing to leave to the church people and the temperance organizations.

There are many in both the old-line parties that would like to have prohibition if it didn't cost so much. They are afraid they would lose their vote. Look here, men, before God, is it not better to aim your ballot at a high motive, even if you miss the earth, than to lower the muzzle of your gun and slay your countrymen? Answer this you American voter—you are on trial this moment with your conscience! It is easy for the people to listen to an eloquent appeal from the platform in behalf of temperance, but the government will not listen to that; a congregation of people will say AMEN to a temperance sermon from the pulpit, but the government never hears it; the public may, through the agency of the press, have the opportunity to read many splendid essays and articles on the evils of intemperance, but the government turns a deaf ear; but thank God there is one thing to which they will listen and that is the ballot-box.

Temperance organizations of all kinds create sentiment, and are doing good work, but you all acknowl-

edge that it requires systematic leadership to make and execute law, and that can only be done by a party, but not an old-line party, for you know "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Who can divide a party, a state, or a national platform and yet hope to carry a principle? It is a hopeless case. Think of securing national prohibition through the agency of local option! It is absurd. You are on the same plane as the fellow who cut his dog's tail off a little at a time so it would not hurt so much. Local option is a good thing. It demonstrates what can be done, and shows what the conditions would be if the traffic were abolished altogether, and is an argument that the whole nation should be free from the curse.

As a means to an end, however, we must conclude that it is not practical. Men everywhere use practical things when their hearts are in the thing they are doing. When your house is on fire, why don't you put out the fire in the dining-room and wait a while and see if that is a good thing, then extinguish the rest of the fire? Then when you have put out the fire, one room at a time, you consult with the members of your family as to the advisability of helping the neighbors with the fire. Of course it may be necessary to defer the matter for further consideration, for fear some people in that section might want their house to burn down, and it would be a hasty step to protect the whole city against the fire. Why not do this way? Why not put out the fire in one room at a time? Why not secure local option in one township at a time?

These notorious wife murderers—why have them hanged? Why not sentence them like this—that they cannot kill five next year, as they did last year, but the court allows that they should kill only four, and the next year three and so on? Why not? That's a respectable limitation like some people want. Why put a thief in the penitentiary? According to the plan upon which you want to treat the liquor traffic, why not limit the amount of the theft and let him go on with his stealing, or else restrict him to a certain district?

Look here, men! Those things are only temporal things. If your house burns down, you can build another. If a thief robs you, you can make more money; but if a saloon-keeper is sustained in your midst by your vote, you may pray all you want to, you may give all you want to, you may talk against it all you want to, your hands are *stained with the blood of the boys that die under the curse*.

Do you have faith in God? Do you believe the liquor traffic is a curse? Do you want your boy or girl ruined by it? Do you have the power of franchise? Are you responsible for the way you use it? High license and local option *do not* take the blood



from your ballot, but they only create a greater thirst for it. Temperance must be campaigned by a party whose chief business is to champion the cause against the contending forces.

Judas Iscariot sold his master for eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents; he brought the money back and threw it down at the feet of those avaricious Jews, who had yet sufficient philanthropic principle to reject the cash as treasury receipts, because it was the price of blood; but you men of freedom, you voters of America, you citizens of the best republic on earth, you shut your eyes to all principle of right and justice, and take the license money and cast it into the city treasury with which to pave the streets and educate your children! Listen what the word of God says! In Hab. 2: 12, "Woe unto him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city with iniquity." Our great city of Chicago, has the license raised to \$1,000, calling for more *blood money*. Blood-thirsty villains! Judas went out and hanged himself and never repeated the awful mistake, but we keep right on voting the same old ticket. A party that tolerates intemperance, through the license system, however high the license, sanctions it. A man who tries to reform his life, on the installment plan, generally gets behind on his payments.

High license! What is to be gained by that? Here are three or four saloons in one block, or say that they are in one town,—if the license shuts out three of the four, how about it? Don't the fourth get all the trade? Don't the saloon-keeper make enough to make it pay? What's the result? Three saloon-keepers out of business, same amount of liquor drank, the business monopolized so that there is no competition in the town, and the poor men who are under the curse, have to pay more than they did before, and the town getting \$1,000 instead of \$1,200 from the four. Where it does not stop them, it only fills up the city treasury with blood money to pave the streets, educate the children, and pay a lot of grafters who don't know any more about running a city, than I do about catching whales in the Behring Sea.

Say—if this principle is the thing, why not apply it to the other dangers of our municipality? In order to stop the frequency of fires in the city, why not raise on the price of matches? We could raise the price of fuel too. We could raise the price of fuel so high that the poor people could not buy it, and there would be less danger of fire. What nonsense! There is no principle behind such theories. A matter of price will not stop the traffic. Appetite is far too strong to be governed by price. Neither can it be governed by example. It can best be managed by removing from within its reach all temptations that appeal to it. This can be done only by the right of suffrage that is granted to the male citizens of a republic, and I would

to God it included the noble women that have done so much to bring the temperance question to where it is.

It is claimed that laws against crime should not be party issue. It is true that theft, murder, and robbery should not be, and would gain nothing if they were. But if highway robbery, for instance, having been made a lawful business by one of the parties in power, subject to certain charges to be paid into the public treasury, and thousands had already made it a public business, and millions of dollars had been invested, quite likely it would be an issue. Eh? Well, is that not exactly what is being done? Then why not come along and help fight it? You are both robbing and being robbed. The saloon-keeper, drunkard, legislator, and the voter who supports it are, in the sight of God, on equality. Now what's the use to squirm? Why deny the charge? Who makes the drunkard?—The saloon? Who makes the saloon?—The law. Who makes the law?—The legislature. Who makes the legislature?—The voter. Now then. The saloon-keeper is as bad as his business; his business is as good as the law that licenses it; the law is as good as the legislature that made it, and the legislature is as good as the voters that made that body possible. Our country, a republic, never sinks below its homes, and it never rises above them. Do you realize that?

How can we sit under the folds of Old Glory, which was dipped in the blood of our own countrymen to purchase our right of suffrage, and then see her disgraced by being the emblem of a nation of people who bring woe, misery, penury, and slavery upon themselves by the abuse of that sacred right? Freedom was bought with blood, and now it is being sold for the price of blood.

We need a party, where Christians can practice what they preach—civic righteousness. There are men and it would not surprise me if they could be found here in many of the churches who will lead in prayer meeting one night and sit on the board of directors of a brewery the next night. Civic righteousness!! Hypocritical hellishness!!! Excuse me, but if all the churches would make the use of intoxicants a test of fellowship as do the Brethren, it would help amazingly, and yet it takes *more* than that. You must VOTE like you PRAY. You might pray for a month, "Give us this day our daily bread" and sit on a store box and whittle and you would starve to death, and of right too. The same thing is true in the other case. The prayers are answered by the Lord, that cannot be answered by man, and you don't need to think that the Lord is going to force prohibition of the liquor traffic upon us unless we want it, and if we wanted it badly enough, we *would have it at once*. We have other things that we want. Why not have that? Statistics say that there are more people who say they



want temperance than there are who say they want the saloon. Then why do we not have the evil stamped out? Because we talk for it, we pray for it, we give to it, and then we get in the ballot booth where we are screened away from the world, and we—well—you know what you did the last time you were there. What will you do the next time you get there? Which is the nobler, the vote that will protect you and throw a mantle of protection around your family and that of your neighbor, or the one that will license the evil that **MUST** live by the number of lives that it **WRECK**s?

We need a party whose votes are not polled for, nor by the use of, intoxicants. Both of the old parties are addicted to the habit of getting thousands of votes in that manner, and all certainly know it, and yet the preacher will pray for the rulers of the nation, and assist that kind of men to choose the magistrates of the best republic in the world. Queer logic—deep theology—modern righteousness. If it is the best thing that Christians can do to rout the devil, to get all the Christians together to concentrate effort, then why not get all the Christian voters in one party and upset all the devil's slop tubs? Now come on with your logic!!! As Mr. Froude says, "Two parties, marshalling their forces each year in heated conflict over, nobody knows what. A tremendous expenditure of energy and money, accompanied generally with a deluge of unsavory personalities for the lack of better campaign material, in order to decide, not great questions of national polity, but whether one set or

the other of the politicians would enter upon the offices. The great mill has been constructed, and the machinery goes on turning, even when there is no grist to grind."

The right of suffrage is granted to a citizen of a free country in order that freedom might be maintained, *not* that freedom, decency, safety and all be lost. The man who abuses the right willfully ought to be disfranchised until he has a change of heart, for he is not fit to have a part in the government of his country.

Henry Clay was right when he said, "I would rather be right than be president." It is no credit to follow the crowd unless it's going where you ought to go. A certain young man recently said: "My father first voted for Abe Lincoln, and he has been voting that ticket ever since and so have I; but I've quit; it took a long while for me to get ready to leave, but I'm out. I don't suppose my vote will stop the saloon, but it will stop my interest in it. It will stop all I'm responsible for. My vote may not even hurt the saloon, but I'll vote *right* all the same. Saloons may go on like the river, forever, but *not by my vote*. Men may die like flies in them, and hell grow fat on drunkards, but *not by my voice*. Girls may be betrayed, boys sent hellward, truth be wrecked, character dismantled, but *not by my vote*. Homes may be destroyed, and women and children beggared. Our national capitol may have a saloon at either end. Legislators may be drunk on the floors of congress, but *not by MY vote!*"

## IMMORTALITY

J. G. FIGLEY,  
Bryan, Ohio.

- I. Views Along the Line.
- II. Egyptian Spiritual Philosophy.
- III. Mexican and Hindoo Beliefs.
- IV. Buddhistic and Greek Theories.
- V. The Soul and Spirit.
- VI. Concluding Remarks.

### III.

THE old Druids of Europe and the Mexicans taught that the soul was originally pure and divine, that physical life marred this purity, and that it must be born again and again till it is free from all fault and fit to enter the heavenly portals. These Druids had a system of sacrifice that is repugnant, for what is the use of promulgating such ideas as that a human life is of but little value or avail and that being sacrificed to some imaginary god will enhance one's future pleasure and enjoyment? Where is the real ethical sense in the culture of such dogmas?

The old Mexicans imagined, and with some show of intelligence, that the gods Omoteuctli and Omecihuatl created in heaven the soul of the child destined to be born, and that by its acts done in earth-life it should

either become a resident of the heavens or descend to hell, there being an intermediate heaven (which may be found in later theological teachings) as purgatory, a condition that many favor, for they are of the opinion that there are many who are neither really bad enough to go to the theoretical and literal fiery hell, nor good enough to go to the abode of the truly blessed. Christ said, "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you." Therefore, these spirits were left on a middle ground where they were allowed to exercise their own judgment as to whether they desired greater happiness or greater remorse and suffering.

The highest goal sought by these old Mexicans was to sit in the House of the Sun (corresponding as we have shown with the Boat of the Sun of the Egyptians,



inferring that at some period of the world these races were in communication with each other), with the god Huitzilopotchli (corresponding to Osiris), full of all pleasurable enjoyments, and was attained only by the souls of fallen warriors, those who died in captivity, and women dying in childbirth. The latter exhibits the great veneration of the Mexicans for the reproductive function and the mystery of existence,—that the mother is the companion of the gods, for in her resides the source of power and wisdom. The second heaven falls to the lot of those who are not wicked and yet are not really good. The wicked went to the abodes of darkness, and this darkness was their punishment. Those who occupied the second heaven had the power of returning to the earth and inhabiting other bodies in order to purify their souls and make them fit for the highest heaven.

The wild or the savage peoples of the world have had and have their own curious theories as to the origin and destination of the soul. Some think the soul enters birds, animals, trees and rocks, and others think that it enters the bodies of newly-born infants. From such sources then, intelligent, civilized people calling themselves Theosophists, derive the basic principles of their "wonderful" philosophy.

In Germanic mythology souls were supposed to migrate into pigeons, weasels, mice, flowers, trees, and other objects. The pigeon was the favorite object into which souls were reborn, according to their system of belief.

As for Hindoos, they believe that the souls of

humans all emanated from a Supreme Being who, as it were, in a state of bewilderment or forgetfulness, allowed them to become separate existences, and to be born on earth. That is, allowed these souls to be severed from all connection with itself, and the soul thus cut off from its source of life is finally bound to return to it, or to become merged into the divine substance again with which it originally was one. As its nature very naturally becomes contaminated with sin during its career upon this mundane sphere, it must, as long as it lives in this world, endeavor to free itself from his guilt to become fit for ultimate union with the deity, or absorption into Brahm, as the Brahmins believe, or ascension into Nirvana as the Buddhists believe.

The Indian religion, therefore, teaches that this is done by a zealous observance of religious rites, and a life in conformity with the precepts of the sacred books. The philosophy teaches that the soul will be reunited with Brahm, if it understands the true nature of the essence of the divinity from which it emanates. Just as long as the soul has not attained this condition of purity, just so long must it be born again after dissolution from the body then inhabited, and the degree of impurity determines the existence of its subsequent life. So that it depends entirely upon the nature of a person's life and habits, as to whether he should be a roach, a crane, a blow-fly, a dog, a grasshopper, a flea, a toad, an ass, a hog, a bull, a cat, a snake, a spider, a tiger, or what not.

*Bryan, Ohio.*

## Harrod's Laddie

Oma Karn

### Chapter I.

"CLEAN your feet, Hiram. I've dug dirt until I'm so tired I could drop in my tracks, and I don't want any more brought in."

The patient droop to Hiram Harrod's shoulders seemed to settle down more patiently than ever, as he obediently turned, and began to brush his dusty shoes. He was somewhere on the shady side of forty, tough and gnarled as a hard knot. There was about him a quiet meditative look tinged with a faint shade of sadness. Occasionally a smile,—through which the beautiful inner light shone out, dispelled for an instant the shadow of gloom on his face, and had an effect similar to a rift of sunshine showing through the grey overhanging clouds.

Such a smile illuminated his features as he glanced down at the sturdy little figure that was tightly clinging to one finger of his disengaged hand. A chubby blue-eyed boy clothed with the garments of poverty,

with fair hair curling around a well-shaped head, and a delicate, sensitive face.

Out from the open doorway floated an appetizing odor. Within Mrs. Hiram Harrod was moving briskly about the immaculate kitchen getting supper. She was a little woman with snapping black eyes, and thin, compressed lips, that somehow left the impression that the organ of speech they enclosed was like a knife blade for sharpness. Like her surroundings, she was spotless from the crown of her head to the hem of her blue and white gown.

She stopped short in amazement as she caught sight of the small figure her husband was carefully helping over the threshold. The thin lips drew tighter, then flew apart. "Hiram Harrod!" she exclaimed, "you surely have not gone and done such a thing?"

"But I have, Annie," replied the husband, a deprecating note showing through the kind firmness of his voice. "I could not help it. The little laddie's piti-



ful eyes have haunted me ever since I helped to carry his mother over to the graveyard, and I could not get rid of the voice that kept saying, "He is one of my little ones." The Lord has blessed us with plenty and to spare, Annie, what better use could we put it to than to help raise to a useful, worthy life one of these same little ones? He's a cute little chap, as sharp as a shoetack, and will look all right when he's dressed in some of Homer's old fixin's. Just see these curls, Annie!" And Hiram adroitly tried to avert the storm he knew was brewing, by touching his wife at one of her sensitive points,—her admiration for a curly-haired child.

But Annie Harrod was not to be won so easily. "Did I ever see such nonsense!" she exclaimed shrilly. "Hiram Harrod, take him back this instant. What d'ye mean anyway, that you want to bring the child of that drunken thief Joe Sonners here to bring disgrace and shame upon us? What d'ye say? That he can't help what his father did? Well, mebbe he can't, but he's the offspring of sin, and the sins of the parents are visited upon the children. The father has lived mean all his life, he'll die mean, and what else can you expect of the child, but the same? A nice companion he'd make for our boy, now wouldn't he?"

"But Annie," remonstrated the husband, "he sheweth mercy unto thousands that love him and keep his commandments. Is it not possible that we might surround him with influences that would cause him to cast off the sin of his father? And the laddie had a good mother, what is going to become of her part of him?"

"I don't know what. But I do know I'm not going to take that part, or any other part to train up to bring shame upon us in our old age. So you may as well give up, Hiram, and send the child to the poorhouse where such as he belongs," exclaimed Annie, wrathfully, as she flew to and fro setting the table.

Hiram did not answer this last outburst. There are times when "silence is golden" and Hiram had proved the truth of this worthy saying many times during the fifteen years that he and Annie had walked together. He gave a reassuring smile to the tiny figure in the big rocker, whose wistful eyes were glancing from one to the other with a troubled look in their blue depths. For the laddie's baby mind was reasoning that he was not wanted, he was not welcome in this home of comfort and plenty. And why? What had he done? For he knew that when his mamma had looked at him in the troubled way these two people did, it was because he had been bad, disobedient. And what had he done now? Ah, poor orphan, what had he done? A shadow came over the dimpled face, two chubby fists flew up to his eyes, and "Oh Mamma!" burst from his lips in a wail of bitter anguish.

The sound penetrated to the cellar whither Annie

had gone, and for an instant her heart stood still, and the spirit of womanhood gave a great throb of pity. But all the old fierceness returned, and her jealous nature flew to arms, a moment later, when a merry-faced brown-eyed boy, her only one, the idol upon whom she lavished all the worship she was capable of giving, outside of her immaculate house, bounded into the kitchen. He stopped short as he saw the sobbing figure in his father's arms, and the same spirit of kindness and mercy that illuminated the life of the father shone also in his brown eyes as he drew near and said "Poor little fellow! What ails him?" And a chubby brown hand caressed the cheek of the sobbing child. But Annie snatched him away. It only increased her anger and dismay to see her child thus unconsciously siding with the father and she lost all control of herself. "Don't touch him," she exclaimed fiercely, "his father is a thief." The boy drew back as if he had been struck a blow, and the spirit of the mother showed plainly in the slight curl of scorn that for the first time disfigured his boyish lips. Oh mother, mother, beware. Did he who lived the grandest and noblest life that was ever lived, teach that? Was it not his highest aim to save that which was lost in trespass and sin? Did the cry of innocence ever go unheeded? In that great and awful day when you stand in his presence, what account can you give for the souls that you might have snatched from degradation and sin? What account can you give for implanting into the tender, fertile mind of your own child the seeds of selfishness and scorn, that spring into hatred, pride and disdain, when you might have planted the seeds of love and mercy to spring up and bear fruit many hundredfold? Beware, lest to-day your own hands are beginning to weave a crown of thorns that will press down upon your brow in after years, the sharp barb of sorrow.

*Covington, Ohio.*

(To be continued.)



EXTENSIVE experiments in the making and storing of butter, made in the last eight months by the Agricultural Department, reveal the fact that light salting, low temperatures, full tubs or cans, to eliminate air, and cream received at the creamery in a perfectly sweet condition, gave by far the best results for storage butter. Butter made from sour cream kept as well while in storage in low temperature, but rapidly deteriorated after being taken out, making it entirely unsatisfactory. Butter heavily salted did not keep as well as that with little salt.



WHEN you want to see a great way, keep your eyes shut.—*E. P. Brown.*



## Repairing Broken Resolutions

Ada Kircher

(Sketched from Life.)



OW there! that's my calf! What do you think of that?" said Bud, the five-year-old son of a miner, to the teacher who was boarding round and had come to their house for a week. Bud had constituted himself the teacher's entertainer and was showing her everything interesting on the

place.

"Your calf! It's splendid."

Bud's black eyes shone and a smile spread all over his broad face.

"That's my cow, too."

"Well! how is it that your father gives you so many things?"

"Well they're not mine yet," said Bud, pulling the curl out of his white hair, but they're going to be. That is—that's my pig. Ain't he fat? He weighs most two hundred."

"How do you know, Bud? He doesn't look that large."

"Well, I carried him down to town to the scales on my shoul'er and weighed him."

"My! you couldn't do that. He is too heavy, you couldn't do that."

"Well, I meant I'm goin' to when I get big 'nough," said Bud, again pulling his curls.

"You must not tell me things that are not true. That's wrong," said the teacher severely.

"Well, sometimes I do tell lies but I ain't goin' to tell you any more. Never."

"Well, I am very glad. You must remember that, and always tell me the truth. Will you?"

"Yes, 'cause Ma says if I tell lies my tongue'll get sore," again pulling his hair. "Let's go to the hen house anyway and see the chickens; it's no fun looking at this stuff." We got 'most fifty chickens and they all lay every day. Why lots of times I get a hundred eggs and some times half of 'em is double."

"Why, Bud Cox! You told me you would never tell me a story any more."

"Well, I meant when I jist gather the eggs once a month," and his plump fingers went up to those curls once more. "Now there's the geese. I'll tell you they can swim. Why, they can swim on dry land. Why, one morning I got up and came out here and they were just swimmin' around here in the dust."

"Why, Bud—"

"Well, it had rained the night before, I meant, and they was swimmin' in a puddle. But them peafowls do beat all to grow long tails," said Bud, hastily changing the subject after giving his hair

a vigorous pulling as if punishing himself, either for telling falsehoods or getting caught at it.

"Yes, they are beautiful."

"They are nothin' now to w'at they are sometimes. Why, I've seen them with tails so long that when they went up in that high tree to roost their tails touched the ground and sometimes I take hold of 'em and climb up in the tree."

"Now, Bud, be careful."

"Yes, I know I made a mistake. I jist grab hold of the tree," and then he grabbed his hair to show how he did, "and climb up. But them geese do lay the biggest eggs you ever saw. Why, they're as big as a bucket—"

"Oh! Bud."

"They're as big as my head anyway."

"Oh! I don't think they are that large. Now tell me the truth. How large are they?"

"About that big," said he, holding up one chubby fist and with the other he inflicted his usual self-punishment.

"Let's go into the garden," said Bud, hastily, for fear something more might be said about his untruthfulness. "The're the most fishworms in this garden and the biggest ones you ever did see. Why, one day one ketched a chicken and swallowed him too. I grabbed the chicken but he wouldn't let go and if I hadn't let go he'd a swallowed me too."

"Just hunt around until you find him. If he is so large as you say he is, he won't be hard to find. When you have found him call me. I'll sit down here and wait."

Bud again straightened out his locks and tried to explain by telling her it was the chicken swallowed the worm, that he had made a mistake; but the teacher was firm and said she wanted to see that worm. The supper bell rang and put an end to Bud's strenuous task.

After supper Bud again endeavored to find favor with the teacher by solemnly avowing never to tell another story and when his apologies were not met half way he wept bitterly. After being forgiven and a new promise accepted he tried all week to live up to it and only a few times did he fall from grace.

Not long after Bud started to school, and proved to be as independent as any miner's son and as important as a marshal at a street fair.

One day at the noon hour Bud got into trouble. One of the little girls, who was playing "boss" refused to raise his wages and he did as he had heard of his father and the men at the mines doing. He struck and no one else being in the immediate vicinity



he forgot all his chivalry in a moment and pitched into the little girl, pulled her bonnet off and pulled her hair, for which he was immediately reported to the "Head Boss."

Bud became frightened when he saw the teacher's stern countenance. He forgot his good resolution in a moment and I am sorry to say told another falsehood.

"It wasn't me 'at did it, 'twas 'nother boy," said Bud, before any accusation could be brought forth.

"Did what?" said the teacher.

"Pulled the little girl's bonnet off and pulled her hair."

"Are you sure? Wasn't it Bud Cox?"

"That ain't me. I forgot my name," was his reply.

"Why, you couldn't do that, Bud," said the teacher, softening at his wily way of getting out of things.

"Yes. Papa says, 'Pass the ginger' at the table sometimes when he means ginger cake. 'Cause he forgets," said Bud, pulling his hair.

"Do you know what you promised me you would do? Do you remember you told me you would never tell me another falsehood?"

"Yes," said Bud finally conquering his untruthful tongue, "I did it and I pulled it hard too."

*Harrisonville, Mo.*

## No Excellence Without Labor

Hettie Stauffer

WE need only see the great accomplishments that have resulted from industry, to be convinced that life without labor is a failure. The savage man who roamed the primitive forests of America had very little idea of true industry. This, no doubt, was the cause of his very rude and unsystematic mode of life. The more industrious a class of people become the more nearly they reach the height of civilization. It is of comparatively recent date that man has learned to realize that God has placed into his possession all the factors and elements necessary for his usefulness and happiness. Nature will contribute to complete his effort, if he will but properly apply himself.

To more fully realize the results of labor, we need only reflect upon the early conditions of our country, and think of the numerous changes that have been wrought by no means other than by the honest, earnest toil of our ancestors. As we think of the great improvements, we do not hesitate to know to whom to give the honor, if to those who with willing hearts and hands worked for the future welfare of their country or to those who hoped within themselves to become noted, either by accident or by the labor of others.

Why was it that Captain Smith enforced the rule in the Virginia Colony, that "he who would not work should not eat"? Was it not because he realized that the future success of the colony must depend upon the amount of labor the colonists were able to do? Could they have known the future and seen America as it is to-day, no doubt their ambition would have been toward the development of the nation: they had not yet learned the great truth taught by nature, "That no good thing that has been done passes entirely away." The living should ever be reminded of the "buried millions who have worked and won before them." This should be a great inducement for us to put forth our best efforts. Were it possible to inquire of renowned men of the past, if they could realize the

result of their faithful effort, we would most assuredly receive a unanimous negative answer. Spurred by the stern fact, "There is no excellence without great labor," they felt sure that their effort must result in good.

When the Pilgrims came across the Atlantic and landed on the wild American coast, they came with a determination to work. Although the discouragements were many and the winter severe, yet they yielded not, but with untiring zeal spared not time nor labor for the success of the colony. To-day their names are esteemed and respected because they gave labor and sacrifice to an honest cause. By the earnest toil of men from the early colonial times to the present have the accomplishments of the nation been won: the forests have been built into cities and palaces; the wealth that was formerly concealed in the bosom of the earth has been converted into useful articles; the soil has yielded to the hands of the farmer the elements of productiveness and has been the means of constant supply to the many millions.

The result of labor has dotted the great ocean with the large steamships that are so instrumental in uniting the different nations of the world. The great achievements of the battle-field have all been won by earnest toil on the part of those engaged in the conflict.

Take it in any avenue of life, who is it that has helped the world onward? God has wisely arranged for man to occupy his time in such a way that it is both honorable and beneficial. All that we call progress—civilization, advancement, and prosperity—depends upon industry diligently applied. This is true from the culture of a barley stalk to the construction of a steamship.

By the industrious we do not mean merely the man who labors with his hands and muscles, but he is preëminently the workman who works with his brain



also and whose physical system is fully under control of his higher faculties. The man who paints a picture, who writes a book, who makes a law, who composes a poem is a workman of the highest type. We have the work of the laborer made comparatively easy by the hard-thinking—the brain work—of some man along the line of inventions. Man's inventive genius has added to the triumphs of mechanical skill.

He who desires to become educated must expect to sacrifice many hours of untiring toil in that direction. Excellence is placed far beyond the reach of indolence. The diligent hand and mind enrich either in business or wisdom. We may as well expect to reap a bountiful harvest from a field in which we have not sown as to expect mental development without incessant toil.

While there is no excellence without labor, yet it is impossible to attain to a very great excellence in

more than one vocation in life. It has been wisely arranged for us to have a division of labor—each one becoming efficient in his line of work, and by all working together make a nation more highly developed than were the savages when each one thought and toiled for himself only. To be properly employed is one of the greatest secrets of happiness.

Since the results of labor are so far-reaching it is not reasonable to think that it is degrading to mankind. All honest work is honorable, and if our occupation is not as high sounding as we would like to have it, we can do nothing more creditable than to work faithfully until a door is opened to something higher. We should ever remember that however rich or poor we are, all that we eat, all that we are clothed with, all that shelters us, from the cottage to the palace, is the result of the honest toil of someone. *Arcanum, Ohio.*

## Differences Between the Lodge and the Church

### THE LODGE

ACCEPTS only those who have money.  
 Receives neither women nor children.  
 Helps only those who have paid.  
 Demands vain oaths.  
 Doubts a man's word until he swears.  
 Has degrees which forms society into castes.  
 Holds secret meetings.  
 Forbids a man to take his wife to the lodge meetings.  
 Requires man to hide something from his wife.  
 Makes a man leave his family alone on lodge meeting nights.  
 Persecutes and sometimes kills those who tell of its ritual and secrets.  
 Hides its "light."  
 Demands approval before telling what is to be approved.  
 Draws good men into bad company.  
 Calls the Bible "furniture."  
 Calls conscience the highest rule.  
 Puts the Koran and other books on a level of comparison with the Bible, and declares such to be of equal authority.

Prays without the name of Christ.  
 Avoids the confession of Christ, so as not to offend unbelievers.  
 Considers all religion of equal value.  
 Fosters pride by high-sounding titles.  
 Sends the grossest sinners to "the Grand Lodge Above."  
 Says: Every kind of faith is saving.  
 Denies the trinity, atonement and Christ's divinity.  
 Advises to go in yoke with unbelievers.  
 Often uses scoffers to lead devotion.  
 Demands stipulated dues.  
 Will not accept the young on account of nonage.  
 Will not accept the old on account of dotage.  
 Will not accept the poor because they are not able to pay.  
 Uses a part of the Bible.  
 Protects and secretes sin.  
 Have no Christ in them.  
 Excommunicates non-dues-payers.  
 Leads to anarchy through binding oaths.

### THE CHURCH

ACCEPTS the poorest.  
 Receives every believer.  
 Helps the poor as far as possible.  
 Warns against oaths.  
 Believes every man until he deceives.  
 Puts all on a level.  
 Holds open meetings.  
 Asks a man to take his wife to meeting.  
 Advises married people to hide nothing.  
 Asks a man to take his family with him.

Sends out witnesses to proclaim its faith and ceremonies.  
 Reveals the light.  
 Demands knowledge before approval.  
 Draws bad men into good company.  
 Calls the Bible the "living word of God."  
 Calls the Bible the highest rule.  
 Puts the Bible above all other books.  
 Prays in and through the name of Christ.  
 Confesses Christ though they die for it.



Calls Christianity the only true religion.

Fosters humility by the conviction of sin.

Says: the wicked shall be turned into hell.

Says: None cometh to the Father except through the Son.

Confesses all these truths.

Warns against going in yoke with unbelievers.

Chooses believers to lead in devotion.

"Give as the Lord has prospered him."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Come ye weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Whoever gives a cup of cold water in his name, or in the name of a disciple, receives a reward for the same.

Uses all the Bible.

Denounces sin in any form.

Founded on Christ.

Helps to support the weak.

Encourages loyal citizenship.



### THREE STORIES ABOUT THE RAINBOW.

#### I. The Norse Story.

AFTER the gods had made a man and a woman on the earth and had begun to take an interest in what was going on there, they concluded to build a bridge from heaven to earth, and out of real fire and green sea water and blue air they built the rainbow bridge Bifrost over which they could pass to earth. Thor, the god of thunder, was never allowed to use it for fear his heavy tread and the heat of his lightnings might destroy it. The other gods passed over it to earth whenever they wished, but men could not walk on it. When brave men fell in battle, however, the wish maidens or Valkyrs, mounted on their fleet steeds, bore the dead warriors over the quivering rainbow bridge to feast with Odin.

When a Norse boy saw the rainbow he said to himself, "The Valkyrs are carrying heroes to heaven!"

#### II. The Greek Story.

Juno, queen of heaven, wife of Zeus, had an attendant maiden named Iris, whom she often employed as her messenger. Iris was so fleet on foot that nobody could overtake her, and so quiet in her going that hardly anybody ever caught sight of her. She wore a beautiful robe of many colors. When Juno sent her on an errand to the earth, "gliding swiftly through the purple air," her dazzling mantle left its brilliant path across the clouds as a shooting star leaves its trail for a few moments in the midnight sky. When the Greek boy saw a rainbow he said, "Iris, the messenger of Juno, has just passed by!"

#### III. The Hebrew Story.

After the great flood which destroyed everybody but Noah and those who were with him in the ark, God promised that the earth should never again be destroyed by water, and God said to Noah, "I will set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth; when I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud, and I will remember my covenant that the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." When the Hebrew boy saw the rainbow he thought, "God never forgets his promises." One of the Hebrew teachers used to say, "Look upon the rainbow and praise him that made it. Very beautiful is the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it."—*The School Arts.*



### ORIGIN OF THE EARTH MOVEMENTS.

WE speak confidently of *terra firma* and congratulate ourselves when we lay foot again on "solid mother earth," but the disaster in San Francisco has doubtless shaken the faith of many in the stability of the terrestrial globe. In reality, the belief in *terra firma* is a delusion. The earth's crust is not rigid, but flexible and vibrating with tremors, mostly so delicate, however, that only the most sensible instruments can detect them. There are larger movements, also, which are so slow in progress that the changes they make during a generation are hardly perceptible. These, however, are the ones which are the most widespread, and earthquakes, though more conspicuous in action, are due to small but sudden movements having only a local effect.

The earth has been cooling ever since the time of its original solidification, and in the resulting contraction the crust has been extensively bent and broken. Whenever the breaks have been sudden, earthquakes have resulted. At intervals there have been periods of cessation in these contractional movements, varying in time and duration from place to place, but usually attended by gradually increasing stress.

This apparent equilibrium, known as isostasy, may be disturbed by various agencies, one of the most important of which is the change of load on the earth's surface. For instance, where rivers are removing vast quantities of sediments from mountain regions and depositing them off the coast there is a great release of the load on the one hand and an increase of weight on the other, which cause an equalizing tilting of the areas involved. Such, for example, we have in the Atlantic coastal plain, which in Cretaceous and later times has received two thousand feet or more of sediments. This has caused a subsidence as great as the amount of the material deposited, and this subsidence is still in prog-



ress, at the rate of a foot or more a century. In general, the downward movement is so gradual that there is no great disturbance; but the Charleston earthquake was probably the result of a slight but sudden break or local drop, and in geologic time there may have been many violent earthquakes at various stages in this subsidence.

Similar shifting of load upon the earth's surface occurs in many regions where erosion is in rapid progress, notably in the Sierra Nevada region on the Pacific coast, where the slopes are exceedingly steep and the streams carry heavy loads of sediment to the ocean. Probably this has been an important factor in the recent earthquake in California.—*From "Our Unstable 'Terra Firma,'" by N. H. Darton, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews, for June.*



#### UTAH'S BURNING MOUNTAINS.

THROUGH a long line of cliffs from Colorado to central Utah, and then southwest toward Arizona, extensive beds of coal are found, and recent geological investigation into this coal formation of the far West has developed what may be termed burning mountains, or coal beds, a fire with surface indications of combustion for ages past.

The coal fields of Utah are somewhat widely separated, and even the known fields have been comparatively little explored; therefore very little is known of their productive area.

The edges of these beds come to the surface in these cliffs nearly one thousand feet above the bordering desert, and in ages past this coal has burned into the mountain cliffs until smothered by the accumulations of ashes and covering of superincumbent rocks; in places the heat of burning coal has been so intense as to melt the rocks.

From surface appearances the fires have gone out in the cliffs, but at one point in the cañon of Prince River, where the coal is being mined, the rocks are found to be uncomfortably hot and the miners were compelled to retire for fear the fires would again break out.

Other coal fields lie in the desert west of Green River. At two places near tributaries of Fremont River the coals are burning, and have been without cessation since they were discovered by the earliest explorer. The origin of these fires has been the subject of much speculation.

Three explanations are commonly heard among the Mormons, who inhabit this peculiar country where the mountains burn.

One explanation is that lightning has by chance struck the edges of these coal beds at various times since these mountains were lifted up. Another is that forest fires in the mountains came in contact with exposed coal. The more thoughtful point out that the

forests in this desert region are too sparse for forest fires to occur.

Still another and more common explanation is that the Indians built their campfires under the projecting ledges of the mountains against the coal, and it was thus ignited. They point to the fact that there are ruins of the habitations of cliff dwellers here, and that in their day the coals began, after some manner, to burn.—*The Searchlight.*



#### THIS HAZARDOUS LIFE OF OURS.

BAD as the earthquake was, the whole country ought to understand clearly that San Francisco's chief disaster was due to fire. Thousands, if not millions, of people have been asking whether or not it was going to be at all safe to rebuild San Francisco, in view of its liability to what the scientific men call "seismic disturbance." This is really something like asking whether or not it is worth while to build cities and towns in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, and adjacent States, because destructive tornadoes from time to time visit that general region and do local violence. As these pages were closing for the press, immense forest fires, were raging in northern Michigan and in sections of Wisconsin. A number of villages and towns were said to have been burned, and the very considerable city of Escanaba was reported in imminent danger. Flood, drought, fire, earthquake, volcano, epidemic, tornado, blizzard, tidal wave, cyclone, monsoon, hot wave—every section of the land, sooner or later, suffers from some visitation of nature that departs so far from the normal as to cause great suffering and loss. The powers of nature are so profound, and the possibility of some exceptional scourge is a thing so ever-present, that it is a very hazardous affair to be alive at all on any square mile of this lovely but harassed planet of ours. The prophet who claims to have predicted San Francisco's disaster has now affixed the date for the dreadful calamity that is to overwhelm New York. The fact is that California is probably as safe a State to live in as any other. Its equable climate and general salubrity gives it advantages which most States do not possess under the law of averages. Of San Francisco's financial losses, it may be roughly guessed that less than five per cent are due to the earthquake and more than ninety-five per cent to the fire.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews, for June.*



#### THE GIANTS OF TERRA DEL FUEGO.

GIANTS in stature but stunted in mind, the Onas, a tribe of Indians inhabiting the mainland of Terra del Fuego Island are a curious race. The men average more than six feet in height, a few exceeding six and a half feet, while only a few are less than six feet.



The women are more corpulent and not so tall. There is no race more perfect in physical development than the Onas Indians. This is partly due to the topography of the country and the distribution of game, which makes long marches across the country a necessity.

In the past the supply of game has been plentiful in the country, and this may account for the lack of inventive genius among these giants. Their lack of progressive skill is seen in their home life, clothing and homes. Their children suffer from it, for, contrary to the practice common among most Indians of feeding, dressing and training the children well, the Onas' little ones are mostly naked, poorly fed and altogether neglected. They have abundant material for supplying themselves with clothing and homes, and yet they throw a few branches together, put skins over the windward side and then shiver under the miserable shelter.

Scientists who have made a study of the subject say the language of the Onas is the strangest ever listened to. Many of the words are not difficult to pronounce, nor is the construction of the sentences difficult, but very many words are interrupted by a sound which it is impossible to produce. The speaker hacks, coughs and grunts, distorting his face in the most inhuman manner, and then passes on to the next stumbling-block. The Onas live principally upon meat, which in former years was obtained from the guanaco.—*Selected*.



### THE RELIGIOUS RAILROAD.

THE Hedjaz Railroad, which is to unite Damascus with Mecca, is being built for the purpose of carrying pilgrims to and from the latter, the holy city of the Mussulmans. For the larger part of its course of some 1,200 miles it will pass through deserts, idle and unfertile regions. Still, it will benefit some of the country about the Jordan, a district whose crops have no market on account of the want of transportation; and branch lines for commercial and industrial uses will be constructed. From Damascus to Maan, about four hundred miles, the road has been doing business for some months. The Germans superintend the job. Turkish soldiers do the work; and they don't get union pay. To Mecca by rail, personally conducted! The world is growing smaller every day.



### THE GOLDEN RULE.

"ALL things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—Christian.

"Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is merely an expression of it."—Jewish.

"The law unprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves."—Roman.

"Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him."—Grecian.

"Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."—Mohammedan.

"What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others."—Chinese.

"One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."—Buddhist.

"Do as you would be done by."—Persian.

"He sought for others the good he desired for himself; let him pass on."—Egyptian.

"The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own."—Hindoo.



### ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

DOWN the street came a wagon, loaded with meat and drawn by a well-rounded, well-fed little mare. Her steps became slower and slower, and finally, in the middle of the car tracks, she stopped.

"Git ap," said the driver, "git ap, Jenny!"

But Jenny only turned appealing eyes toward the man on the seat.

Behind him came the shouts and oaths of other drivers.

"Poor Jenny, poor little horse!" said the big, dirty man. "Is she all tired out?"

At the sound of his voice the little horse sighed a sigh of tired appreciation.

"Never mind," he went on soothingly, as he scrambled down off the seat and took her by the bridle. "We'll go right out to the side here and rest a bit," and he led her away from the crowd and stood patting her well-curried sides, while she rubbed her nose against his face.

The other drivers moved on, then turned and looked. Some of them smiled; others replaced the whips which had been taken from their sockets to hurry their own horses after the delay.—*New York Times*.



### HOW FISH DEFEND THEMSELVES.

THE Australian leatherjacket will swim up with the hook in its lip, and with its sharp teeth sever the sharp line above. The pollack will plunge headlong to the rocks and fray the line against some handy shell or mussel or oyster. The blue shark twists in the water with such rapidity as to test the bravest gear.

The sharks and rays have obviously less to fear than the herring or mackerel. The fishes which live on the bottom can clearly disregard the attacks of such marauding fowl as the gull and gunnet, while

even the cormorant and diver do not, as a rule, seek their prey far below the surface water.

The typical ground-dwellers of our seas, moreover, the flatfish, are so formed, that, save when extremely small, they would in all probability choke any fowl so ill-advised as to try to swallow them whole. The scales of fishes are of little use as armor. In the case of crabs, lobsters and other "shell fish," however, their coverings are sure defenders, and they seldom die except from old age.



#### CORNSTALKS AS MATERIAL FOR PAPER.

LONG ISLAND farmers feel increased interest in corn as a crop since it has been discovered that cornstalks can be utilized in the manufacture of paper. Hitherto the only use found for them has been for bedding and fertilizing purposes, and, with the large crops of sweet corn raised for the New York market, the vast quantities of stalks practically represent waste and really were difficult to get out of the way.

Now the farmers are finding a profitable market for their cornstalks, and have been shipping them away in thousands of bales. Their newly found value will have the effect of largely increasing the acreage of corn planted on Long Island the coming season, and probably there will be some attention paid to raising corn for the stalks alone.



#### THEY WATCH THE MILKMAN.

THE Germans are careful about the purity of the milk which they drink, and have a novel device for assuring themselves that the milkman will not water or adulterate it. In Berlin every milk wagon is divided into compartments, which are connected with rows of faucets on the outside. At the creamery the milk is sterilized by being passed through special apparatus, and then sorted into grades—sweet milk, skim milk, cream, milk for babies, and so forth—and the compartments are filled. Then the wagon is locked and the milkman drives over his route and delivers from the faucets under the watchful eyes of the Berlin matrons.



#### OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

THE coldest city in the world is Yakutsk, eastern Siberia, in the empire of the czar and the Russians. It is the great commercial emporium of East Siberia and the capital of the Province of Yakutsk, which, in most of its area of 1,517,063 square miles, is a bare desert, the soil of which is frozen to a great depth. Yakutsk consists of about four hundred houses of European structure standing apart. The intervening spaces are occupied by winter yoorts, or huts of the northern no-

mads of earthen roofs, doors covered with hairy hides and windows of ice.

Canada was until recently the only owner of a vast area of good grazing land, located in its northwestern territories, to which it invited American cattlemen. The latter have responded so numerously that it promises to be only a question of time when the ranges of Canada will be as bare as those of Montana and the Dakotas. So rapid has been the depletion of this grazing ground, in fact, that cattle growers who have recently looked over that region have concluded not to send any cattle up there, realizing that overstocking and a rapid influx of settlers will render the business merely transitory.



#### A WONDERFUL FACULTY OF TRITON.

THE triton, a spotted lizardlike reptile found in almost every State in the Union, has a most wonderful power of reproducing amputated parts. Bonnot, the great French naturalist, experimented on the little creatures by amputating their legs and tails, and by so doing found that their powers of reproduction were almost unlimited.

In one instance an amputated leg was reproduced twelve times in three years, and in another an eye was gouged out and reproduced in less than twelve months.

The loss of a tail does not appear to discommode a triton except to give him a sort of unbalanced gait. Tails clipped from the specimens Bonnot kept to experiment on were invariably reproduced in from five to nine weeks.—*Exchange*.



OFTTIMES I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically there was a little, toiling steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with reflux tide, no man knows where. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down stream and been heard of no more.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.



An illegible signature is a bad sign.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## METHODS OF TEACHING.

### Chapter I.



WE gain knowledge by imparting it. No one is born into the world with a full knowledge of everything. The principles of life must be taught and learned. People's minds differ as do their statures and faces. Very few are unapproachable. There is a way to impart knowledge to every mind if the proper method be sought and found.

Psychologists and educators have worked long and hard for a system that would bring about a tangible method of reaching all forms and degrees of brain power. Then as the learning process differs, one step after another in the teaching process must be followed in order to meet the rapid growth and development of the learner. All things cannot be learned in the same manner, neither can all people learn the same thing in the same manner.

But we find in life the fundamental principles running through the whole system of learning which are used either voluntarily or involuntarily, either knowingly or unwittingly by all people. Thousands of people use the right method of teaching, and do not know the name of the method they are using. Below we want to give a brief analysis of some ways in which we learn things that can be used or abused. We wish that the members of the INGLENOOK family would read critically and carefully what we say and see whether these statements are not true.

1. An abstract statement in general may be made. If the ones addressed are matured sufficiently to fill in the mind's eye all the necessary environments a simple abstract statement will answer. For example: A horse ran away. There is a simple, bare statement of a fact, but the listener must paint an imaginary horse at once; it must have shape, size, color and motion. There may be a vehicle attached, detached or upturned, lives lost, etc. The stronger the imagination the larger the picture. But the statement had

nothing to do with what the listener saw except to furnish a skeleton for the picture or a canvas for the painting. Here is where differences of opinion come in. The danger of the abstract method lies in the fact that imaginations differ and therefore different interpretations are placed upon the same simple statement which cause divisions, schisms, etc. This is greatly remedied by other methods of teaching which are described below.

2. An abstract statement plus an *illustration* is better. If the one teaching furnished a picture it saves the listener the trouble of doing so, and, besides, the picture is more likely to be in harmony with the statement. He has had more time to draw his illustration, whereas, the listener must do this on the spur of the moment. Therefore, the statement plus the illustration is much better than the naked statement. This method is often used by public speakers in order to hold their congregation together in thought, for if they must furnish their own illustrations they are liable to be unlike, and adverse teachings likely to be drawn.

3. An abstract statement plus an *incident*. Now this method of presentment differs from the illustration, in that the incident must be drawn from life in which both parties figure more or less. This makes the teaching impressive and is very readily absorbed by the mind of the listener, because he is proceeding from the known to the related unknown, which is a fundamental law of pedagogy.

4. A general statement plus a *parable*. Here is a case where the related facts in the case are compared with the fictitious similitude which perhaps never had occurred to the knowledge of either the teacher or the pupil, but *might have occurred* in time, because the conditions in the parable are conditions familiar to life. This is the kind of teaching Jesus did quite frequently; he gave lifelike conditions, but very often had no special case in mind. These methods, so far, are all right in a general way, but, as has been said before, require a mind more or less matured to grasp them. To be able to get the most from these first four methods, the mind must be sufficiently developed that it can follow logical discussion and furnish illustrative background rapidly; hence, these methods are by nature practically inadequate when juvenile instruction is required. Simpler forms containing the same fundamental truth are required.

5. A simpler form than the abstract statement is the *anecdote*. This furnishes a mental picture as the teaching process proceeds, and, at the same time, unconsciously weaves a fabric of the general truth to be taught. And when the anecdote is ended the pupil should have in mind the truth to be taught, as well as the illustration which has been suggested, and in nine cases out of ten a pupil will be able to relate all the principal features of an anecdote and get the teach-

ing from it because of the prominence of that teaching in the anecdote.

Now make a review of these first five points and notice that in any one of these five, great harm might be done if they are not properly used. In the first one, abstract statement might be false, and therefore the teaching would be bad, because it at once makes the premises false. If an illustration, incident or parable be added to the false premises, it only makes matters worse until it finally ends in an intolerable lie. Of course the anecdote may be bad as well as good. Any principle of right may be counterfeited by the devil; that is his business; he counterfeits good money, a good agent, a good character and a good method. He does not waste his time counterfeiting anything that is already bad.

6. If the anecdote be lengthy it becomes a *story*, for a story is nothing more than a complicated anecdote. More detail is added to the picture, a few more characters supplied, which rounds out the general statement that contains the fundamental principles to be taught.

7. A *novel*, is a long, complicated story. There can be no question but that here is one of the most harmful methods of teaching in the world, because it is abused instead of used. If the novel method of teaching would be to teach good things only (I refer to such things as Pilgrim's Progress, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Ben-Hur), and such things only as to elevate and uplift mankind morally and spiritually, perhaps their work could not be gainsaid; but the devil has taken advantage of our methods of teaching, especially when he finds a good one, and has perpetrated his sinful work throughout our most successful methods. The only way to make teaching principles more fascinating than a novel or story is, to add to it voice.

8. Then *voice* would add life to the teaching. The inflection of the voice, the personality, the emphasis, and everything which the voice carries with it, would be an additional weight on the side of instruction to the pupil. We might classify the uses of the voice; first, in reading. The teacher reads the story, or anecdote, from the printed page, and by reading life into it, helps the pupil to grasp it much more readily than if he reads it himself. Second, rather than to use someone else's article to read, the teacher might write an *oration* of his own and then deliver it, and it being his *own* he would be able to put much more life into it than someone else's production. Third, the teacher might sit down and have a conversation with the pupil, and allow the pupil to ask questions, which would bring out the pros and cons of the principles to be taught, and thus improve on either the recitation or the oration. Fourth, if there were more than one pupil to be taught, an audience for instance, perhaps a dialogue would be the best way of imparting the truth to all parties concerned. Here again is a chance for

abuse. If this instruction has not the character of a true teacher, and is a teacher only in word, and not in deed as well, he is a hypocrite and a curse to the profession and to the world. Many a preacher has preached one thing and practiced another until he has lost all his influence with mankind, but it is not the fault of the method.

9. Now going back to the printed page it is to be inferred that the story could be made more effective by adding a *sketch*,—the simplest sort of a sketch,—which is to be used as a hook upon which to hang a fact. A few strokes of the pen will furnish an idea sometimes, even if it has scarcely no representation of life in it.

10. The *picture* comes next in value. The details of the sketch are brought forward and filled in by the teacher instead of the pupil, and now he has something concrete instead of abstract, and he is able to retain the teaching points in the narrative.

(To be continued.)

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#### JUDGING THE NEGRO.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE regards the negro as an inferior being. Booker Washington, proud of his race, considers him a human creature who only needs a fair chance for development to become equal to the best. Far apart as these two men are on the main point they are alike in their opinions in one respect. In a recent magazine article Mr. Page says:

A great step will be taken toward the correct solution of the problem when the negroes shall be considered not "in the lump," but as individuals, just as any other members of the community are considered; not as a separate class, but as part of various classes to which their standing morally, mentally and personally would assign them—when they shall be judged by the same standards and governed by the same rules; when the malefactor shall be dealt with as a malefactor; the reputable man shall be esteemed for his good character; in other words, when every man shall be judged on his own merits and shall stand or fall on his own showing.

This view Mr. Washington has always urged, and in expressing practically the same thought in his St. Louis speech recently, he added:

You can never lift any large section of people by continually calling attention to their weak points. A race, like the child in school, needs encouragement as well as chastisement.

This attitude is the only sensible one. Yet the ordinary critic of the negro deals with the race and dwells upon its weakness, forgetting the individuals who raise the average much above what the inferior class would make it. This, too, when most people who know negroes at all can count among these acquaintances far more honest, industrious and intelligent persons than worthless ones. To judge them as men and not as negroes is the better way.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

It was announced that five hundred British teachers, under the guidance of President Butler, of Columbia, will visit this country and Canada during the next school year. In the year 1903, Sir Alfred Mosley visited this country, and to his disappointment found that women teachers were making American youth effeminate at a great sacrifice financially. He claims they are under paid. The youth of America needs more of the gentleness and kindness, stability and nobility, in order to lead them to the plane of loyal citizenship. They are the real backbone of our blessed America; they need the best of influence, the best of atmosphere, and this is to be obtained at the top only. If our women teachers are filling that capacity with honor, God bless them! We need more of them!

SOME of the farmers in Kansas are having a new experience. Harvest is now on. The wheat harvest is so pressing and help so scarce, that they have found it necessary to call on the jails for help in order to save the great crop of wheat. They even agree to pay the fines of the criminals if they will come to their assistance. To many of the criminals, no doubt, this is a rare treat.

THE sapphire mine in the Zego Gulch, Mont., is claimed by expert Geological Survey men, to be the greatest gem mine in the world. The vein is four miles long on the surface, and is believed to extend to an unknown depth. The stones obtained are of an unusual brilliancy, many shades of blue, and not very large. They are sent to Amsterdam for cutting, and yield nearly half their weight in unfinished stones. It is reported by the Survey that the output of gems in this country in 1895 was valued at \$326,350. Sapphire mines yielded \$125,000.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has appointed Dr. E. E. Brown, professor of education in the University of California, to succeed Dr. W. T. Harris, who recently resigned. Brown will now be the new commissioner of education in the United States.

THE special bill, calling for the appropriation of \$25,000 for the traveling expenses of the president, passed on its presentation to the House. The bill also

gives him the liberty to make his own selection of traveling companions. The bill, however, was opposed by some Democrats on the grounds of expediency and constitutionality.

PROFESSOR BATTELLI, of the University of Pisa, while examining the water of the San Guilano Springs, made a new discovery. It was a substance in the form of gas which he called, "Near-Radium," it being similar to that of radium. However, he says he has not yet discovered the mineral from which it emanated.

DR. G. FRANK LYDSTON, of the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons, advocates the plan of having the state take charge of the children of defective parents, on the ground that the children, primarily, have no moral sense, that they are little animals. He further claims that one reason of such conditions is that marriages are contracted without any regard whatever to mental or physical condition. He proposes that if the child of such a union becomes a criminal or a degenerate, society, instead of punishing him, in the spirit of hate and revenge, should undertake systematically to educate and reform him. Another preventive might be in the way of requiring the two contracting parties to pass a short, but well-prepared examination, closely testing their mental and physical condition; such examination to be presented to them by some duly-authorized official, thus avoiding many defective marriages. It is a serious problem and some decisive steps ought to be taken to avoid the great calamity to human life and the loss of the immortal soul.

It is now being proposed to the summer school of the New York University that some course be designed to fit and prepare teachers to teach and conduct children's gardens. Several gardens have been laid out in and around New York but the authorities are at a loss to know where to find trained teachers to conduct them. This plan has been in progress in the city of Philadelphia, and other cities as well, with great satisfaction and success.

THE city council of Chicago has passed an ordinance which, if signed by the Mayor, says that no more

than one saloon to five hundred people shall be legalized in Chicago. Since there are seven thousand now it means that the population of the city will have to grow to 3,500,000 before any more licenses can be granted, which certainly will require some years.

IN speaking of the fifty or more, first degree murderers now under sentence in Kansas "at the will of the Governor," Governor Hoch said: "I shall not will that those men be put to death, and, furthermore, the present governor will never will the death of any man." This is the kind of a governor that ought to sit in the gubernatorial chair of every commonwealth. However heinous the crime, taking the life of the criminal will not right the wrong. Some say that it will stop him from committing crime. It may be, but it takes a crime equally as great as his in order to stop it, and the legalized crime is no less criminal than the crime of the outlaw. Besides, capital punishment is no punishment at all. In many cases it would be a relief from punishment.

THE Illinois Central Railroad is about to begin construction on a new line through the rich pine forests of Mississippi and Alabama. Recently a New York capitalist purchased a large portion of land in this section and this new line of railroad will assist them in bringing their timber before the markets of the world. The road will probably run from Jackson through the Pearl River Valley to Columbus, Miss., and from there straight across to Birmingham, Ala.

WHEN the President signed the bill admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territories as one State, and permitting Arizona and New Mexico to vote on joint statehood, he wrote the word "Theodore" with a gold pen provided by the citizens of Arizona, and the word "Roosevelt" with a pen made from an eagle's quill, furnished by the Oklahoma delegation. He congratulated those present on the outcome, and there was handshaking all around.

THE Mr. Walter Wellman, who has arranged equipments for an expedition in search of the North Pole, set sail June 16, for Ardenal, Norway. He has completed an airship in which he will try the attempt. Five members of the expedition party have already gone to Spitzbergen, where a depot and wireless telegraph station are to be erected. It is said that thirty-five men will assist to that point, but only five are to make the balloon trip with Mr. Wellman. Regardless of all failures to find this much desired Pole, yet another company is willing to sacrifice their lives in another attempt.

IT seems that the disturbance within the bowels of the earth around San Francisco, and adjoining towns, is not yet settled. Occasionally distinct earthquake shocks are felt, and quite recently, in the city of Oakland, a movement was clearly felt which seemed to be from west to east, and the shock was of several seconds' duration. No damage was realized.

DURING the procession of the Corpus Christi, at Bailystok, Russia, a bomb was thrown into their midst by a Jewish anarchist, who was secretly hid in the balcony of a house. Among the persons killed was a clergyman named Federoff. The Christians became so enraged that they attacked the Jewish stores, demolishing the fixtures and windows, throwing the goods into the gutters, and beating and murdering the Jews in general. Many of the Jews tried to escape, but several were killed before they could get away from the station.

THE wheat crop of the Central West were almost on the verge of being totally destroyed by a hot wind, such as are frequent in the month of August. A hot gale had been blowing for two days, and the vegetation was fairly shriveling up, but was revived by heavy rains, recently, which came just in time to avoid the disaster.

PRICE cutting against the independent oil refiners of Kansas has been begun by the Standard Oil Company, and a reduction of one cent per gallon on kerosene and engine oils is going into effect. This is regarded as an admission of the success of the independents, who say that they have already saved the State more than \$500,000. They own their wells and equipments, and are pushing pipe lines and buying tank cars.

A REMARKABLE feat of engineering was performed at New York, recently, when the fifteen hundred-ton drawbridge of the Harlem River Ship Canal was lifted on pontoon bridges by the rising tides, moved one mile up the river by four tugs and dropped on its pivot cap in the new bridge structure without a hitch or the straining of a bolt.

A BRIDGE is to be built across the Mississippi river at St. Louis, which will be quite a relief to the city from the oppression of the transportation monopoly held by the St. Louis Terminal Association.

IN the State of New Jersey an act was passed in 1904, prohibiting the killing of birds from traps for sport. This act was passed for the protection of our feathered friends, and it is fully carried out to-day.





### THE CIGARETTE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

"What killed my boy?" the mother cried,  
 "What wrecked his brain and took his life?  
 My boy, who was so good to me,  
 And helped me in life's daily strife.  
 The boy who was my pride and joy,  
 The object of my love and prayer,  
 'Twas for his good I wished to live,  
 To shield him with a mother's care.

"But now they tell me he is dead,  
 And 'twas the deadly cigarette  
 That took his life, and filled my heart  
 With sorrow I can ne'er forget.  
 Why did he smoke the deadly weed  
 That robbed him of his brain and health?  
 And like the thieves, who came at night,  
 It was so subtle in its stealth.

"I never dreamed what it would do,  
 Until death came and he was gone,  
 And now I'm grieving all day long,  
 For my dear boy, my own dear John.  
 O, boys, beware ere 'tis too late,  
 Touch not the deadly cigarette;  
 If, in such vices you indulge,  
 'Twill not be long ere you regret."

Box 3, Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J.



### HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE HOME.

It is not everyone who can have an elegant home, a splendidly furnished home. But there is no home, be it ever so simple, but it can be made a beautiful home. A little touch here and a little touch there will turn the most humble home into a place of restful beauty, of solid comfort and satisfaction.

To begin with, inside the house there must be cleanliness and order. The simpler the furnishings of the home the better. A superfluous lot of bric-a-brac scattered about loaded with dust, is a very doubtful ornament to any home. Do not crowd the rooms with furniture. Have only that which is really needed. Keep it in good condition, free from dust.

Do not drape the windows with heavy curtains. Far better use the sheer white ones. They are inexpensive and dainty, can be easily laundered and kept fresh and clean. In the simple home do not try to follow after the elegant trappings and furnishings

of the costly mansion across the way. Leave them to their own troubles and keep your modest home spotless clean and tidy throughout. Open the windows and let the fresh air flood every nook and corner. Raise the blinds and let the sunshine, with all its healing warmth and cheer, find its way into every room.

If you do not have a flower garden, try to have a few plants, at least. Keep one in every room, if possible, but especially in the dining room. Make the dining room more than a place to feed; make it a place where one may rest and enjoy himself while he dines.

Give as much care to the kitchen as to the parlor, even more. A cheerful, neat, well-ordered kitchen has a beauty all its own, and greatly lightens the work of the housewife.

But now for the outside of the house. Many a home that is beautiful within is most wretchedly destitute without. No attempt whatever is made to beautify the surroundings. How often in the city the back yard which is, perhaps, all the yard there is, has been neglected until it is not much more than a rubbish heap. Old tin cans, old bottles, old shoes, old papers, old trumpery of every sort has accumulated. It is an unsightly spot. It is an unhealthy and unsanitary place. If not another thing is done, it should at least be cleaned out.

But it can be even more than cleaned out. There is hardly a place where there is a bit of earth, be it city or country, but what some flower will grow. Clean out the trash from your back yard, get a spade and dig up the earth, rake it smooth and fine. Then get the seeds of a few old-fashioned flowers and drop them in the soft earth. Marigolds, hollyhocks, ragged-robins, larkspurs, four o'clocks, sweet-williams—any of these will grow with little care and make beautiful the worst sort of a back yard. Get a morning-glory vine, or rather plant the seeds, and train the vine over that ugly bit of back fence. Plant a tree if there is a place for it, and scatter some grass seed wherever it is possible for it to grow.

It is not only city backyards that need fixing up, but oftentimes the surroundings of the country home far surpass the city home in their accumulation of dirt and trash, and their lack of flowers and vines and trees, and with less excuse for it too.

We have seen country homes with the hot sun broil-

ing down upon them, without the sign of a tree or a vine to protect them. Trees all around, but not one had been planted near the house. Nature everywhere luxuriant with vines and shrubs, flowers and trees, but not one to break the desolate surroundings of the home.

This is all a mistake. Plant trees around your home. Not so close or so thick as to shut out the sunlight, but sufficient to make shade and protect from the blazing sun. Plant vines and flowers and let them grow wild. If left alone Nature will look after them. If given a chance the vines will festoon themselves here and there in more artistic manner than you can train them, and the flowers will give forth a profusion of bloom and fragrance that will be a beauty and joy all summer long.

Yes, the simplest home can be made beautiful if one is willing to give just a little care and thought to it. A little work and a little time will be necessary, of course, but then it pays so well in the end. A vine-covered porch, a cool, grassy lawn, a restful shade tree, not only enhances the surroundings of a home, but the comfort and rest and delight they furnish more than compensate for all the time and toil spent in acquiring them.—*E. P., in Medical Talk.*



#### WOMAN'S CLUBS AND WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

MAUD HAWKINS.



OMETIME ago an article appeared in a leading journal, contributed by Grover Cleveland in which he decidedly denounced woman's clubs and woman suffrage. It is surprising that our ex-chief magistrate should present such views.

His mother and much adored wife and daughters are women. He says women are weak, easily influenced. Perhaps, but it would take more than a nickel's worth of beer to change their views. We admit that there are weak and silly women and there always will be. But are there no men afflicted likewise? In the history of women office holders and women rulers there has not been much cause to complain of their abusing their trust by fraud or trickery. Queen Victoria was a good example. Her clear brain certainly was as capable of ruling the nation as her debauched son's. One sure fast women would stand for the right and would not be swayed aside for a share of the filthy lucre. They would look to the uplifting of humanity, rather than to permit a practice which is surely its downfall.

Look up the street yonder. Do you see that babbling drunkard walking on both sides of the pavement? He is a part of the ruling power of this great nation. Do you see on the other side of the street

that tidy intelligent woman walking firm and steady (except when she must give the road to her unbalanced ruler)? She is the ruled part of our great nation. Which is the more capable of casting a vote for the good of the community, the man with the muddled brain or the intelligent woman?

"The vote of the thoughtful would be outweighed by the ignorant," he says. How about the men? Are they all wise, sedate and thoughtful? Do you also see that man of color coming down the street? This little intelligent mother bravely and heroically gave her only son on the nation's altar that he might be freed from the bondage of slavery. Is it any more than justice that she should have a voice in the affairs of the country which she made such a noble sacrifice to save?

If she does occasionally neglect her family and home cares to attend to her club, she is not spending her time and money playing cards, drinking, smoking and exchanging stories with her friends. It is always to promote some good cause. She is often exchanging views with other mothers from their store of experience as to the best way of caring for and training her refractory children and husband. If it is wrong for her to neglect her home duties to attend her club, it holds that it is equally wrong for him to go any place except his place of bread-winning. For if he has no part in the care of his children he can at least give them the pleasure of his company.

That woman's clubs do good no one can deny. No man's club ever did what the W. C. T. U. is doing. This is proven by the fact that on Feb. 17, 1905, for the first time in the history of our nation Congress adjourned all business to pay tribute to a woman and that woman a reformer. Speeches were made by the best orators in both Senate and the House in which not only Miss Frances Willard but all womankind was honored and also the cause for which she stood. It is a forerunner of when woman shall occupy her rightful place in the affairs of this government.

*Cerragordo, Ill.*



#### IT DOES NOT PAY.

MRS. FRED WHITAKER.

IN a recent issue of the INGLENOOK, among the snapshots on the first page I noticed this terse remark: "The man who does not care what people think of him is seldom worth thinking about." Evidently the author of those words takes a different view of "the man who does not care what people think of him" from what I do; for while I believe we should care what people think of us when we do that which is displeasing to the Lord, yet there are many times when one is perfectly justified in saying he does not care



what people think of us when we do that which is displeasing to the Lord, yet there are many times when one is perfectly justified in saying he does not care what people think of him, for it is often impossible to please both God and man. For this reason I often say *it does not pay* to care for what people say, meaning that if I am endeavoring to do what I believe is right I should not allow the thought of what others may think or say to deter me from my duty, but—

"Dare to be a Daniel.  
Dare to stand alone  
Dare to have a purpose firm,  
Dare to make it known."



#### DOGS THAT WEAR SHOES.

IN Alaska even dogs wear shoes at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Esquimau dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death! The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying, which in this country falls to horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin, and ties them on with stout thongs of leather. In this way he will travel easily, until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp, wolflike teeth, and eats them.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska. Although they are only little fellows—not more than half the size of a big Newfoundland—they sell from \$75 to \$200 each, more than an ordinary horse will sell for in our country.

They will draw 200 pounds each on a sled, and they are usually driven in teams of six.

They need no lines to guide them, for they readily obey the sound of their master's voice, turning or stopping at a word.

But the Esquimau dogs have their faults. Like many boys, they are over-fond of having good things to eat. Consequently they have to be watched closely, or they will attack and devour stores left in their way, especially bacon, which must be hung out of their reach.

At night, when camp is pitched, the moment a blanket is thrown upon the ground they will run in it and curl up, and neither cuffs nor kicks suffice to budge them. They lie as close to the men who own them as possible, and the miner cannot wrap himself so close that they will not get under the blanket with him. They are human too, in their disinclination to get out in the morning.—*New England Farmer*.



TRY and live on earth so that heaven will not be too much of a surprise to you.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### WHY BILLY WOULDN'T EAT HIS BREAKFAST.

THERE was an unusual stir in the big house of the Horns. The excitement seemed to center in the kitchen, where the maids, with anxious faces were gathered.

Mr. Symonds, the gardener, who was raking the dead leaves off the lawn, heard the excited voices, and came in to ask what was wrong.

"It's Billy!" said Mrs. Henry, the cook. "He won't eat his breakfast!"

"No, Billy won't eat his breakfast, Mr. Symonds!" wailed Mary, the chambermaid.

"Billy won't eat his breakfast!" echoed little Hester Henry.

Mr. Symonds seemed to think this was very serious. He looked long and hard at Billy. Then he took off his hat and scratched his head, after which he remarked solemnly: "Billy must be sick."

"Billy, Billy, do eat your breakfast!" coaxed Mary again. "You really ought to be ashamed of yourself, Billy, unless you *are* sick, as Mr. Symonds says. I have fixed you a beautiful breakfast with my own hands—nice bread and milk—and the milk not skimmed either. And to think you won't touch it!"

"Oh, Billy, please, please, do eat!" urged little Hester Henry. Billy's little stubby tail wagged very faintly in answer to Hester, and his round, brown eyes looked up into Hester's blue ones as if he really would like to remind her of something, but yet was half ashamed to mention it. Mrs. Horn, who usually fed Billy herself, was still in bed. She was not ill, but she had been to a party the night before, and it had been almost morning when she got home.

Billy seemed to realize that his mistress was not to be expected to appear, and looked shyly at the basin of nice bread and milk that Mary had set before him, but something was certainly wrong, and finally but slowly he turned away licking his lips.

"Perhaps he wants a little meat," said Mrs. Henry. The servants' breakfast-table had not yet been cleared, and Mrs. Henry went to the platter and took up the carving-knife and cut up some nice little pieces of steak that had been left, and presented the tid-bits to Billy on a warm china plate. As a general thing Billy was very fond of cooked steak; but this morning the daintily prepared meat did not seem to tempt his appetite any more than the creamy bread and milk.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Symonds?" asked Mrs. Henry. "What *do* you think?"

"Looks bad, very bad indeed," said the gardener, slowly.

"I wonder if Mrs. Horn would want us to send for a doctor?" suggested Mrs. Henry. "I don't like to waken her, but perhaps I ought to. I wish I knew what to do about it."

"Do you hear that, William? The doctor is to be sent for!" said Mary, trying to see what a threat would do. "Then if you don't eat your breakfast, you will have to take horrid pills, Master William! Listen now and consider what I have said!"

A good while ago when Mrs. Horn had hired Mrs. Henry to do her cooking, it had been agreed between them that little Hester Henry should stay with her mother. Hester was not troublesome in the house, and everybody liked her. There was no children for her to play with. She played with Billy. Mrs. Horn sometimes let her help to feed Billy; and she could hold Billy while Mrs. Horn tied the ribbon bow that Billy wore on his silver collar. Hester was really a valuable and privileged and petted member of the kitchen household.

Knowing considerable about Billy, therefore, and his ways little Hester Henry now had an idea of her own. For a while she was half-afraid to speak out before so many grown people. Her mother had cautioned her not to talk a great deal, and never, never to be "bold" or saucy. But having heard Mary speak about going for a doctor, and fearing that Billy might be obliged to swallow "horrid pills," Hester finally took courage and piped out:

"I know why Billy won't eat his breakfast!"

"Why, Hester Henry, what is it? Good gracious!" exclaimed Hester's mother, looking at her little daughter very much astonished.

"Ain't his food fixed right, Hester?" asked Mary.

"I'm sure I did it just as Mrs. Horn told me. And your own mother has cut up his steak!"

"Oh, yes, Billy's food is all right," said Hester. "It isn't his food at all! It's that Billy don't like to be talked to *in good grammar!*"

"In good grammer did you say? Mercy sakes!" screamed Mary, bursting into a merry laugh at the ridiculous idea.

And Mr. Symonds was obliged to laugh outright.

Little Hester Henry did not see very much to laugh at. She couldn't feel quite sure whether the big folks were laughing at her or Billy. She thought she would make her meaning a little plainer. "It is that Billy don't like people to talk too proper to him," she went on. "Mis' Horn, she don't talk proper to him like he was grown up. This is the way Mis' Horn talks to him:

"Nice 'ittle wootsie Billy, eat him b'ekfast! Tum, Billy, doggie; him doodest doggie as ever was!"

Such a soothing, coaxing, ingratiating speech as it was, in tones like Mrs. Horn's own.

In an instant Billy's eyes grew bright, and his tail wagged so hard that his hind legs moved with the tail.

"See!" said Hester, her little face all aglow with excitement and happiness as she rose to her feet. "Billy understands! That's what he wanted! Don't you see?"

And the naughty Billy wrinkled up his nose, which was his way of smiling, and came forward and proceeded to eat his breakfast like a good and contented dog.—*Jane Ellis Joy, in Little Folks.*

Moral for older ones.—Some people worry a great deal more over a dog than a child. Dogs can be spoiled as well as babies.

## The Rural Sanctum

### IN SOMBRE TONES.

J. EMERSON COBB.

Sadness adds beauty to the sweetest face.  
A dull-plumaged bird in a leafy place.  
With ruffled feathers and a doleful trill.  
Gives a pitying heart a greater thrill  
Than strutting Argus or Paradise bird.  
Large snowdrops at twilight, falling unheard  
Make sweeter ballads from men's hearts to flow  
Than soft summer breezes e'er bestow.  
Sorrow strikes radiance from Nature's bright face,  
Supplanting beauty as a richer grace.

Elgin, Ill.



Before we blame a boy for preferring the streets we make some inquiries about his home and his father.

### PROPER APPRECIATION OF PARENTS.

ANNA M. HUTCHISON.



**D**URING the busy, happy school years, while the days are full of hope and inspiration and while life flows on in an unruffled stream, how often do we stop to think of our fathers and mothers at home? And how often do we send the kindly greeting of love and remembrance, showing to them that we have not let new associations and new duties crowd them out of our hearts and lives?

Life for us has much that is new, much that is attractive in the present, and bright in the future, but our father's and mother's hearts cling to the past and have most in memory.



When we separated from them it may have cost us a heartache, and it may have cost us a tear, but we do not know, and never will know, what it cost them to give us up, or what a vacancy we left behind. When they smilingly bade us good-bye, with "God bless you and go with you, my child," we did not realize the aching, anxious heart behind that smile.

We do not realize now the sleepless hours of anxiety for us. We do not see the silently falling tear, nor hear the tender-breathed prayer that God may keep us pure and true. Neither do we fully realize the suffering, toil and sacrifice they are enduring that we may have the advantages and privileges we now enjoy.

When we think of all this and then go back over our past lives and remember the long years of utter helplessness of infancy, of the entire dependence of childhood, and of the necessities and wants of youth and with it all a father's and mother's tender patience and unwearied toil, is it any wonder that our hearts swell with the deepest gratitude and our bosoms heave with the tenderest love for such unselfish, parental devotion?

Do we not owe to them our deepest respect and our most thoughtful consideration and obedience? Even then it is hardly possible to fully repay them.

There is no period in our whole lives when our parents do not claim our attention, love and warmest affection, and it should be our constant study how we can best promote their welfare and happiness and smooth the path of their declining years.

Most sad is it to see parents' long years of unselfish devotion treated with indifference. Sometimes the education, which their toil and sacrifice has made possible for us to gain, lifts us up until we feel ashamed of their odd and old-fashioned ways and appearance.

Young man, young woman, better far that you forever remain in ignorance than that your education should exalt you above your parents. What if the brow is wrinkled, the eyes sunken, the hands brown and withered, and the shoulders stooped—it was their toil, care, sacrifice and anxiety for us that helped to make them such.

No daughter can ever find a truer or more trustworthy friend than her mother; one to whom she can unburden her heart, in whom she can confide, and from whom she can receive the best advice. A son may meet true and faithful friends in life, but his mother remains still his best friend. Her love can never be chilled by selfishness, weakened by worthlessness or stifled by ingratitude. In the face of the world's condemnation, it is her confidence that keeps you from despair and starts you on the right road again.

Say then that we can love and appreciate our parents too much? Life is too short to ever repay them.

Then let us, by our gratitude, respect and love, help smooth their rugged pathway, and help make their bitter cup sweet. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

*Union Bridge, Md.*



## UNPAINTED PICTURES.

MAUDE DEARDORFF.

"Do not save the loving speeches  
For your friends till they are dead;  
Do not write them on their tombstones;  
Speak them rather now, instead."

How true is it that as we walk through the cemetery reading the epitaphs of the old, the young, the middle-aged we find nothing but loving words in memory of the one that sleeps beneath.

Is it not too true that the smiles, the kind and loving words, the expressions of affection and sympathy and the tokens of love and gratitude are withheld from our friends until they are taken from us? Then how we remember only the good that they have done. How we dwell upon their chastity and purity. How many are the words of praise for them and how profuse are the laurels of flowers showered upon their caskets and over their graves. Alas! too many roses in the hands of the dead take the place of thorns in the hearts of the living.

Timid creatures that we are! Oh, the aching void that might be filled by a few kind words or smiles. The smiles that might have been called forth and the aching hearts relieved had we been more mindful of our duty.

Solomon tells us that a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Then why not present our friends with these beautiful pictures. Are they too costly? A smile or kind word costs nothing and is worth millions. Are they not within our reach? Kind words are within the reach of all who will but gather them and use them.

It is true that kind words "fitly spoken"—at the proper time and place and in the proper way—may influence the entire life of the recipient for good. What a picture this will leave upon memory's wall! One that time cannot erase. It is more beautiful than all the pen-art work that can be produced.

There is a lovely "inasmuch," in his Word for those who are willing to brighten the lives of those they meet with these unpainted pictures. How often will some apparently hidden life unfold itself and reveal a most beautiful character by the influence affected by some kind word or deed.

Oh, these unpainted pictures! The good that they have done and will do will be made known only in that

"day of all days." Be not fearful of the results. Lavish them freely upon all around you, for he that is capable of producing these unpainted pictures is one of the greatest artists that the world has ever known.

*Brumbaugh, N. Dak.*



### THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

A True Story.

NAN REESE.

THERE was once a beautiful cat, the pet and pride of a large family. She was indeed a handsome cat, quite the handsomest in the neighborhood. None of the other cats had such thick, soft fur, such yellow eyes, nor so long a tail. Besides all this Puss had four white feet and a white star on her breast. When she moved she did not hurry as some cats do, but trod majestically along, her head up high, accepting flattery and homage. All this had made her very proud and disdainful indeed. Only the best of food was ever served her: scraps never found their way to her pan, which though well enough for ordinary cats, would never do for Puss, who, her fond mistress imagined, was far from the ordinary. Had she really been so, there had been no story to write of her to-day. Puss grew sleek, fat and beautiful, but not wise. Not content with her good home, and kind treatment, unmindful of the fresh milk and cheese always served her, Puss, discontented and spoiled, made frequent raids

on the colony of feathered folk in the chicken yard, unknown to her kind mistress, who noted with increasing anxiety their diminishing population, yet failed to find the despoiler. When it was at last discovered that Puss was the offender she was taken a long way off, so far in fact that she was never able to find her way back, but became a wanderer which is often the fate of the transgressor.

Although God has given us a beautiful world and everything that is necessary for our happiness here, yet we are ever restless and discontented, vainly striving and seeking many times the unattainable, forgetful of the blessings and beauties God has showered upon us. So we live and work and learn, yet leave unlearned God's greatest lesson, and sometimes when he finds that we are not grateful for the blessings we have but willfully transgress, he takes away the lights we have and brings the shadows, for the way of the transgressor is hard.

*Kansas City, Kans.*



### COPY WILL LEFT BY A DRUNKARD.

"I LEAVE to the world a ruinous example.

"I leave to my parents all sorrow possible to bear.

"I leave to my brothers and sisters shame and dishonor.

"I leave to my wife a broken heart and a disgraced life.

"I leave to my children poverty, wretchedness, and the memory of a father in a drunkard's grave."

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Something Fresh in Fiction.

A new kind of detective story is that in the May Lipincott's, called "The Strange Case of Doctor North." It appears complete in one number, and, though a fine bit of writing, is undoubtedly a thriller. The author is Nevil Monroe Hopkins, and the tale is strongly American, showing how a young detective with a love for the work, and a new-born hope way down deep in his heart, beats the whole profession in unraveling one of the most mysterious murder cases on record.

The following newspaper clipping, gives the facts of the finding of "Doctor North":

"When discovered, the noted physician was sitting in his library chair with his head bent forward, and the mark of some blunt instrument plainly discernible just above his right temple. The library windows were all found to be securely fastened from the inside, and the door leading from the hall was bolted, also on the inside. The door leading from the inner consulting-room was likewise closed and locked from the office side,\* the key being found in the lock. No other means of entrance or egress exists.

"Failing to get a response when he had knocked repeatedly, and fearing his master might be ill, Doctor North's servant stooped and looked through the old-fashioned keyhole, when he saw his master seated in his chair, his head bent forward upon his breast. The doctor's nephew was at once summoned, and he, in the presence of his sister, Miss Almy, burst open the door. It was necessary to bend a heavy bronze bolt before the door yielded.

"There was a terrible expression of fear upon the doctor's set face, as, with the dreadful bruise showing under his gray locks, he sat there glaring from sightless eyes at the massive treatises and scattered pamphlets which littered his great study table.

"The police were at once notified, but up to a late hour no further facts could be learned."



Some one asked an old lady about a sermon:

"Could you remember it?"

"Remember it? No; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."



### The Patriot.

This is my country's natal morn, my heart with rapture thrills—  
 I've bought a gun for little John, the kind that sometimes kills,  
 And Susie has a pistol, too,—she'll burn herself I fear,  
 But what's the difference if she does? it's only once a year.  
 That I in patriotism lack, it never shall be said,—  
 The baby has some crackers now, that might blow off his head.  
 They're somewhat dangerous, for they're filled with dynamite, I hear!  
 But shoot them off, my darling child, 'tis only once a year.  
 I've heard that rockets have been known to put out children's eyes,—  
 Of course in every childish sport, some danger lurking lies.  
 We'll have to take our chance of that, they mustn't stand too near,  
 For we must celebrate the Fourth, 'tis only once a year.  
 So though the baby's blown to bits, and Johnny's lost his sight,  
 Though Susie's hair is all burnt off by time that it is night,  
 I'll sing "My country, 'tis of thee" in accents loud and clear,  
 For I have kept the glorious Fourth, which comes but once a year.

—Elsie Duncan Yale, in July Lippincott's.

### Wasn't Taking Chances.

An automobilist, speeding along a country road at a rapid clip, ran over and killed a chicken. When he returned the same way an hour later, a man was standing in the middle of the road, signaling excitedly for him to stop. He brought the machine to a standstill, and there lying on the roadside was the poor chicken whose life had been snuffed out. He was prepared for the worst, when the following dialogue took place:

"May I ask, did you run over this chicken?"

"Yes, I'm the guilty party, but I am willing to pay for the damage. How much do you want?"

"Oh, that's all right. You see, before I took the chicken home, I wanted to make sure how it had been killed. If your automobile ran over it, I guess it's good to eat."

—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in Everybody's Magazine for May.

Lots of time for lots of things  
 Though it's said that time has wings;  
 There is always time to find  
 Ways of being sweet and kind;  
 There is always time to share  
 Smiles and goodness everywhere.

—The Philo Reporter.

### What the Little Girl Wrote.

A little girl who had not been studying very long about the human body was told to write a composition and here is what she wrote:

"The Human Body is composed of three parts, the Head, the Chest and the Abominable Regions. The Head contains the eyes, nose, mouth and ears, brains if any. The Chest has the heart, lungs and part of the liver. The Abominable Regions are devoted entirely to the Vowels, of which there are five, a e i o u and sometimes y and z."

The difference between Christianity and churchianity is usually discovered when it is too late.

### Much in Little.

The Gospel is the truth about God.  
 There are no graveyards in heaven.  
 Real faith is fireproof.  
 A pig pen is not a good diamond market.  
 Men run toward the devil and creep toward God.  
 Anything that hurts man hurts Christ.  
 Virtue is always paying dividends.  
 Whenever we form a good habit we help God.  
 Sins never travel alone.  
 You can't shut the devil up but you can shut him out.

### He Knew From Experience.

Lady—May I photograph your farmhand at work?

Farmer—With pleasure, miss, if you can spare the time.

Lady—Oh, it won't take half a second.

Farmer—But you may have to wait two or three hours to catch him working.

### What Like Is a Lover?

What like is a lover? A lover's like

A straw in the spring wind blowing!

How far he will float, or where he'll strike

Is past all our wisest knowing.

A straw in the wind, now here, now there,

And that's like a lover, so, Sweet, beware!

What like is a lover? A light in the mist

Not well to be trusted, blindly—

Sometimes found, but as often missed—

Unkind, when he seems most kindly—

A scorching sun, and a chilling shade—

And that's like a lover—Be warned, fair maid!

What like is a lover? My sweet, Sweetheart,

Ah, nothing like a lover

For guile and cunning and wicked art;

Forswear them all,—and discover

The one, one only you need not fear

To trust forever . . . I love you dear!

—Madeline Bridges, in May Lippincott's Magazine.

### Holiday Need.

"I am working on an invention," said the great genius, "and if it proves a success it will enable me to grasp fame and fortune right by the back of the neck."

"What is the nature of it?" asked the inquisitive person.

"A noiseless drum," answered the g. g.

After all has been said for and against women's clubs, the fact should be remembered that the women got the club habit from the men.

### Are You a Vegetarian?

The elephant eats no animal food,  
 And attains a size sublime,  
 The fierce, carnivorous flea is small,  
 But it has a better time.

—Chicago Tribune.



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Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of the sudden and unexpected collapse of this grand piece of architecture. The concensus of opinion seems to be, however, that its foundation had become weakened by the attacks of climate and possible changes in the earth's surface.

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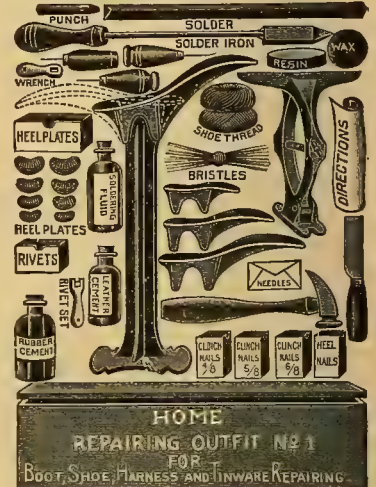
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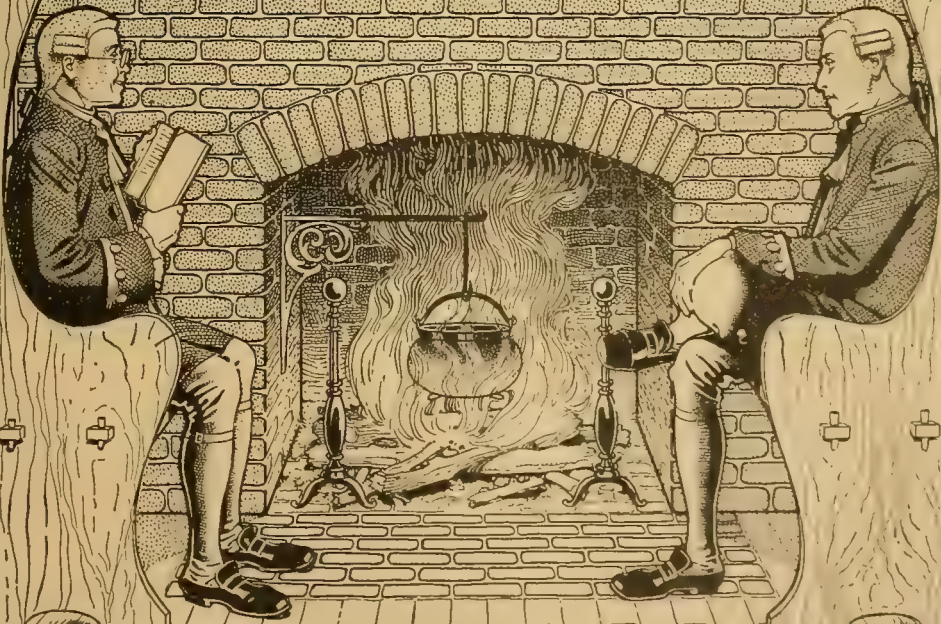


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KNOW THYSELF.—Roy H. Puterbaugh.  
IMMORTALITY.—J. G. Figley.  
INDEPENDENCE DAY.—Alva J. Spacht.  
HARROD'S LADDIE.—Oma Karn.



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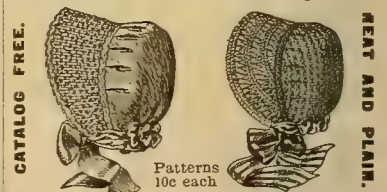
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JULY 10, 1906.

NO. 28.

## A VISION.

L. MARGARET HAAS.

LAST night I saw in a vision  
A city of wondrous build,  
High rose the domes of its temples,  
Its streets with worshipers filled.

I saw that the hillside was terraced  
On which the fair city took form,  
But the roadway thither was stony,  
And compassed with many a thorn.

High up was the Temple of Knowledge,  
And many entered therein;  
Some toiled to reach the portals  
Of Glory, her laurels to win.

And thus to the Temples of Honor,  
Fame, Wealth, Position, Renown,  
Myriads had turned their faces,  
When lo! there rose the sound

Of many voices in concert—  
"Behold the Wise Man stands  
Within the gates of the city."  
He has come from distant lands,

And turned were the eager faces  
To learn what creed he brought,  
Out of his far-famed wisdom;  
What earthly good he sought.

He stooped and from the roadside  
Cast out a treacherous stone;  
And turning clasped warmly the hand  
Of one who was struggling alone.

Then with never a glance at the splendor  
That shone on the hillside above,  
He softly crossed the threshold  
And knelt at the shrine of Love.

Camp Hill, Pa.

❧ ❧ ❧

## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*Self-judgment makes due allowance.*

❧

*He who is above honorable toil, is beneath honorable manhood.*

*Never let selfish interest bribe you.*

❧

*Knowledge will gain righteousness a hearing.*

❧

*Life without reason, is preferable to reason without conscience.*

❧

*The character that has strong grip, will never let good purpose slip.*

❧

*Intolerance is the child of Pride and Hatred, and resembles both parents.*

❧

*Though going out from us, influence is a responsibility we have to meet.*

❧

*In weighing matters, Conscience should keep Choice and Pleasure off the scales.*

❧

*Do not count God's blessings cheap because, for man's sake, they are common.*

❧

*You haven't the right key to wisdom if it doesn't open the door to usefulness, also.*

❧

*Seeking in the breast of man for a fountain of gratitude, God often comes to rock.*

❧

*Pay no attention to offense and it will the sooner leave; entertain it, and it will the oftener come.*

❧

*Seeking pleasure before good, men gather green fruit, but to be made sick thereby, at last.*

❧

*The more we drink of heavenly joys the deeper grows the cup; of earthly joys it is not so,—a few draughts drink them up.*

❧

*Tool rhymes with fool and, when alive, resembles it; but mule rhymes with both, so don't be loath to kindly do the good that others think you should.*

*Flora, Ind.*



# Know Thyself

Roy H. Puterbaugh



HE Greeks believed that in early ages the gods were wont to visit the earth and mingle with men. Later they came to believe the modes of communication to be through oracles; and that the gods revealed their wills and intentions only at favored spots.

The art of interpreting the signs was called the art of divination.

About eight miles inland from the shores of the Corinthian Gulf, in a rugged, romantic glen in Parnassus, closed on the north by the steep wall-like under cliffs of Shining Rocks, on the east by two small ridges or spurs, and on the south by the irregular heights of Mount Cirphis, lies the little town to-day known as Castri, in time of Greek grandeur known as Delphi, and in earlier times as Pytho. On this site Apollo, the "sun god," slew the great serpent Pytho, and ever after intoxicating gasses issued from a fissure in the rock at the base of the Mt. Ararat of Grecian legend.

It was only fitting that a temple should be erected at this point, in commemoration of the great feat, and accordingly a rude wooden structure was constructed which temple came to be most renowned among the Greek oracles; but about 548 B. C. it was destroyed by fire. Immediately an impressive stone structure, both in colossal size and in massive simplicity which was characteristic of the Doric style of architecture was erected. It was crowned with the spoils of many battle fields, with rich gifts of kings and rare works of art, but the one thing it possessed, rich above all else, was the lone inscription which touched the inner life of the great philosopher Socrates, "Know Thyself."

In these modern times with the complications of commercial relations, every man is compelled to know all the points of his business, else he is forced to step down and out. Knowing half the good points only shows the man, when the real test comes, that the profit is in the other half. If there is a single detail in his work about which he is unfamiliar, that is the very point which will tilt the scales when success and failure are in the balance. Other men at his side are burying themselves in their commercial problems and are digging up their business from center to circumference for points, and if he is to succeed he must delve even deeper, so that when the crisis comes his business may be sufficiently rooted to withstand the storm.

However, one must not be contented merely with knowing his business; for he must also know how to handle it. Many a man to-day is handling a proposition which bids fair to succeed, but for lack of know-

ing how to please the people, or how to present it in a palatable manner, the proposition is considered a failure, when in reality it possesses in itself all the elements of success. Other men are going before the public with a less meritorious proposition and are doing a great business. We wonder why. The last man may not have known his proposition any better than the first, but he knew how to serve the public, or rather how the people wanted the proposition presented.

If it is so essential that a man know every point about the goods he is handling, and just how to present them, can you wonder why the greatest philosopher among the Greeks was impressed with that grand injunction, "Know Thyself"? Why should man not know himself, when he is to such a large degree, "the master of his own fate"? What would we think of a man who was using a fine tool on a grand block of marble, when he knew nothing of the art of handling such a tool or of the nature of the block; or what would we think of a man using a delicate instrument for purposes for which it was ill intended; or would your pity be any less tinged with reproach at sight of one trying to produce a work of art with ill intended tools? The historical annals of the past ages would present a different phase, had it not been for the existence of such discords. Every man must make his own mark in the world, and his fate is sealed if he does not exert every energy in discovering himself. That man has missed the solution of the greatest problem in life, if not even sight of the problem itself, if he has not turned his gaze inward and penetrated every recess in his heart and soul and taken an inventory of his real capabilities.

Why should man not know himself? God has given every man a little world in which to live, and it is in man's power to make it just as much larger as he desires; but the only way he can do this, is to study the conditions of inward growth, and develop his inner life which is known only to him and God. Socrates said, "The proper study of mankind is man," but may we not add, the proper study of man is self? The only thing one is given when he comes into this world is a soul. This gift is strictly private. Every man should consider the time spent in exploring this rich estate, the most precious and sacred moments of his life. Why should he not know what lies within him? Perchance he is unconsciously hiding away some talent which, if brought to light, would turn the world's clock ages ahead.

I believe the germs of true greatness are within every man who comes into the world, and are lying

there ready to be brought out into the sunshine, where they can germinate, spring forth and mature into luscious fruit. But these germs must be subjected to the required conditions within the limit of the three score and ten, for then twilight approaches, the evening shades begin to envelop this mortality which serves as a medium between the natural and the spiritual realm, and the deeper pall soon determines the end of germination.

Man's possibilities are practically unlimited; but he little realizes what lies within him. When he does, a Cæsar, a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Wordsworth or a Napoleon is born.

One man cannot do all things equally well, but he can put forth his best effort in executing his task, whatever it may chance to be; for one's attitude towards lesser obligations determines his action in weightier matters. There are some lines of work which he can execute most commendably and with a great degree of pleasure. This is one of the things he should search out of his life; not only for the augmentation of his own excellence, but because of the influence of his life on the present and following ages, realizing that the course of the future generations, the epochs of nations yet unborn, rests on his labors. In order to deal successfully with men and master them one must first be master of self.

The question now in hand, is how to know self. The shortest answer is *by study*. There is nothing worth while in the world that is not obtained through some sacrifice. That sacrifice ofttimes is energy. But the energy expended in discovering the fact that one can do something in the world yields the most pleasurable returns. Once a man feels that he can win out, the victory is his. Parents are too frequently to blame for the dwarfed lives of their sons and daughters. Indeed it would be hard to say how often the father wants his son to be a farmer, simply because that was the only thing he ever did. Many a boy, I believe, has been kept in the furrow while his very nature was rebelling against it, as he heard in his fancy the clanking of chains and the buzz of iron wheels. Many a boy has been driven through a theological course while his fancies were beckoning him to more congenial fields. Many a boy has been given a business education because his parents reckoned a man's success only by the number of dollars he had to his credit. A man can do that best, into which he can enter with a high degree of pleasure. Put a boy to a task wholly against his liking and nine chances to ten you make a slave of him; continue this for years and his unpleasant work together with his blighted boyish hopes will place him beyond reprieve. Well-meaning folks very often impress their children with the idea that they can't do things; and as a result you hear little Johnnie saying when asked to do some errand,

"I can't." These ideas are not so easily eradicated as impressed, and when Johnnie grows to the stature of manhood, he is a living *can't*, when in reality he is the possessor of the embryo of greatness.

We often wonder why the country lad wins out in the race for position in the world. His strength lies in the fact that he knows he can do things. If he trips and falls, he knows he can pick himself up again, (because he has done it before), and having done this he goes whistling on his way. While a similar mishap befalling his city cousin would result in an imploring wail for help which would find response in the sympathizing ministrations of half a dozen well-meaning dames. Parents should study the natures of their children and assist them in discovering themselves, but they should use the utmost care, lest they blight some bursting bud whose blooming would mark an epoch in that boy's life, if not perchance in the life of the nation.

Every young man should consider well his nervous temperament when choosing his station in life. A boy with excitable nerves could hardly expect to cope with his calm, steel-nerved fellows in frontier detective work. Neither should the fellow who is easily angered select work where his feelings would be constantly ruffled.

Physical efficiency is another thing every man should look to. Very often we see a man toiling over long columns of figures, while his very nature is crying out for a season with nature in the rural districts, where his days might be lengthened, his strength recovered and his happiness increased. If one has weaknesses, it is his duty to self and to the world to correct them. Every man ought to understand his physical powers that he may not overtax them, and in case of an emergency he may know how much to risk.

Even though some scientists deny the existence of a "law of heredity," it is wonderful what has been accomplished among our stock fanciers, simply by a careful study of conditions. The perfect shorthorn beeves which find such a hearty welcome at the butcher's block to-day, are descendants of the wild, ungainly looking native class of a few years ago. Mr. Bakewell has devoted time to this study, and his example ought to be a practical lesson to every member of the human family. If such results can be obtained by a careful study of the brute creation, what grand results could be obtained on the human family? Every child ought to study his parents and ancestors, physically, morally and intellectually, not with critical motives, but with a view of overcoming his natural weaknesses and of rendering his strong points yet more strong. Too many marriage vows are made to-day with the dollar as the principal combining force. I believe every person who takes the marriage vow will be held accountable in that last day for such union, as regards



their posterity, physically, morally and intellectually. It is well that every person takes a mental inventory occasionally in order to understand fully what is being performed on that private stage, the brain. Socrates said, "A life without self-examination is no life at all." Every man has some stronghold. The question then arises as to how these strongholds may be discovered. One way to make the discovery is by education. Preparation is a grand essential, while the lack of it is the handicap. Many a boy with the philosophical brain of a Kent, or the logical insight of a Newton, or the historical taste of a Motely, is serving the world with his muscular energy simply because he never pushed out far enough from the drudgery of life to discover his real excellence. One's strong point may seem to him but commonplace, but this "natural bent," which is both domestic and divine, is the true lever by which he may move the world. Unless a boy has a natural inclination for some certain work (and they usually do but we fail to recognize it), it is best that he be given a broad view of the world and a liberal education, and by this time his life work will have searched him out. This should not cause him to check his energy and enthusiasm in executing to a finish whatever task he may have in hand, for doing things to a finish is one of the best methods of discovering self.

Every child ought to be provided with inspiring pictures, even of great men, pure music and wholesome literature. Ofttimes a good book will stimulate the mental powers to such an extent that new worlds are revealed and the reader is ever after free. The story of a self-made man will so indelibly stamp a picture on the child's mind that even when age films cover the orbs of vision, and his glasses become a weariness to him, the picture will stand out as pure and as inspiring as the day the impression was made. By a study of the achievements of the great men of past ages, we cannot but have our standards raised and our ambitions kindled. It is well to measure one's self with the heroes of other days, and with the inspiration of their lives, press onward and upward setting the ideal a pace ahead with each succeeding step. The man who is satisfied with his stature in the world is a dead man so far as the law of growth is concerned.

In passing through life it is ofttimes interesting to study those about us, not with a view of fault-finding, but for the purpose of eliminating from our lives that which we dislike in them and of emulating through our lives the good we find. The rivalry in life, however, should not be so much to surpass others as to continually surpass self.

Every normal man is possessed of emotions which

find source in the soul. It is our duty to interpret these, for they are divine. Many a man has surpassed the summons of his inner life, beckoning him to other fields, until the voice became fainter and fainter and finally vanished as an echo. Most men have some peculiarities or characteristics which may lead to the discovery of self. The one who shrinks from the thought of society, but rather longs for solitude, is the one who enjoys working out philosophic problems along original lines. Keep him before the public gaze and life is a bore to him. The fellow who delights in his rambles and hears the sweet music of the babbling brook, shows perhaps a romantic turn or a tinge of poetic instinct; and so long as he is kept from his favorite haunts he will not fill his mission to fullness. The boy who hears the buzz of busy wheels at every turn in the field, will hardly be in his element until he realizes some of his cherished dreams.

Study your likes as well as your dislikes. Learn to trust yourself, and others will trust you. Cultivate self-reliance. The first time the little bird tries to fly it does not fly very far—but it discovers itself; it learns that it can fly, and soon it soars above the clouds. It matters not what society may say—stand out for your convictions. If you feel you have a mission to perform in life and are able to define it—go ahead and do it. Let your individuality speak for you—never imitate. You *can't* be a Shakespeare, but if you will search your secret chamber, you will find elements for as great a success as was ever accorded Shakespeare, in your own special field. As soon as a man begins to copy he then produces an imitation, and the imitation can never be equal to the genuine; but if he follows the dictates of his own soul, a new system is produced, and at once the world proclaims the birth of a new genius.

As the flower gives forth its rarest fragrance when crushed, so it is often the painful school of sorrow which opens man's soul to emit the riches of experience. In speaking of the great singers Shelly puts the truth so nicely when he says,

"Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering what they should teach in song."

We should not become disheartened when the dark days come and disappointments press hard upon us; for these trials are designed to bring out the *best* in our lives, and teach us the great and glorious lesson of self-reliance. Man can never do great things, neither can he reach great heights, without a burning desire. If he desires to be free, he must free himself. Self is the only thing that can bind your life and keep you from the throne of your most cherished dreams.

*North Manchester, Ind.*

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- VI. Concluding Remarks.

## IV. Buddhistic and Greek Theories.



THE main points of difference between the Brahmins and the Buddhists, two great schools of religion in this day, are, that the Brahman seeks ultimate union with Brahm, the principle of Entity; the Buddhists with Nirvana, or Non-Entity, annihilation, individual extinction and unconsciousness. The Brahmins teach class divisions or caste, the Buddhists do not. They mutually believe that all souls exist from the beginning and that the way to purity is by the soul's freeing itself from the bondages of sin of the world, and that the world is an unreal and sinful one. But one class of Buddhists teach that a succession of existences of a being is also a succession of souls. That each soul, though the result of its predecessor, is not identical with it. When the body dies the soul dies, too, but the good and bad acts of life just past unite and form the new life, and the soul of this new life is therefore the necessary product of the soul of the former life. So that all the succeeding souls have to labor at solving the same problem which began when their first ancestor entered the world, but no succeeding birth is animated by the same soul.

This is more clearly illustrated by using one of their similes: One lamp is lighted by another; the light of the former is not identical with the latter, but, nevertheless, without the former the second could not have been produced. Again, a tree produces fruit, and from the fruit other trees are produced, and so on; the last tree therefore is not the same as the first, though the fruit is the necessary cause of the last, so that this doctrine is almost identical with the current philosophic deduction that the soul is the product of the parents. But the idea that the soul dies and the acts form a new life from which emanates another soul is not acceptable because it is not reasonable, any more than the vagaries that souls once existed boneless and sexless yet with bodies, lived and begot families by the process of elimination or throwing off of particles which finally formed into other bodies; that these people at first were senseless (quite reasonable, that), then began to take on earthly substance, and finally descended into matter, just for the sake of the experience they would gain. First, sexless; then hermaphrodite, androgynous, then separate in sex.

I shall pass over the teachings of other racial or national systems on the question of immortality in

brief, as they have so many points in common and will confine myself to a presentation of a general thought-line on the matter as to transmigration, the origin and destiny of the soul.

It was a popular ancient belief that souls existed before the body and that they entered the body at birth. These were called Pre-existencists, and those who believed that both soul and body came from the parent were called Traducianists. It was also a popular belief that the world was peopled by pure spirits and gods, and that they left it because the devils or demons who inhabited it had revolted against them and tainted it with guilt. And in order to enable the devils or demons to purge themselves of this guilt, the gods created earthly or fleshly bodies which the demons were compelled to live in to expiate their crimes and regain their purity. So that these earthly bodies are the human race, their souls are therefore older than their bodies, and as old as the gods. And human life therefore is only a process of purifying the soul which had in the remote past rebelled against divine nature.

All the precepts laid down by the Egyptians to regulate the course of life were for this end, and Osiris' judgment in the Great Hall, passed after death, decided whether the object had been attained or not. If it had not been, then the soul must return again and again to earth to expiate its guilt, and according to its previous career and measure of guilt decided whether it would enter the body of a human, an animal or a plant. But if the soul was decided to have been purified it gradually ascended through the heavens to the highest abodes presided over by Neith and Phtak. All this summed up is that all souls proceeded from the cosmic soul which is God, and that death and life are a series of changes in what apparently are synonymous terms.

The very pretty Greek story of "Psyche" literally means only the crosses, trials, tribulations and experiences of the human soul, no more, no less. So it is evident that Plato used this symbolic myth of universal metempsychosis in the same sense as the foregoing; as also did other Greeks such as Thales, Pythagoras and Pherecydes. Of course Aristotle was contrary to this, for he was too practical in his nature and did not see the necessity or expediency in covering up facts with fictions, or, in other words, using language that might be distorted or construed to mean something else.

Plato's views partake of the nature of what has



been called Trichotomy, a threefold nature, which I interpret to mean soul, spirit and body. Aristotle improved somewhat upon Plato's ideas by substituting the Noetic principle of divine oneness overshadowing the animal soul of man, which was nothing more nor less than dividing man's mentality into sections according to his qualities and capabilities, and then giving each of these sections a soul. Thus the soul of the soul was the divine soul overshadowing and overpowering the animal soul.

In fact these old philosophers were terribly bewildered and perplexed as to how to study and classify the attributes of mind without considering each of them endowed with one of the vaunted seven souls of man—as some divide it. Modern psychic research-

ers make these divisions and use the term "phases of subconscientiousness."

It is no wonder then that the Jews, associating and mixing with the nations, were so divided that some were what are now called Materialists, others Gilgul Neshamoth or transmigratonists, and others did not know what they were. They could only agree upon one thing, and that was that they were by a special creation God's chosen people and that at all hazards they must carry out that idea; and they have never given up this belief and never will. A Jew is a Jew; other races may change but he never does. Be he Pharisee, Sadducee or Essene, a Jew is a Jew. There is some occult reason for that!

Bryan Ohio. (To be continued.)

## Independence Day

Alva J. Spacht



INDEPENDENCE Day is the cornerstone of American liberties. It marks the establishment of the best government the world has ever seen. We who live in this age of progress and strenuousness ought to hold just as dear the liberties we now enjoy as did our fathers of old. The stars and stripes ought to stand for more of good and more of achievement than ever before.

It is entirely proper that we celebrate this day and make it a day that will teach to American citizens the duties devolving upon them.

The pilgrim fathers that dared to face the privations and endure the toil of a new world that they might live their lives as God had revealed himself to them brought into political creed of mankind a new principle—that principle of freedom in government which afterwards dared to contest the arrogant claims of a hostile king and to bring into the history of the world a new nation devoted to the uplifting of mankind. Independence Day—with what a thrill of patriotism the American citizen ought to repeat those words.

The celebration of this day will be of benefit to us and to succeeding generations in just the measure that we remember and appreciate what it is to be a citizen of a free country. What ideals should be ours, what sacrifices we should make, what lessons we should teach to those about us of devotion to principle, of the value of pure, clean lives in a government such as ours is. For if this government, is to endure and continue to be a blessing to humanity, to continue to be the beacon light towards which the downtrodden and oppressed of all nations shall turn to see the way in which they too may obtain freedom

from wrong and enjoy the liberties which an all-wise Creator intended they should, then we must look well to the private life of the individual citizen. Not on the battlefield nor in the heat of political strife are the world's greatest victories won, but in the individual life of the citizen will be found material for a prophecy of the future of a nation.

As we, to-day, look back over a hundred and thirty years of freedom in a government formed for the people and by the people it will be of no benefit to us if we simply glory in the past deeds, however brilliant they may have been. Lexington and Bunker Hill and Yorktown have their place in this economy of God and it would be idle for us to detract from them the place they occupy in our history. But the life of to-day, the citizenship that is ours calls us to greater battles than has ever been the lot of mankind to engage in. The lesson that Independence Day ought to teach is that in private life, in public life, in every corner of this great land of ours the crying need is for *men and women*. Men whom fame nor honors nor money, nor any other thing will tempt from the path of duty. Women who will be pure and innocent, devoted to the right, who, like one of old, will bring their sons and daughters to the altars of devotion to duty and dedicate their lives to noble works.

The time is here when the conscientious citizens, the Christian people of our country, should realize that our government and our laws are just what they make them. That if religion and peace and security in private and public life are ever to hold sway sons and daughters of noble manhood and womanhood must stem the tide, must cry out the alarm from the pulpit, from the bench—from every walk in life, however humble. It is folly to delegate the power of government to those of questionable purposes and charac-

ter and ever expect our national life to be what God has given us the opportunity to make it. We are not a perfect government and will never hasten to perfection until Christian citizenship directs the ship of state.

There is much to encourage us in recent events. Independence Day as it finds us in this year of our Lord, 1906, looks down upon a people awakening to the great responsibilities resting upon them. Men are coming to occupy public office who cannot be swerved from duty. We recall the former days of our history when in our national contests issues dealing with the moral welfare of the country rather than its material welfare were considered paramount. Welcome, thrice welcome, the day when we shall count of more value the moral welfare of our citizens than their mere financial advancement. For a nation is only great as its moral life is sacred and pure.

The American home—the *Christian* American home is one of the safeguards of our liberties. Those evils that threaten its security and safety come within

the scope of good government and devoted patriotism. It ought to be the injunction of public office instead of protecting evil and fastening upon American life those things which destroy homes and blight the lives of youthful citizens and make the name American to shine with less lustre wherever it is known, to encourage purity to uproot and overthrow all evils.

Then we must come to the conclusion that the lesson this Independence Day should teach us is that we as Christian boys and girls and men and women *absolutely* owe a duty to the state. That duty will take us into public life with all the power for good we may possess. More than the booming cannon or the glare of the rocket or the cheers of the multitude as they celebrate this day will count the determination in your heart to give at least some of your time and of your best efforts to the preservation of those liberties you prize so dearly and which, if enforced in their fullness as they can be, will bring peace and prosperity and security and opportunity to you and yours.

*Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio.*

## Harrod's Laddie

Oma Karn

### Chapter II.



YES, he's a likely boy and I really believe he tries to do right. I'll miss him most a sight when he goes away to school, he's so handy and so willing about helping me. 'Pears like he can't do enough for us, to thank us for keeping him out of the poor-house. Sometimes I can't help feeling a bit proud of him, he's so bright and sharp. I shouldn't wonder he'd come real handy to us in our old age. Well, we mean to do well by him, but then of course, he can never be like our own child."

"But I wouldn't count my chickens yet, Mis' Harrod," wheezed Mrs. Deacon Graham one of the pillars of the church. "Mark my words, bad blood is like murder, it will always come out. It takes a long time for it to show up sometimes, but it's sartain sure to do it in the end. You know the Good Book says somewhere that 'the fathers have eatèn sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.' It never fails, Mis' Harrod, never, so don't be disappointed if the boy turns out like his father." And the worthy Christian lady rocked vigorously back and forth in the creaky rocker, with the quick, nervous motion that sets sensitive nerves all ajar, unmindful of the fact that if she had read on in the same Good Book she would have found that every man must suffer for his own iniquity.

Eight years have passed since the son of Joe

Somers,—the penitentiary convict, now dead,—was taken into the home of Hiram and Annie Harrod. In spite of all his gentleness and kindness of heart Hiram could be firm, too, and in spite of Annie's sharp tongue she was not wholly hard-hearted, and it was finally decided to keep the little laddie a year. At the end of that time he had so closely twined the tendrils of his baby love around Annie's heart, that she grimly consented to trace her signature on the document that would give them legal possession of him. "We will try him for three years, and then if he shows any signs of following in his father's footsteps, he will go where he belongs" was the ultimatum over which Hiram slyly smiled.

And Annie did her duty faithfully, in all but one respect. She fed the little waif well; she scrubbed his small body vigorously, as if to rub away any possible taint of the father's sin; she worried over him half the night when he did not appear to feel well, and would box his ears soundly the next morning when he tracked mud over the clean porch floor. As a result of all this care and discipline, Harrod's Laddie, as he was most generally known,—grew in strength and stature, into a ruddy fair-faced boy, good to look upon.

But while Annie faithfully performed her duty in looking after his temporal wants, sh withheld the one thing that the child needed, and longed for, more than anything else. Annie did not really love him. The



problem that had so perplexed his baby mind eight years before, had long ago been solved. He knew now why a certain undefinable something always seemed to lie between him and his playmates, why Homer, whom he so loved, assumed such a patronizing disdainful way toward him, and he felt rather than knew the cause of Annie's reserved manner towards him. And the child felt it far more keenly than those about him realized, and even Annie Harrod's stern heart would have melted under the warmth of pity, had she known how intensely the poor boy longed for just one caress such as she lavished upon her own child.

But, while she denied him this precious boon of mother love, she was unconsciously the means of leading him to a greater love. With the same prim decision that dominated every phase of her daily life, Annie each Sabbath, led the child to the house of God. There he learned early to know of a love that passeth even the love of a mother for her child. Of a love that knows no limit, of a mercy that will reach out after a soul, even in the lowest depths of sin. There he learned that every man must give account of himself to God. There he learned, that while the shadow of shame might rest upon the name he bore, yet he could become a child of God, and when a child of God lives as he should live, people cannot help but respect such a one, as well as having high and noble

thoughts of the glorious One whom he serves, and of that perfect law he obeys.

As this new love filled the heart of the boy, and this new grace began to shine out in his life, he became dearer and dearer to the godly man that had saved him from a pauper's lot, and even Annie's heart began to soften for him, in a strange, tender way. "I really believe he is going to make a first rate man, after all," she confided to Hiram one evening, "and I'm not sorry now we took him, he's almost as bright as Homer. But then, of course, we cannot expect of him what we do of Homer."

But ah, happy, trusting heart, what a cloud would dim your fond joy, did you but know, that night after night, while you were sweetly sleeping, the waif you so faithfully did your duty by, has stealthily stolen down to where his father had taken the first fatal step on the way that landed him behind prison bars. Night after night he has listened at your door, until the sound of your breathing, told him your senses were securely locked in slumber, and then crept away to that tool that Satan uses to shape so many precious souls, that they may be fit to enter his kingdom. Down to where the lights glitter, and drunken laughter mingles with drunken oaths, one of the many dark stains upon a Christian country.—*The Wayside Rest*.

(To be continued.)

## Luck in the Shadow

ONE generation of Overtons is as much like another as this year's crop of Tom Thumb peas is like last. An Overton is nothing in himself, but, as a representative of the family, he is worth some half dozen ordinary mortals. The men of the family all condescend to business, because, as a rule, they would starve if they did not, and the great Overton race would become extinct, which calamity must be averted at any cost; but no Overton woman was ever known to work for her living, except perhaps to teach in some highly genteel connection. She must either marry well, or fasten herself on the nearest male relative for support.

The Overton creed is short and comprehensive. Each one must sink his or her individuality into "the family." Indeed, so many generations of them have lived in a perpetual dread of some time disgracing "the family" that the Overtons of the present are among the most proper, the best-conducted and the most highly respectable people on the face of the earth. What "the family" has ever been, or what it has ever done for any of us, I have never yet been able to discover, but having had the good fortune to be born an Overton, I no more thought of departing from any of its customs than I would have thought of resisting a

decree of the Grand Lama, had I haply been within its thrice-blessed dominions.

After some consideration of this subject, I am inclined to the opinion that the Overton family is distinguished above all others for the quantity of old maids it contains within its fold. It might be supposed that the young men would be eager to ally themselves with so illustrious a race, but the facts certainly do not bear out this supposition. And the worst of it is, that they are not the pretty, sparkling old maids of the present time, that you cannot tell from young girls, but the real, old-fashioned, cantankerous kind; for the Overtons would not consider it decorous and dignified to have any other sort.

This was a matter that ought not to have concerned me personally, because I was engaged to be married to Harvey Preston—one of the Prestons of Lower Town—a young lawyer, and in every way an unexceptionable match, even for an Overton. But yet, whenever my mind dwelt upon the family greatness, it invariably turned to the consideration of the Overton old maid; for, in truth, I had a nervous dread that this doom, which I considered so fearful, would be mine, for Harvey had no money, and neither had I, and our marriage seemed to be as distant as heaven. True,

we were both young, but as Harvey had now been a member of the bar for three years and had not had a case, we thought that we had a dreary outlook. The townspeople all spoke well of him, as of a young man who was surely to rise, but for all that he remained very stationary indeed. Of course, I knew that his genius was transcendent, and would some time amaze the world, but after a while I began to think that I should fall into the condition of an Overton old maid before the world consented to be amazed. Alas! Harvey possessed neither money nor briefs. What he did possess was a fair share of good looks, a small law library, a neat little office, two suits of clothes, and an idea for a wonder-working machine, which it was a marvel the world had ever been able to do without. On this machine he had spent hours of thought, and it was all complete now (in his head) except one part of it—"the least little thing," he said—that he had not been able to get right, and without which, it appeared, the machine was perfectly useless. It was not clear in my mind whether this machine would be considered "respectable" by "the family;" but as its levers and pulleys were only in Harvey's brain, where they could not be seen, and as the "least little thing" obstinately refused to get into its proper place, the matter was never mentioned to that august body.

But there were other things belonging to the Overton family to which my mind turned quite as often as to its old maids. A real "family" is nothing without its banshee, who appears in the house just before the death of a member, and wrings its hands or rattles its chains, or goes through some performance equally sensible and consoling. And such a banshee the Overton family has. There are many traditions of its appearance, but latterly, I think, it must have been attending to a part of the family who reside in a distant planet; for many an Overton has died since I came into the world, and never a banshee has appeared; so that individual had little interest for me; but connected with it was, of course, a prophecy, and in that I did take the deepest interest.

Among the good things in the Overton family certainly could not be counted good luck. A very small amount of either money or fame found its way into the family, and what there was came through great painstaking. An Overton never was known to make "a lucky hit." Now the "prophecy" was to the effect that if ever an Overton saw the shadow of a man when there was no substance to produce it, good luck would surely follow.

Before my engagement with Harvey Preston I regarded this prophecy with as near an approach to disdain as I could anything belonging to "the family." A shadow without a substance! It was equivalent to saying that good luck would never visit the Overtons. But after I began to feel the need of money so sorely, my only comfort lay in this selfsame prophecy. Very

strange things had been known to happen in these old families. Perhaps I was the Overton, selected from the beginning of time, who was to see this wonderful shadow. I revolved various schemes for suddenly becoming rich, but the shadow would loom up and hide them all from view. The shadow! the shadow! If I could but see that, our fortune was secure. That I could go to work myself and do anything to help make the money we so needed, of course never entered my Overton brain.

We lived in Upper Town, but every pleasant summer afternoon I used to stroll into the country. I preferred to go alone, that I might bemoan my unhappy fate and meditate upon the future; and if it could only have appeared to me as a shadowy future, how glad I should have been! One day I extended my walk a little farther than usual, and found such a lovely little valley that I went there every afternoon and remained until sunset.

At the upper end of the little glade was a great oak tree which threw a mighty shade, and lower down was a group of high rocks which were presided over by an old oak and a growing family of young ones. With these exceptions the whole valley was one sweep of fresh and vivid green, and the hills which shut it in rolled around it in great billows, with neither tree nor bush to break the beauty of the undulating lines. One unsightly object there was—a small stone house perched upon the top of the highest hill. It was now partly in ruins, but the walls were all standing, and a coating of whitewash which the last occupant had given them shone in the sun with such a dazzling and glaring whiteness that I was always glad to turn my eyes away from them as I lay on a mossy stone under the great oak, and look instead at the clear waters of the brook which rippled past me, glowing with a soft emerald hue caught from the overhanging hills.

One afternoon, as the sun was nearing the tops of the western hills, and I was thinking of leaving my mossy couch, I chanced to look toward the east, where the house stood, and my heart gave a leap and I sprang involuntarily to my feet when I saw, clearly defined on the white wall, the shadow of a man! A gigantic and imposing figure it was, stretching nearly from roof to basement. The Overton prophecy! But in an instant I recovered myself. Somebody was passing along the valley, of course, and I looked eagerly around. A glance took in the little valley, and another flashed around the hills. Not a creature, man or beast, was there to be seen. But still the shadow remained upon the wall. I watched it with a fascinated gaze: occasionally I sent a piercing glance down the valley, but I was alone with the mysterious shadow. It seemed to me the very breeze died away, so hushed and still was everything. I was afraid—I was awestruck. The shadow remained perfectly motionless for two or three minutes, I think, and then it slowly raised



its arm and suddenly and rapidly went through some calisthenic exercises that I could not comprehend. But I knew then that the face was turned toward me. Then I distinctly saw it beckon to me with both hands, and immediately afterward it pointed one shadowy hand upward toward the eaves of the house, where the shingles swung loose like a shattered fringe, and then it vanished, and I saw it no more, though the sun did not sink behind the hills until some minutes after. I was curious to see if it would remain there after sunset.

I sank back upon the moss and considered the matter. Here was the luck at last—the great Overton luck—and it was coming to me! Why I, apparently an insignificant member of this magnificent fraternity, should have been singled out for such rare good fortune I did not know, until I reflected that supernatural visitations are generally vouchsafed to very ordinary mortals indeed—those whom we would least expect to be so favored. But this was no affair of mine. The shadow had appeared to me, and it was my business now to avail myself of my good fortune. But how? The shadow had really given me no clue. Was I to quietly wait until the luck came, or was I to go forth and seek it? This last seemed the most probable, and was the most agreeable, and I concluded the luck was to come through something I was contemplating doing, else why the shadow at that particular time? Now, there were but two things I had in contemplation. One was my marriage, but that was an old story now; and besides, that could not be until after the good luck should come. The other was the investing of five dollars in two shares in a gift concern (there were not so many of these then as there were soon after). Harvey had laughed me out of the idea, assuring me the whole thing was a swindle, but my thoughts still dwelt longingly and regretfully on it, for the first prize was forty thousand dollars, and the second was a farm valued at twenty-five thousand. If I invested my money under the auspices of this shadow, one of these splendid prizes might fall to me.

I do not know by what process I brought myself to believe in the supernatural appearance of the shadow. I doubt whether I gave much thought to this. I certainly saw the shadow, and there was nothing that could possibly produce it. However this may have been, I went home and sent off my money that very night, and in due time received two long slips of paper with a tempting list of prizes, and the numbers on them in figures big and black. Which would prove the lucky number? Perhaps both would be lucky, but that was too much to hope for. I said nothing about the tickets or the shadow to Harvey. He was an exceedingly practical individual, and I knew he would only laugh at me. I kept my own counsel and quietly waited in faith. Who took possession of the money and the farm I know not, but not even a photograph album came

to me. It was a bitter disappointment, for I had built my faith so very securely upon the shadow.

But in a little time I took heart of grace. I had misinterpreted the shadow. Now I remembered that it had pointed upward toward the roof of the building, and had made no allusion whatever to a gift concern. I had been in the wrong, and not the prophetic shadow. But what fortune could one find among loose shingles and broken rafters? But those apparitions never do things in a way that seems rational to mortal senses, and there would certainly be no harm in looking there. So I took my way once more to the little valley. Weeks had passed since the day I saw the shadow, and I had been often to the mossy stone under the old oak, but had seen and heard nothing except the trees and grass and rippling water. It was now October, and as I rested a few moments under my tree I noticed that the oaks had powdered their leaves with scarlet, and that the hills were assuming a faint tawny hue. I began to feel that the glory of the valley was passing away, and that my shadowy hopes were fleeting with it; and I crossed the valley toward the old house with rather a heavy heart. I had an amount of courage that would sustain me to a certain point, and after that I knew there was not the least reliance to be placed upon it. In this present instance it carried me to the foot of the hill, and then left me without warning. The house looked innocent enough, and deserted though it was, I had never heard any ghostly stories connected with it; and if I had, I don't know that it would have made much difference, for I had no particular fear of ghosts as ghosts, but there was something about a mystery that was awful.

So I turned back to consider what I should do. Since my lottery scheme had so signally failed I was more averse than ever to tell Harvey about the lucky shadow. I concluded I would go down the western side of the valley, which would take me to a path that led into Lower Town, where a friend lived who was fully as romantic as myself. She had not a particle more courage than I had, but I thought her courage and mine put together would be sufficient to take us up the hill on the morrow.

As I approached the group of rocks I heard the murmur of voices, which grew more distinct as I grew nearer, and seemed to proceed from several persons in high dispute. I hesitated about going farther, when I recognized the voice of Harvey Preston; and as I approached still nearer I found to my surprise that his was the only voice. But when I caught the words, "And now, gentlemen of the jury," I understood it all. Harvey had come out to this lonely place to practice oratory. Much amused, I crept cautiously around the trees, and found that the rocks were thrown together in such a manner as to form a sort of roofless room, and in this was my lover holding forth in a high key to an imaginary court. Greatly entertained,

I stationed myself behind the largest tree and peeped warily out at him. My intention was to presently creep away and astonish him in the evening by repeating parts of his speech and imitating his frantic gestures. The walls of the room were by no means compact, for there were wide openings between the rocks. I stood near one of these, and opposite was another. Harvey, in the fervency of his appeal to the jury, changed his position, which brought him in front of this opening, and it was then that, happening to raise my eyes to the house on the hill, I saw on its white walls the shadow! It went through pretty much the same motions as before, but it was no longer a mystery. The gestures were precisely the same that Harvey was using at that moment. So here was the Overton prophecy scattered to the winds as far as I was concerned!

I was so provoked at this discovery that my situation ceased to afford me any amusement, and I forthwith walked into the rocky apartment, greatly to the amazement of Harvey and to the utter annihilation of judge and jury. He confessed that he often went out there to practice, but as his home lay in one direction and mine in another, we had not chanced to meet before. There was certainly not the least harm in his doing this, but nevertheless he was so covered with shame and confusion at being found out that at last I took compassion on him, and stopped joking him about it; and then, in a burst of generosity, by way of turning the laugh on myself, I told him the story of the shadow. He laughed at it a great deal more than I thought at all necessary, and I reminded him that the sun was setting and it was time I was going home.

"Let us go round by the old house," said Harvey. "It would never do to be so near those ghostly ruins and not explore them. Perhaps we'll find a pot of gold there, or a box of old jewels. That is the way such stories always end."

"Nobody would perch a pot of gold on a roof, and there is where the thing pointed." (In this contemptuous manner did I already speak of my magical shadow.)

"Perhaps, then rolled away under the eave, I shall discover a dusty and yellow parchment, and it will be some long-forgotten title-deed or some long-wished-for will, and thereby I shall win a case that will make me renowned throughout the civilized world."

"Here is the end of all my golden dreams," he said, when we had mounted the hill and stood looking into a window of the house, "for the old thing has no roof to speak of. I think the shadow must have pointed heavenward to show that your treasure was there, and that you need not expect any on earth."

The house had contained three rooms, opening into each other, but the partitions were partly broken down,

the floors were gone, and the cellar was filled with rubbish of stones and mortar and woodwork.

"Perhaps I might find the pot of gold down there," said Harvey, laughing, "but it would be too great a risk to run for a shadow, for that beam is all ready to fall. What keeps it up. Oh, I see! Look! Is not that a beautiful contrivance? Do you see that beam which supports the lower part of the roof? The eaves rest on one end of it, the other long end is loose. The fulcrum, you perceive, is the wall, and it is so near the resistance that the heavy end or the power, is enormous, and the beam being movable, the roof sways gently when the wind blows and thus breaks its force. I believe nothing could be better calculated to keep up an old roof with only one point of support. It cannot fall until that beam rots away, and you see it is impossible for it to slip; and there is elasticity there that could never be gained from the quality of the material. Why, I declare! By Jupiter! It is the very idea for my machine!"

"What! 'the least little thing'?"

"Yes, 'the least little thing.' I have been trying to get it for years! A movable lever, with a heavy knob at the end! That will allow all the play I want, and give all the strength. Eureka!"

Harvey was now in a fever of excitement, and hurried me home as fast as I could go, that he might return to his own house and set to work on his machine. And for a time I was quite neglected, and the jury among the rocks had nothing to do, for Harvey's whole time was engrossed with "the machine." Now, I never had any faith in this contrivance, which I have not understood to this day, and I was by no means pleased with the turn affairs had taken. As for the great Overton family, it solemnly shook its head, and there was every indication that my shadow was about to bring to me an avalanche of ill luck.

But "the machine" triumphed for all that, and when it had united Harvey and me and bought us a snug little home, I was forced to acknowledge its merits. In process of time it has brought us such wealth as was never known before in the Overton annals, and so "the family" have graciously forgiven it for being a machine.

I used to be lost in wonder at the remarkable way in which "the least little thing" was discovered, and the curious way in which the Overton prophecy, like many another of its kind, came true and yet did not come true. But since I have known more of the world and studied the ways of fortune, and have seen how Mr. Smith realized his hundreds of thousands by buying gold that he had never seen, with money that he never had, and how Mr. Jones made his millions out of that impalpable thing called "stocks" I have come to the conclusion that we are by no means the only people in the world who have found their luck in a shadow.—*M. E. Stockton, in Lippincott's Magazine.*



### THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

THE domestic animals, with whom we have daily association, are our kith and kin. Whatever theory we may hold of creation, it comes out to the same thing, that the quadrupeds and bipeds that serve us in so many ways are blood of our blood and bone of our bone.

If we hold the theory that God created them as they are in the beginning, gave them the life and instinct they now possess, we must admit that he made them in so many points like us that we should acknowledge our kinship and assume toward them the fraternal relations they deserve.

If we hold with the evolutionists that the lower animals, like ourselves, have come into their present condition by slow evolutionary changes from lower species, this only strengthens our relationship and the many bonds of sympathy that ought to exist between us and them.

They breathe as we breathe. The oxygen of the air thrills them and rejuvenates their red blood corpuscles the same as it does ours. Suffocation and bad ventilation affect them the same as they do us.

Their nerves tingle as do ours.

The spinal cord that emanates from the brain, the brain itself, with cerebrum and cerebellum, *pons varolii* and *medulla oblongata*, are practically the same in the domestic animals with which we are familiar and the children that we rear in our household.

The horse and the chicken, the dog and the calf have gray matter and white matter in brain and spinal cord; have cerebro-spinal nervous system and the ganglionic nervous system; have involuntary nerves and voluntary nerves; nerves that control motion, and nerves that bring sensation; have nerves of special sense, sight, hearing, taste and touch, the same as we have.

They are capable of many intellectual processes, much beyond what is generally supposed.

They are not only our possessions, these domestic animals, they are not only our servants, our willing workers, they are not only our pets, our chattels, but they are our neighbors, our blood relatives. The chasm that separates us from them, which we call species, wisely prevents the crossing of our blood with theirs, but does not, or at least ought not, to shut out that sympathy of feeling that should exist between us.

They get hungry the same as we do. The cold affects them in exactly the same way. The monotony of doing the same thing over day after day, the wearisomeness of confinement in small and uninteresting places, have the same effect upon the emotions, their feelings, as they have upon us.

The stage horse that has gone over the same route month after month, year after year, and drags his

limbs along wearily because his work has become dull to him, would immediately find exhilaration in a change of employment, and a renewed interest in another vocation.

The anxious mother hen that attempts to screen her little brood of children from the cruel hawk flying overhead has in her breast the same anxieties, the same shuddering fear that actuates the mother who at midnight fondly bends over the crib of her sick or dying child.

The scallawag goat, that picks up a precarious living in back yards and dirty alleys, feasting on refuse paper and spoiled garbage, lives a life, both mentally and physically, very like the vagrant, homeless boy or girl found in the slums of any of our larger cities. The goat uses his head for the same purpose the boy uses his fists. The pugnacity of one is exactly the same as the belligerency of the other. Or, when overpowered, they both slink away alike in sullen bitterness of heart.

The peacock, spreading his gorgeous tail to catch and reflect the sunlight of a June morning, vain of his colors, proud of his plumage, finds an exact counterpart in the girl walking down the street on Easter morning, exhibiting the triumphs of workmanship of some fashionable dressmaker.

The gander, screaming his notes of triumph and exultation to the admiring flock of geese which he has protected from a stray pig or impertinent rooster, acts and talks exactly like a jubilant politician after an election has gone his way, or a boasting warrior returning from a successful campaign.

We cannot get away from it if we try. These creatures are our relatives. They look as if they were. They act as if they were.

Any one who observes cannot fail to note how closely we resemble the creatures we call domestic animals. The plodding horse that wearily draws his load every day, with no cares or encouraging word, receiving as his pay only enough food and water and shelter to keep him alive, how nearly this horse resembles the hired man who drives him, the hired man who works wearily at the same task every day. His employer seldom thinks it worth his while to speak a kindly word to him, or to do anything else to him except to give him such accommodations and pay as are stipulated in the bargain between them.

How seldom do we see in the field the team, drawing the plow through the tough sod, stopped under the shade of some spreading tree for a moment, a few juicy leaves, gathered from some nearby bush, given to the horse to eat, while his driver pats him on the neck and speaks kindly to him.

Such little things cost nothing. They do not make the day's work less. Indeed, more would be accomplished. And yet if we could only see down into that

horse's mental nature, and see what we have really done to him when we have enjoyed these little fraternities with him, if we could only see the quickened heart throbs, the rejuvenating nerve thrills that such a simple, kindly act to a team of working horses is capable of producing, we would not only be surprised but constrained to repeat it very often.

The reaction of such an act upon the driver himself is like a drink of water from a cool spring, or a stretching of weary limbs upon a soft bed.

The physicist tells us that the reaction of a gun is equal to its action. That is to say, the force exerted by the explosion is as great backwards as it is forwards. But the gun is so contrived that the forward action becomes a dangerous action, while the backward action is practically harmless.

Kind acts have a double action, whether our kindness be toward our fellow-creatures below us, or our fellow-creatures beside us. The reaction of any kind act is equal to its action. Indeed, if the act is absolutely unselfish its reaction upon ourselves is generally greater than its action upon the recipient. Therefore, in being good to these, our second cousins, it is only another way of being good to ourselves.—*Medical Talk*.



#### LIQUID AIR IN GENERAL PRACTICE.

VALUABLE experiments have been made in the therapeutic value of liquid air. In an account of the work with this medium a specialist says: "Any inflammatory process where cold applications in any form are a desirable part of the treatment can be administered more satisfactorily with some form of liquid air in application than in any other way. For example: an inflamed knee or other joint can be exposed to the dry, cold vapor emanating from a vessel of boiling liquid air, and any degree of temperature can be given, and the temperature of the joint or part can be reduced to any desirable point. Another method, quicker in its after effects, is to soak a towel in the liquid and apply it quickly and intermittently till the part has been thoroughly chilled. A glass bulb filled with the liquid and rolled over the surface of the joint is another efficient means of accomplishing the result. A current of air can be sent through the ice coil, providing there is protection between the coil and the skin, to great advantage when cold is a desirable adjunct, as in the case of an acute abdominal trouble, such as appendicitis.

"To produce an inflammation or stimulating effect the liquid air must be applied directly and intermittently to the skin. The best example of this effect is seen in chronic indolent ulcerating surfaces, when by spraying here and there over the surfaces just sufficiently to freeze for a second only a good, healthy, granulating surface will be obtained after only a few treatments.

"It can be readily understood that any foreign growth upon the skin or within reach of operation can be destroyed by liquid air. It may take two, three or more applications. The only danger to be avoided is excessive freezing, which results in inflammation. The air inflammation subsides quickly and responds readily to hot boracic acid or carbolic fomentations. If such a growth as a nævus or any birthmark or tumor be treated judiciously it can be removed much more quickly and with less pain than by any other method. If not done too rapidly no scar is left to show its location.

"In the treatment of carbuncles not too far advanced, not more than three inches in circumference, liquid air seems to act as a specific. In all cases treated under this size activity has been aborted within an hour after freezing. If liquid air could be of service only in the treatment of the carbuncle its success in this one lesion would be sufficient reward for its discovery."—*The Search-Light*.



#### THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

Both Work and Play Demanded by the Brave  
Citizens of the Smitten City.

SOME \$40,000,000 in currency was sent to San Francisco in anticipation of a "run" on the banks when they were opened, more than a month after the earthquake. The wondrous-wise men of Wall Street had been quaking in fear of the consequences. But those singular San Franciscans actually put money in instead of drawing it out. The tax collectors report that there is no great increase in delinquent taxes. Business and building go on. The theaters are open—in tents. The steel buildings, whose easy toppling was expected by many people, proved themselves so steady and of such staying powers that steel construction will be a favorite in the new city. Not too many tall fellows, though, it is to be hoped. Ordinances regulating the height in proportion to the width of the street have been prepared. Much leveling of streets is proposed. Not too much, pray you, or San Francisco will lose some of its best bits of the picturesque. She has it in her power to become the most beautiful of American cities—if Washington will forgive us—by adhering to a well-considered architectural and landscape plan. It will pay immensely, as it pays Paris. San Francisco is essentially an artist. Now is her opportunity.—*"With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for July*.



A PAIN in the eyes or back of them is often due to undue pressure or straining of the optic nerve, and this condition is often caused by glasses. The evident misfit should be corrected immediately. Glasses should fit so as to cause no pain or unpleasant feeling.



# THE INGLENOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given. Club rates for Sunday schools and other religious organizations.

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## METHODS OF TEACHING.

### Chapter II.



**PAINTING** is a chromatic picture. When color is added, not only the beauty appears, but the soul of the pupil is touched with the life of the outside world and the chords of harmony begin to vibrate with the fundamental principles underlying the whole thing. Of course if the painting has increased the picture to life-size, so much the better.

12. Now taking another step in advance we reach the *photograph*. This is not a picture from the imagination of the *teacher* nor the *pupil*, but a reproduction from real life on the flat paper. It furnishes detail which is *true*, and which simply *forces* teaching *points of the narrative into the soul of the pupil*. He has learned to know that the camera does not misrepresent; he has faith in the reproduction.

13. However, the *photograph* lacks *solidity* even though it is a picture from real life, and shows it to be a reproduction, but add to this the stereoscopic effect and you have the solidity you are looking for. Your characters stand out in bold relief as real life in miniature form.

14. In order to get a life-size out of these miniatures we must use the stereopticon. This tells the whole story at a glance. You have the details of the photograph; you have the character; you have the teaching points; you have the size, in fact, you have nearly everything but speech.

15. *Colored* plates for the stereopticon furnish another valuable illustration, that of color.

16. The only remaining thing which is able to make the picture appear more lifelike is to have the picture move in a way peculiar to the character in real life. This can be done by the use of moving pictures. At this point we want to again remind the reader, be he teacher or pupil, that all of these methods are corrupted and misused and abused, time and again by the

false teacher, and by the adversary of the souls of men. But that does not destroy the fundamental, psychological use of the methods of teaching. Cold water is a good thing; a rich blessing, an essential factor in life, and yet it will produce death if we put ourselves into a sufficient quantity of it. Water will drown or quench thirst, owing to the way it is used or applied.

17. A person cannot walk around a picture and handle the parts of the picture, in fact, he can use nothing but the sense of vision, and that in a limited way in spite of all the color, size and solidity it can be given. A step further in advance brings us to the work of the sculptor. Here we have the characters in solid form, life-size or diminutive, etc.

18. As a matter of course, sculpture lacks life for want of color. Hence wax work is an improvement upon the work of the sculptor. Remember, there are places in the field of instruction where each of these methods have their place by reason of degree and adaptation. No one of them could be used everywhere. Sculpture and wax work is as near real life as can be produced except some element of real life be introduced.

19. In the process of teaching we must next step to something that has life, etc., which is the *tableau*,—real people used as characters, having position, life-size and life color, but no motion.

20. The pantomime gives the *tableau* motion. It of course contains real characters, contains life and life-size colors true to nature, and even has motion, but no voice. Not a word is used.

21. The drama furnishes one thing lacking in the pantomime, that is the voice. The characters speak and act just as nearly as is possible to reproduce the narrative which contains the teaching principles. Here is the culmination point of danger. The more useful a thing becomes, the more the devil wants to use it for himself. He has so far taken hold of the dramas and plays to-day that nothing but the trashy sensational stuff that is demoralizing and degrading in the extreme is used and hence the harm. The public has *refused to think for themselves*, and demand all their teaching to be done through this method and it must be of the most sensational character. The solid, instructive and spiritual culture is cut off with sneer and scorn. Good, solid literature of the highest type is ignored and is said to be out of date and laid on the shelf, etc. Yet we must continue to report that the motive of the public heart to-day should not be the basis of criticism of the good *method*.

22. We are now at a point where we must take a long jump, and that is from the drama to the real play. The drama is the reproduction of somebody else's thought and has been written aforetime, either recently or anciently, but the play is manufactured on the spot. To illustrate: A little girl makes a rag doll,

playhouse, has chips for dishes, and uses the imagination as a background, the same as a little boy who rides the broom handle for a horse, has corn cobs for hogs, and fence corners for stables. This is real play in which the author of the narrative is actor in the drama, and is both teacher and pupil. Here is where *ordinances* show themselves. Here is where the ordinances in the church, in school, and everywhere in life must be acted out by the pupil himself in order to get into the spirit of the truth. To illustrate: There is no way in the world by which the pupil can obtain the true spiritual blessings which the Savior intended to convey by the feet-washing service, than to engage in the service itself, as a real drama. So with every other ordinance in the world.

23. The step next progressive beyond this, is the stage of *experiment*, trial, test-proof, demonstration. These things are for older children. It really is the continuation of child play all through the years until the time is reached when actual experience takes its place. It is the method of the youth in reaching out for the fundamental principles in life. It holds good in the laboratory, in the field of nature, in science, in politics and religion, in every phase of human life.

24. The last stage of the development of the fundamental principles of life is, the *experience* of life. It has been said many and many a time that experience is the best teacher. The reason why this has been said, and the reason why it is true is because it is the climax of education. It is the top rung of the ladder. It is the graduation point for the pupil. It is the point which, when reached, reassures the pupil that his former teachings have been true, or false as the case may be.

Read and reread this article; make a study of the statements contained therein. From your age in life and experience briefly consider what you have passed through, decide whether or not you have not passed over this formula and have reached some point in the outline. Decide whether it is not true that any or all of these methods of teaching might be used or abused. Decide whether you think it is right for us to select one of these methods and discard all of the rest, because bad uses may be made of some of them. Watch the development of your child, if you have one, and see which method aids him in grasping the great problems of life.



#### TRY IT OVER AGAIN.

LAST year about this time we made a special price on the INGLENOOK to the end of the year for twenty-five cents, and it was really surprising to know how many of the INGLENOKERS were really interested in the increase of the circulation of the magazine. A goodly number of them spoke to their neighbors and

friends about it who immediately saw the extra values for the marvelously low price and subscribed to the end of the year. After having subscribed and begun reading the magazine regularly they took such a fancy to it that when the beginning of the new year came they became regular subscribers, and to-day we have a thousand subscribers that we probably would not have had had it not been for the Nookers who invited their neighbors to become members of the family.

Then there was another class of subscribers brought in by the regular subscriber making a donation to someone else. You see there are some fathers and mothers who are taking the INGLENOOK who have sons and daughters who live somewhere else and are not subscribers, and by donating the magazine to them for part of a year they too became interested in it and it created within them a love for good reading and they soon found out that it is just the same way with a good magazine as it is with a telephone. Before you have a telephone in the house you hardly know whether you have any use for it or not, and after you have it awhile you would not do without it for anything. And besides this, there are always those whom you know who are not exactly sons and daughters, but are very close friends, living some distance from you, these you know would appreciate a good magazine if their attention was only called to it. But there being no agent in their community, nor any particular way by which they can become acquainted with it, they must do without it. Here is a case where a good friend can spend a quarter to a very great advantage, to himself and to the one on whom it was bestowed.

Remember that it is not enough to just secure subscribers for the INGLENOOK, but we want to create within the minds and hearts of the people a desire to cultivate the habit of good reading. Good readers are thinkers; good thinkers are doers; doers make the world go. The man who does not read, as a rule, is a very poor citizen in the true sense of the word. Therefore, we make this appeal to you to do again what you did last year, and since there are so many more of us now than there were last year, if we would all do this at once we could increase the family very rapidly. So prior to the first of August, send us twenty-five cents, either to donate the INGLENOOK to someone else or solicit someone and let him give you twenty-five cents for the INGLENOOK till the end of the year, and you send it to us.

Remember this proposition is only for new subscribers. It does not apply to old ones whose time has run out. That would not be treating the people justly. We simply offer this as an advertising inducement. At this time of year the people are thrown together, more or less, every day and in the course of your conversation it would be an easy matter to speak about this special proposition.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

## OFF TO THE DISTANT WILDS.

DR. W. L. ABBOTT, explorer-naturalist, a physician and millionaire of Philadelphia, has again turned his face towards the wilds of the Malay Peninsula, after a hasty visit home to civilization. He is an unusual figure in the world of science, having spent twenty-two years in searching the nooks and corners of the earth at a continual risk of his own life. He has gathered buried relics of the primeval ages and of strange beasts that even yet walk the unbeaten tracks. His valued contributions go to the Washington Museum, they being in many respects of the most valued in the whole world. In all of his explorations since the year 1884, he has seldom traveled the beaten tracks which most men prefer to tread. He has spent much of his time in Central Africa and India, traveling with Stevens, the cyclist, and making the ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro with Ehlers, the German explorer. He travels the seas on his own ship, manned by Malaysians, who, he declares are the best sailors in the world. Among his collections have been found many species of strange birds, several hundreds of new species of mammals, including monkeys, odd antelopes, and a particularly curious species of wild pig. He is to spend some time in the vicinity of two groups of islands in the Indian Ocean, the Andaman and the Nicobar, which are inhabited by a race of pigmies, regarded as the most primitive people living, and is to be absent from his friends seven years.

IN the British House of Commons a clause of the Education bill was adopted by a majority of 277. It is claimed to be the most contested clause of the bill. It provides that special religious instruction may be given in any voluntary school on the vote of four-fifths of the parents of the children in attendance. Such a bill, passed at Washington, D. C., might be the means of raising the standard of the moral, social and religious element in the school systems of the United States. There is no danger of the children getting too much religious instruction. Our school system will remain imperfect just as long as the Bible is destined to remain on the shelf, or worse, entirely out of the schoolroom.

JULY 1 an Arctic expedition under the leadership of L. Mylius-Erichsen, who recently explored Green-

land, set sail from Copenhagen. Cost of living, etc., is to be on an equality, regardless of whether its members be sailors, sledge-drivers or scientists. Their plan is to travel along the east coast of Greenland on sledges as far north as possible, and also to penetrate the unknown ice dome of the interior, which rises to a height of ten thousand feet. Their ship, the *Denmark*, is equipped with wireless appliances, motor boats and the latest scientific instruments.

IN the early part of June the *Lusitania*, which is seven hundred and ninety feet long, eighty-eight feet wide and sixty feet deep, was launched at Clyde Bank, Scotland. She is claimed to be the largest ocean liner now afloat, being propelled by powerful turbine engines at the rate of from twenty-four to twenty-five knots per hour. She has a cabin capacity for five hundred first-class passengers, five hundred second-class and one thousand three hundred steerage, including the crew of about eight hundred, making a total of more than three thousand souls. This would seem like a small city afloat on the great sea. The great monster is owned by the Cunard line, which has a second greater one, the *Mauritania*, under construction, to be launched in about a month.

THE steel and coke industries of the East are suffering for the want of laborers. But in Pittsburg there has recently been a reaction from the speculative in favor of the industrial market, much to the discomfort of the brokers, but to the comfort of the rest of the community. Since that time the payrolls are said to be larger than ever before, and would be still higher if workers could be had. In many places negroes from the South are being imported as laborers. This would not seem to be the best policy, but may be the means of saving a financial loss to the industries.

RECENTLY employes of the various stations of the Du Pont Powder Company made an eight-hour day demand, which the Company refused to grant. The works at Wilmington, Del., are badly crippled by a strike, and members of the millionaire Du Pont family are engaged in the dangerous task of driving powder-laden wagons from the mills to magazines and storehouses. Nearly all the powder works in the country are owned by this Company and no doubt the

strike will soon spread to other places. At Carney's Point, N. J., eighty men have already left, and it is likely others will follow.

A STATEMENT has been issued by Attorney General Moody, announcing that it is his purpose to proceed against the Standard Oil trust. Frank T. Kellogg, of St. Paul, has been commissioned to assist him. Mr. Moody may need the assistance of more great men before he gets through with the Oil company.

A PARTY of prominent New York men have purchased at a cost of \$3,000,000, a tract of land lying in Orange and Rockland counties, which is to be converted into a great residential park, at an added cost of several millions of dollars. It is to be modeled along English and Continental lines. The original tract of twenty thousand acres was known as the Sterling property, and will be known as the Sterling Park.

THE commercial Pacific cable, connecting the United States with Japan, stationed at Guam and Japan, is said to have carried the first messages, last week, between the Emperor of Japan and President Roosevelt.

A BILL for the preservation of the Niagara Falls was passed by a unanimous vote and without discussion in the House of Representatives. It will now go to the Senate.

GOVERNOR HOCH, of Kansas, has made an appeal to the railroads for low rates on lines running west from Chicago, believing that it would be a strong inducement to get men from the city to come to the west and assist in safely garnering the immense wheat crops of Kansas. The Governor has been flatly refused, on the ground that there is no surplus of labor to send to Kansas. Heretofore the labor force has been recruited by men who were out of employment on account of strikes, but the labor question seems to be so adjusted in the city that the unemployed are of a minus quantity. However, the railroads have been gathering up men here and there, offered by the agencies, and transporting them free of charge. The farmers in the wheat belt have been offering \$1.75 a day.

CAPTAIN BYIEFF, of the Russian army, left Manchuria soon after the peace treaty was signed. He rode the entire distance to St. Petersburg, a distance of 8,700 miles, on horseback. He reached the Russian capital on June 5, having been in the saddle constantly for more than eight months. His horse is English bred and was in good condition when the end of the long journey was reached.

THE big mail order house of Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, is about to incorporate with a capital of \$40,000,000, under a New Jersey charter. Eleven years ago Richard W. Sears, the head of the firm, began with a capital of \$150,000. He has employed eight thousand persons, and is said to have six million customers in all parts of America. The company has a daily shipment of one hundred carloads of all sorts of merchandise, and its daily mail contains one hundred thousand letters.

OF much significance in the rebuilding of San Francisco is the announcement that the government will expend \$1,500,000 for new Federal buildings, the construction of which will begin at an early date.

ON account of the late disaster in California, sweeping reductions in passenger fares on the line of the Southern Pacific throughout the West have been granted since June 15. Passenger Traffic Manager Fee, having this work in charge, has stated that rates to one hundred or more points on the Pacific system would be reduced, in some instances as much as twenty-five per cent. This will mean an annual saving to passengers patronizing the Southern Pacific of from a half million to a million dollars, although no official figures have yet been given out. Reductions, which have been under consideration for some time, followed upon a traffic conference at Chicago of the Passenger Department officials of the Southern Pacific with Traffic Director McCormick. This went into effect July 1. The purpose of this reduction, which affects a larger area and more miles of railway line than any change in rates ever before made by a railroad company, is development, and the effect of the experiment, especially in sparsely-settled territories, will be watched with great interest.

A LOCK canal across the Isthmus of Panama has been granted by the Senate, and as soon as can be so arranged, work will begin on the canal.

THE State of New York has men in official authority who are concerned about the rights of animals as well as of men and women. Her legislature has recently passed a bill forbidding the docking of horses' tails, and prohibiting the importation of dock-tailed horses from other states. This act may be the means of causing official authorities of sister States to be more considerate in regard to passing better laws of protection to the "dumb" animals.

A CELEBRATED London physician, Dr. Wynn Westcott, said at an inquest recently that nearly every person who commits suicide by drowning partly undresses before entering the water.





### THE LITTLE PRAYER MEETING.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

**J**UST two or three; how small we seem—  
 This little band—so precious:  
 We've met to pray—just you and me—  
 Ah, will our Lord be gracious?

The room so large—the gathering small—  
 What shall we say to Jesus?  
 Of our large number, is this all?  
 And did none come to please us?

The silence seems oppressive, quite:  
 But One is here—Oh, listen!  
 "If two or three meet here to-night,  
 I'll be in the midst of them."

Just two or three! But one with him,  
 Can make a little heaven:  
 He hears our prayers—the songs we sing—  
 He's here to grant a blessing.

What would you have, my sister, dear,  
 My friend, my neighbor—brother?  
 For we may ask him, while he's here,  
 As we might ask our mother.

Now let us find—we two or three,  
 The best thing we can wish for:  
 He says it's ours if we agree\*—  
 What shall it be, my sister?

Is anything so really good  
 As love 'twixt one another?  
 So we might serve him, if we would—  
 Our Savior, Lord and Brother.

Collbran, Colo.



### TRYING TO FOOL THE TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

False Reports of "Farmers' Unions" Going the Rounds  
 of Labor Press—What the Farmers Would Lose  
 by Affiliating With Organized Labor—  
 Cannot Afford the Loss.

"ARRANGEMENTS are being made by the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor to mail literature explaining trades-unionism to the farmers of that State. The new departure is in line with the label agitation and the organizing campaign now being carried on by the State Federation and the Milwaukee Federation Trades Council. The idea of the labor leaders is not so much to organize the farmers, as it is to impress upon them the advantages of union labor products and the good they can do by demanding the label on the purchases

\*Matt. 18: 19, 20.

they may make. It is said that one of the surest ways in which union labor can be benefited and promoted is by creating a demand for the union label. Labor leaders say that the label insures a product made under sanitary conditions and by wage earners who are fairly paid and not overworked. Trade unionists say that in case of wearing apparel the sanitary conditions of union shops should be a sufficient inducement to buy clothing with the union label, as the sweat shop garments are apt to contain germs of contagious diseases. A demand for the union label on the part of the farmers of the State will mean much for label goods. Farmers in other States are organized and in Texas a strong organization of farmers exists. A start has been made in this State and organized farmers now number thousands."—*San Francisco Daily Bulletin*, March 8, 1906.

The above item is going the rounds of the labor press and finding reproduction in such daily papers as are under the domination of the unions. The object in printing the item is to mislead the farmer and orchardists, with a view to securing his aid politically. It seems almost unnecessary to explain to the average farmer and orchardist the mistake of joining hands with either the trust of capital or the trust of labor; and, union labor, as latter day labor leaders interpret it, is just as much of a trust to fear as the trust of capital. Both are skinning the man who produces something to eat and to wear. The man who lives on the farm can live without the man in the city, but the man who lives in the city cannot live without the man upon the farm unless he is willing to return to the Stone Age, live in caves, and go naked and subsist on roots and herbs.

In other words the agrarian side of life sustains the city side of civilization, and city civilization ought to be decent enough to make the burden upon the shoulders of the farmers and orchardists as light as possible by making city civilization as simple as possible. Such, however, is not the case, as every well-informed man knows. In the cities the trade unions are doing everything in their power to shove up prices and to overcome the law of supply and demand in the labor market by limiting apprenticeships and denying memberships. It ought to be plain to any one, that the monopoly of labor can lay any union tax upon production it seeks to make, provided it can beat down and keep back the law of supply and demand.

It costs more to put up a building in the city of San Francisco than it costs to put one up of the same character in any of the inland cities where open shop principle prevails, and where no questions are asked a man who wishes to work, as to his union or non-union affiliations, or if he is Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, and this extra cost of building amounts to nearly thirty per cent. To show how this extra cost of building is finally paid for by the man on the farm, who raises wheat, cotton, pork, wool, beef, fruit, etc., we will illustrate by citing an actual fact, everyone is familiar with. Before the unions got control, the poor people of San Francisco got eighteen quarts of milk for \$1. Then came the Milk Drivers' Union, who refused to deliver milk milked by non-union milkers, who, in turn, refused to milk cows fed on "scab" hay. Now the milk consumers get ten quarts of milk for \$1 instead of eighteen, as formerly, and the unions, not the farmers, get the extra money. Another case that explains itself is worth thinking about. A man worth \$100,000 wished to put up a big apartment house on Sutter Street. He found that the house that he had planned would cost \$130,000 under union rules. He cut his plans and finally built a \$100,000 house that would have cost him \$65,000 or \$70,000 in Los Angeles, Denver or any other city not union-ridden.

When the combine of contractors, supply houses, and union men turned over their job to the investor, the spirit of get-even for the robbery was in him, and he rented his apartment house to a landlord at a figure that did not represent him six per cent per annum on his investment, but twelve per cent, and thus got even and more, too, with the robbery of the building combine. The landlord cursed the owner for charging the robber rent rates and rented the rooms out that netted himself an annual profit of eighteen per cent on his investment, thus getting even, and more, too, with the robbery of the owner of the apartment house. The guests who were robbed by the landlord joined clerks' unions, electricians' unions and various other unions and got even, through extravagant increase of wages with the robbery of the landlord, thus making clear the fact that it isn't the amount of wages that is paid a wage-earner, that makes prosperous conditions, but the amount that his wages will buy.

All this city extravagance is shoved off on the shoulders of the great transportation lines, who are forced to let the fruit of the orchardist rot on the wharves and steamboat landings, while city teamsters' unions are out on sympathetic strikes to help cooks' and waiters' unions and the great transportation lines are not forced to collect the robbery of strike-ridden city civilization from the producing classes on the farms, but often collect an extra amount to pay dividends upon watered stock. That the union of capital and the union of labor are working together is evidenced on all sides, and the people who are enduring

the result of this villainous and un-American combination are the farmers and orchardists, who cannot rob Mother Nature in order to get even with the robbery of city civilization.

The producing classes cannot afford to identify themselves with the trust of union labor any more than they can afford to identify themselves with the trust of capital. Only fifteen per cent of the population of the State of California can join either the trust of capital or the trust of labor. The other great eighty-five per cent is being fleeced to a finish by both.

Farmers and orchardists in general should keep a lookout for items like the one above printed and see to it that they are not caught with the sophistry of such monopolies.—*Herbert George, in Los Angeles Times.*



### THE MEN.

#### Between the Two Mill Stones.

THE citizens who make up the real sinew and backbone of the country begin to see how they are being ground by the various trusts that feed upon them. There is the labor trust on one side to stop the supply of coal, stop the factories and cut off wages when they order strikes and throw whole communities into distress and want, and the capital trusts on the other side.

The common citizens number about 78 million and the labor trust about 2 million. The rights and the interests of the citizens represent therefore seventy-eight points as compared with the two points for the labor trust. This means a very heavy majority of the readers of newspapers and the buyers of merchandise are not members of labor unions or any other form of trust and their power is and should be supreme, both in elections and government. A prominent democrat in Washington is reported as saying:

"There is a great middle class in this country which belongs on the side of neither labor nor capital; the professional classes, the farmers, the salaried people, the small owners of property. It is, after all, the greatest class in the country. It has never, however, been brought fairly face to face with the inquiry where its interests lie in this controversy, which has been broadly denominated the contest of capital with labor.

"The coal strike suggests this state of affairs in a timely way. There are half a million miners, a few thousand, perhaps, of coal and coal railroad owners and operators, and the rest of our 80,000,000 people represent this great middle class. Everybody has come to understand that the consumer pays for the strikes, and incidentally that he shivers while they are going on.

"So I think it is fair to say that the great neutral class, or middle class, or whatever you call it, not



directly concerned in a particular labor problem, is the one which will make its views felt. It is unorganized, it has never made an effort to secure organization. It is divided among different parties, and it has all kinds of political and economic views.

"This class is going to look into the merits of these questions about which labor and capital have had so much to say for years. It is going to inquire 'Where do we get off?' It will be discovering, very soon after we see labor and capital arrayed at the ballot box and at the political convention, that it pays the bills; and when it gets ready to take a position there will be doings. It will help the real solution of questions that the politicians have been dodging. It will come nearer to the right solution than either of the more directly interested parties."—*The Square Deal*.



### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

SUCCESS in life is not a matter of luck and favoritism. Nearly all persons who have made miserable failures in life are victims of this delusion. Holding tenaciously to this view, they never enter the realm of saner knowledge where men work and strive to advance, but sit idly by waiting for something to turn up—luck or favoritism. The fact that there can be no success, expertness or excellence, without labor and earnest application, has been taught in our public schools for years, but to how little purpose it is realized when only a few minds of the multitude of humanity grasp its full meaning and soar high above their passive comrades. The majority of the human race is to-day sitting around waiting for luck to prosper, without having an apology to make to duty or industry. Luck, favoritism, fate, destiny and the like, are things that do not exist in any appreciable measure, and yet these are looked upon and worshiped by many as if they were gods.

Men who rise to affluence and importance in the world are called lucky, or they are credited with having powerful friends or a political pull by those who are less aggressive and less alive to the necessity of earnest endeavor. The real secret of success is intelligent application, and the rule holds good in all occupations, whether it be that of running a boot-blackening establishment or directing the operation of a dozen lines of railroad. It is said of Tony Aste that he made over a million dollars in his shoe shining parlors in New York, and the fundamental principle underlying every penny of this vast fortune was the application of intelligent endeavor.

It is deplorable that so many persons should live and die hugging the delusion that there is any short cut or easier method to success in life, whether it be in accumulating dollars of gold or in building up strong towers of honor and influence. Success in life

means to do your best, from the time you awake until you go to bed at night. Failure in life means to shirk your duty, and wait in complacent expectancy for luck or favoritism.—*Exchange*.



### THE REAL VOTING POWER.

Held by the Citizens and Not by the Trusts.

THE great third party, the *consuming public*, long-suffering between the clashing of the labor and capital trusts, are now well organized under the National Citizens Industrial Association of America, with headquarters in the St. James Building, New York, with local associations in the various cities in all parts of the country—St. Louis, about 7,000 members; Kansas City, about 3,000; San Francisco, 16,000; Chicago, 3,000; etc., etc.

These associations are to protect the local communities from loss of business or destruction of property by any labor or other organization, and incidentally to support the candidates who stand for the citizens in opposition to unfavorable legislation proposed by either labor or capital trusts.

Most measures in legislation put forward by the trusts are opposed to the interests of citizens, for fundamentally a trust must prosper just in relation to its ability to extract money from the people. A few wise laws have been brought about by the labor trust, such as rules for sanitary conditions in factories and mines, but the majority of their efforts are directed towards measures in favor of the union members and entirely opposed to the common citizen. For instance, the coal mine owners' trust holds coal as high as possible, and the coal miners' trust constantly demands higher wages and a "closed shop" in order to enable that trust to enforce its "demands," and every dollar the miners' trust secures extra, must be paid by the common people. Also observe the Union's Anti-injunction bill before Congress, to tie the hands of the courts and make it easy for lawless union men to assault other citizens, blow up their houses, etc., etc.

Politicians will be safest when they stand squarely to represent the people, rather than some class or trust—for the people number 40 to 1.

It is true that in certain mining centers where the labor trust members make up the majority, it might elect its candidate and force the arbitrary conditions of unionism upon the people, but in the very great majority of communities the common citizens hold the power and can protect themselves.

The eighty million people include only about two million labor union members—about one-fortieth of the whole—and probably more than three-fourths of these union men are patriotic, liberty-loving citizens, more interested in upholding the laws which insure the peace and prosperity of the community than they

are to blindly obey the orders of some labor boss when told to vote only for men who will support labor union measures. A politician who stands pledged to unionism may command the support of a part of the one-fortieth of the people but the voice of the great majority will be for candidates who represent all the people.—*The Square Deal*.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### McKINLEY'S TWO "ACORN GIRLS."

THIS is a true story about the "Sad Acorn Girl" and the "Glad Acorn Girl," both of whom belonged to a gray kitten, named McKinley after a President of the United States. The owner of the brave three was a small girl named Bess.

Bess was fond of making her own dolls to play with.

But Bess had never thought of acorn dolls until one day her father came in from his chopping to get a key he wanted.

Bess stood beside the table while her father drew out of an old coat pocket such treasures as corks, acorns and wooden toothpicks, until he really found the missing key. "Oh, oh, mamma, mayn't I have these things?" Bess cried.

"Why, yes," said her mother, wondering what the child had in her mind to do.

Bess went to the big family pin-cushion and took out some long pins with broad heads. Then she sat down in the sunny bay-window, and went to work to make some new dolls.

First she took a big brown acorn and pushed one of the sharp pins down through the stem of the cup. After she had pushed it through as far as it would go she stuck it into the small end of a cork. Then she pushed a toothpick through the cork for arms, and two pieces into the bottom of the cork for legs.

With the other acorn and cork a similar doll was made, only that the pin was pushed down through the tip of the acorn making a round merry face in a peaked cap instead of a long sad face in a round cap. When she exhibited the two little manikins to her cousin William, he took pen and ink and drew doll faces upon the acorns. He gave the little images the names of "Glad Girl" and "Sad Girl." "Here are your dolls," said he.

"No," cried Bess—"I made these for McKinley to play with."

The cat was delighted with them. They were just little and live-looking and human enough to please his fancy.

He would carry them about in his little pink mouth and toss them into the air, then catch them with his paws and toss them again! He never tired of them.

Sometimes, at night, he stood the pair up in a corner of the room to rest. Sometimes he laid them on the floor, and then stole near and pounced upon them as if they were mice! Sometimes, when he found them on the floor, he would sit down beside them, and purr as if putting them to sleep.

What finally became of the two little Acorn Girls only McKinley himself ever knew. One day, they were not to be seen anywhere, and could never be found again. But for over a year they had been loved like other dolls.—*Effie Stevens, in Little Folks*.

## The Rural Sanctum

### JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BABY.

Just a little bit of baby,  
Twenty pounds and nothing more,—  
See him floor his giant daddy,  
Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;  
Any beauty? not a trace,—  
See him stealing all the roses  
From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby,  
Ignorant as he can be,—  
See him puzzle all the sages  
Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby,  
Walking? no; nor crawling, even,—  
See him lead a dozen grown-ups  
To the very gate of heaven!  
—Amos R. Wells, in Good Housekeeping.

### AN ADVENTURE.

KATIE MILLER.



THE old stone house, almost covered with vines, was surrounded by great oak trees. The forests were being cleared when the house was built and this circle of trees was left stand.

In this house lived Mr. and Mrs. Gring, their two sons, Brainard and Andrew, and their little daughter Hal. When they were too young to send to school a governess was found for them in order that they might have every advantage of being educated. They were a happy family.

The boys were very much unlike each other. Andrew, the younger of the two, was fond of studying.



Sometimes he would sit and read for hours, not knowing anything that was going on about him.

Brainard was just the opposite. He was always stirring—on the lookout for some fun. To have a gun and go hunting was the one thing he most longed for. He was fifteen years old when Mr. Gring gave him his first gun. How proud of it he was!

With his gang of boys in which he was the leader he used to have great sport hunting rabbits and squirrels. This did not satisfy them, so they ventured farther on toward the mountain. They came home full of excitement, saying they had seen an old bear with two cubs and in a few days they were going to capture them. Andrew tried to discourage them, for he knew that they were inexperienced in bear hunting and it would be a dangerous undertaking. Then he said, "You know that tribe of Indians living not far from the mountain is very treacherous and the chief they say is very cruel." The boys laughed at his fears and made all plans to go the following day.

The next morning Brainard was up at four o'clock and at five they were on their way to the mountain. By noon they were within a mile of the mountain and all eyes were on the lookout for mother bear and her cubs. Traces of them could be seen on a path leading into a thick wood. They followed the trail and came within a few yards of the bear before he saw his persecutors. A shot was fired but did not kill him. All eyes were on the bear and they did not see a gang of Indians approaching until they gave a war whoop which sounded to them like a death warrant. Then they realized they were between two fires and they had no time to lose. Brainard fired another shot and the bear tumbled over dead. They took the cubs and tied them, then turned to face the Indians, who were now standing staring at them. The boys showed no signs of fear and Brainard, stepping forward, showed the Indians what they had captured. The old chief called him "brave boy" and said, "Come to my wigwam to-morrow and I will give you my daughter, Wonda, to be your wife." Brainard thanked him and promised to come and make them a visit. Then the other boys begged to come too so it was agreed that they all might come.

On the way back to their place of lodging the boys had much fun at Brainard's expense. They said, "Who ever heard of going on a bear hunt and capturing an Indian bride?" They teased and talked until Brainard began to wonder what he would do if the old chief would insist on his taking the Indian maiden to be his bride.

Morning came and the boys (two boys stayed and guarded the cubs) were on their horses ready to start for the Indian camp. The old chief greeted them with "Welcome." They tied their horses and went into the wigwam where they met the beautiful Wonda.

She was beautiful indeed as she sat there on a rug sewing, her long black hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. Brainard as well as the others was quite pleased with her. They spent the day there and in the evening before starting for home Brainard lingered behind that he might speak a few words to Wonda before leaving.

The old chief did not interfere and they were glad. They then started for their place of lodging and after packing up their tents and fixing the cubs on the back of one of the horses they set out for home. How proud they were of their capture! But in later years Brainard used to tell of his capture of the Indian maiden, Wonda, and declared that that was the best capture he had ever made while on a hunting expedition.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



### TOBACCO HABIT.

MAUD HAWKINS.

A TRUE Christian will not offer his companions tobacco, although he may be a user of it himself. He who chews tobacco is in danger of becoming a drunkard as well as he who drinks, for the one leads to the other in a great many cases. Tobacco is the prime minister to king alcohol. When a glass of liquor is in one hand the pipe or cigar is apt to be in the other, the mouth heated by the cigar is naturally thirsty. Cigars and alcohol are sold generally at the same bar. As a rule deep drinkers are smokers.

A newspaper account of the arrest of boys for misconduct, is almost always followed by the statement that they are addicted to the cigarette or tobacco habit. It weakens their sense of right and wrong, debases them, and gives them a low estimate of life. Their ideals never soar very high. They have an aversion to parental advice and a tendency to seek lower companionship.

The brute creation is far above its use. Many have seen the intense rage exhibited by an elephant when tobacco is offered to him. Hogs will not use it. People call themselves civilized. It is a wonder that they do not feel degraded when they are asked to retire to a smoking car, to be shut up with others of their kind, an open intimation that they are not fit to be associated with other people, but they never resent it. Evidently they take it for granted that it is their place, as it surely is. Birds of a feather must flock together.

Boys are often heard to argue, "My father or uncle always used it, and he is a strong, healthy, good man." He may have been so constituted that it did not seem to affect him; but with that kind of a constitution, what more might he not have been had he not used it?

In reply to the advice to be more manly than to use

tobacco a boy replied that was just what he was trying to do for the men are the ones who do use it. The advice was changed to "Do as men ought to do. If they do use it, it is not manly."

No man or boy is free who is tied to his cigar or cigarette. He is as much less a man as he is a slave to this indulgence. Anything that makes a man less a man or a boy less a boy should be stopped, though it is as dear as a hand or an eye. God has given us our bodies and our souls in trust and we must return them in as good a condition as we received them, with the increase of talents which he requires of his faithful children. Character building next to service to God is our chief business in this world, and we should steer clear of every taste, habit or desire that stands in the way of making ourselves noble and true human beings.

*Cerrogordo, Ill.*



### THE EVIL OF HAVING TOO MUCH.

SELECTED BY E. C. COHNN.

How many are there who do not realize that enough is all that they need of anything—a surfeit can only be injurious. They seek riches far beyond what they can use, simply for the satisfaction of getting and holding;

they hasten after pleasure, only to find that it palls on the taste; they add to their houses and lands to learn when too late that all these things are a burden. The true spirit is the one that bids us be satisfied with moderate possessions, and teaches us that real joy comes through family affection, the love of friends and of mankind generally. It was William Morris who once pointed out two main duties, as follows: "To do with as few things as we can, and, as far as we can, to see to it that these things are the work of free men, and not of slaves; these two seem to me to be the main duties to be fulfilled by those who wish to live a life at once free and refined, serviceable to others, and pleasant to themselves, and to God with a pure heart seeking others' best interests."

*Homesville, Nebr.*



DURING eleven months of last year Mexico bought 137 locomotives and 23,308 tons of steel rails from the United States, which was an increase of seventy locomotives and twenty-one thousand tons of steel over the previous year.



ONE million dollars a year in stones is stolen from the South African diamond mines.

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Two Bad Things.

"Once upon a time there was a man walking in the highway and he fell. No doubt it was partly his own carelessness. He, however, insisted that it was an accident. But the trouble was, that when he was down he stayed there, and spent all his time in telling everybody who would listen how it happened.

Some shook their heads doubtfully, and that made him angry. Some sympathized with him, and that made him sad. At last there came a simple man who asked:

"How long have you been here?"

It was ten, twelve, fifteen years or more.

The simple man shook his head, "I am sorry, very sorry."

"Yes," said he who was down, "it's a terrible thing to tumble down."

"That may be," said the simple man, "but there's one thing a thousand times worse."

"What is that?"

"Why, not getting up again."—Pearse.



And though I longed  
To play with him,  
He seemed to have such fun—  
I had to stay inside our yard  
With Jack, the Colonel's son.  
And now—they're rich;  
Have moved into  
The biggest house in town.

### A Dead Loss.

"See here, Aunt Dinah, I sent two brand-new shirts of my husband's to the wash last week, and you have brought only one back. Now, what have you done with the other?"

"Yes, Miss Lulu, ma'am, I was coming 'round to the question of dat dar shu't. You knows dat I ain't a pusson dat pretends to one thing and protends to anudder, so I'se agwine to tell de truf 'bout dat shu't. It was dis-away. My ole man he up and died las' week, and de 'Bur'al Sassiety' dey didn't do nutthing but covort 'round, and I neber had anyt'ing to lay dat man out in. So I helps myse'f to dat shu't for a fac'. An' oh, Miss Lulu, honey, I jes, wishes you could hab seen how dat nigger sot dat shu't off!"—May Lippincott's Magazine.



### Life, or What's the Use?

By a Pessimist.

An armless man, with a toothless rake,  
Its handle wholly gone,  
Scratching an earth composed of naught,  
For what never grows thereon.



Some women are worrying over whether the wings they will get in the next world will match the color of their costumes.



**And Then—Eternity.**

Men have won as weak as we,  
Men have lost as strong as we,  
Men have died as brave as we,  
Threescore years and ten  
Of grief and joy—and then  
Eternity!

Men have loved the same as we,  
Men have harbored hate as we,  
Men have longed for rest as we—  
Threescore years and ten  
With hate and love—and then  
Eternity!

Men have fought to win the prize,  
Men have almost touched the skies,  
But the wealth of grandeur cries  
Threescore years and ten,  
“With wealth and fame—and then  
Eternity!”

Men have fought their base desires,  
Men have quenched their passions' fires,  
Men have called on what inspires,  
Threescore years and ten  
With soul secure and then  
Eternity!

—Robert J. Burdette.

**Where Had He Heard That Name?**

The stage-coach that carries the mail between Kent's Hill and Readfield Station in Maine drew up along the roadside and the driver accosted a little old man working in a field.

“Do you know who Mrs. Abby B. Brown is and where she lives?”

The old man considered. “Brown, Abby B. Brown?” he repeated. “You don't mean Mrs. Polly Brown, do you?”

“No, Mrs. Abby B. Brown; we've got a letter for her.”

“B, you say the middle letter is B, do you? I know a whole lot of Browns that live on the other side of the road, but there ain't any Abby B. among them. You don't mean Abby B. Smith, do you? She lives over—”

“No, it's Abby B. Brown. We'll find her somehow. Thanks.”

The stage-driver started his horses, but before the corner was reached a faint “Hello” caused the passengers to turn around. The old man, hoe in hand, was pursuing the stage.

“Brown, Mrs. Abby B. Brown, did you say? Why, I know her. She's my wife.”—“Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree,” in Everybody's Magazine for May.

**Sizing Up the Speed of the Train.**

The Nevada and California Railroad wanders about a bit of mountains and its trains go at a leisurely rate. A mining man who travels the road much tells of this illuminating incident regarding an Eastern visitor on the train. “He called the conductor,” relates the miner, “while he was passing down the aisle, and said:

“‘Conductor, how far is it to Hawthorne?’”

“‘Fifty miles,’ said the conductor.

“‘Only fifty?’ repeated the passenger. ‘You been on this road very long?’

“‘Twenty-five years,’ said the conductor, in doubt as to the trend of the remark.

“‘Is that so?’ said the passenger. ‘Is this your second trip?’

“Then the conductor wanted to fight.”

“There's a knowing little proverb  
From the sunny land of Spain,  
But in Northland and in Southland  
Is its meaning clear and plain;  
Lock it up within your heart,  
Neither lose nor lend it,—  
Two it takes to make a quarrel,  
One can always end it.”

**Not Nowadays.**

Mamma (returning from church)—“Why, Willie, take your wheel into the back yard. You must not play in the front yard on Sunday.”

Willie (protestingly)—But mamma, isn't it Sunday in the back yard too?”—Mary Davidson.

An Illinois man committed suicide by pounding himself on the head with a hammer. How much more comfortable it would be for the balance of mankind, if all those who carry hammers, would use them on themselves, instead of hammering their contemporaries as most of them now do. —Mirror.

**Studying the Proposition by Analogy.**

Two Irishmen were moving some kegs of powder, when one noticed that the other was smoking, and this talk ensued:

“Look here! Ain't ye got any better sense than to be smoking whilst we're handling these 'ere kegs of powder? Don't you know that there was an explosion yesterday, which blew up a dozen men?”

“Faith, but that cud never happen here!”

“Why not?”

“Bekase there's only two on this job.”

The “well-to-do” church member that pays one dollar a year for missions pays an average of twenty-eight one-hundredths of a cent a day to carry out the great last command of Jesus, and doing this with the hope of looking the Master in the face shortly. “What a meeting that will be!”—C. W.

**Right and Wrong.**

“It always takes courage, my boy, to do right;

'Tis easier far to do wrong,

But the right makes you walk with your head erect,  
And fills your heart with a song.

“'Tis harder to say that little word ‘No’

Than to yield to the tempter's voice;

But, ah, that ‘No’ gives you victory, lad,  
A victory that makes you rejoice.

“'Tis harder, my boy, to climb up a hill

Than to go down the other way;

At the bottom are shadows and darkness, and gloom,  
At the top is the brightness of day.

“Then try for the right, and boldly say ‘No,’

Whenever you're tempted to stray,

Ask Jesus to help you; he'll do it, I know,  
And give you the victory each day.

—Exchange.

# SUMMER IS THE TIME TO CURE CATARRH

When the Cold Blasts are Over and the Soft Winds Blow

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—Will Do for You—I Will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



I offer what is really a Blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat trouble.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease by **Killing the Germs.**

**A Cure for You**, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars of a more dangerous disease. (**Consumption most frequently starts in Catarrh.**)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the

air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head **clear as a bell.**

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of the disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, Lagrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry Inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you, may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write.

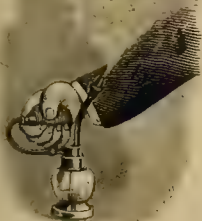
Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a lifetime.

—J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever.

—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years. —MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



### CATARRH SUFFERERS.

Should realize that summer is the ideal time to cure Catarrh. It stands to reason that breathing the warm air of summer will assist the treatment, while the cold blasts of winter retard it. How important it is that every sufferer consider this matter seriously for themselves. We offer you the opportunity to try our treatment free. What more can any person ask? I always give the doubt to the patient. I don't want your money unless you are pleased with the treatment. The only way you can find out whether it will

suit you, is to try it. It don't cure everyone. Nothing will, but when eighty out of one hundred write me that the treatment is satisfactory and all I represent it to be, I still feel encouraged. Read my special trial offer and consider whether it appeals to reason.

### HAY FEVER IS VERY ANNOYING.

Begin Our No. 3 Treatment Now, and It Will Forget to Come This Year.

Hay Fever is caused by breathing the poisoned air laden with the pollen of flowers, notably that of ragweed, corn tassels and other blossoms that give off pollen dust. This is poisonous to the mucous membranes of many people. It irritates the membranes of the air passages of the head, causes them to become swollen and resembles a very bad cold in summer.

To avoid the appearance of Hay Fever each season, begin using our No. 3 treatment of Liquid Spray three or four weeks before the time for its appearance. This will harden the mucous membrane and render the poison-laden air harmless to everyone alike. If you have Hay Fever now, begin the use of the treatment at once, to reduce the inflammation and save suffering.

We are making a common sense offer to the readers of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently, and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat.

Have you any of the following symptoms: If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special trial offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pain across front part of head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### Our Special Offer

should convince any reasonable person that our treatments are as represented. We could not send out our Medicators on trial free as we do, if they were not. They cost us all we get for them, and in many cases more. The way we make our money is by our cured friends telling others. Surely when we leave the paying part all to the person ordering, we are doing our part.

### MY SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning **The Englenook**, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. **Write this very day.**

Address,

**E. J. WORST,** 52 Main Street,  
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Describe your case, as we forward treatment to suit ailment.



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**Irrigation** is the key to Scientific Farming. It will open the door to success for you.

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**The City of Weiser** Population over 3000; is a hustling, thriving and growing town in the midst of this wonderfully fertile valley. It is the county seat of Washington county, on the main line of the Oregon Short Line R. R., midway between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Portland, Oregon. It is the Southern terminus of the Pacific and Idaho Northern Railway.

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SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB, Weiser, Idaho.

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*This Beautiful Sterling Silver Design  
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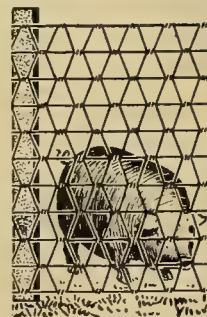
Send only 10 cents for a ten weeks' trial subscription to THE PRAIRIE FARMER, and we will send this dainty Spoon to you and tell you how you can get the complete set. So sure are we that you will be thoroughly pleased that we make this offer unqualifiedly:

*Should you be dissatisfied with your  
bargain you may return the Spoon and  
we will immediately send you 12 cents.  
You can not lose on an offer which  
gives you*

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up. Direct to farm-  
ers. Write for cata-  
logue and prices.

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The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package.

Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

**VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,**  
Frederick, Maryland.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

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Why has DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER gained the first place as a family medicine in thousands of homes all over the world?

Because it possesses marvelously curative powers and never fails to do good.

Because it not only cleanses the vital fluid, but creates new, rich, red blood.

Because it makes sound, solid, healthy flesh and builds bone and muscle.

Because it promotes digestion and acts upon the liver.

Because it regulates the bowels and strengthens the kidneys.

Because it quiets the nervous system and induces healthy perspiration.

Because it is purely vegetable in composition and absolutely harmless.

Because it can be administered with perfect safety to the delicate infant as well as adult.

Because it is cheaper than other preparations when measured by results. In short, it is a family medicine in every sense of the word.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has been in constant use for over one hundred years, and is an article of recognized merit. Thousands have gladly testified to its curative powers. It is distinctly different from all other medicines and, although it may have its imitations, it has no substitute.

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**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

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Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold July 10 to 13, inclusive, with favorable return limits, on account of B. Y. P. U. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

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All of our live, energetic Sunday schools are now using this paper for the intermediate and young people's classes. It is a wonderful help to stimulate and encourage the young people. From the scores of unsolicited testimonials that we have received we feel safe in saying that it is one of the best young people's papers published. Considering the fact that it is especially arranged and adapted for our Sunday schools and young people in general, and that no time, labor or expense is being spared to make it the very best, we think it the duty of every Sunday school which is not now using this paper to give it a thorough trial. The chances for leading the young minds in the right direction are all in its favor. Nothing to lose, but much to be gained by using "Our Young People." Ask for sample copies. They are free.

Price, per single subscription, 60 cents per year.

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OF THIS HOUSE, THE UNSEEN  
HOST AT EVERY MEAL, THE  
SILENT LISTENER TO EVERY  
CONVERSATION  
\*\*\*\*\*

We have had many calls for this motto card and are pleased to be able to furnish it to our readers. It is a motto that should be found in every home.

It is printed in three colors; red, green and white. The text is printed on the red and green in large silver letters and on the white in gold letters.

It is very attractive and printed on heavy cardboard. Size, 10x11 inches. Price per copy 25 cents, per dozen, prepaid, \$2.50.

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We cure you of chewing and smoking  
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Indiana. We answer all letters.

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Shoshone Reservation to be Opened  
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Announces Round Trip Excursion  
Rates from All Points July  
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Less than one fare for the round trip to Shoshone, Wyoming, the reservation border.

The only all rail route to the reservation border.

Dates of registration July 16 to 31st at Shoshone and Lander. Reached only by this line.

Write for pamphlets, telling how to take up one of these attractive homesteads.

Information, maps and pamphlets free on request to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

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By ALEXANDER MACK.

This work is arranged in the form of a conversation between father and son, and vital questions concerning the faith and practice of the early church of the Brethren are ably defended.

Besides this, many ground-searching questions are answered by the author. This book contains 89 pages. Paper bound.

Regular price, ..... 25 cents

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## HO FOR THE MISSISSIPPI!

Tuesday, July 10, the C. & N.-W. R'y will run an excursion to Clinton, Iowa. Round trip, \$1.50. Leave Crystal Lake at 6:53 A. M., Algonquin, 7:10 A. M.; Carpentersville, 7:18 A. M.; Dundee, 7:22 A. M.; East Elgin, 7:32 A. M.; Watch Factory, 7:35; West Chicago, 7:55; arrive at Clinton, 10:40 A. M.; returning, leave Clinton, 7 P. M.

The large and elegant excursion steamer "W W" will be at Clinton on that day. The electric cars leave Clinton at frequent intervals throughout the day for Davenport and Rock Island.

For tickets and full information apply to ticket agent C. & N.-W. R'y.

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### Are Prosperous and Happy

The soil there is rich. Good water and lots of it easily obtainable. Fuel and building material cheap. Your neighbors are those of like faith and practice.



Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Why not avail yourself of this, your last chance, to get GOOD LAND CHEAP? Wheat yields of forty bushels per acre are common. Oats has yielded one hundred and forty bushels per acre.

Prices of our lands range from \$9.00 to \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms.

For particulars and about cheap rates address

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Those in Ohio and Indiana address

**ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.**



# SPECIAL PAGE ON SHOES.

We are making a special offer in our shoe department to give our patrons excellent value. The old saying is well known and very true, "A pleased customer is the best advertisement," we have found it so. Pleased customers of ours have had much to do in the building of our house and it is to your interest to become one of these.

If you do not already have one of our spring catalogues we will be pleased to send you one. A line from you will bring it.

No. 650½. Ladies' Patent Colt-Mat Top Blucher. Body is made of the best patent colt stock obtainable. Cuban heel, 1906 toe and McKay sewed. We can furnish the above shoe in the following sizes and widths: Sizes, 2½ to 8; Width, D and E. Regular price, \$2.50. Our price, \$1.95.

**\$1.95**



**BOYS' VICI KID SHOES, GOODYEAR WELT.**



R1363. Boys' Strong and Durable Dressy Vici Kid Cap Bals. Goodyear welt, boys' sizes, 2½ to 5½, E width, \$1.85. Youths' sizes, 12½ to 2, \$1.55. Little gents' sizes, 8 to 12, \$1.49.

**LADIES' WHITE CANVAS TURN BLUCHER OXFORD.**



**Only \$1.39**

No. 1801½. This grade of oxfords will be more in demand this summer than ever before. Not only in localities, but everywhere there is a growing demand for them. Though low in price, we are giving you the very best quality to be found in Canvas Oxfords. The demand for this number will be very large. Get your order in early. All sizes. Width, D and E. Price, \$1.39.

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**\$1.90**

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No. R1621. Pump Vici Kid stock, with patent tips, over a comfortable and well fitting last; with medium heel and heavy extension sole of solid oak tanned leather; also has a solid leather inner sole and one-piece leather counter. Sizes, 2½ to 8; E width. Price, \$1.25.



**\$1.25**

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- 1 peg awl.
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- 1 pkg. clinch nails, ¾ in.
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- 4 pairs heel plates, assorted sizes.
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- 1 copy directions for half-soling, etc.
- 1 copy directions for soldering.

Price, complete, per set, \$0.98.

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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

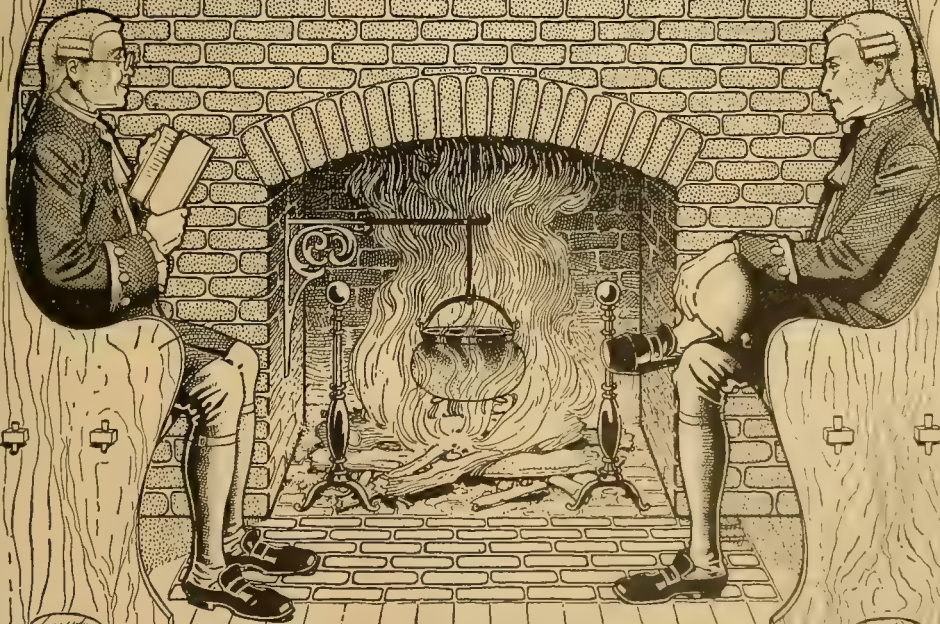
### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

THE STRUCTURE BEAUTIFUL.—Martha B. Shick.

GRANDMA'S MISSION.—Ida M. Helm.

IMMORTALITY.—J. G. Figley.

THE FATE OF THE INDIAN.—William R. Kindig.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 17, 1906

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No. 29. Vol. VIII



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**CHEAP RATES**

(To Sterling Colorado.)

**South Platte Valley**

**AND RETURN**

**First and Third Tuesdays  
Every Month**

Proportionate rates from all points  
East.

You can

**STOP OFF**

North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar  
Factories.

**WHY RAISE CORN**

in the East on land worth from \$75.00  
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only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

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SUGAR BEETS**

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on land equally as good that you can  
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for which crop you will receive from  
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**THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,**

as farmers in the South Platte Valley  
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five years that it is more profitable to  
raise sugar beets than any other farm  
crop, and

**THERE ARE SEVEN BEET SUGAR  
FACTORIES IN THE  
SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado,  
which are owned and operated by  
parties who made their money in the  
manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts  
are now out for

**TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
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to be owned by the same parties.  
Farmers can do most of the labor  
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except during the thinning season,  
and the sugar factories are always  
willing and glad to furnish additional  
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Write for

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**Cheap  
Excursion**

TO

**Butte Valley, Cal.,**

**Tuesday, August 14**



**ELDER D. C. CAMPBELL**

AND A NUMBER OF

**LAND BUYERS**

WHO HAVE BOUGHT IN

**BUTTE VALLEY,  
CALIFORNIA**

INVITE OTHERS TO JOIN

**EXCURSION**

Leaving

Chicago, .....	11 P. M., Aug. 14
Kansas City, .....	10 A. M., Aug. 15
Omaha, .....	4:25 P. M., Aug. 15

Trains will be consolidated at Cheyenne.

**Buy tickets to San Francisco reading  
out over Union Pacific and  
Southern Pacific, returning over any  
line you choose.**

For rates and other information  
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**Union Pacific Railroad**

**OMAHA, NEB.**

Who will accompany the excursion  
through to California.

NEW descriptive printed matter  
FREE. "Write for it."

# THE CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Will **furnish** round trip **tickets** from SACRAMENTO to BUTTE VALLEY and return to all parties holding excursion tickets to San Francisco on Eld. D. C. Campbell's excursion leaving Chicago Aug. 14, 11:00 P. M., over the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific R R., on arrival at Sacramento

The following quotation is from a letter written by Mr. Mark D. Early to a friend in the East: "J. B. Shellenberger and wife went to Butte Valley last Thursday night and came back to-day. You ought to hear their report; he is taken away with the prospects of things up there. He told me to-day, that he had never seen timber before, although he thought he had. He also said that it was the finest soil and country he had ever seen, and all that he had been told about the Valley was true and more too. His wife could not get over the fine water there is up there. Mr. Shellenberger says there is no doubt but what the land will all be sold within the next six months. The only thing wrong with the Valley is that it is not big enough, there being only a little over 33,000 acres for sale."

"Mr. Chris Rowland, of Lanark, Ill., was with the Shellenberger party. He bought forty acres of the raw land and is figuring on buying 2,500 acres improved ranch, and is very enthusiastic about the Valley."

J. P. MASSIE,  
President and Gen. Manager,  
California Butte Valley Land Co. San Francisco, Cal.

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Our New Sunday  
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For Sunday Schools and Chris-  
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Author of Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 and Brethren Hymnal.

This new volume embrace selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

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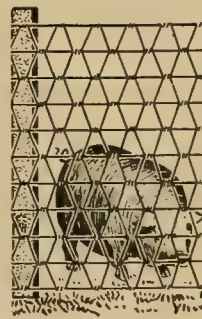
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

JULY 17, 1906.

No. 29.

## THE GLORY OF A DAY.

D. D. THOMAS.

**G**OOD-BYE, sweet day, thy light is over,  
Thy thoughts and acts are passed away.  
The memory of thy glory cover  
The taints of darkness of the day.  
Good-bye, sweet day, I hear the robin,  
As on the topmost limb he sings,  
His perch leaf-winged is gently nodding,  
As to the smooth gray twig he clings.  
Good-bye, sweet day, the little children  
Are laughing, romping on the lawn,  
The fading light their hearts is filling  
With joy of hope for God's new morn.  
Good-bye, sweet day, the woodland stretcheth  
Its shade unto the eastern gates,  
And waits until the new sun fetcheth  
The light that all our joy creates.  
Good-bye, sweet day, thy toil is over,  
Thy tears and sorrows all agone;  
No moment of thy time recover,  
Thou standest for thyself alone.  
Good-bye, sweet day, I fain would leave thee,  
Since thou hast brought so much to me;  
I would not give a look to grieve thee,  
For thou hadst much of God to see.  
Good-bye, sweet day, thou art suggestive  
Of heaven's day so full of light,  
Though surely heaven will dim thy luster;  
When we have "bid the world good-night."  
Good-bye, sweet day, when over yonder,  
The angel choir with joy I hear,  
I'll think of thee for aye asunder  
Wherein I never dropped a tear.  
Good-bye, sweet day, thy light is over,  
The night birds sing on field, in sky.  
How blest! how blest, so much to cover  
My former sins! Good-bye, good-bye.

Harrod, Ohio.

✽ ✽ ✽

## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*The only answer to the soul is that of heaven.*

✽

*Big words are not as well remembered as kind ones.*

*Concentration asks little room and furnishes much strength.*

✽

*Ostentation shows a lack of merit: gems display not themselves.*

✽

*In the heat of life's trials pretension must wilt; pluck it up in the morning of youth.*

✽

*The quicksands of ingratitude engulf a world of blessings, but give nothing back.*

✽

*Innocence is not ignorance, but dirt doesn't adhere to its knowledge no more than to sunlight.*

✽

*Fire must be kindled by fire: you must serve warm, that upon which you would warm your audience.*

✽

*No root within itself and but a span, 'tis passing strange that in the life of man, can flourish pride.*

✽

*A human being dependent upon God,—independent of him, is a living absurdity,—a paradox, but true.*

✽

*By Folly, the scant means of poverty are spent for silks in which to hide,—by Wisdom, for food whereby to grow.*

✽

*Integrity may be strict, power strong, wealth abundant, and philosophy wise, but all together do not compose salvation.*

✽

*You would not stoop to give offense, why stoop to take it,—why be belittled by it at all? Better be above it altogether, and pass it unnoticed.*

✽

*By taking precaution to prove his infidelity final, Ingersol proved the scriptural statement true that "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie" who have "received not the love of the truth that they might be saved."*

Flora, Indiana.



## The Structure Beautiful

Martha B. Shick



Do you see that large white building yonder? Its walls are built of immense blocks of granite, a great number of marble steps lead to its entrance, and, glittering in the sunlight, is the golden-covered dome pointing toward heaven. What a magnificent structure it is! But let us enter, walk through the long halls, climb the marble stairs, lean against the great marble pillars and view the works of art on every hand—the beautiful carvings and paintings—and no words can express our admiration for that edifice—one of the grandest buildings in the world—the Congressional Library. But let us approach it after the shades of night have darkened the earth, when the whole building is lighted as by thousands of diamonds, and we are almost lost in admiration of the wonderful brilliancy and surpassing beauty of this grand structure. While we stand gazing at all these wonders, almost charmed by their grandeur, we are made to think, “If the works of man’s hands can so enrapture us, what must be the charms and glories of heaven!”

This grand edifice was not built in a day, or week, or month or year, but it took weeks and months of hard, unceasing toil, the laying of one stone in its place, the adding of another and another and another until the topmost point of the dome was reached. It required chiseling, fitting and refitting, carving and polishing before the archways, columns, walls, ceilings and floors were pronounced completed. It required months and years of earnest, patient endeavor to secure everything which has been used in the construction of this majestic building.

Large, substantial, beautiful structures are not built in a day, neither can we in a day, or week, or month or year develop a good, healthy, strong, beautiful character, the most magnificent of all structures. It requires of each of us a lifetime. Just as the Library was constructed by placing one stone upon another until the whole edifice was completed, so are we building our characters day by day by every act we perform and every thought which we entertain. “The shaping of our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame—as we ourselves make it.” It is ours to choose the stones for the foundation of this structure, the granite for its walls, the marble for its floors, the trimmings, carvings and various ornamentations. We are to decide how brilliantly it shall be lighted. The Architect has drawn the plans and left them in our hands. He has told us to choose only the best material for this edifice. If we follow his instructions explicitly the structure, when completed, will be perfect, a thing of beauty, and will be

substantial enough to withstand the storms of all the ages to come without the least sign of molestation.

All of us are admirers of beautiful houses, and yet, how much greater is our admiration of a beautiful face. We often hear the remark, “Beauty is only skin deep,” but one of our noted writers says, “Tell me how deep the soul-depths are, and I will tell you how deep beauty is.” Real beauty is not measured by the complexion, the color of hair and eyes, the height, weight or attire, but it is measured by the number of good qualities which have so become a part of our lives that their imprints are stamped upon our very countenance. Well-formed features need not boast of beauty, for a person may have been given the most perfect features, but when distorted a few times by some unruly passion in an ungarded moment, it is written by nature upon the countenance. Youth need not feel puffed up over her beauty, for have you not noticed many an old grandfather and grandmother with silvery locks, wrinkled face and hands and tottering footsteps whose serene and beaming countenance was far more beautiful than would be possible for any boy or girl of sixteen or seventeen to possess? It is because they have chosen the best marble for their structure, and through all these years have been polishing, polishing, polishing until now, the building is almost complete. It will soon be pronounced perfect by those who behold its grandeur, and by the Great Architect himself.

This grand edifice should be commenced in youth; but if it is neglected early in life, it is not too late to begin in old age. However, the great difference lies in the fact that if begun in youth the building can be made so much larger, grander and majestic.

Since we are made beautiful from within out, or from what the soul writes upon the face, the only foundation worth choosing for our character is the most solid rock—Jesus Christ.

There are numberless kinds of rocks from which to choose. Each day some new kind is pointed out to us, and we are urged to try placing this or that block in our building to-day, another kind to-morrow, and are told they will be found to possess qualities just as lasting and be as beautiful in appearance as some of the old-fashioned rocks that have been used for so many years already that everyone is tired looking at them. The wise person chooses marble which he knows will stand the test.

Do you want to be a man,—one who with a peaceful boldness can look the whole world in the face, and be loved by everyone? Be truthful. Be as good as your word. Our race has a constitutional hatred for lies and liars. There is something quite repulsive

about a person who deals in the untruth. *A lie is always wrong.* There is no circumstance which would justify the telling of a falsehood. Man does not always tell the untruth by speech. He can lie by his conduct as well. How many have made a failure of life because of the lack of this one solid rock in their character! Be true!

To be useful in life, we must have decision of character. We may possess all other brilliant qualities, but they become useless when not sustained by force of character. All kinds of influences are at work to break down character. We should strive to know the right, and then follow it closely and not be "tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine." Many an otherwise good soul has been shipwrecked just because he did not take a firm stand for the right, and against the wrong.

Although the character should possess this quality of decision, it should not be sharp and severe. To decision should be added tenderness, gentleness, esteeming others better than one's self. It is not a sign of weakness to be tender and gentle. It is a sign of the greatest strength. Our aim should not be to usurp authority over those about us just because it is within our power. It is not enough to be a man. Each should be a gentleman, a gentlewoman.

One of the most brilliant characteristics of a good man or woman is *purity*. Nature stamps this quality upon the countenance more quickly than any other. The world is full of contaminating things, and the only way by which we can keep ourselves unspotted is by having pure thoughts. The face is the index to the mind, and tells the world what is written therein, even if we do not speak, but the words we utter are first entertained in the mind. To have a truly perfect character the thoughts should be so pure that they could be uttered to one person as well as to another. Many of our so-called witty persons might improve

along this line. To illustrate: Clinton B. Fisk was staying with General Grant one day, when a Major-General in full uniform appeared. He said, "Boys, I have a good story to tell you. There are no ladies present." The General replied, "No, but there are gentlemen present." May our boys always remember that there is a gentleman present, and our girls that a lady is present. He that is able to cleanse us from every spot can keep us so, and can give us so many good, inspiring thoughts that there will be no room for the wicked.

Many other beautiful blocks of marble should be placed in these structures of ours each day—kindness, sociability, contentment, a joyous and happy disposition, charity, unselfishness, sincerity and moral courage.

This is a grand age in which to live—to build characters. It is an age of action. Everyone is moving at a rapid pace. He who is able to maintain a beautiful character while running so rapidly through this world has the opportunity of doing an untold amount of good, because everyone with whom he comes in contact is influenced by his character, also many whom he never meets. Every time his influence is for good, new charms are added to his already fine structure.

A recent writer says, "The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, and virtue and on God is most unfaltering."

May the thoughts, words and actions of each member of the INGLENOOK family be such that it will be said of him, "He has completed the 'structure beautiful.'"

*Waterloo, Iowa.*

## Grandma's Mission

Ida M. Helm

### Chapter I.



LUKE called from the yard gate, "Be ready as soon as you can in the morning, Grandma; Joe wants to start early so he can come back in the afternoon."

"All right," answered she from the doorway, and she watched him as he hurried up the road on his bicycle. Then she put on her sunbonnet and went out into the garden. She walked along its flower-bordered paths, now and then stooping to pull a weed that had started to grow among the thrifty flower stalks.

She soliloquized, "Every one of those flowers I helped to plant with my own hands. Aunt Sarah gave

me that yellow lily plant just four weeks before she died; Polly and I planted those tulips and hollyhocks when she was a little girl, and these lilies-of-the-valley," her lips quivered as she said it, "Philip always liked them so much. The first year we were married he and I drove over to Betsy Shade's one evening and got the roots and we came out here together and planted them by moonlight." She picked a bunch of the sweet-scented flowers and as she lifted them to her face two large tears dropped on the delicate bells. "One year ago," she continued, "when he lay sick in bed they were blooming and I picked some and gave them to him and they were lying on his breast when he kissed me and said, 'Good-bye, dear one, I will wait



at heaven's gate for you.' I must leave in the morning and I will never see them bloom again."

She turned and started along the familiar path and on past a row of sweet cherry trees, then through the apple orchard. At the top of a little knoll she stopped and looked around. "Yonder," she said, "is the stream where me and Philip went one day forty-seven years ago and Elder Lowell baptized us in its clear water. There is the meetinghouse where we always went on Sundays to worship God and that tall white stone with a Bible carved in the marble marks the place where Philip's resting. I'd wish, if it wasn't wicked, that I was lying beside him."

The lowing of old Brindle drew her attention toward the barnyard. "It was kind of Calvin," she thought, "to order that nothing be taken away till after I start in the morning." As she walked up to the gate Brindle put her head over the bars for the well-known pat of Grandma's gentle hand. "Dear old Brindle," she said, while the tears dropped on her trembling hands, "six years you've lived on our farm, but to-night you will give me a pail of sweet new milk for the last time. In the morning I must go to live in a strange place; they say I'm too feeble to live here alone."

It seemed to her that every tree and every nook held a fond memory that bound her closer to the dear old home and she lingered about the places around which so many sacred recollections clung of happy days gone by till twilight spread her mantle over the earth then deepened into night and one by one the stars came gliding into view and all nature seemed wrapped in slumber. And as she went slowly back to the house her heart filled with sorrow. Suddenly a nightingale began to fill the air with sweet, glad notes as if it longed to soothe her in her grief. She sat down on the doorstep and listened as the beautiful strains were wafted to her ears and ascended to the skies. Then she said, "The nightingale's beautiful songs ascend to the Creator in the dark hours of night and here I am lamenting because a shadow has crossed my pathway and he has promised, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" She bowed her head and murmured, "Dear Lord, thy will be done."

She went into the house and lighted the lamp and as she picked up her Bible she said, "Maybe God's sending me on a mission to Bloomington and here I've been feeling rebellious like Jonah did when God wanted him to go to Nineveh and preach. His ways are past finding out and I am going to obediently follow wherever he leads." She read the twenty-third psalm. "'The Lord is my shepherd.' He is a good Shepherd and loves his sheep. I will follow him for he knows the way," said she, and she read on while her trembling fingers followed the lines. "'Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me.' I know he will keep me safe though the shadows be ever so deep," she con-

tinued and when she came to the line, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever," she closed the Bible and said, "I *must* do the work that he has for me to do and he will keep me safe forever."

Then she knelt by her bedside and offered herself anew to the service of her King, and lying down on her bed with the stars looking in at her window and the benediction of God resting upon her, she slept till the stars had one by one hidden their small faces behind the sun's bright rays and a lark outside her window awakened her with its song.

She opened her eyes and said, "I must be ready when Joe comes," and she hastily arose and when she had finished her toilet, opened her soul to God, and eaten her breakfast, she began to prepare for the journey.

"I'm glad Caroline likes cats," she said, "and I may take Fluffy along. She would just pine away and someone might ill-use her if I would leave her here. The girls said I must not take this bonnet along for it's so queer. I won't take Philip's hat either, for the girls *might* burn it, so I'll just lay the bonnet and hat on the shelf together and leave them." The tears coursed like raindrops over her cheeks as she said, "Philip was always loving and kind and we were so happy together. If I could have died when he did—but God knows what's best for us."

"Are you ready?" Grandma looked up and saw Joe Harnley standing in the doorway anxious to start. The few pieces of furniture that had met the approval of Polly Newell were soon loaded on the wagon and Mrs. Leslie, seated in her cushioned rocker which was propped with a stick of wood behind the rockers, was soon on her way to her new home. She could not help wishing that David and Betsy Shade were moving to Bloomington too, they were the only people still living with whom she had associated in her young days. Through all the years of their lives they had continued firm friends. They attended the same church and if either was absent from services she was sadly missed by the other and the lengthening shadows of life's evening time but strengthened the tie of friendship, and it was hard for them to part.

Grandma closed her eyes and in imagination she wandered back to long gone days. They passed by orchards white with blossoms, clear streams of sparkling water, beautiful country farmhouses and barns, and happy little children playing by the roadside, but she did not notice the happy children nor the beautiful scenery through which they were passing. She was living over again the dear, happy days when Philip's strong arm protected her, and not till the wagon stopped before a large and beautiful house did she realize how far they had traveled and that the journey was ended. Again she murmured, "Dear Lord, thy will be done."

Ashland, Ohio. (To be continued.)

# IMMORTALITY

J. G. FIGLEY,  
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- V. The Soul and Spirit.
- VI. Concluding Remarks.

## V.

### The Soul and Spirit.



PHILOSOPHER believing in the inhabitability of other worlds than ours says: "There are other worlds in space which are of such advanced condition that the inhabitants do not die as they do on earth. Their bodies are very refined and are gradually eliminated by the spirit, and thus

physical death is not at all known or noticed, being brought about by slow degrees or gradations. May not this have been the condition of the inhabitants of Eden before the temptation? These people know and comprehend all things that *are* knowable, and, furthermore, always were souls and spirits with full mental faculties. They never were created—they always *were*. They lived in an atmosphere that drew to them their *spirit* bodies from the elements, and then their physical bodies afterward. They never had any use for the sexual function, although sexed, being of too high a degree of spirituality.

"In contrast, the people of earth and some other worlds are of a low degree of spirituality and cannot attain to the high elevation of these Deions who can comprehend the primary growth of the spirit or soul-germ. Souls are electric sparks of intelligence floating in the sea of Infinity. Souls are intelligence individualized. A spirit is only a covering, an outer reflex, donned or doffed at will by the soul, which is a *winged globe*! Existence, as man sees it, is only a phantasm. The life of man on earth is only a moment in comparison with his life in the Soul-World. Souls know all things in the ultimate, but when hedged in with matter (the body) they cannot know all things even in the proximate. Each world completes its world-cycle and is re-formed into new conditions and as a sequence every living thing connected with it starts on *another* lease of life along with it."

I premise that souls *are* electric in their nature, that they may in an untrammelled condition be *winged*! And what is electricity? As near as I can understand it, I take it to be the life-force or principle of existence, endowed with intelligence; or at least is a mysterious force, magnetic in nature, gifted with many startling

faculties and capable of performing singly and alone or instrumentally and by guidance, various intricate and seemingly impossible things.

Souls and spirits really are two separate and distinct things and with the physical body form the mysterious trinity of three in one, and may be compared with the Holy Trinity, thus: The Father is the soul, the Son is the body, and the Holy Spirit is the spirit. The soul is really a spark of the Infinite, from the forge of the great Workshop that never is closed. The spirit is the covering which the soul puts on in entering individual existence in a flesh body, and ramifies to every part of the body through the network of nerves.

A spirit may become diseased by the very act of the vital fluid coursing through the nerve channels becoming diseased. This silvery-white fluid may be sluggish or rapid in its action as well as the blood in the veins, and then paralysis ensues which is only a living death, and the spirit of the deadened or paralyzed member is folded up and lies dormant till either the diseased part recovers or the body dies. This accounts for the fact that many persons with amputated limbs suffer pains *where the limb was*, and cannot understand why it is that a toe should ache or a hand be cramped when no toe or hand is there. It seems then that this is a clear case of two bodies, a physical and a spiritual, or, as Paul said, "a terrestrial body and a celestial body."

The soul receives a distinct individuality from the parents of its physical body, thus heredity and environments have much to do with the possibilities of every human soul. The French philosopher, Galton, after an exhaustive study of the matter decides that this bodily individuality derives one-half of its peculiarities and traits from its parents; one-half of the remainder from its grandparents; one-half the remainder from its great-grandparents; and so on back to the starting point of all. Ativism naturally falls under the same head in determining the physical features of the person. How true then the biblical exposition, "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Num. 14: 18.

Bryan, Ohio.

(To be continued.)





## Restraining the Yellow River



RIGHTLY to understand these three photos, the following facts must be kept in mind:

The bed of that section of the Yellow River that flows through the province of Shan-tung is higher than the general level of the surrounding country. The water is kept in its course by means of high and thick earthen banks. There are two banks on either

serious affair, and may extend a mile or more in length. Many of our readers will remember the disastrous floods in 1898, and the widespread famine and distress which followed it. When such an accident happens, the Chinese officials wait until the wet season is past and the water considerably lessened, when they impress thousands of men for the purpose of carrying earth, etc., which is thrown into the breach.



Chinese Coolies Making up the Banks of the Yellow River.

side—one, called the inner; the other the outer bank.

During the wet season the water rises, and the river becomes, as the Chinese say, full, *i. e.*, the water overflows the inner banks, and rises to the top of the outer. At such times there is great risk of the outer banks giving way, and thus letting the water rush over the country, instead of conducting it to the sea.

A break in the bank of the Yellow River is a very

This earth is brought in wheelbarrows or carried in baskets suspended one on each end of a pole, which is carried on the shoulders of the laborers. Photo No. 1 shows the men thus engaged.

The work of filling up the breach is generally begun at each end of the breakage simultaneously, and carried on until the two ends of the new bank are separated by only a small space. Photo No. 2 shows



The Last Gap to be Filled in the Bank of the Yellow River.

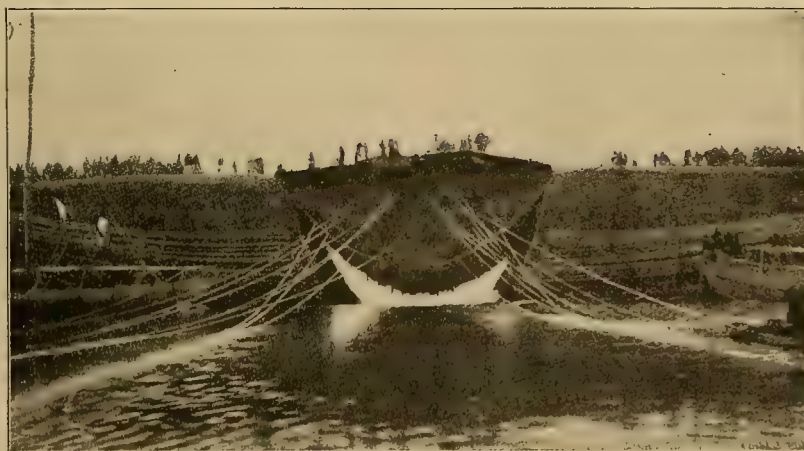
the two ends of the new bank and the space separating them.

The water has now only a small aperture through which to escape, and it rushes through with tremendous force. Photo No. 3 shows how the filling up of the aperture is effected.

A raft of bamboo poles has been constructed, as

men on either side of the bank are able to some extent to guide it in its downward course.

The Yellow River has been very quiet for over three years, which is a great boon to the people of this province and the Province of Chihli. The great Viceroy, Yuan Shih Kai, has recently memorialized the throne on the subject, and has had ten large-sized Tibetan incense sticks sent by an official of the rank of



Dropping in the Plug of Earth in the Bank of the Yellow River.

wide as the top of the bank, and reaches from one side of the aperture to the other. A great quantity of earth has been thrown upon the raft, and rammed solid. The raft has begun to bend, and the whole, like a big plug, is slipping down. In this way the aperture will be filled. Photo No. 3 shows the plug in the act of descending. While the plug was being made, ropes were carried through by means of which

T'ao't'ai, to be offered as a thank-offering on the altars of the River god.

Those who act thus are supposed to be enlightened. How sad it is that the thanks are not directed to the loving and true God, and active efforts made by rational means to prevent these awful and devastating floods, which have been the scourge and terror of the country for centuries.—*The Missionary Herald*.

## Harrod's Laddie

Oma Karn

### Chapter III.

HERE is Homer?"



Annie Harrod, down in the depths of the cool spring house one hot August morning, looked up inquiringly at this somewhat abrupt question. Laddie stood in the doorway, his face pale, his features working with emotion, and an air of suppressed excitement about him. Annie's black eyes snapped. Laddie was not accustomed to asking the whereabouts of the son of the house in such a peremptory manner. "What d'ye want with him?" she asked with all her old-time sharpness.

"To come and help move Father Harrod into the house. I found him lying on the barnfloor and oh,

my more than father, he's dead, he's dead!" were the words that came in a wail of agony from the boy's lips and froze Annie to the spot in helpless terror.

But Hiram Harrod was not dead, and after many days of anxious watching he came slowly back to life. Life? Yes,—the spark was there, but that was all. Never more would his sturdy, broad-shouldered figure be seen abroad in his fields; never more would the cattle on the surrounding hills respond to his kindly call; never more would the homes of poverty and sorrow be lighted by his cheery presence. Paralysis has threatened him before and now it has overtaken, and he is as helpless and dependent upon those about him, as was the helpless baby that he took from the dead mother's arms many years before.



Kind hands and loving hearts find their greatest joy in ministering to his wants. Annie Harrod realizes at last that she has greatly wronged and often made unhappy, this noble, trusting, unselfish life that has walked so patiently at her side, and with bleeding heart, and tender care, she seeks to make amends for the past. And then one day Hiram Harrod, his speaking eyes full of love and trust, yielded up the remnant of his earthly life, and went to the Master he had so faithfully served. At the very last the long silent lips moved, and as they bent above him to catch the faint sound, they caught the word, "Homer."

The years came and went. Annie Harrod's snapping, black eyes have long ago lost their old-time fire, and in their place is a look of unutterable sadness, and unutterable regret mingled together; the spirit of a broken-hearted mother telling its voiceless woe. Woman's crown of glory still surmounts her head, but it is no longer black; sorrow, not age, has touched it until it is as white as snow.

For Annie knows everything now; all that the husband and Laddie had so pitily tried to keep from her. On that August day when she had helped to carry her apparently dying husband into the house, from which he had so recently passed out in the prime of manly strength, a deeper sorrow than that of death had pierced her heart. Tightly clutched in Hiram's hand when he fell was a letter—a letter from the president of the college where Homer had been attending school,—telling the son that the forgery he had committed had just been discovered. "Make it right or suffer the penalty of a common thief," were the words that caused Hiram's brain to reel as their full significance dawned upon him. Written on the margin in Homer's handwriting were the weak words, "I've skipped," contemptible, unmanly words, that caused a still sharper pang at his heart and sent the noble, God-fearing father crashing to the ground.

And Annie knows now, too, that when Laddie had stolen away to the Wayside Rest, it was not to come staggering back under the result of his own sin, but

under the drunken form of her own petted, indulged boy, and down in her heart is the never-ceasing cry, "My own hand planted the seeds of self-will and indulgence in his heart."

It is Laddie,—now a splendid type of young manhood, that has strengthened and sustained her through these years of bitter sorrow. Laddie who willingly and cheerfully gave up all thoughts of finishing his education, and the prospects of a bright career, to remain at the home that had so long sheltered him, that he might care for those helpless ones, and return to them some of the loving care that had raised him from pauperism to useful manhood. It was he, who, when the farm was sold, and the savings of years given up, that Homer's name might be cleared as much as possible of the stain he had brought upon it, provided the broken-hearted mother with a comfortable home. It was he, who sought out Homer in his hiding place, and tried to win him back to a life of honor. It was the son of Joe Somers, the convict, that by his unswerving loyalty to duty and his straightforward, honest, Christian character, has risen step by step until people look upon him as something unusual.

But deep down in Laddie's heart is an inner recess to which no one but himself and his God has ever penetrated. Could we but draw back the curtain that hides it and know its secrets we would pay him the deference accorded only to heroes. For it could tell of mighty battles fought to overcome the tendency to follow in the father's sin; of times of agony when he grappled with the fiery demon that had first lured the father on to ruin; of times when he fled from the sight of the intoxicating cup, as if pursued by a legion of fiends. Thrice blessed are the souls that have contended against such obstacles, and won such victories. With the searchlight of God's Word in their hearts, the only light that can search out and cleanse the vilest corners, they go from victory to victory, from strength to strength, strengthened and sustained by him who says, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

*Covington, Ohio.*

## The Fate of the Indian

William R. Kindig



NOT many years ago, on the ground where we now stand, lived and loved another race. The deer bounded fearlessly through the forest; the nightingale and whip-poor-will sang their melody, and the buffaloes peacefully grazed on the vast prairies. Here in his rude tepee lived and reigned the Indian hunter. No tent rose but what was open to the homeless stranger. All shared the same lot, endured the same hardship, partook of the same food and were arrayed in the same rude garments.

But another movement was on foot. Across the restless Atlantic a white-winged ship bore the seed of another race, a race destined to change the history of the continent. As a great navigator from youth, Columbus conceived the idea that he would seek the Indies. But many years went by, and many a hardship had to be borne, and many an insult patiently endured in poverty and distress.

In the year 1492, when his three ships were equipped with sufficient men and food, he sailed from the port of Palos in Spain. Week after week they sailed upon

waters utterly unknown to them, which could be named the sea of darkness. While his sailors grew discouraged, wept, wailed and loudly bemoaned their fate, they rose against Columbus in order to force him to return; but his conception of discovering the Indies caused him to calm their fears and push steadily westward, until they were made to rejoice by seeing a flock of land birds hovering about. Soon they saw a dim light of the natives moving from hut to hut. Then the dawn of morning appeared. The sun spread its glorious light over the land which the sailors had never viewed.

Oct. 12, 1492, Columbus raised a huge cross and took possession of the country in the name of those who so kindly supplied him with ships and men. This exploration caused others to follow who soon became settlers. At this time America was inhabited by a warlike race known as Indians. They were revengeful and cruel beyond description, but regarded the earlier settlers, especially the Frenchmen, as their friends. The Frenchmen were noted for their shrewd way of gaining friends with these hostile tribes. They expected to win them over to civilization and Christianity.

As the days and months passed by the settlers became lovers of the native's habits and dress, and soon there was little distinction between them. Even though they were uncivilized they realized that this new race of people were intruding upon their rights. Then began the horrible massacres one after another. The Indian was never so happy as when he could arouse his sleeping victims with his war cry and massacre them by the lights of their burning homes. The English came year by year, and intruded upon the Indians' land, driving them from the hunting grounds which they had so long held as a place in which they were free to tramp from early morn until eve. The little tent in which they lived and loved must now be moved westward, as the race was compelled, by the point of the Englishman's gun, to flee with his bow and arrow.

The white man continued to increase his territory westward, regardless of wrong or right. Soon the wild forest, which, for so many years stood peacefully, was now converted into a park. The prairie which had so long been grazed by the buffalo, and robed in its coat of sod, became a field of waving grain. The rivers that flowed so peacefully through the forests, lined with Indian's canoes, soon became the means of

traffic between villages and towns that occupied places which stood in solitude a few years before.

But where are the red men? What has been their destiny? Their land was taken, they have been driven from place to place and hunted like beasts of the forest. Because of their ignorance they have been driven to the plains and from plains to swamps.

Each year the valleys of the United States were settled. This caused less and less to be reserved for the red man. More and more was taken by the white man and at last the fleeting race was assigned small reservations. His buffaloes were killed; his hunting fields were cultivated; his fishing grounds were no longer occupied by him. To them these reservations were as prisons. Here they lived as hunters and traders, without any progress towards civilization or Christianity. The schools offered them no entrance, the chapel welcomed them not. There could be nothing expected of them, except to grow deeper and deeper in degradation. Year after year this number became less, it required less territory for the decreasing race, until now there are but few reservations in existence. Gradually the red man is disappearing from the face of the earth.

It is true this country would still consist of a vast wilderness, occupied by an uncivilized race had not the Anglo-Saxon placed his foot on America's shores. But does this justify us in our past treatment of that ignorant race? Should not his rights have been regarded? We should treat the Indian as other men; he has within him a soul as true and noble as any white. Why should we not rid ourselves of the prejudice that exists between the white and red men? We should give him justice and liberty. Let him use his intelligence and he will become an aid to his own people and to our nation. He is still held within the walls of the reservations, but our government has realized the necessity of raising the remains of this race from a degraded life, by helping them to an education—the strongest factor of civilization.

Our past treatment of the Indian is ir retrievable, but let us, as citizens of a great nation, consider him as a fellow-citizen, and the bonds of ignorance will be broken, and he will see the light of a better day,—a day when our "Flag of Liberty" will wave with its true meaning over the Indian's cottage as it now does over the white man's mansion.

*Leveistown, Minn.*





## The Way Criminals are Made



IN order to have fewer criminals we must quit making criminals. The way we treat our criminals from the time they are arrested until the time they are discharged from custody, as a rule converts petty criminals into real criminals. When a man has committed a petty offense, if he were managed right, his first correction would probably be his reformation.

No one who has had any experience with our police courts, city prisons, county jails, justice's courts and criminal courts generally, can deny that there is much ground for complaint for every criminal who passes through these experiences.

First, the manner of their arrest. The ordinary policeman makes a savage and brutal arrest. His manner is overbearing and threatening; and sometimes even cruel. The use of his club is a common occurrence. The use of brutal language is a still more common occurrence.

To treat the man arrested as though he were already a criminal is almost universal. He is then hauled up before the turnkey of the city prison. There he is searched, and whatever he possesses is taken from him. The manner in which this is done often arouses the fury of the victim, if he has any spirit left at all. He is then put in a cell. All intercourse with the outer world is denied him, as a rule. He has no chance to send out for witnesses, or a lawyer, if he is able to pay one.

After a day or two he is dragged before the police court by the police officer. There he finds every man opposed to him. The prosecuting attorney, of course, is opposed to him. It is the prosecuting attorney's function to convict all criminals that are brought before him.

The policeman that made the arrest is opposed to him. Even the judge finds it much easier to be opposed to the prisoner than to be just to him. Should the judge discharge the prisoner as being not guilty of the offense for which he is arrested, he will offend the policeman. Such a decision on the part of the judge endangers the policeman and renders him liable to a suit for damages for false arrest.

Each policeman has been required to give a bondsman for the proper performance of his duty. Should the policeman be sued for having made a false arrest, his bondsman is liable to have to pay whatever fine may be assessed. Thus it is, that when a policeman makes an arrest it is very important that the man arrested should be convicted, and the police judge knows this full well, and is naturally inclined to justify the policeman, if he can, rather than the man arrested.

After his trial, which is usually a very short one,

at which he is not allowed to say much, in which many times no witnesses have been called in his defense, he receives a sentence—a fine or imprisonment. This performance convinces the prisoner that he has not had a fair trial. He may have been guilty of many crimes, or he may be even guilty of the crime for which he has been tried; but he knows he has had a slipshod trial; that he has not been justly dealt with; that the evidence has been imperfect, if not false, and that he would not have been treated in such a manner if he had been a man of money or influence.

This hardens his heart, fills him with revenge, and he only awaits the time when he is at liberty again to attempt to avenge himself on society.

When he is tried he may not be, at heart, a criminal at all. He may have simply made a mistake or done some hasty act, actuated by some unusual passion, or some sudden temptation. But having passed through a trial like this and endured an imprisonment on poor fare and hard labor, all the latent fury and revenge within him is aroused and he becomes an enemy to the civilization that has treated him in this manner. This is the way criminals are made. Most of our criminal courts are criminal manufacturers.

These men ought to be given a fair trial. They ought to be treated with consideration; every impression that their trial has been slipshod avoided. Men should not be given a hasty trial because they are poor. A man should not be denied the privileges of defense, because he is friendless. The state should provide for every man, who is charged with a crime, ample facilities for a fair trial. To convict a man of a crime when the man knows himself he is not guilty of the crime, will generally change a well-meaning man into a real criminal. If anything can make a criminal of a man, such a procedure will.

It is safe to say that three-fourths of the criminals that are undergoing imprisonment in this country, honestly believe that they have been unfairly treated. Some of them may be mistaken of course, but many of them are not. They know full well that money or influence would have given them a better chance to defend themselves; and, many of them believe that a fair trial would have proven their innocence.

To be put in prison under the faulty methods now in vogue so embitters the spirit of the convict that kind treatment in prison is futile. Missionary effort to soften his heart is without avail. The consciousness that he would not be there if he had been given decent consideration poisons his every thought and makes it impossible for anyone to do him any good.

First offense criminals are generally converted into second offense criminals by the arbitrary, careless, off-

hand legal machinery that has tried and convicted them.

The meanest citizen is entitled to a decent trial. He is entitled to all the defense that can be produced. He is entitled to an opportunity to give his version of the story. He is entitled to the services of a good lawyer, who will see to it that justice is done him.

It is a menace to a free country that any man should be falsely imprisoned, no matter how degraded he may be. Every man who is behind the bars to-day, unfairly convicted of crime, is not only a stigma upon our civilization, but a dangerous spirit to be let loose in the world.

There is no other thing which society can do that would be so effective in preventing crime, as to give each criminal a speedy but fair trial. There should be no delay between the commission of the act and the beginning of the trial. Prisoners should not be held in jail awaiting trial, but our machinery should be so arranged that his trial begins promptly after his arrest, giving the prisoner every chance to defend himself; but meting out swift punishment to those who are fairly convicted.

One trial should be the same as another trial. Neither money nor influence should be able to obtain for one man a trial that is not given to the lowest and meanest criminal.

If such a plan were in operation, it would lessen crime by one-half in a single year; and would make crime, especially among the lower classes, an exception, instead of a common occurrence.—*In Medical Talk.*



#### INFLUENCE OF THE CIGARETTE.

I LEAVE it to others to discuss the moral side of cigarette smoking. I denounce it simply because of its blighting, blasting effect upon one's success in life; because it draws off the energy, saps the vitality and force which ought to be made to tell in one's career; because it blunts the sensibilities and deadens the thinking faculties; because it kills the ambition and finer instincts, and the more delicate aspirations and perceptions; because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement.

The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind, as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, strange, undefined longings, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, in many, an almost irresistible inclination to crime. In fact, the moral depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something

frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards along all lines, are its general results.

A chemist not long since, took the tobacco used in an average cigarette and soaked it in several teaspoonfuls of water and then injected a portion of it under the skin of a cat. The cat almost immediately went into convulsions, and died in fifteen minutes. Dogs have been killed with a single drop of nicotine.

Cigarette smoking is no longer simply a moral question. The great business world has taken it up simply as a deadly enemy of advancement. Leading business firms all over the country have put the cigarette on the prohibited list. In Detroit alone, sixty-nine merchants have agreed not to employ the cigarette user. In Chicago, Montgomery Ward and Company, Hibbard, Spencer, and Bartlett, and some other large concerns have prohibited cigarette smoking among all employes under eighteen years of age. Marshall Field and Company, and the Morgan and Wright Tire Company have this rule: "No cigarettes can be smoked by our employes." One of the questions on the application blanks at Wannamaker's reads: "Do you use tobacco or cigarettes?"

The superintendent of the Lindell Street Railway, of St. Louis, says: "Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front of a motor as a man who drinks. In fact, he is more dangerous; his nerves are apt to give way at any moment. If I find a car running badly, I immediately begin to investigate to find if the man smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes, for good."

E. H. Harriman, head of the Union Pacific Railroad system, says that they "might as well go to a lunatic asylum for their employes as to hire cigarette smokers."

The New York, New Haven, and Hartford, the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, the Lehigh Valley, the Burlington, and many others of the leading railroad companies of this country have issued orders positively forbidding the use of cigarettes by employes while on duty.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.*



#### THE GREAT TUNNELS OF THE WORLD.

THE length in miles of the world's great tunnels is as follows:

Simplon, Alps, .....	12
St. Gothard, Alps, .....	9.25
Mont Cenis, Alps, .....	7.6
Arlberg, Austria, .....	6.38
Tequiquiac, Mexico, .....	6
Hoosac, Mass., .....	4.75
Severn, England, .....	4.35
Graveholz, Norway, .....	3.35
Trans-Andean, Andes, .....	3
Khojak, India, .....	2.5
Cascade, Mont., .....	2.4
Stampede, Wash., .....	1.8



## BEWARE OF—

STANDING in a railway station the other day, in the midst of the great crowds who were surging towards the exit gates, seeking to get first on board the train, my attention was called to a placard on one of the walls which read as follows: "Beware of pickpockets."

I couldn't help but reflect how thoughtful it was in someone to place that warning in so conspicuous a place, where so many people were likely to be careless about their purses. And I wondered if it would not be a good thing as we journey through life, if similar notices could be placed where everybody would see them, warning us of some other evils into company with which it is very unpleasant to fall.

While I was standing there thinking, a man stepped on the foot of a woman near me. In a moment she flushed with anger, and exclaimed, "Take care there, you awkward thing, you! You ought not to be allowed to come among decent people, if you do not know how to behave yourself better."

The person who had unintentionally offended her looked very much hurt, and after her harsh words I could see that he was in no mood to apologize, but rather he felt like making some angry retort.

Then I wondered if it would not be a good thing for people to carry about upon them when they went abroad, such signs as this: "Beware of an ugly temper!" If there was a law requiring it, I wonder how many people would escape the penalty!

When we got into the cars there was a great rush for the best seats. Women with bundles, men with valises, and little children, became sadly mixed up in the aisle all pushing forward for the best seat. A lady who had managed to crowd a few paces ahead of her party, took possession of two seats by laying her shawl strap in one and filling the other with her basket and herself. Later, when every seat was full, and some standing in the aisle, I noticed a man across the way with his luggage piled up on one end of the seat, reclining upon his elbow reading a novel, as though he was enjoying himself the best in the world, while tired people were standing all around him, wishing fervently for a chance to sit down and rest.

Then I thought to myself, Why would it not be a good thing if all those people who were disposed to grasp more than their share of the comforts and conveniences which belong to the public, were required to label themselves when they went into a crowd like this: "Beware of piggishness!" or, "Look out for the selfish man!" If such a thing were done, I wonder how many of us would some time or other have to wear that odious placard!—*J. F. Cowen, in Christian at Work.*



They went and told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell.

—Hood.

## THE SMALL FARM.

WE have an interesting little volume from the *South-eastern Cultivator*, entitled "Ten Acres Enough." It shows what an industrious, intelligent city man accomplished with ten acres of land in an eastern state.

He had set about to improve the soil; this was his first line of work. Manure was applied, crops were rotated and intensive methods of tillage practiced. Under this treatment the soil was markedly improved.

What crops to grow next received careful consideration. The farm was near a large city. For this reason small fruits and vegetables seemed the most profitable things to grow, as they could be sold in the city. Several high-class dairy cows were secured, and a model-like small dairy was operated.

The farm paid handsomely in dollars and satisfaction. It was not large enough to require a great deal of hired help; the owner was able to give affairs personal attention. His time was well occupied, but he was not a slave.

In a few years he found that ten acres was enough land for any farmer if intensive methods were practiced.

Owners of quarter and half-sections of course will not subscribe to this doctrine but hundreds of persons who do not own any land perhaps can be reasoned with on this basis.

We believe the time is coming when the small farm will be the rule; whether it will be owned by the man who works it or by a landlord with many tenants, as in Great Britain, we cannot say.

If men with small means will wake up to the opportunities now before them we believe that most of the small farms of the future will be owned by the men who work them. At any rate it is devoutly to be hoped that this will be the case. The more small farms we have under individual ownership, the safer will be our national welfare.

Thousands of salaried men in cities are grinding out hollow lives, who would go to the country if they could understand the possibilities of small farms. They have not the means to buy average-sized farms but probably could buy ten-acre tracts quite handily. They are gathering no moss as hirelings in the city, living from hand-to-mouth, in many cases, and have no future.

These are the persons who should give serious attention to the small farm proposition.

The man who owns ten acres of productive land and lives on and from it is 500 per cent better off than the city employé who may be receiving a comfortable salary. Most of the salaried men in cities live up to their incomes; many of them go beyond their incomes. With an increase in salary comes a corresponding increase in expense so that at the end of the year, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the cashier, or what not, finds himself in the same old rut as to finances.

These unfortunates have nothing laid up for the rainy days; they have no assurance that sickness will not overtake them; they are in an extremely precarious condition.

To these individuals *Farm and Stock* would offer this advice:

Save a few hundred dollars and buy a small farm. If you cannot pay down on it, pay what you can; interest is low.

Just as soon as you find a little farm to suit you, get a deed to it, move onto it, improve it, grow to it, love it, make it your kingdom, be your own master, dwell in peace and enjoy the fat of the land.

This is no utopian dream; what has been done can be repeated. It all depends on whether you have the courage, the independence, the basic manhood, to break away from your present position.

The man who says "I'm afraid I should fail" better not tackle the farm; the man who says, "I'm sure I should succeed" need have no misgivings.

It is not necessary to be a big landowner to be a happy, successful farmer.

If you will read the history of Holland the small-farm idea will take possession of you.—*Farm and Stock*.



#### YELLOWSTONE PARK CHANGING.

VOLCANIC activity has worked great changes in the wonders of Yellowstone Park since the eruption of Mount Vesuvius and the earthquake in San Francisco. The whole region is in a constant state of disturbance now, and a new map of its features must be made.

The first tourists of the season to pass through the park have just reached Cody and told of the changes. They say that the park and contiguous territory are constantly trembling. New springs are breaking out on all sides. Geysers that had been supposed to be extinct for hundreds of years have renewed their activity and are throwing hot water high in the air.

The old geysers have greatly increased their flow. Old Faithful, long known because it could be depended upon to hurl its stream in the air once every sixty-five minutes, is in an almost constant state of eruption. The Excelsior geyser, which has generally become active once in eight years, is also spouting, while the Giant, which throws its stream over 200 feet into the air, is going almost all the while.

The increased flow of water from these sources has been so great that the Yellowstone and Shoshone Rivers at their headwaters are almost filled to overflowing.

Some of the tourists were severely frightened by the evidences they saw of volcanic activity and were glad to get out of the park. They reported that almost all the wild animals had forsaken it since the disturbances began, seeking forest shelter.—*The Search-Light*.

#### INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

A PAINTER once wanted a picture of Innocence, and drew a likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother, the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheeks spoke of health, and his blue eyes were upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter and hung upon his study wall, and he called it Innocence. Years passed away and the painter became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart—the picture of guilt, but he had not found opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring jail. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eyes, vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably and the portrait of young Rupert and old Randall were hung side by side, for Innocence and Guilt. But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one! Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and disgraceful dungeon.—*Labor of Love*.



#### PAPER BULLETS.

It is well known that a candle can be shot through a board from a shotgun. Following up this idea some experiments with bullets made of tallok, paper and other soft materials have recently been had in Europe. It was found that the softer bullets actually did more destruction, at short ranges, than a lead missile. A paper wad bullet passing through six pieces of tin placed at a distance of a foot apart buckled them up so as to be of no further use, whereas a metal bullet merely left a small round hole and in no way disfigured the tin.



AN arrest of five alleged anarchists was made recently at Urville, Lorraine, on the supposition that they were planning a plot to assassinate Emperor William. The arrest was made near where the emperor was expected to be found hunting the next day. A large quantity of explosives was found about the person of these captured men. It is believed that they were well equipped to suddenly deal out the death blow.



Two of the big department stores of Chicago are now owned and controlled by women.



By order of the police all cabmen in Berlin must wear white hats.



# THE INGLENOOK

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E. M. COBB, Editor.

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## PUT YOUR FINGER ON HIM.

WHERE is the guilty fellow? Which one is he? Pick him out of the crowd. Point your finger at him so the world may know which one he is. Put a tag on him. Placard his back. Disclose him. Allow him no longer to disguise himself. Make him to come out from under the cover.

Several months ago there appeared in the *Ram's Horn* a cartoon by the late Frank Beard, who has won the admiration of the whole world by his famous cartoons, and in this cartoon were several men,—a drunkard, saloonkeeper, voter, landlord,—and each one was pointing his finger at the other, and the great blazing question below the cartoon was, "Who is to Blame?" There is the whole situation at a glance. When you speak about the curse of the liquor traffic, and what it is doing to the nation to-day, every man who is in possession of an ounce of brain knows that the great per cent of crime, misery and woe that is brought upon our nation is through and by the awful curse of liquor. But when it comes to eradicating the evil, of course the blame must be settled somewhere in order to accuse the guilty party; and when we cry out, "Who is to blame?" then this seance begins, then you have a regular public pantomime of the politician, the liquor dealer, the officer of the law, the manufacturer, the saloon-keeper, the drunkard, and last but not least the voter,—all pointing their index finger at each other, trying to call the attention of the public to the guilty party, when down deep within their own breast they know and feel that they themselves are the criminals. They cannot feel otherwise if they have any conscience or sense of right left in them.

These parties which have been named are partners in the crime. The government is a partner in the crime, through its representatives, the officers of the

law. Whenever it sells the right to murder people at so much a murder, or so much a year, the government at once becomes a partner of all the results. The officers of law; by neglect of their oaths of office, or their failures to thoroughly enforce the restriction of the laws, are partners with the lawless through elimination. The man who drinks and gets drunk is a guilty partner. But this one, in many cases, might find some excuse and apology in the training and example of his parents, and in the customs of society. The men who make and amass great fortunes through the distilling of liquors and breweries and who are the financial backers of the saloon-keepers, have the larger responsibility.

The citizen voters, who sanction by their ballots, the licensing of the saloon, who put into responsible positions avowed friends of the liquor traffic are certainly not without guilt. The saloon-keeper, while he may claim that the persons named are at least silent partners in his business, is the direct agent, and must bear the direct responsibility of making drunkards and bringing hundreds of families to ruin. The laws provide for damages from the keepers of vicious dogs and other animals which are considered dangerous; and the people injured in shops or railway accidents quite often collect damages. People are authorized by law to collect damages from other parties who alienate the affections of a husband or wife. The saloon-keeper assumes a great risk when he commences his business.

His business is one of the anomalies of our civilization. A business that causes nine-tenths of the crimes instead of being calculated to suppress them is an enemy to good government openly permitted by his license. But these licenses contain many restrictions not connected with any other business. Saloon-keeping is not on a par with other business. Nearly all the fraternal, insurance and religious societies exclude from their membership a man who keeps a saloon.

Now, after you have taken a look at this row of criminals that we have caused to stand up before you, point your finger at the one who you think is to blame because of the condition of things. Maybe you will have to stand in front of the looking-glass in order to see the guilty party. You may not be addicted to the use of liquor yourself, and maybe have never sold a drop in your life, and in all probability you never gave your neighbor a drink, but don't be surprised at yourself if you find yourself guilty in voting for a license to legalize crime. Don't become disgusted, but rather pity yourself that you did not have the judgment enough to see that long ago. But don't stop and cry over spilled milk, quit now! It is time to quit now! You cannot undo what has been done. Some opportunities are irretrievably lost, but the future is before you. It is not necessary to re-commit the same crime.

## A YOUTH'S ADDRESS TO HIMSELF IN AGE.



OLD man, thou art to me the nearest of kin, nearer than father or mother, for you are myself when I have developed into you, and since I am responsible for the manner of that development, I am responsible for what you are. I would that I could hear the voice of your reflection, and thus profit by your regrets, but I cannot. You are in meditation of my deeds, regretting my mistakes, and hanging with breathless hesitation upon my triumphs.

Old man, I am accountable for what you are, for I have placed you in your age without your consent, whatever good you hold in your hands, I have given to you, and whatever of evil, I have thrust upon you. I have striven in one generation to well equip you for the next, and my own selfish pleasures have been stealing away your necessities,—but I am compelled to struggle on in spite of such difficulties. With my weak and young discretion, I have built for you a body strong and hale, which shall support and slacken your declining age; whereas, if I had sought my own vain and foolish pleasure I might have hurled you down the declivity to meet a wreck.

I have chosen for myself a sweetheart, and for you a wife, who shall help me to give you your position, and who shall help you to enjoy it. She is now sitting by your side in meditation with you, and if I might see your smile of approval as you look upon her, it would be as a "cup of cold water to a thirsty soul." However, I cannot, but I can ask, "Can you estimate her value?" Ah, then I have given to you one invaluable gift. And I have left you other gifts. Your education, the results of my early moral struggles, which you prize so highly, your character, molded by my efforts and my associations, your habits, indeed yourself, for I have cared for you and nurtured you, and lifted you up so that with your wrinkled and feeble hands you might clasp success. The inheritance of your ancestors was placed in my hands, and about my feet were strewn the environments of my age and I was bidden "Build," and I have built. You are that edifice, either an honor to my Lord or a disgrace to me; but I have prayed that with my Lord's assistance you are a success,

J. E. C.

## A REFORMER.

SOME months ago, on the editorial pages of the INGLENOOK, under this same caption, we spoke of Rev. Father Crowley, of Chicago, who is making an expose of the reign and rottenness of the Hierarchy and of the Parochial School, as a Curse to the Church and a Menace to the Nation.

Father Crowley is an Irishman, of fine physique, has a splendid education and a striking personality.

He is a Catholic priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago, and, like a great many who have made, or tried to make an exposition of the unfaithfulness and disloyalty, he has not renounced the Catholic faith, but has simply undertaken to disclose some of the heinous crimes committed under the cloak of Christianity. He has faithfully set forth a catalogue of grafts, perpetrated upon the common people by those in authority, in a book which he has written, of which we spoke in the other editorial. The book has had a large sale, of which it is quite worthy. The fifth edition is now before the public, and the people, both Catholics and Protestants, are receiving it gladly.

A desperate effort on the part of some of the Catholics is being made to depress the sale of the book, but, as a matter of course, the more they say about it and expose it the more they advertise it. The public press has given the movement the right hand of fellowship, and it is a movement that deserves the sanction of good-meaning and well-thinking people. A good citizen of America should always stand for reform movements, and when a reform comes like a temperance reform, or any other reform that belongs to civic righteousness, we ought to hail with joy and gladness any man who is willing to further and promote such a movement.

The public can rest assured that in this movement the leader has an indomitable will, strong force of character and a commanding presence. He has now entered the lecture field and will tell the people personally about the great reformation he proposes to make by the help of the people and the Lord he worships.

We are frank to say that we believe those who will not be able to hear his splendid lectures can do no better than to purchase a volume of his book and know something of what is going on in the world. The book was set up and printed here at the Publishing House and is on sale here. It sells for the low price of \$1.00 and is many times worth the money.



THE Beef Trust needs a little more money in its business. The prices of beef, lamb and other meat products have been raised to offset the losses sustained through recent exposures. Of course the increase in price has been made gradually to the wholesale dealer, who is now paying from three-fourths to one cent on the pound more than before, and the consumer is paying from three to five cents more on the pound. This will be pretty hard on the consumer, especially the poorer class, whose living is from hand to mouth, but then it is hard, too, for the Beef Trust Company to lose a few pence, comparatively.



ALL that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes.—*Goldsmith.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

IN order to rectify existing charts and maps, Secretary Metcalf, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has ordered the Coast Survey to make an investigation in regard to any horizontal displacement of the earth's crust on the Pacific coast, as a result of the recent earthquake. Professor Omori, of Japan, who is now making some investigations in San Francisco, claims that if accurate observations of the smaller shocks would have been taken it would be comparatively easy to predict when the earth would again tremble. He predicts occasional small shocks for a successive period of two years or more, but that there is not likely to be so serious a shock within the next fifty years in that part of the country. Investigations were made following the earthquake of 1897, in India, and the revision of the triangulation showed a distance of twenty-five feet, and of thirteen feet in height.

WILLIAM H. TAFT, Secretary of War, succeeds Chauncey M. Depew as member of the Yale University corporation.

THE meat inspection inaugurated by the Government, is uncovering some things in the packinghouses that have been under whitewash for some time.

MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, has appointed Mr. Horan Chief of the Fire Department, which place he fully merits through his efficiency and long-continued service as a noble fire-fighter. Mr. Horan is loved and respected by the whole army of fire-fighters and will no doubt enjoy his work with them.

THE people of New York are becoming seriously alarmed in regard to the various stages and developments of consumption, which is being found to be so prevalent, and especially among children. It has been decided to erect a seaside hospital for children afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones and glands. The construction of the building is to cost \$250,000. President Roosevelt and many New York charity workers are deeply interested and are going to push the movement. Statistics show that there are at least 60,000 children sufferers from bone tuberculosis in this country, and 5,000 in the city of New York alone. At the city of Yonkers, N. Y., it has been agreed to erect a similar sanitarium, the amount of \$500,000 being ad-

vanced by Alexander S. Cochran. The establishment is to be owned and operated by the city after a period of five years. Free tent treatment is to be provided.

It does not seem that the western farmers are the only people whose business must suffer for the want of employes. Many other industries are being hindered because of the lack of laborers. An appeal comes from the iron industry in many places for more laborers. There seems to be a great difficulty to find enough men to meet the demands of the consumers. Of course at this time of year many of the workers insist upon a vacation, but orders for finished materials continue to roll in.

IN addition to the many labor-saving devices introduced into banking and business methods in recent years, we have the coin counting and wrapping machine, designed and constructed by Mr. Edward Van Winkle, of New York City. The machine is run by an electric motor, is as nearly automatic as human ingenuity can make it, and with a well-trained operator it is able to duplicate the work of eight or twelve persons, with the advantage of absolute accuracy. By actual test a fairly rapid operator can look over at least three hundred coins, eliminating the bad ones, every minute. It is burglar-proof, that is, it is quite impossible to attempt to extract a coin without completely destroying the paper case in which it is wrapped.

ACCORDING to the statistics of the Labor Department in New York State, the average earnings of 333,000 workmen during the first quarter of this year, were \$2.33 a day, or \$212 for the quarter, not including women or minors. The membership in labor unions now aggregates 394,270, an increase of 11,034 in the half year. The demand for labor is not confined to the building industry alone, but all lines of work. The estimated cost of new buildings in the city of New York, during the first quarter of this year was \$50,000,000.

SECRETARY of State Root, accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, is on his way to Brazil to attend the Pan-American Congress, and will also visit the principal ports of South America, San Juan, Porto Rico, being the first stop.

A VIOLENT upheaval took place recently in the bog district in Ireland. A man who was working near the scene of the disturbance was warned by a loud, rumbling sound. The bog arose about nine feet, and the man narrowly escaped being submerged. A vast tract of bog was rent as if by a dynamite explosion. This is the only disturbance of this kind ever known in the district.

THERE is a negro population of 70,000 within the city of New York. Recently a meeting was held in that city and a committee was appointed to outline and draft plans whereby the industrial conditions, regarding this class of people, could be improved. The committee included a number of prominent negroes, as well as leading charity workers in and about the city. There are too many places where the colored man does not have a fair show, and a move like this, upon the part of civilization, only reveals the spirit of unity and peace. Give the negro a chance, at least, let him prove himself.

MR. FISCHER, of German descent, has recently taken out a patent for wireless electrical appliances by which steam will be automatically shut off in two vessels that are approaching each other in a fog at a distance of from one-half to three-quarters of a kilometer (3,280.8 feet).

MANILA is a victim of the dread disease, cholera, which threatens to be worse than any epidemic since the occupation by America. Already one hundred deaths or more have occurred. The natives refuse to coöperate with the authorities in attempting to check the disease as they fear fumigation and quarantine.

In an exhaustive report of a two-years' research, published under the management of the Henry Phipps Institute for the Study, Prevention and Treatment of Tuberculosis, claims are held forth that the negro race is far more susceptible to this dreaded disease than the whites, and that the class designated as houseworkers has the greatest number of victims. Because of the fact that in many places the colored race constitutes the servant class, being brought into close association with other people, the report claims that they are particularly dangerous, the disease being brought on by indoor life, hardship and want. While this may be true, is it not also a fact that the white race is fast falling victim to the dread disease, not so much through hardship and want, as through unneeded exposure and willing indifference to the law of nature? Society and Madame Fashion, seemingly, hold a life-lease on the *wills* of the Americans to-day, and rather than lose our grip on popularity, selfish gratifications, fame, etc., we sacrifice health and a happy life.

THE new commission appointed for the Panama Canal is, Theodore P. Shonts, chairman; John F. Stevens, Chas. E. Magoon, Peter C. Hains, Brigadier General U. S. A., retired; Rear Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, civil engineer U. S. N., and Benjamin M. Herrod. Messrs. Shonts and Stevens receive a salary of \$30,000 each; Mr. Magoon receives a salary of \$10,000 as governor of the zone, and the rest receive \$7,500 each.

It is pleasing to note that Japan is looking upon our own free America as her best friend. At a recent dinner given in honor of Luke Wright, the American Ambassador to Japan, in the Imperial Hotel, Tokio, a statement was made by Chief Secretary of the Privy Council, Tsuzki, to the effect that the friendship of the American people was more helpful to Japan than alliances with the Powers. He also made mention of the unbroken friendship of fifty years' standing between America and Japan, and that the Japanese regarded Roosevelt as a man who dares to do right and the foremost exemplar in America of Japan's ancient knightly code. What would we really experience if all countries and nations could say this of each other! In union there is strength, and peace is sure to follow.

THE inventors of schemes and humbugs are still pushing their business. In Chicago there is a firm known as the "Vineless Potato Company," which, through the medium of the press, has been advertising a substance called "Potatine," which retails at \$4.50 per bottle. This substance is guaranteed to produce as many potatoes in a bin of sawdust, without vines or foliage, as could be grown on an acre of ground, within a period of sixty days. The Postmaster General has issued a fraud order against this company. If this could be done, perhaps the farmers would become lonesome without the yearly visit of the potato bug. Farmers, do not allow yourselves to be humbugged!

SOME of the leading financiers of the country have organized what is to be known as the "American Farm Product Company," with a capital of \$20,000,000. Its purpose is to control all American products, chickens and eggs. This will likely be the biggest monopoly ever established. While the main headquarters will be at New York, there are to be general offices in Chicago. It proposes to make a more uniform price to both the producer and the consumer. James R. Morse was elected president of the company. The company has already obtained control of butter-making plants with an output of one hundred thousand pounds a day. It will also include several large milk concerns, including Borden's, of New York. Of course this, like all other monopolies, claims to be based on the principles of right and justice.





## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

ELIZABETH THOMAS.

There's a picture fair, on memory's wall,  
It hangs in shadows deep,  
Of an old brown home and deep, deep wells,  
With pail and ancient sweep.  
An elm tree grew beside the door;  
Its branches swept the roof,  
Where weaving shadows to and fro,  
Wove sunshine for a woof.

A robin sang in th' apple tree,  
Or chirped an answering call  
From the tiny throat of a trusting mate,  
Near a nest on th' garden wall.  
A brook flowed glist'ning through the vale,  
Where mint grew tall and rank,  
Where flowers reared their golden heads  
And violets lined the bank.

A sister dear, with shining hair,  
And eyes of deepest gray,  
In a quiet spot 'neath a moss-grown stone,  
She has slept for many a day;  
And a mother's love, a father's care,  
Have gone from th' shores of time.  
They've crossed the deep, dark sea of death,  
And gained a fairer clime.

And when this life on earth is past—  
This pilgrimage below—  
When the mist rolls back from these mortal eyes,  
I shall see them again, I know.  
For the love we cherish here below,  
For eternity is given,  
It grows and flourishes here on earth,  
But buds and blooms in heaven.

Butler, Indiana.



## VICE IS A DISEASE.

**V**ICE either begins as a disease or ends as a disease. Most all vices depend upon some physical or mental derangement. Even where a vice is deliberately or carelessly begun, it will frequently become a disease or derangement. If the doctor was a good psychologist, if he understood the relation of morals to health, and was really anxious to make a diagnosis of every case to which he is called, he would undoubtedly find that two-thirds of these cases are suffering from vice of some sort. It may be the vice of lying or cheating. It may be the vice of steal-

ing or deceiving. It may be the vice of cruelty or selfishness. It may be the vice of intemperance or debauchery. It may be the vice of vanity or egotism. But, if the physician was competent to do so, he would discover in most cases that disease and sickness is produced by some delinquency.

No man can habitually hate and be perfectly healthy. No man can deliberately deceive and enjoy perfect physical life. No man can crush and grind without making his own life mean. A man may not enjoy physical life at all, and yet be physically perfect; his respiration is normal, his temperature marks the proper degree, his digestion good and his sleep regular. A man may have all these physical perfections and yet not enjoy life at all, because he is mean, stingy, or is striving in some sneaking underhanded manner to wrong his fellow-beings. The Creator has so made this universe that a man must keep himself moral in order to get the best things physically. To do the square thing leads to the enjoyment of a square meal. To say always truthful things, the kind things, reacts upon and thrills the physical fibres of his body in wholesome vibration.

Life is very subtle, and depends upon a multitude of intangible causes. Health is a full and free manifestation of life. Disease is imperfect life, or life struggling against some adversity. Much of the disease is caused by ignorance. That is to say, the victim did not know that his conduct would produce disease. But, in most cases, he did know he was doing wrong. He was actuated by greed or vanity or spite.

How many women have exposed themselves and thus contracted disease through vanity? How many men have overworked and have brought on chronic ailments by greed? How many people have deranged their digestion and have produced derangements by malice or anger? How many invalids have brought themselves to bed by sensuous indulgence of some sort? Tracked back carefully, nearly every physical derangement will find its origin partly or wholly in some vice or moral turpitude.

Do right; follow your conscience. Keep your soul clean; purify your heart. Always "do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." This is the way to keep your health when you have it, and it is also one of the ways by which good health is regained after it has been lost.

We cannot separate ourselves from our moral nature. We cannot starve our souls and produce perfect bodies. The one who enjoys perfect health is the one who obeys the laws of his body, but attends to the wants of his intellect and the mandates of his moral nature.

Let no man hope for perfect physical enjoyment. Let no invalid imagine that health can be regained when the moral senses are stultified and the claims of conscience set aside. The life that is worth living is the life that is full of vigorous, healthy enjoyment. Force the physical, the mental and the moral natures to be mutually sensitive and obedient; to be intellectually allied and interested; to be physically robust and ambitious. This is life. Nothing short of that is real life. A man may drag out an existence fairly well. He may continue to live many years in disobedience to moral law. But he can never really know what life is in its full meaning, until he gives the same heed to his moral rectitude that he does to his mental and physical improvement.

A man may buy food with money that he has acquired by force or deceit. He may eat such food; and, if he obeys the laws of health, digest it fairly well. But the strength which he derives from such food and such digestion will never give him the pleasure that nature intended. It is only when a man is actuated by some moral purpose, by some spiritual idea, that physical life and mental life culminate in perfect happiness. Try as we may, we cannot get rid of these truths. The mental and physical lives are indissolubly joined together. We may behave ourselves physically and mentally and miss the full realization of life.

The answer to the question; "Is life worth living?" depends altogether on what is meant by life.

Is physical life worth living separated from mental and moral integrity? No.

Is intellectual life worth living with little or no regard for the laws that govern the body? No.

Is it possible to live a moral life worth living, if the mental and physical life is neglected?

No; life is worth living only when all three of these natures have free expression and symmetrical development.

The real doctor of the future will be one who inquires into all these matters and attempts to advise his patients accordingly. But such a doctor must first live such a life before he can become a competent adviser for others. Sometime in the future the medical college will not be a hot-bed of atheism, or a place where loose morals prevail, but will be a place where the whole man, mentally, physically and morally, is developed.

Then, indeed, will the medical college be sending out into the world the real physicians, who will be a

blessing to every home they enter, and a light and beneficence in every country in which they dwell. It matters little whether they have received what is known as a medical education or not; while the world waits for the time when the physicians will be real men, physically, mentally and morally. It will not help matters much to make laws that hinder one man from practicing medicine, while it bolsters up another man in the same practice. So long as a physician gives little or no heed to the moral life it matters little whether he has received a medical education or not.  
—*In Medical Talk.*



#### WHAT FANNY CROSBY DID.

THE words of the song "Rescue the Perishing" were suggested to the noted sightless song-writer, Fanny Crosby, by an accident which occurred during a visit she made to the Jerry McAuley Mission, down in Water Street, New York City. After being taken there at her request, and given a place on the platform, she asked if there was a boy there who had no mother, and if so, would he come up and let her put her hands on him. A motherless little bum came up. She put her arms around him and kissed him. They separated. Fanny Crosby went out from that meeting and wrote the soul-inspiring song, "Rescue the Perishing," and the motherless boy went out to drift in the world. When Mr. Sankey was about to sing this beautiful song in the great revival meeting in which he assisted in St. Louis, he arose and related this incident. A man in the audience sprang to his feet and said, "I am the boy she kissed that night. I never was able to get away from the impression made by that touching act until I became a Christian. I am now living in this city with my family; am a Christian, and doing a good business." It pays to do what we believe Jesus would do. That is what Fanny Crosby did.—*G. W. Arnold, in Musical Million.*



#### TEACHING A CITY'S POOR.

**In New Orleans this Work is Done by One Brave Woman—She is a Cripple, Too.**

IN the city of New Orleans are approximately one hundred thousand white men and boys. Of these, one thousand five hundred—three out of every two hundred you meet on the street—are dependent for their education this year, for the opportunity to learn to read and to write and so to advance their station in life—for all this absolutely dependent on one woman. This woman, whose importance to the city is so great that if by any sad chance her activity were to cease, one and one-half per cent of its white male population would find itself deprived of hope, is not rich, but poor. She is so poor that before she can give



an hour and a dollar for the helpless ones who need her, she must give another hour to pay her own expenses for the day. She is so poor that she has even earned her own education as she has given it out, studying sometimes but a day ahead of her pupils. She is frail, crippled, very weak; she goes about in a steel harness and on crutches. Though she is still under middle age her hair is white as snow, from days and nights of unrelievable suffering. From morning till mid-afternoon she teaches in a private school to earn money for her charities. From mid-afternoon until evening, if able to work, she devotes herself to the needs of those poorer than she. From supper time till nine, till ten, till midnight if need be, she faces the multitude of men and boys—boys of nine and men of fifty—who have come to her for help. Sometimes two in a seat, sometimes on boards between the seats, sometimes on the edges of platforms and the treads or stairways and against the walls of the hallways, they crowd her schoolhouse, while she and her assistants are everywhere among them, hearing recitations, giving aid and counsel, explaining, arguing, laughing, encouraging—stirring the solid, sodden mass of the city's poor with the leaven of hope and possibility.—*John L. Matthews, in "Sohpie Wright: The Best Citizen of New Orleans," in Everybody's Magazine for July.*

### BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.

#### Great International Route.

No Stop-over Checks. No Return Trains.  
Passenger Time-table.

Miles.	Stations on Main Line.	Time.
Leave	Smoky Hollow	7:00 A. M.
10 "	Soft Drink Junction	8:00 A. M.
15 "	Moderation Falls	9:00 A. M.
18 "	Tipplersvale	10:30 A. M.
20 "	Topersville	11:15 A. M.
22 "	Drunkard's Curve	11:30 A. M.
25 "	Rowdy Wood	11:45 A. M.
30 Arrive at	Quarrelsborg	Noon
Remains one hour to abuse Wife and Children.		
Miles		Time
32 Leave	Bummer's Roost	1:00 P. M.
34 "	Beggar's Town	4:00 P. M.
36 "	Deliriumville	6:00 P. M.
38 "	Rattlesnake Swamp	8:00 P. M.
40 "	Prisonburg	10:00 P. M.
44 "	Devil's Gap	10:30 P. M.
46 Arrive	Dark Valley	11:30 P. M.
48 "	Demon's Land	11:45 P. M.
50 "	Dead River and Perdition	Midnight

Tickets For Sale by All Barkeepers.

Annual Statement:—Carries 400,000 Paupers. Brings Misery and Woe to 2,000,000. Despatches 60,000 into Eternity unprepared. Carries 600,000 Drunkards. Conveys 100,000 Criminals to Prison.

A. L. Cohol, Agt.

T. O. Bacco, Asst.

D. E. Vil, General Manager.

—Selected.

### DOES PRAYER PAY?

PROFESSOR BACON, of Yale, asks this question in a recent essay. He says that, for the modern man, with common and moral sense, it is not enough to assert, as some do, that prayer is a wholesome exercise in which the soul adjusts itself to the inevitable. "Unless there be a real and personal interchange, an obtaining of that which unasked would not have been received, prayer lacks its vital element."

When Jesus taught his disciples how to pray, he taught them that it was impious to "tempt" the will of God, or demand "signs from heaven" unnecessarily. He promised marvelous power to the prayer of faith, but these promises were implicitly conditioned. "The very last conceivable thing of him who 'humbled himself and became obedient to death' is that he should seek to impose his will upon God. . . . But Jesus' answer to the skepticism of his age was chiefly the practical one of a demonstration in his own mighty works, and those which he trained and commissioned all his followers to do, that the prayer of faith does work wonders, however you account for the fact. That answer is valid to-day."

Professor Bacon insists that God, the Master of nature, the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, "waits to be asked," and withholds the unasked gift. The asking is the condition. This is not theory, but proved by the practical history of prayer. "The modern man will find, as of old, that 'every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'" Prayer is not magic or incantation; it is an opening of the channels of grace and power between God, and the soul that prays. Therefore, a thousand times over, it "pays the modern man to pray."

The essay is illuminating to those who have intellectual doubts of prayer. To those who have practical experience in prayer and its power, it only confirms what they already know—not think, or feel, or hope, but know. All that prayer asks is to be tried, deeply, thoroughly, and as Jesus Christ taught it. Selfish prayer is never true prayer. It cannot pay. But "the supplication of a righteous man availeth much," and always will avail. "Prayer is the touch of an infant—but on the arm of the Almighty."—*Selected.*

### HERITAGE OF SONG.

"God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds. The untraveled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the warbling of caged singers. But above all, the human voice, which combines the highest charm of sweet sounds with the inspiration of thought, is given not alone for the ordinary purposes of human pleasure. Its whisper of affection, how grateful; its

expression of religious devotion, how exalted; its solace in trouble, how dear; its participation in joy, how unspeakable! Vocal music is the heritage of all classes. The palace may be furnished with instruments of superior tone and workmanship; but the cottage may vie with the palace in the rich tones of the voice and the extent of its compass. So while the difficult score of some elaborate piece may be executed with finished exactness by the inmate of a palatial mansion, the simple song of the peasant girl, as she comes from the meadows shall win the silent admiration of those who pause as they listen to the voice that, with liquid notes, intoxicates the ear. The voice of song speaks the language of the heart."—*Music and Musicians*.



IF you have no sprayer, hold the nozzle of the garden hose in one hand and the cake of whale-oil soap in the other and let the stream of water wash over the soap so as to spray the bush or plant affected with the insects. The soap suds will kill the soft-bodied insects.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### AN INDIAN STORY.

IN a little book about Omaha there is this story which is told by Bright Eyes, the daughter of an Indian chief:

"We were on a buffalo hunt. I was a little bit of

a thing when it happened. My father could neither speak English nor read and write, and this story shows that the highest moral worth can exist aside from all civilization and education.

"It was evening. The tents had been pitched for the night, the camp-fire made and mother and the other women were cooking supper over it.

"I was playing near my father when an Indian boy, a playmate, came up and gave me a little bird which he had found.

"I was very much pleased. I tried to feed it and make it drink. After I had played with it a long while, my father said to me: 'My daughter, bring your bird to me.' When I took it to him he held it in his hand a moment, smoothed its feathers gently and then said: 'Daughter, I will tell you what you might do with your bird. Take it carefully in your hand out yonder where there are no tents among the high grass. Put it softly on the ground and say as you put it down, "God, I give you back your little bird. Have pity on me as I have pity on your bird."' "

"I said: 'Does it belong to God?'

"He said: 'Yes, and he will be pleased if you do not hurt it but give it back to him to care for.'

"I was very much impressed and carefully carried out his directions, saying the little prayer he had told me to say."—*Exchange*.



IN Europe alone Russia has an area of 2,000,000 square miles, which is twenty-three times the size of Great Britain. The area of Siberia is 5,000,000 square miles.

## The Rural Sanctum

### SOLILOQUY.

CLEVELAND HOLLAR.

O! shall I always guide the plow  
That turns our soil so free,  
And wrest by toiling might and main,  
My bread, O Earth, from thee?  
Or shall this nation, strong and grand,  
Wherever I may be,  
Extend a strong and grateful hand  
For service done by me?

Far better that I till the soil  
Of my old country home,  
Than build a barge of national fame  
Upon the floating foam.  
But the dizzy heights attained by men  
Who fall as faded flowers,  
Would ever stand the test of time,  
If built on solid towers.

Then let me press with vigor on  
To my work whate'er it be;  
And help uplift the wondrous fame  
Of the proud Land of the Free,  
Till all the people of the earth,  
From mountain to the sea  
Shall say in one and a mighty voice,  
"All Hail! Land of the Free!"

Hardin, Mo.



### EXPERIENCES OF A NIGHT ON A SOUTH DAKOTA HOMESTEAD.

AMANDA FETTER.

"DEAR me! I do believe there will be a storm again to-night! And there has been one for each of two preceding nights! More than our share, isn't it, Carlo?" addressing a large, noble dog who was play-



fully jumping up, appreciating being noticed by his only companion, even though speaking of an approaching storm.

Standing by the open door of an eight-by-ten shack which faced the south, she could see at the horizon the Saddleback Buttes. A trail between two seemed to end among the heavy clouds of inky blackness which were doing their utmost to light up the dark sky by sending back and forth bright streaks of lightning. The wind had been quite high since 6 P. M., and low, deep growls of thunder kept up the only audible sound.

Caressingly patting the dog, and bidding him "lie down and keep watch," she fastened the door, lit a candle, and, going to the shelves of books and papers, chose "The Pilgrim's Progress" and taking up the conversation between Faithful and Talkative the storm was practically forgotten.

A quick, sharp barking of Carlo and a knock at the door were quite startling just then, but at once she recognized the voice of a neighbor who had brought the mail—some of which had been in the office for ten days. A letter from home was first eagerly read then the one from her "S. D. Home," for to her that had a second place in her heart. Had they not shared their Christian home freely and treated her as one of themselves? After reading several others the little clock told its half-past-ten, which meant bedtime.

For the first time since there, sleep seemed miles away. "I will try that remedy for sleeplessness I just read of." So placing the pillow nearer her neck in such a way that her head became lowered, and counting slowly, she hoped to make her mind stupid, and fall asleep. "Three hundred and no sleepier than before! I have a notion to get up and read! No, I *am* going to sleep! So there!

By this time the rain had begun falling lightly. Assuring herself of God's protection over his children she fell asleep and slept soundly for some time.

Listen! Quickly starting up she realized the approach of the *worst* storm she had ever witnessed! Continual lightning and thunder, and wind that is known only on an endless prairie! Surely the shack would be blown away. The clatter of rain and hail was deafening! Every moment it seemed growing worse! A bright flash of lightning revealed the motto hanging on the wall, "Be not afraid, only believe."

Stilling her fears and lying down it did not seem long until the storm abated. Desired sleep soon came and with it a dream of home, where all were rejoicing over her arrival and—crash! down came a dish on the floor breaking into a dozen pieces. Surely the wind did not blow it from the table! Staring in that direction—horrors! Surely there was an animal sitting on the table staring that very way! What could it be! The door was securely shut! It must be only imagination. Without looking again and chiding herself for

allowing such thoughts to present themselves she determined to forget it all in sleep and happily this "great forgetfulness" was not long in coming.

But how to be frightened away this time? The climax was reached when something came bouncing down on her feet with a thud! Too frightened to scream and thinking only of rattlesnakes she raised up and through the daylight that had already come she saw—Carlo. "He must have come in unnoticed when taking in the mail," satisfied her then.

Morning revealed the broken dishes, spilled muck-lage, rain-soaked articles, Carlo's tracks on the table and how he had crept in through a broken window-pane. But there was yet one more mystery to be solved which is still a wonder. After clearing up and going around to the corner of the shack, to where a little box was sunk in the ground, which served as a cellar, for bread and butter, she found both *gone* and lid placed on just as before! The idea that some one had been prowling round was quite terrifying and very unexpected, for in a new country such things are practically unknown.

The ridiculousness of the situation presented itself and a hearty laugh did more to quiet the nerves than bread and butter would have done. Pan cakes—the "bachelor's" stand-by—took the place of the missing articles. "Here only ten days and such a night! Must be the initiation!" Learning that day of a shack that had been blown away with a girl as its only occupant, she said again, "It might have been worse!"

*Hayes, South Dakota.*

## CO-OPERATION.

GAMMA CRIDER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,  
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed,  
"One of us here would not be felt,  
One of us here would quickly melt;  
But I'll help you and you help me,  
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray  
Said to its fellow-leaf one day;  
"The sun would wither me here alone,  
Long enough ere the day is gone;  
But I'll help you and you help me  
And then what a splendid shade there'll be!"

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,  
Seeing another drop close by its side;  
"This warm south breeze would drive me away  
And I should be gone ere noon to-day;  
But I'll help you and you help me,  
And we'll make a brook and run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand  
Said to another grain just at hand;  
"The wind may carry me over the sea,  
And then, oh, what will become of me?  
But come, my brother, give me your hand,  
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

IN every phase of life, we need the help and coöperation of each other. The man who launches out into the business world, fails unless he has the coöperation of friends,—those who have had like experiences. It is God's plan that we should help each other to the benefit of both and to the injury of none.

There can be no coöperation where there is no harmony. Coöperation encloses within its circle, peace, love, and union which results in service to the greatest extent.

There was harmony between Jesus and the Father, else he had never prayed in our behalf, "Father, keep them as thou hast kept me," acknowledging at the same time the coöperation of the Father.

Too often man's coöperation is extended to a select few. And though we may have caught the Spirit of the Master, to help one another by kindness, by prayers, or in various ways, yet our help is limited. We may aid and assist through life, but when we reach the grave our help ceases and we can go no farther.

Christ's help embraces the entire human family, though man must place himself in that relationship that God can walk with him as a co-partner. Men help

each other by going hand-in-hand. God helps by going before, we to follow in his footsteps. Christ coöperates to the extent that he strengthens. Said Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." And the grandest and most consoling thought that can be retained in our minds is the fact that God never ceases to coöperate with his children, for he has declared that he will stand by us in six troubles and not forsake us in the seventh. Yea, "I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Were it not for this divine coöperation, the voice of a minister would not be heard and the heathen would never feel the touch of a Savior.

Through divine coöperation we eat of heavenly manna, drink of the waters of life, and rejoice when the skies are clouded. By it, we are supported in time of weakness sustained through trials and afflictions and kept from sin and danger. With it, we add to our faith Christian graces, until we attain to the full stature of manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus. Encircled within it, we will be wafted by angel bands to a clime where divine coöperation continues forever.

*Hagerstown, Md.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### How Little It Costs.

"How little it costs, if we give it a thought,

To make happy some heart each day!

Just one kind word or a tender smile,

As we go on our daily way;

Perchance a look will suffice to clear

The cloud from a neighbor's face,

And the press of a hand in sympathy

A sorrowful tear efface.

"One walks in sunlight; another goes

All weary in the shade,

One treads a path that is fair and smooth,

Another must pray for aid.

It costs so little! I wonder why

We give it so little thought;

A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch!

What magic with them is wrought."



"A rose to the living is more

Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

In filling life's infinite store

A rose to the living is more

If graciously given before

The hungering spirit has fled.

A rose to the living is more

Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead."



"A little word in kindness spoken,

A motion or a tear;

Has often healed a heart that's broken,

And made a friend sincere."

### Coon-hunting.

The officers of the English squadron prepared for their recent visit to this country by an exhaustive study of the so-called American slang, that they might enjoy that "delightful American humor" over which the English have recently become so enthusiastic.

During their stay in Annapolis a coon-hunt was arranged for their benefit, the officer in charge explaining to them that it was a sport highly thought of and native to the Southern States.

As they rode along one of the Englishmen remarked, "You hunt these coons with dogs, I think?"

His host assented and the Englishman continued: "They are found in the woods and are often caught in trees, aren't they?"

"They are," replied the American, "but how do you come to know so much about coon-hunting?"

"Oh," said the visitor, with an air of conscious pride, "I've read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' you know, and all of those articles that have come out in the papers lately, but to tell the truth, I didn't think it was allowed by the authorities no matter what the nigger had done."—Lippincott's for June.



This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas—

The past, the future—two eternities;

Nothing is then to come and nothing past,

But an eternal now does always last

Cowley.



Character is a composite picture of our virtues and vices.



### One on the Conductor.

An Irishman boarded a street-car and handed the conductor a rather dilapidated-looking coin in payment of his fare. The conductor looked at the coin critically and handed it back. "That's tin," he said.

"Shurè, I thought it was a foive," answered the Irishman complacently, as he put the piece back into his pocket and produced a nickel.—Edward J. Kirchner.

### Where the Three Were Mistaken.

Captain William Ellinger, the noted oyster grower of Chesapeake Bay, said recently: "Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham for dinner, a very delicious ham, baked. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

" 'More 'am, father,' he said.

"The father frowned.

" 'Don't say 'am, my son,' he said, 'say 'am.'

" 'I did say 'am,' the lad protested, in an injured tone.

" 'You said 'am,' cried the father fiercely. ' 'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am.'

"In the midst of the squabble, the farmer's wife turned to me with a little deprecatory laugh, and said:

" 'They both think they're saying 'am.' "

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago and purchased a table caster for \$1, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked \$14 made a present of it to a preacher whose church he attended. The reverend gentleman, after opening the package, returned it the next day to the grocer and said to him: "I am too poor in the world's goods to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you do not object, I will take \$14 worth of groceries instead."

An Irishman took a contract to dig a well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it had fallen in and that it was filled to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, and then took off his hat and coat, and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes, and awaited events. In a short time the neighbors discovered that the well had fallen in, and seeing Pat's coat and hat on the windlass, they supposed that he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the excavators had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came out of the bushes and good-naturedly thanked the diggers for relieving him of a sorra job. Some of the tired were disgusted but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a laugh, which followed promptly.—The Arrow.

### Sequel.

Smith (who has been abroad) — "Is young Huggins still paying attentions to your daughter?"

Jones—"No; they are married now."

### The Palace Erected by Water.

Dr. R. A. Torrey, the evangelist, was condemning drunkenness in Philadelphia.

"For my part," he said, "I wish all the whiskey dealers were like a certain Western one, a hardheaded old Scot, who grew rich in the trade.

"After he had grown rich the old man built himself a fine house, a limestone mansion on the hill, with a park around it, with conservatories, stables and outbuildings—in a word, a palace.

"One day the old Scot rode in the omnibus past his fine house. A temperance man pointed up at the grand edifice and said with a sneer:

" 'It was the whiskey that built that, wasn't it?'

" 'Na, na, man; the water.' "

It is probably true that beauty is only skin deep, but sometimes the skin is very thick, being composed of several coats of paint.

The man who publishes "open letters" to air his grievances and injure his fellow-men is in the same class with the skunk which viates heaven's pure air in order to show the world what a sweet scented angel of purity he is. He does not fool anyone but himself, as decent people avoid him. Don't attack people in "open letters" if you don't want to become an object of suspicion and scorn.

"Molly had been to church for the first time, and on her return home her grandmother asked her what she thought of it.

" 'I liked it very much,' she replied; 'but there was one thing I didn't think was fair.'

" 'What was that, dear?'

" 'Why, one man did all the work and then another man came around and got all the money.' "

### Bryan and the Goat.

Last year William Jennings Bryan visited Cornell University. While being entertained at dinner by a prominent legal fraternity he told the following story on himself:

Once out in Nebraska I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at twenty-five dollars. I claimed that a goat was not "real" property in the legal sense of the word and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant-faced old man, very obligingly said that I could go upstairs with him and together we would look over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

We looked over the rules and finally the old man asked: "Does your goat run loose on the roads?"

"Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offense.

"Does he butt?" again queried the old man.

"Yes," I answered, "he butts."

"Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says, tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see that I can do anything for you. Good day, sir."—Richard R. Lovett.

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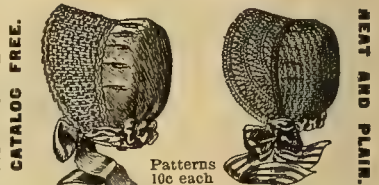
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**1,000 MEN AND WOMEN 1,000**

(Boys and girls from 15 years and up can do this work as well as any one.)

We want 1,000 persons from that many counties who can give a part or their entire time to work in their own county.

**\$2.00 TO \$5.00 PER DAY.**

A live energetic person who could put in his entire time ought to be able to make from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per day.

**ONLY ONE PERSON FROM EACH COUNTY.**

We want only one person from each county. If you want to make a lot of money this summer and are willing to work for it, write us at once for full particulars.

In applying for above be sure and state your name, address, county included, age, present occupation and how much time you could give to this work.

**ANSWER NOW.**

If you want this position in your county, do not delay, but write now.  
Address,

**Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.**

## San Francisco Destroyed

### An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

**55 PICTURES.**

This souvenir album contains 55 pictures (among which is a double page panorama of the destroyed city and a double page panorama of the city as it has been).

At the bottom of each picture a brief description is given.

The album contains 48 pages, with a neat cover. Size, 7½x10½ inches.

**ONLY 40 CENTS.**

Knowing that there would be a great demand for an album of such valuable pictures we have arranged with the publishers for a large number of these books and thereby secured a very low rate. That is the reason we are able to offer this album to you at this price.

**ORDER ONE NOW.**

Order a copy for yourself now and show it to your neighbors and it will mean many sales for us.

Regular price, ..... 50 cents  
Our price, ..... 10 cents  
Postage extra, ..... 5 cents

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## THE WEISER COUNTRY Southern Idaho

Bargains in irrigated farms—rich fertile soil, ample water for irrigation, mild, healthy climate. No. 1 public schools, churches (Brethren), prosperous community. Write me for particulars. Tell me your wants. Prompt attention given all inquiries.

Address, R. C. McKINNEY,

Weiser, Idaho.

Ref., First National Bank, Weiser.

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FIELD POST. Cheap as cedar. Made where used. Great inducements to agents. Address, with stamp, 25-13 W. A. DICKEY, North Manchester, Ind.

## Christian Workers' Outline Booklet

July to December, 1906.  
are now ready for mailing.

Send your order now so as to have the outlines in good time. You who have been using them know their value and helpfulness in getting all to take part and in drawing out the lessons taught. You who have not seen a copy send a two-cent stamp to pay postage on a copy and see for yourself whether or not it is a good thing for your Christian Workers.

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Price, 50 copies, ..... \$1.25  
Price, 100 copies, ..... \$2.00

**Topic Cards.**

These contain the subjects with references only.

Price, for 50, ..... 20 cents  
Price, for 100, ..... 35 cents

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Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

**Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.**

All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

**E. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.**



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Greatest Achievement in Bible Making, and the Best Teachers'  
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**JUST THE RIGHT SIZE.**—Neither too big no too small.

**LIGHT IN WEIGHT.**—Easy to Carry and Easy to Read.

This is the very **LATEST** and **NEWEST** Teachers' Bible Published. It includes every possible improvement in Bible making. The type is a **Clear, Clean, Sharp BLACK FACE** and is printed on the finest paper obtainable. It is a beautiful Bible; is **Easy to Read** (just the page for those suffering from impaired eyesight); **Compact in Size; Light in Weight; Easy to Carry**, and the **Bindings are Absolutely Flexible**.

This Bible contains the very best Series of **Helps to the Study of the Bible**. Each article is concise and complete in itself, and can be used separately; and yet the whole Series together make a complete whole—a veritable **Cyclopedia of Biblical Knowledge** in small compass. Printed in **Black Face Brevier type**.

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**A TEACHERS' NEW READY REFERENCE HAND BOOK** which gives the salient and essential information needed in Bible Study.

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**A NEW ILLUSTRATED BIBLE DICTIONARY**, Self-Pronouncing, Illustrated with nearly One Hundred and Fifty Pictures, and containing more subjects than are given in the bulky three and four volume Dictionaries.

**FOUR THOUSAND QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BIBLE**. A valuable help to all Bible Readers.

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	Pub. Price.	Our Price.
No. 410. EGYPTIAN MOROCCO, divinity circuit, round corners, red under gold edges, ..	\$3.50	\$1.75
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**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,**  
**ELGIN, ILLINOIS.**

# The Brethren Colonies

## IN WESTERN CANADA

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### Are Prosperous and Happy

The soil there is rich. Good water and lots of it easily obtainable. Fuel and building material cheap. Your neighbors are those of like faith and practice.



Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Why not avail yourself of this, your last chance, to get GOOD LAND CHEAP? Wheat yields of forty bushels per acre are common. Oats has yielded one hundred and forty bushels per acre.

Prices of our lands range from \$9.00 to \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms.

For particulars and about cheap rates address

**The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,**

**440 Temple Court**

**Minneapolis, Minn.**

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**ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.**



# WHAT DOES IT SIGNIFY?

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It has been demonstrated by actual count that nine-tenths of the people who have testified to their restoration to health through the use of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER state that before using this old herb-remedy they had tried doctors and various other remedies without avail, the BLOOD VITALIZER having been used as a last resort. What does it signify? It signifies simply this, that this plain household remedy cures when other medicines apparently fail. It is to-day recognized, even by the medical profession, as one of the best blood medicines ever discovered.

Health depends more or less on the condition of the vital fluid. If the blood is pure and vigorous there is no room for disease. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is put up for a specific purpose—the cure of sick people. It had its birth over a century ago, in those days when people believed in rugged honesty, and has been handed down unchanged, as a heritage from generation to generation.

## SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE.

Franklin, Pa., Feb. 7, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—The **Blood Vitalizer** was received in good order and has been tried. I was sick for five months and suffered intensely with pains in the chest and back. The doctors, and I had several of them, seemed unable to help me. I thought of the **Blood Vitalizer** of which I had heard so much and decided to order some. It seems hard to believe but the pain disappeared and I commenced to improve before I had taken one small bottle. I can but praise your wonderful medicine.

Yours truly,

John J. Strake.

## EVERYBODY PRAISES IT.

Richland, Nebr., July 13, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Everybody is praising the **Blood Vitalizer** and it is in great demand. One neighbor who had been doctoring a long time and getting worse instead of better quit the doctor and commenced on the **Blood Vitalizer**. She commenced to improve at once and is getting along splendidly. My wife, who had been sick for a long time, ever since the birth of our last child, so she could hardly walk across the room, is now able to do her own housework, thanks to the **Blood Vitalizer**.

Yours truly,

Martin Posver.

## REGARDED AS HOPELESS.

Toledo, Ohio, July 27, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I can report to you with joy that my dear mother, who is now in her 87th year, has been completely restored to health by your **Blood Vitalizer** to the great astonishment of the doctors here. They had given her up and declared that owing to her great age they could do nothing for her. They foresaw her death in a couple of weeks. It was then we commenced with the **Blood Vitalizer**. In about eight days an improved circulation of her blood was noticeable and she gained remarkably in strength. Now, the Lord be praised, she is well. You can but faintly realize how thankful we are for her restoration. May your splendid medicine bring help and happiness to others as it brought it to us is the sincere wish of

Yours very truly,

415½ Second St.

Mrs. H. C. Waldorf.

## HAD LOST ALL HOPE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 17, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—The trial box of **Blood Vitalizer** which I ordered was duly received. I used just one-half of it and it cured me completely of dyspepsia and the distress and trouble which goes with it. I had been a sufferer for many years and had been treated by Norwegian and American doctors but without the least benefit. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but six small bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** restored me. I do not remember the day when I felt as well as I do now. All this is due to the **Blood Vitalizer**.

Sincerely yours,

12 Halcott St.

G. Hansen.

When all else has failed try DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER: But why wait till then? Why not commence treatment at once with this old, time-tried preparation, before the malady has become too firmly intrenched in your system? Nothing is gained by delay. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, unlike other ready-prepared medicines is not to be obtained in drug-stores, but is sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue  
CHICAGO, ILL.**

# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

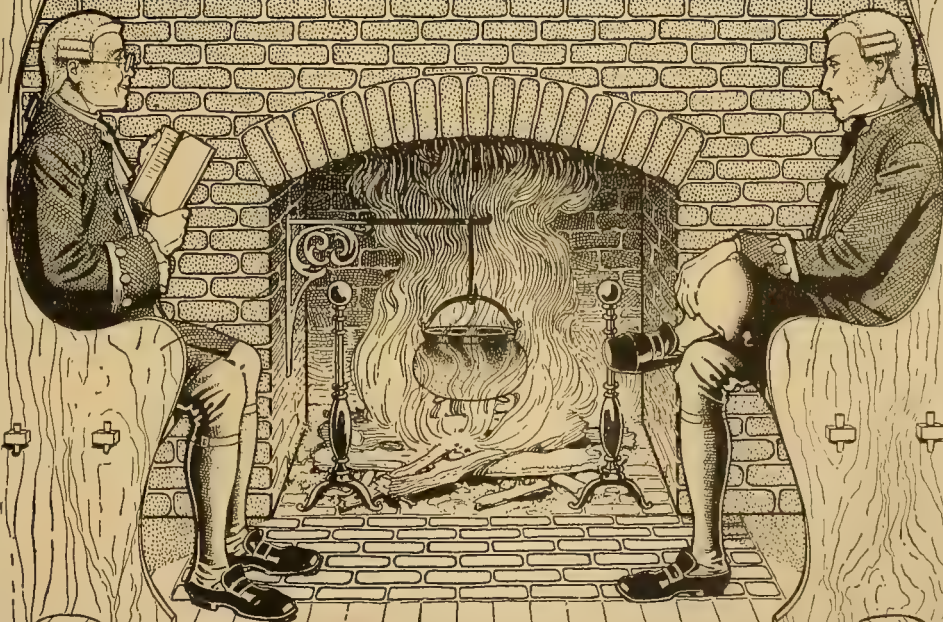
### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

IN THE LAST PAGES.—Lois L. Thomas.

IMMORTALITY.—J. G. Figley.

GRANDMA'S MISSION.—Ida M. Helm.

AUNT JEMIME.—Ettie E. Holler.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 24, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 30. Vol. VIII



Los Angeles, California, July 9, 1906.

To My Many Friends:

Who requested me to investigate the possibilities of the Butte Valley, Siskiyou county, Cal. I will say that on July 2, in company with M. M. Eshelman, of Tropic, Cal., and Calvin Grissinger, of Colton, Cal., we left Montague for the thirty mile ride over the mountains into this great, or which will soon be, one of the FAMOUS Valleys in California. We could see the smoke of the construction train at the head of the valley pushing along with 3,000 men, and it is expected they will be through the valley in 60 days. It will be a 1 per cent grade and a through line from San Francisco to Portland.

The valley is twelve miles wide by twenty long and apparently as level as a floor, but with good drainage to the north.

It was once the bed of a great lake which has left one of the richest of soils. It is a dark soil with clay and gravel sub-soil. It is surrounded with mountains and timber of the finest.

Lumber will be plenty at \$8.00 and \$12.00 a thousand, which will be a great advantage to settlers. Fuel will be plenty for almost nothing.

We drank water from several wells only twelve to fifteen feet deep, pure and soft as snow water, and no trace of alkali in it.

While it is only forty miles from Mt. Shasta, at an elevation of 4,000 feet, and an occasional snow of eight to ten inches, ice seldom forms thick enough to put up for summer use. In fact, we would say mild winters and pleasant summers.

The many springs of pure mountain water running into the valley are most refreshing to the traveler. The fine garden of Mr. Prather's was an inspiration to us all. We will long remember the pleasant evening spent with Mr. and Mrs. Prather and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Massie here at the foot of the mountain, and were wishing we could remain a month in the fresh mountain air, and catch some of the fine mountain trout and black bass with which the streams all are well stocked.

Right here we wish to say that the two town sites and also the whole 30,000 acres of land which J. P. Massie & Co. are selling here in the Butte Valley, will be DEEDED SO NO SALOONS CAN BE OPENED thereon. This means much to any one raising a family.

After a four hours' ride back over the mountains we were again ready to take the train at Montague, Cal., for San Francisco, Los Angeles and home to Lanark, Ill.

We will add right here that California has many attractions for us and the probabilities are we will land somewhere in the State this fall or winter.

Yours respectfully,

G. ROWLAND.

# Cheap Excursion

TO

## Butte Valley, Cal.,

### Tuesday, August 14



ELDER D. C. CAMPBELL

AND A NUMBER OF

LAND BUYERS

WHO HAVE BOUGHT IN

## BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

INVITE OTHERS TO JOIN

### EXCURSION

Leaving

Chicago,.....11 P. M., Aug. 14  
Kansas City, .....10 A. M., Aug. 15  
Omaha, .....4:25 P. M., Aug. 15

Trains will be consolidated at Cheyenne.

**Buy tickets to San Francisco reading out over Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, returning over any line you choose.**

For rates and other information write to

**GEO. L. McDONAUGH,**  
COLONIZATION AGENT

## Union Pacific Railroad

OMAHA, NEB.

Who will accompany the excursion through to California.

NEW descriptive printed matter FREE. "Write for it."

# THE CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Will **furnish** round trip **tickets** from SACRAMENTO to BUTTE VALLEY and return to all parties holding excursion tickets to San Francisco on Eld. D. C. Campbell's excursion leaving Chicago Aug. 14, 11:00 P. M., over the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific R. R., on arrival at Sacramento

The following quotation is from a letter written by Mr. Mark D. Early to a friend in the East: "J. B. Shellenberger and wife went to Butte Valley last Thursday night and came back to-day. You ought to hear their report; he is taken away with the prospects of things up there. He told me to-day, that he had never seen timber before, although he thought he had. He also said that it was the finest soil and country he had ever seen, and all that he had been told about the Valley was true and more too. His wife could not get over the fine water there is up there. Mr. Shellenberger says there is no doubt but what the land will all be sold within the next six months. The only thing wrong with the Valley is that it is not big enough, there being only a little over 33,000 acres for sale."

"Mr. Chris Rowland, of Lanark, Ill., was with the Shellenberger party. He bought forty acres of the raw land and is figuring on buying 2,500 acres improved ranch, and is very enthusiastic about the Valley."

## TELEGRAM.

(Copy)

San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1906.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Colonization Agt., U. P. R. R., Omaha.  
H. F. Maust, of Waterloo, Iowa, takes eight hundred acres Butte Valley land. Well pleased. Will bring car load from Iowa on excursion.

M. D. Early.

J. P. MASSIE,

President and Gen. Manager,

California Butte Valley Land Co. San Francisco, Cal.

# SONG PRAISES

For Sunday Schools and Christian Workers' Meetings

EDITED BY

PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER

Author of Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 and Brethren Hymnal.

This new volume embrace selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

We feel confident that all our Sunday schools and Christian Workers will gladly welcome this new volume, and introduce it at the earliest moment.

New, bold-faced type has been used in the composition of this book, which gives it a very good appearance and makes it easy to read. Size, 5½x8 inches. The book is substantially bound in full cloth and is sure to please in contents as well as workmanship.

With all the good features mentioned above, yet this volume will be sold at the following very low rates:

Price, per single copy, prepaid, .....	25 cents
Per dozen, prepaid, .....	\$2.50
Per 100, f. o. b., Elgin, .....	\$18.50

Published in round and shaped notes. Shaped notes sent unless otherwise specified in order. Address,

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Elgin, Ill.

# 500 Scriptural Anecdotes

A Hand-book for Preachers,  
Teachers and Christian  
Workers.

Compiled by HAROLD F. SALES



An entirely new collection of short, sharp Scriptural Anecdotes, invaluable to those who are being called on to conduct meetings and are compelled to prepare on short notice.

A large variety of subjects are treated, and it will be found more helpful than

some collections costing four times its price.

The entire collection is carefully classified under fifty different subjects and arranged alphabetically.

## SAMPLE ANECDOTES.

(As they appear in the book.)

### The Obscured Light.

There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

### Glorifying God in Our Homes.

A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

Price in limp cloth binding, 25 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Ill.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# SUMMER IS THE TIME TO CURE CATARRH

When the Cold Blasts are Over and the Soft Winds Blow

## I Can Cure Your CATARRH

I WILL PROVE IT, FREE!

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—Will Do for You—I Will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.

I offer what is really a Blessing to sufferers from Catarrh—Head, Bronchial and Throat trouble.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking right at the root and cause of the disease by **Killing the Germs.**

**A Cure for You**, no matter what bad shape you are in.

Now I do not ask you to take my word nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (**Consumption most frequently starts in Catarrh.**)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the

air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head **clear as a bell.**

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

Air was the agency that carried the germs of the disease there, and it must be the agency to remove them.

My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, Lagrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you, may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write.

Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a lifetime.

—J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever.

—REV. ALBERT EGLI, Elgin, Ill.

I have been using your Medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years. —MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

### CATARRH SUFFERERS.

Should realize that summer is the ideal time to cure Catarrh. It stands to reason that breathing the warm air of summer will assist the treatment, while the cold blasts of winter retard it. How important it is that every sufferer consider this matter seriously for themselves. We offer you the opportunity to try our treatment free. What more can any person ask? I always give the doubt to the patient. I don't want your money unless you are pleased with the treatment. The only way you can find out whether it will

suit you, is to try it. It don't cure everyone. Nothing will, but when eighty out of one hundred write me that the treatment is satisfactory and all I represent it to be, I still feel encouraged. Read my special trial offer and consider whether it appeals to reason.

### HAY FEVER IS VERY ANNOYING.

Begin Our No. 3 Treatment Now, and It Will Forget to Come This Year.

Hay Fever is caused by breathing the poisoned air laden with the pollen of flowers, notably that of ragweed, corn tassels and other blossoms that give off pollen dust. This is poisonous to the mucous membranes of many people. It irritates the membranes of the air passages of the head, causes them to become swollen and resembles a very bad cold in summer.

To avoid the appearance of Hay Fever each season, begin using our No. 3 treatment of Liquid Spray three or four weeks before the time for its appearance. This will harden the mucous membrane and render the poison-laden air harmless to everyone alike. If you have Hay Fever now, begin the use of the treatment at once, to reduce the inflammation and save suffering.

We are making a common sense offer to the readers of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently, and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat.

Have you any of the following symptoms: If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Medicator on trial free. See special trial offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pain across front part of head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### Our Special Offer

should convince any reasonable person that our treatments are as represented. We could not send out our Medicators on trial free as we do, if they were not. They cost us all we get for them, and in many cases more. The way we make our money is by our cured friends telling others. Surely when we leave the paying part all to the person ordering, we are doing our part.

### MY SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER.

If you will write me a mere Postal Card mentioning **The Inglenook**, I will mail you my new Spray Medicator with full treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$2.00. If you are not satisfied mail me back the Medicator which will cost only 12 cents postage and you still have your money.

It costs me \$2.00 to place this treatment in your hands, and I have not one cent of profit except I receive future orders through your influence as an agent, for which I am willing to pay you. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless benefited. **Write this very day.**

Address,

**E. J. WORST,** 52 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO

Describe your case, as we forward treatment to suit ailment.

# SUNNY IDAHO

**Irrigation** is the key to Scientific Farming. It will open the door to success for you.

**The Weiser Valley** is a good place to investigate if you desire to live in a mild and healthful climate, where land values, considering results, are low; where society is the best; where churches and schools are encouraged and liberally supported; where farm produce and live stock bring large returns.

**The City of Weiser** Population over 3000; is a hustling, thriving and growing town in the midst of this wonderfully fertile valley. It is the county seat of Washington county, on the main line of the Oregon Short Line R. R., midway between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Portland, Oregon. It is the Southern terminus of the Pacific and Idaho Northern Railway.

**You are Thinking** of finding a new home in the west. Let us tell you all about Weiser and Weiser Valley. Splendid opportunities in every line of endeavor. Address:

SECRETARY COMMERCIAL CLUB, Weiser, Idaho.

## Wild Rose Silver Teaspoon FREE

Guaranteed Absolutely For Ten Years

*This Beautiful Sterling Silver Design  
will be valued in any Spoon Collection*

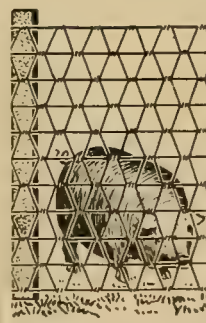
Send only 10 cents for a ten weeks' trial subscription to THE PRAIRIE FARMER, and we will send this dainty Spoon to you and tell you how you can get the complete set. So sure are we that you will be thoroughly pleased that we make this offer unqualifiedly:

*Should you be dissatisfied with your  
bargain you may return the Spoon and  
we will immediately send you 12 cents.  
You can not lose on an offer which  
gives you*

**12 Cents For Only a Dime**

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Now is the Time to Subscribe for the  
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## DIAMOND MESH FENCING

From 22½ in. up to 6  
ft. high and 1-in. mesh  
up. Direct to farm-  
ers. Write for cata-  
logue and prices.

**THE HOLLINGER  
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## VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine  
that thoroughly cleanses the entire sys-  
tem by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs.  
Fahrney for over a century, and used  
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ney for more than forty years in curing  
many of the so-called incurable dis-  
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vating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver  
Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema,  
Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick  
Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and  
kindred ailments should try a package.

Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it.  
If not, we will send a package on re-  
ceipt of price.

**VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,**  
Frederick, Maryland.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

---

Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

### 20 to 40 Tons Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
Oregon Short Line Railroad

S. BOCK,  
General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. & T. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

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## OH, WHY SHOULD WE WANDER?

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Oh, why should we wander, oh, why should we roam  
To the banks of the Seine, or St. Peter's high dome?  
We have scenes here as grand, as wondrous to see,  
As are found in the lands far over the sea.  
The Father of Waters sweeps down from the plain  
Through forests and meadows of cotton and grain;  
And many the barges that float with the tide  
Of his deep-swelling bosom to lands far and wide.  
We have builded a city by our great inland sea,  
More wondrous than any by Thames or by Dee.

Our mountains their peaks to the heavens uplift,  
And concealed by the clouds is many a rift  
In their storm-beaten sides, where the slow glacier creeps,  
The avalanche thunders, or the wild torrent leaps,—  
Carved in the hard rock by the mad water's leap.  
The mountains of Europe have naught to compare  
With the peaks that are swept by our wild mountain air.

Niagara's flood, with a deafening roar,  
To the seething abyss where the waters of yore  
Have cut deep the rock, leaps down from the ledge,  
The same torrents have hewn as with plowshare's keen  
edge.

Our towering redwoods look down in disdain  
On feeble attempts such growth to attain.  
We have sights here more fair, more sublime and more  
grand

Than we e'er can behold in a far-away land;  
Then why should we sail o'er the wild billowy foam,  
Oh, why should we wander, oh, why should we roam?  
Illinois.

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## SEED-THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART'S GARDEN.

JOSEPHINE HANNA.

*The sun does not need a voice—its light tells.*

✽

*Unkindness cuts a wide swath from joy's field of  
heart's-ease.*

✽

*Pretense dare not ascend, for the next step above  
would seem beneath him.*

✽

*Christ's workers do not build up his work at one  
point by tearing it down at another.*

*Happiness cannot be acclimated to any atmosphere  
but that of love.*

✽

*Love is heaven's warmth and light, reflected from  
hearts heavenward turned.*

✽

*The ground becomes soft where Kindness treads,  
and shows the imprint of her feet.*

✽

*We possess not our own treasures until we prevail  
upon Discontent to sign her right away.*

✽

*Indolence nurses indifference until it is grown, when  
the two work agreeably together building tenement  
houses.*

✽

*Labor manufactures wealth; it also sometimes ac-  
cumulates it, oftener spends it, and, alas! is at times  
robbed of it.*

✽

*The poor—good, bad, and indifferent,—we have  
always with us. It is within its own nature that love  
finds reason to help or selfishness to deny them.*

✽

*How many thousand more Jewish witnesses have  
within a year, by their persecution and death, testi-  
fied to the truth of God's Book, and yet some will not  
heed!*

✽

*Unerring instinct is set by God, and higher reason  
left by him, in poorer hands to run; hence we see the  
brute creation choose that which is best, first, while  
man often fails entirely, to make the good choice, open  
to his kind.*

✽

*It seems impossible that the tiny chick,—enclosed  
so tightly within its shell,—could open its way out,  
but it does so; and we too, when we have grown to  
the limits of our environments, shall be given strength  
to open our way into a larger sphere.*

Flora, Ind.



# Aunt Jemime

Ettie E. Holler

## Chapter I.



UNT JEMIME was a wealthy widow, of forty-five years. She lived in the city. She was a well-educated woman, and was highly respected and loved by all who knew her.

Since her husband's decease, which occurred ten years ago there had a great change taken place in Aunt Jemime. She had become poor and forlorn-looking. Her once black locks were now silvery gray. And she was a premature old woman. One would think her to be sixty years old.

Why this great change? True, sorrow had left its mark. But that was not all. She lived in a so-called Christian community. But in all her sorrow there had been no kind words spoken, no words of sympathy, no kind acts. Were they not her friends? She had thought them to be. But they were all too aristocratic to lend a helping hand, or even give a kind word. They said, "She is rich, let her pay for everything she gets."

Ah, Aunt Jemime was craving for something she could not buy, yet something that all can give. More hearts pine away in secret anguish for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. What a great change takes place, when one is obliged to live without being loved, or without kindness, or sympathy.

Were Aunt Jemime's neighbors Christians? They were apparently happy. They thought she should not sorrow so long for her husband. They did not think they could help her. Just a few words of kindness and sympathy would have helped to turn her sorrow into sunshine. But no, they did not think. Is it any wonder at the change those ten years brought to Aunt Jemime?

There was another thing that troubled Aunt Jemime very much. The few relatives she had were continually advising and planning ways and means for her to take care of her fortune,—for them. They appeared to be her best friends, but Aunt Jemime was not so slow to know their object. They seemed to think her not capable of taking care of her fortune. But her judgment proved to be better than theirs.

Ah, if they had been as liberal with pure, kind words, as they were with thoughtless ones, what a blessing they would have been for Aunt Jemime! Is it any wonder she was prematurely old?

She could endure it no longer, and decided to visit her brother whom she had not seen for twenty-five years. Her niece had written for her to come to Boston and visit them once. Aunt Jemime had good rea-

sons to believe that it would be a good thing for her to disguise herself to take her long journey.

She planned it to perfection. She also decided not to let them know when she was coming.

She is now ready to start. There were formal good-byes said, but no kind, well wishes.

\* \* \* \* \*

It certainly is an evident fact that people are becoming more selfish all the time. Money is the chief object with most people. I know I do not look just the best in my unique costume, but I am just the same Jemime as if I would be dressed in my silks. People do not pause to give a kind word, a smile or sympathy. This is a hard world, anyway. The rich have their friends. But is it really the person or their money they love? There is no one left to love me since my dear Jake is gone. Oh, if people would just show more kindness, the world would be much happier than it is.

If I could just find one whole-hearted Christian that would have his heart-life outside, so I could tell that he was a real Christian! I know there are such ones in the world, but I have not seen one for a long time.

I know I have a soul to save too. If I could just find some one to help me, I would be a Christian. I know it is the only thing to do. Are there any Christians in the world? Oh yes, I know there are. Where are they? What are they doing? Seems to me that just a few kind words would help me to be a Christian. Yes, there are true Christians, I know. I hope and pray that I can find at least one before I go home again.

I just wonder now if it has not just been me myself that causes life to be so dark all these years. Here I am forty-five years old and not a Christian. Ah, no wonder my life has been dark. How can it be otherwise without Christ in it? Well, well, seems like my eyesight is better. But my best life is gone. Where? Shame on you, Aunt Jemime. Maybe if I had been a Christian I would yet be young. Oh, I must change soon. Here I have been bearing my burden alone.

Thus silently mused Aunt Jemime, as she sat looking out of the car window. Tired and lonely and thinking she must be near Boston, she inquired of a richly-dressed, yet handsome, young lady: "Where does this train stop next, can you tell me, please?"

"Humph! don't ask me, greeny. I ain't no conductor, ask him," was her ruthless reply.

Thus dumfounded, Aunt Jemime looked about uneasily. Just then a handsome, well-dressed young man stepped up to her, having heard her question and the reply. "Is there something I can do for you, madam?"

"Yes, there is. I am going to Boston, and seems to me we are getting near. Where does this train stop next?"

"The next stop is Boston, madam. I will see that you get off safely and will help you with your baggage, too, as I am going there myself."

"I will be very thankful to you, sure, as I have never been there," said Aunt Jemime.

Aunt Jemime could tell by his appearance, his clothing and conduct where he belonged, and that he was a Christian, too. She rejoiced and rested easier than she had since she left home. But she was not unconscious of the many remarks and of the fun the passengers were having at her expense, especially the young woman of whom she had inquired.

"Well, this is Boston now," said the young man. "Let me carry your satchel, your basket and your umbrella. You will have enough to carry then yet."

"All right. If you will kindly help me to the — hotel I will be all right then."

"Certainly, I will. I am going that way, anyway."

They really did look comical, going up street. Aunt Jemime, in her disguise, wore a gray homespun suit made old style, which barely came to her shoetops and exposed her coarse, hand-made shoes and red woolen stockings. With her old-time baskets and umbrella about five feet long, she really did look comical.

This young man paid no attention to the remarks that were made of him. He believed in doing a kindness when there was an opportunity. He was no respecter of persons, he would help the rich or the poor alike.

"Well, you are the kindest young man I have seen for many a day," said Aunt Jemime. "A thousand times much obliged to you. I never would have found this place had it not been for you."

"Oh, this is all right, indeed. It was just on my way. Good-bye," and the young man politely lifted his hat and was gone.

Little did he think that this little incident would be a turning point in his life, and that they would meet again, and of the great surprise that was awaiting him.

## Chapter II.

"Oh, Harriet. Aunt Jemime is up at the hotel and I must go after her at once. She is a fine-looking specimen, indeed, to introduce into our society. I am ashamed of her. So we will not try to introduce her into society. But now, Harriet, dear, you must appear to love her very much. You know she is very rich, and has no heirs. So be sure to be agreeable to her, for there is a fortune in it," said Mrs. White to her daughter.

"O, mamma, I don't see why she can't dress respectable, anyway. She might know better than to come to Boston dressed so hideous. But I will act my part all right. My! I wish she had not come. Why did-

n't she tell us when she was coming, I'd like to know?"

"Say, she is beautiful, though, Harriet, but she looks older than she is. She looks like she had trouble, too. I can't understand why she is dressed so antique. I just half believe she is disguised. But I don't see why, either."

"Pshaw, mamma! she is just an old foggy, is all. She don't care how she looks. If I had her fortune I wouldn't care where she was. I'd shine up some, too. She might have a chance to get a husband if she had any judgment. Ah, the idea. But I will soon captivate her, mamma, so don't worry about me."

"Say, Cousin Charles, Aunt Jemime is here,—well, there they are. I must go and help her out of the cab." So away she went.

"Dear Aunt Jemime, let me help you. I fear you will fall. Place your hand on my shoulder," said Harriet.

Aunt Jemime stopped and looked straight into Harriet's eyes, and if you could have seen the color leave Harriet's cheeks, you would have wondered what was wrong.

"No, thank you, I can get out myself. I do not need help just now, but I did in the car."

Harriet was completely dumfounded at this indifference, from Aunt Jemime. Imagine her chagrin, when she thought of her conduct towards Aunt Jemime on the car.

Aunt Jemime was very quiet as she walked up towards her brother's elegant home. Her brother was also very wealthy. As she entered the house she paused as she saw a young man seated near the window.

"Oh, you are the young man that helped me on the train," and she rushed forward towards him. God bless you, whoever you are. And who are you?"

"Charles Mansfield is my name."

"Charles Mansfield! Then you are my only sister's son, my nephew!"

"Is this Aunt Jemime? Little did I think of its being you when I saw you."

"Yes, I know you didn't know me, so I know your kindness came from the heart. I am so glad I met you again. How does it happen you are here, too?"

"I am a traveling salesman for a large firm here, and when I am not at work, I am here. I have had my home here for several years."

Harriet could not conceal her vexation. She also envied Charles, for Aunt Jemime seemed to care for no one but Charles. Her face and eyes showed a new expression, a new light. She would hardly allow him to leave her side. Presently she was shown her room into which she retreated. Charles was obliged to go up town.

When Aunt Jemime came down from her room she was apparently a different woman. She had taken



off her disguise now, and donned a beautiful shirt-waist suit of brown silk.

Aunt Jemime was no careless dresser and she had very good taste. She admired simplicity and believed it right. She had an object in view when she wore her unique disguise. She thought that it had accomplished her purpose and opened up a new life for her, if her plan would succeed as she thought it would. Harriet tried to mend her past conduct by asking forgiveness. Even Aunt Jemime's brother and wife asked pardon for the way they had written to her. Aunt Jemime gladly forgave them all. But Harriet seemed helpless when in Aunt Jemime's presence. She had won their hearts by her kind, winning ways. But she seemed reserved in her conversation. She could scarcely wait until Charles came back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Charles Mansfield was a handsome young man of twenty-seven years. His very appearance commanded respect. He always had the appearance of sorrow, yet a more jovial fellow could not be found. He was a Christian in the full sense of the word. Every one knew him to be a Christian. He was firm to his belief of right.

He believed in the scriptural definition of pure religion, as found in James 1: 27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

He was a close student of the Bible, and followed its teachings as nearly as possible. His parents were dead. He was left alone while young and had worked his way to his present position. He commanded a large salary, yet there was a blank in his life.

And as he was walking home that evening he was not thinking of Aunt Jemime and her money, but he was in profound meditation. How he longed to be in a Christian home.

"Oh, if I could just find some good woman that would be a kind mother to me. One to whom I could confide my joys and sorrows. A home, a place that would seem like home, at least. My position does not suit me, though it is very good. But I would rather own a farm, so I could get the good, pure air." Thus Charles mused until he reached his uncle's home.

Aunt Jemime was glad when he returned. She conversed freely, and a more interesting conversationalist you could not find. Harriet declared she was getting younger and handsomer all the time.

She requested Charles to come to her room, as she had a matter of great importance to tell him about. Her object was to plan for the future. She wanted Charles to come and make his home with her. She wanted to give him a home.

Her plan was a success. For it just suited Charles. He could not express his thankfulness in words, so he

wept, as did Aunt Jemime also. Aunt Jemime did not think of this plan ever being perfected when she left her home, though she often hoped for it. As soon as Charles could get his resignation accepted they would leave for St. Louis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years later finds Aunt Jemime and Charles living in her beautiful, large farm home, happy and contented. Great changes have taken place. Aunt Jemime appears younger than she did ten years ago. She is happy, indeed a new creature.

The happiest event of her life occurred nine years ago, when she accepted Christ by baptism. Although she greatly regrets that she neglected it so long, yet she rejoices with Charles that they came to the farm, where she could have the opportunity of going to the neat and commodious meetinghouse and worship with those whose faith was the same as her sainted mother and her only sister. It is strange, yet true, that here where she was baptized, was where Charles had been baptized when he was a boy of fifteen, where he lived until his mother's death.

Is it any wonder there was a change? Aunt Jemime was a mother to Charles; many happy hours did they spend together. It was not her wealth he craved, but her motherly love, kindness and sympathy. And these he found in Aunt Jemime.

Aunt Jemime was won for Christ, her whole life changed, and a nobler Christian woman could not be found. What caused this great change? Something we all can give. There is nothing in the world like kindness. This principle underlies the whole theory of Christianity, and in no other person do we find it more happily exemplified than in the life of our Savior, who, while on earth, went about doing good.

Aunt Jemime gave of her large fortune liberally, for the church of her choice, mission work at home and abroad. Many souls have been saved by her life and her money. She has no relatives that need any more money. They are all rich enough. Charles, is the only deserving one, and Aunt Jemime has amply provided for him and his good wife. But it is arranged that the greater portion of her fortune goes for the church and for general mission work.

"A little word of kindness spoken,  
A motion, or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And made a friend sincere!"

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

\* \* \*

MAN's unbelief is something that makes angels wonder.—*E. P. Brown.*

\* \* \*

The case is, I've no case at all, and in brief, I've never had a brief.  
—*Saxe.*

## In the Last Pages

Lois L. Thomas



ELL, I must say, Betsy Jane, thet you air enough to provoke a saint. Ain't it enough to hev you settin' 'round doin' nothing, without hearin' you grumble all the time? Dear suz, seems like that old cheer would be a'most worn out by this time. Here now, you jist look over these

berries, whils't I go an' tend to them settin' hens. Ole Black hed two aigs broke this mornin', dear knows how many by this time. Seems like ever'thing's aginst us."

"Law now, ole Black's one of the best hens we ever had. Shouldn't think she'd a done sich a trick. But hand them air berries over here, Marg'et; seems like I'm agittin' stiffer an' stiffer ever' day. Good thing I'm got my eyesight yit, ain't it?" and the withered old lady smiled over the yellow bowl, filled with berries, which her sister placed in her lap as she hurried from the room. "Now then," she said to herself, "I'm real glad fer my eyes. Here's Marg'et has to put on her specs ever' time she looks over anything. But law, I'd like to go out an' hunt berries an' look arter settin' hens an' sich like, too. Wonder if Marg'et filled up them chinks yesterday? 'Pears like I feel a draff. I'm right glad my shawl's so handy, laid it here t'other day, myself. Now I wonder how Marg'et come to leave so many stems on these 'ere berries."

She rambled on, now of one thing, and now of another. Gradually her soliloquy turned on the shawl which she had thrown over her shoulder, and then the agile memory of an old person for events long past supplied her theme.

They were a picturesque, yet a pathetic pair. Their quaint little cabin just as their father had left it to them; the simple, old-fashioned furnishings; even their mode of speech was now obsolete in the neighborhood, which had practically outgrown them in every way. But to see them, their faded fragile forms bent with age and swayed by the keen winds, which were all the more cutting by reason of the broad sweep they had around the little, old log house, toiling along carrying refuse wood, or feebly chopping it; or in the summer, to see them along the road gathering the berries from the stray bushes growing there, or mixing mud in a mortar and climbing the shaky ladder to fill up chinks between the logs of the house, was pathetic.

But the help which at first had been offered them in a crude, and to them insulting way, was never accepted; and after a while they were not bothered by offers of help.

"Seems like as if fer some reason they think themselves better'n us. But law now, Marg'et, don't you

'member how onct pap was as well fixed as any of 'em, and was looked up to by the hull country? But it's been quite a spell ago, an' people fergit putty easy." This was Betsy Jane's usual way of treating the subject. "But then," she always added, "I don't see what's to hinder the wimen folks comin' in an' takin' a drop of tea onct in a while. That would be real nice, now."

However, Margaret's idea was not tempered with any excusing lines. Perhaps her disposition had once been as mild as her sister's, but one part of her life had been spent away from the quiet old home, and the trouble she had known had not rendered her more cheerful or patient. She was the younger of the two, and the stronger. Also she had a daughter who was



"So they lived alone and apart."

married and never came to see her. This was a most cruel blow to Margaret, who had sacrificed the best she had always to the child.

So they lived, alone and apart. How they managed to exist was a mystery to the neighbors. The barren five acres which with the home was their heritage, except for a little garden, was rented to a neighbor, who always managed to have a large share of the grain. On the few occasions they carried themselves as though life was good to them, and prosperity not unknown. But the last winter had been very hard on them. Insufficient nourishment had caused the older sister much illness, and she did not recover properly. The beginning of the summer found her very feeble, and inclined to be rather querulous.

When Margaret returned to the room, she found Betsy Jane sitting with the bowl of berries beside her. "Air you done?" she asked.

"Why, yes, quite a spell ago. How did you find the settin' hens?"

"Reckon they'll git along now. I changed 'em a leetle. Well now, perhaps I better git dinner. Take back your cheer, Betsy Jane, an' I'll set the table right off."

"And what do you cacerlate to hev, Marg'et? That corn pone was mighty good last even'. Can't we hev the rest now with the cabbage an' 'taters?"



That's what I'm aimin' to hev. It'll be ready putty soon. You don't need to mind gittin' res'less."

They ate their dinner in silence. Neither was very demonstrative, and such thoughts were rarely told each other, but to-day Margaret remarked that she considered a meal to be a solemn thing. "Fer you see, of few of 'em means life er death to one. I allers think of thet, somehow, lately."

While she was clearing up the table she commenced to talk of the neighbors on the big farm opposite. An' I guess I'll go over this arternoon, an' mebbe I kin help Mis' Greenly. Somehow she don't act like the res', an' I sorter like her."

"Yes, an' then I do hope she'll send some vittuls over. 'Pears to me I'd like somepin real fillin, onct."

"Dear suz! Ef you don't talk clean daft sometimes, Betsy Jane. Ef you think I'm goin' out beggin', you'll miss it some. I'll not tetch any vittuls, you don't need to worry."

"I do think now, ef you wouldn't leave your own kin to stave, an' help it along, too. You know right well, Marg'et, I can't git well on this grub. Now I don't say but what it's real good, but law, I don't git any strength from't 'tall." She paused in an effort to steady herself as she arose from the chair. "I know ef Mis' Greenly knowed't she'd fix me up somepin. I guess I'll hev to rest a spell," she added, apologetically. She had always avoided showing any physical weakness in Margaret's presence, feeling that she would not understand. Only at times when she could stand the fatigue she felt no longer, did she give up.

Margaret could not understand fully, but she did sympathize with Betsy Jane. Her undemonstrativeness gave the impression of unconcern, and she was uneasily aware of this. "All right," she said, "I'll go now." But she did not go. Once outside the house she turned, climbed the decaying rail fence and fell in a heap among the long grass on the other side. She lay for a moment, shaken by sobs all the more painful for their long repression. After a while she sat up, looking up vaguely from her drawn face into the sky, which, with its clearness and beauty seemed almost to mock her grief.

"It's come at last, an' I might as well face it at once. I know'd all the time it'd come, but so soon! Poor Betsy Jane! We're all alone and putty soon it'll be worse. Seems like the garden sass don't do right this year, er it'd help some. The chickens 'll last a spell an' 'en I'll sell the place er try. We kin go to the poorhouse together then. But oh Lord, there is no one cares. Ef we was on a desert island it couldn't be worse. Some day one or tother of us 'll die an' all alone. No one cares. Oh my little gal, my Mary!" and her bent head was bowed till it rested on the ground.

The sun was quite low when she stiffly reclimbed the fence, and resolutely went to the old shed which served as a home for her few hens, and made a selection. Very soon she was dressing the chicken, out on the far side of the house, by the fence. Automatically she repeated at intervals the burden of her grief, "No one cares."

"Now I wonder," said little Olga Greenly who passed through the field by the fence on her return



from a neighbor's, "if she meant it about the chicken?" When she had found her mama, she put the question to her.

"Well, now, maybe she did. She seems to think so much of her chickens. But still I wouldn't think—, no doubt it's something else, dear. Never mind, we will think of it after while."

"Mama, mayn't I take some of my roses over to them this evening before dark? Oh, goodie!"

"Margaret had made her preparations very quietly, for fear of disturbing Betsy Jane, who still slept. When Olga knocked, the stew on the stove was already giving out an appetizing odor.

"I've brought you some of my roses Mrs. Goodman. I think they're pretty, and I wanted you to have some of them. Mama said I must come right back, so I must

go. I hope you will like the flowers. Mama sent her regards to you. She wanted to come over to-day but the baby was sick. Well, good-bye."

"Mama," I wonder what *is* the matter? Mrs. Goodman didn't say a word; she just looked as queer, and when I passed the window she had her head down on the table, and the flowers held up close to her. Maybe she's sick."

Over at the cabin Margaret had made preparations as for a feast. Betsy Jane, awakening from her sleep, blinked at the unusual splendor of the supper table. Their grandfather's old brass candelabrum rubbed to scintillating brilliance, towered above a bowl of delicate, velvety white roses; the few pieces left from their mother's wedding set of china of blue and white, were on the table also; the cloth, a quaint pattern, was one which a great-grandmother had woven, and was spotless and white.

"Law now, Marg'et, whatever is the matter? Reckon I'll hev to git up, but these ere kivers air uncommon comfortable, this even. Well now, I 'lowed you'd can them berries, Marg'et. Oh, law zee!" a knock sent her scurrying into a corner. "Don't let 'em in yit, Marg'et," she pleaded.

Margaret stepped outside. "Good evening, Mrs. Goodman. Here's a letter I got for you at the office. They said you hadn't been up lately and asked if I could hand it to you. It's some 'out of the way, but I told 'em 'sure,' anyhow."

"I'm very much obliged, Mr. Brown, I'm sure."

Oh, not at all, not at all. Hope it's good news. Good night to you."

"Good night."

"Who's it from, Marg'et? Think you orter read it to me. 'Pears like a putty good-sized letter, too. Whyee, Marg'et! Ef you aint got chicken on a boil-in'. It's most too good to believe. I'm a goin' to tend to this ere supper, Marg'et, an' you can read your letter."

For a time her hesitating steps, the cracking of the fire and the faint ticking of the little old clock, were the only sounds in the room. Presently the clock and the fire were alone. Betsy Jane's mind was going back to times when in her mother's life the table had been festive, as to-night. Only of course, more so. What treasure of memory does not gain additional lustre from its years of keeping?

Then a queer thing happened, Margaret, the letter in hand, had slipped to her knees beside her chair and in a very broken voice began talking: "Oh Lord, indeed you are our Father. Here I've been a thinkin' hard because there was some clouds in front of the sunshine. Oh, Lord, fergive me fer not trusting fer the blessed sunshine behind 'em. An' I said no one cared! Lord, fergive me. An' I know you air a prayer hearin' an' a prayer answerin' God. Oh I thank you, dear Lord, I'm been to you like she's been to me. Oh Father, fergive me as I fergive her. An' help me to be more trustin'. Dear Lord, the clouds looked so dark, but the sunshine is more'n kiverin' 'em all. Oh I thank you! Bless Mary an' Betsy Jane, an' last of all, dear Father help me. Fer Jesus' sake, Amen."

There was a wonderful calm on the older sister's face. She came to Margaret, and put her thin arms tenderly around her neck. "Marg'et, you was worried? Dear heart, he wouldn't fersake us. I know'd that. An' now he's given you Mary. An' Mary's a good gal, Marg'et. An' the others care too, if we'll jest let 'em. I reckon the Lord don't want us to be so independent. He wasn't. An' he only hid the sunshine a leetle while, so's t'would shine brighter now, an' I want to thank him, too."

The firelight tinged their silvery white heads as they knelt in its glow. They were before their Father's throne, and he dwelt in his temple that night.

Harrod, Ohio.

## IMMORTALITY

J. G. FIGLEY,  
Bryan, Ohio.

- I. Views Along the Line.
- II. Egyptian Spiritual Philosophy.
- III. Mexican and Hindoo Beliefs.
- IV. Buddhistic and Greek Theories.
- V. The Soul and Spirit.
- VI. Concluding Remarks.

### CONCLUDING REMARKS.



O I conclude that man's immortality existed long before the time of its inception into his physical organism, and his nature need not *always* depend upon the prenatal conditions or the hereditary. Environments, spiritual and physical, constitute the groundwork of every immortal soul's capabilities. It is nonsensical to think that the soul

does not take possession of the body till at or about the time of birth. What crimes are committed upon such hypothesis!

What matter whether the seat of the soul is in the upper or lower brain or in the solar plexus? Man is immortal! It rests with the Almighty and his own soul whether he will *always* exist or not, for I believe people may lose their divine heritage through unclean living and dishonorable dealings with their fellow-men.



Everything considered, is it any wonder that there are such diverse opinions regarding religious, social, moral and political conditions? Are there not brutes that are better than their masters? Is it not possible with the God of Nature that some animals and birds at least are immortal? The Bible speaks of certain animals in heaven. The best consensus of opinion among our best theologians as a whole seems to be that life in the world after death, the world beyond this, will be a complement of this, a continuation. We shall be very busy there. Jesus Christ, the Spiritual Father of this old world of ours, will have work for all to do. What environments and circumstances, hereditary or otherwise, prevented our doing here we shall certainly have an opportunity of doing or trying to do over there. And those who were tender and kind with the brute or animal creation, will they be satisfied, will they be at home where there are no birds, no horses, or others of the animal kingdom with which to engage a part of their time at least? I don't think so. The other life will not be one of indolent ease or incessant singing, and I hope I shall not be called irreverent for saying so.

Jesus Christ came into the world to bring *life* and *immortality to light* at an age when the world was in a maelstrom of opinions and suppositions as to man's past, present and future. He unfolded a spiritual system of ethics that has not been improved upon since, and never will be. He gave absolute evidence through his own organism that death of the physical body *did not* end all, and he taught that he had existed before his advent upon the earth. His teachings were such that those who *must* have absolute proof of another life after death before believing it, received that proof. He came into the world to make man pure in *mind and body* by the acceptance of his teachings.

We have seen that there was a diversified opinion among all peoples previous to the Christian era on the subject of immortality, and that diversity of opinion is as paramount to-day as it was then. There are two well-defined theories on the subject: the one branch, those who pretend to believe or believe and declare that death of the physical body ends all existence of the individual, that "the dead know not anything, neither have they any reward; for the memory of them is forgotten . . . neither have they any more portion forever in anything that is done under the sun" (Eccl. 9: 5, 6). And the other branch, those who believe, or those who have positive knowledge of a life after death. The first branch is composed of those who are properly called Materialists, and, in general, those of the second branch must be called Spiritualists. As there is no future according to the materialists, necessarily in their theory there can be no heaven or hell, rewards or punishments, human life being considered one form of many in the round of existence by the fiat of a self-

existent nature. So their theory admits of no further discussion, knowing as we do that it is false.

We shall now review the general theories of immortality as held by the second branch. They, as this class includes also those known as Modern Spiritualists, Rosicrucians, Theosophists, and kindred bodies, who claim to have proof that the so-called dead do live after the death of the body, believe that the spirit survives the death of the body, and will be rewarded or punished according to the life lived in the body, and in general that the next life will in a measure be a complement of this, without any well-defined idea as to why human life exists, or in fact any form of life.

Their number is legion who do not see why it should be a tenet of the Christian faith or any other faith, that "sin brought death into the world" through Adam or any other man. Plants do not sin, yet they die; animals not being endowed with an intellect or sense like humanity, die, yet do not sin. Death is a natural act of physical existence, and physical immortality is as impossible a system of living as is the idea that death would not be if there were no sin. Sinning against nature will hasten death, yet were there no sin, death would come sooner or later anyway. The theory that sin will also kill the spirit lacks proof. It may be believed, of course; a person has a right to believe what he pleases, even that the moon is made out of green cheese, yet the proof is always that which counts.

Another theory on immortality held by some is that called Psychopannychism, or that the spirit or soul sleeps in the grave with the body till it is resurrected at some unknown and remote period, when the physical body will come forth as new and fresh as it ever was, and a new existence will begin, provided, of course, the individual "passes the examination" of the judgment. In that case it continues living indefinitely; otherwise it is annihilated, both soul and body being put out of existence the same as if they never had been. Their number is also legion who cannot comprehend the necessity of any such thing, or why any one should believe it, no matter where or by whom taught; that there is nothing scientific, philosophical or reasonable in such a theory. Neither know they any reason why the physical body should be resurrected after it has passed to its original dust and the spirit gone to God who gave it. Eccl. 12: 7. Paul's philosophy, particularly that in 1 Cor. 15, is good enough for them, even of the modern spiritualists.

Besides, it was a specific teaching of Jesus Christ himself, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven (John 3: 5, 6), and of Paul (1 Cor. 15: 50). Whether that heaven be "the new heaven and the new earth" or the old heaven and the old earth we have now, it matters not. Do not infer that this denies that Jesus' body did not enter heaven. It did, but the denial is that it was not a real flesh and blood

body. He was such a composite of divine and human that at death when the blood left his body, the remainder became a truly sublimated material one by the disintegration and absorption or drawing together of the refined spiritual particles, likely aided by others drawn from the elements.

There are some things taught by the professed followers of Jesus that many others do not approve of, things regarded as lacking proper evidence as being taught by Jesus himself. That his bringing life and immortality to light to them does not mean that all who do not accept him or his teachings according to the old-fashioned system of theology will be cut off from eternal life or immortality. It is understood to mean that at his advent into the world, people were too Pharisaical or materialistic in their beliefs and mode of living. His teachings were revolutionary, showing that it mattered not what was believed, if the life and works did not conform to the highest ethical code known, all was as naught, and must be judged accordingly,—on the merits only. And the belief in the mere fact of his death itself has no potent effect unless his life and real teachings are approved in the highest degree. Yet, after his death, his resurrection or appearance in bodily form helped to convince his followers, who up to that time really did not understand him, that what he taught was a genuine authority on the subject of a life after death.

Though it is evident that it was a long time before the Gentiles or primitive man, some stage of which was called troglodyte or cave-dweller, the period at which anthropologists estimate man discovered he had a personality of his own, and began formulating re-

ligious theories and systems of worship. As to why mankind exists, there is the same diversity of opinion there always was. John Milton voiced the views of many in his "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," following the thought to a certain extent of the old Egyptian theology that mankind was a race of devils incarnated in flesh for the purpose of atonement for preëxisting faults. It is thought by some that the apocalyptic account of the battle in heaven and the flinging of the devil and his angels out upon the earth, presumably especially created for their reception, was borrowed from the Egyptian idea, and with the addition that Christ was the chief archangel in the heavenly hosts, and who came voluntarily to earth and entered a flesh body for a little time for the purpose of trying to reconcile his fallen brethren to God. He came to seek and to save "them that were lost." He spoke of having "sheep not of this fold," and between his death and resurrection "went and preached to spirits in prison." The most elaborate exposition of this theory I have ever seen was written nearly thirty years ago by Prof. L. King, "The Man of Mystery," and was entitled "The Celestial Messenger."

In conclusion, about all that is really known concerning immortality is that mankind is presumably born to be immortal, and if in the few years he lives on earth in a flesh body he commits indiscretions, a God of Love in his own good time, if man so inclines, will lead him on and on through all eternity in the paths of knowledge and usefulness, and no one can know what the culmination will be.

Bryan, Ohio.

## From the Mansion on the Hill

Dora Shank



On a gentle, sloping hill near Plumville can be seen a large stone house with grassy lawns and lovely flower gardens. It was occupied in the summer by a family of the name of Plank. They lived in the city during the winter and during the summer months they lived in "The mansion on the hill" as it was called by the people who lived at Plumville.

Little Nora Plank was the only child of these wealthy people, but she was not happy, she had no one to play with, no one to take walks with her but her nurse. She seldom saw her own mama, only when she went down to the large dining room for her meals. In the summer evenings her mama gave socials and many guests were invited, but Nora's nurse always put her to bed before the guests arrived. Many nights Nora lay and sobbed herself to sleep. Poor, lonely, little

Nora, how she longed for some one to cheer her. If her mother could only have realized how her little daughter's heart ached for her companionship, but Mrs. Plank was too busily engaged in society to have any time to spare to give to Nora. She thought she was doing her duty by getting a nurse for her. "A nurse knows better how to care for children," she had told her husband, when he had thought it would not be the proper thing to do.

It was drawing near the summer months. The Planks were busily engaged in directing their servants in the preparation to go to their country mansion.

Little Nora was busy in her playroom packing her playthings. She was glad to go to the country after being penned up in the city all winter. "If only nurse would allow me to play with the children I saw playing down in the valley below our country home; they looked so happy. But nurse says they are not



fit companions for me, though they look like such sweet children; even if they are poor I would love to play with them. If they are there this summer I will coax nurse to let me go down to the valley," said Nora to herself.

The day arrived at last to go to the country. Nora was happy, for there would be no nap or lessons that day, but she knew her happiness would not last long for her nurse was so strict with her. I wish there were no naughty old nurses," said Nora to herself. "Wouldn't I have it nice, I could go where I pleased, then, for mama doesn't care where I go."

They arrived at the mansion on the hill about noon. Everything looked delightful; the roses were in full bloom, the lawns looked beautiful in their verdure. As the days passed by and the excitement of moving was over, Nora became lonely and sad again. She had many beautiful playthings and everything that could be lavished on a wealthy man's daughter, yet she was not happy. She had no desire for them, she longed for companionship. From her playroom window she could see the children picking flowers and playing in the meadows; she recognized some she had seen the summer before. "Oh, if nurse would allow me to go down to them just a few minutes, I would be so happy. I will go and ask her," and she ran out of the room to find her nurse.

"No, Nora, you shall not go down to those children, I do not know them. You must have select company to play with," said her nurse commandingly.

Nora walked away, her little heart almost broken with disappointment. "Oh I wish I was ever so poor," said Nora to herself, "I could play with them then. From her room window she could see a little cottage at the foot of the hill. There was an old lady living there. Nora would often see her in the mornings picking sticks on the hillside. "She must be a poor woman," thought Nora. "I just wish I could go to see her. I would give her all my money in my little iron bank, then she wouldn't have to pick up sticks, and I wish she had some of the good cakes Phyllis bakes. If nurse would allow me I would take some to her. I know Phyllis would give me all I want, but it is no use to ask nurse to take them to her."

One day as Nora was sitting at her favorite seat at the window, she was planning how to get down to see the old lady. "I believe I'll run off and go down to see her, nurse is so busy in her room and she will not call me until the supper bell rings, she will think I am in my room. I will go down and ask Phyllis for some cakes to take along. Oh, I imagine I can see the old lady's eyes sparkle when I give them to her."

Nora went down to the kitchen. "Phyllis, may I have some cakes?" she asked.

"Why, sure, my girl, what ails ye that ye're hungry once?" said Phyllis.

Nora did not answer but hurried out of the house and down the long path to the gate; she feared she would be called back; but she was not. She looked like a bird set free from a cage as she sped through the tall grass towards the valley.

"I just feel like a thief stealing off this way," said Nora. "But oh if they could only realize how lonesome it is all day long with no one to play with, I know they would forgive me. As she neared the old lady's cottage her heart leaped for joy, she would at last see the old lady she had learned to love from her playroom window. She opened the gate. How beautiful everything looked at this humble little cottage.

Honeysuckle vines wound up the porch and arched the windows, and a large flower bed graced the little yard, covered with old-fashioned flowers. How Nora wished she could live in such a little cottage rather than be penned up in large mansions. She rapped at the door. The old lady opened it with a kindly smile. "Good-afternoon Miss, come in," said the old lady.

"Good-afternoon," answered Nora. She motioned to Nora to take a seat. After she was seated, she looked around timidly. How could she tell the old lady what her errand was?

At last the old lady broke the silence. "Are you from the mansion on the hill? I suppose you are one of the servant's daughters," said the old lady. "I am from the mansion, but I am the owner's daughter," answered Nora.

"Well! Well! *Are you his daughter?* Bless you, my child, you must not be as proud as the children around here think you to be. They say you are too proud and stuck up to come and play with them," continued Auntie Ruth, for that was what all the children called the old lady, to whom they came with their troubles, and Auntie Ruth always had a way to help them out of it.

Tears came to Nora's eyes as she said. "Oh, no, you do not know how my heart has longed to come to the valley to play with the children, but oh, I dare not," and Nora hesitated a moment, she hated to tell Auntie Ruth how she happened to be here now, but she continued, "And, Auntie, I hate to tell you, but I would not be here, but I ran off. I longed to see you. I have learned to love you from my room window. I asked nurse to come down but she would not allow me. Many a morning I have watched you gathering sticks on the hillside."

"Well, my dear, is it possible that you with as grand a home and everything you wish should be sad?" said Auntie Ruth.

"I know I have a grand home and many beautiful things, but I long for someone to love, someone to talk to me. I am so much alone. My nurse is so strict and I don't believe mama cares for me. Of course nurse thinks she is doing everything for the

best, but oh, she does not know what is in my heart, neither will she listen if I tell her."

Aunt Ruth sat down beside her and put her arms around her. "My poor deaf," she said. "Your coming has been as a balm to my poor soul. I am a sad, lonely, poor old woman, working hard for a living, I am poor and lonely and you are rich and lonely. I can sympathize with you. Now, I want you to come often, we will talk over our troubles, and see if we can find a way out of them."

"I will try to come often, I don't feel a bit sorry now that I ran off, for I have been comforted so much by my coming. I brought you a basket of cakes. I thought you might be glad for them," said Nora.

"My girl, you don't know how thankful I am for them. I just have a little bread in the house for my supper, what vegetables I raise I must sell to help pay the rent; work is scarce in this little valley. The children around here bring me in something to eat now and then, but you can see for yourself that they

cannot afford to give much away for they need it for their own comfort. Once I had plenty and a snug little home and everything comfortable, but there has been many changes since then. Sometime when you come down I will tell you something about my past life," said Auntie Ruth.

"I am anxious to hear it, Auntie, I will come soon again, but I must be going or nurse will be hunting me, I suppose it is near supper time, answered Nora.

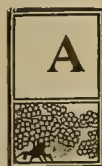
She walked quickly up to the large gate. "I hope no one will see me come in, but the servants will not know that I did not have permission to go out and I suppose mama and nurse are having the rooms decorated for the social to-night. Oh, I do hate socials, for I know I must go to bed earlier and I cannot sleep, the guests make such a noise. But I will not feel so lonesome this evening after having been to see Auntie Ruth. I just wish that I could go and live with her," she said half aloud. She passed into the house unseen and hurriedly slipped up to her room.

(To be Continued.)

## Grandma's Mission

Ida M. Helm

### Chapter II.



AN aged person whose best days have been given in loving service to God, one in whose face the marks of noble ambition and honest toil are carved, though they be browned with the wind and sun of many summers, is one with whom we should deem it a pleasure to meet. The infirmities of age but draw them closer to their Redeemer and when conversing with them their beauty of soul points us to the one that is altogether lovely, tells us that they have performed well their life's mission and reminds us of the fact that God has given each one of us a mission to fulfill in life and that "we all do fade as a leaf." They are worthy of our profound regards.

Grandma, sweet and patient in her sore trial, followed Polly as she led the way to the room that had been prepared for her. It was on the side of the house that faced toward the square. When she was left to herself she looked out of a window toward the north; only a very small yard and an alley lay between the Newell home and a long line of brick buildings placed one against the other that stretched away as far as the eye could see. Across the street it was the same way and the paved street was lined on both sides with men and women continually moving right and left and making her eyes tired. "Oh well, God led me here," she said, and I won't complain. I will look out of the east window most. That way I can see a white house with a green lawn in front of it and a rose bush grow-

ing by the doorstep; it looks homelike over there.

Soon an ebony-faced maid looked in at the door and announced, "Dinner's ready." Grandma went out into the dining room and when she saw the three dignified women sitting at the table and when the servants appeared bringing delicate china, a feeling of fear came over her that she might break something or that she might do or say something that would annoy her granddaughters, and when she accidentally dropped her fork and Catherine cast a withering glance at her it made her dreadfully homesick. Poor Grandma, she was not used to such ways and she could not prevent the tears from stealing to her eyes and blinding her so she could hardly see her plate and she was glad when the meal was finished.

She went back to her room and the sight of her chair with Fluffy lying on its soft cushion gently purring and the old family Bible that she had brought with her lying on the stand cheered her, and the dear, kind lady, her form bent with the weight of many years and of having given so much of her time and strength in helping and comforting others, slowly moved her chair over by the east window and Fluffy, disturbed by the ride, jumped to the floor and frisked about with delight at the sight of her mistress. As she sat down the white house and green lawn again attracted her attention. Soon a sweet-faced woman and a little girl came out and sat on the step. They kept looking down the street as if they were expecting someone and at last just as the purple twilight was beginning to cast her shadows over the earth, a fine



looking young man stepped out from the crowd and walked hurriedly up the path and the woman and little girl advanced to meet him. He tenderly pressed a kiss on the rosy lips of each loved one, then hand in hand the three went into the house. What a happy home they must have, thought Grandma.

Presently Luke came into the room whistling a merry tune. He picked up the little white kitten and sat down on a chair. "Grandma," he said, "I hope you will enjoy living at our house, but you will find formality and style in every corner. I am sick and tired of it. How gladly I used to look forward to vacation days when I should go and spend the time with you. What happy days I spent at dear old Elmshade, and it was a pleasure to come into the house and not have anyone to make me put on airs and scold about everything I did. May I come into your room often for a little freedom, Grandma?"

"Why, yes, bless you, my dear boy, it does me good to have you in here," said she, "and Luke, can you tell me who lives in that white house across the street?"

"Yes, said Luke, Stanley Freeman and his wife and their little daughter Lois live there. I often think I would like to visit them, but they don't belong to our set. You see papa is a very rich man and mamma and the girls think they must associate with only fashionable, wealthy people and they never pay any attention to Mrs. Freeman, for her husband is a day laborer. My, I wish I belonged to their set. One day when I was out in the street it commenced to rain and I went in there on purpose to get acquainted with them. The house was so neat and comfortable and they were so pleasant and kind that I have been watching ever since for an excuse to go in again. Mr. Freeman always comes home before it is quite dark and he spends his evenings in company with his wife and daughter. One pleasant evening when it *seemed* that *thousands* of insects were humming, the waterfall back of the house was rippling merrily and birds were caroling to each other, I was going past when he came home. His wife met him on the step and their happy, contented looking faces seemed to say to each other, 'All nature is tuned to harmony to-night and though sweet is every sound yet sweeter is thy voice.' And I could not help thinking that where love and contentment dwell there is a happy home, whether it be in a lowly cottage or a lordly mansion. Now we never spend our evenings all together unless we have a party or entertain a club meeting that we all *happen* to be interested in. One goes here and one goes there and they only come home to eat and sleep. If I ever have a home of my own it won't be one like we have now."

Luke started to leave the room and at the door he met his mother coming in. She spent a few minutes talking with Grandma, then she said, "One of my clubs has a meeting to-night and it is time for me to

start; the girls have gone to their meetings. Calvin has been acting so queer lately and I can't understand why it is. He has not been at home since this morning, but I suppose he'll come home sometime to-night. You will not be left alone though, for Luke always stays at home in the evening; he is so odd and we can't persuade him to join one club. I hope he will get over it by and by." Then Polly went out and closed the door.

*R. D. 2, Ashland, Ohio.*



#### THE REBUILDING OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEN the Russian Government decided to establish the city of Dalny at the terminus of its Trans-Siberian Railway on the Pacific, it built piers and wharves, houses and streets with perfect drainage and lighting, and invited business. The scheme was not a conspicuous success, because the rule of city-building is first to find the business for your city and the city will follow in the course of natural evolution. Cities are not made; they grow. Their sites are not fixed by selection so much as by events. San Francisco Bay was destined by reason of its superb harbor to give to the world, with the growth of trade and commerce, a great city, to be located on its shores. Influential and distinguished men, at the time of the acquisition of California, in 1846, believed that they could fix the location of such a city at the confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, many miles north of San Francisco, at the headwaters of navigation. But in spite of all rivalries, the little city of Yerba Buena, afterward named San Francisco, forged ahead. Homes of flimsy construction were erected, and thrice the city was visited by conflagrations, and on the seal of the city to-day, handed down to us from the earliest times, sits the Phoenix, placidly rising from the flames.

San Francisco is a commercial necessity, and will be speedily rebuilt. It has no possible rival on the bay of San Francisco, and on the bay of San Francisco the government must look for its chief port upon the Pacific. The business of fifty years is now waiting to be rehoused, having temporarily been driven from its home. Unlike Dalny, we have the business, but not the plant, and all we have to do is to reconstruct the plant, when business will resume its accustomed channels. We are more fortunate than Dalny, because we have the essential elements of a metropolis, possessing the established trade of a natural emporium, and we rise again obedient to the forces which we cannot control and only presume to direct. We will direct the growth of the new San Francisco and make it worthier than the old city as a fit abode for the merchant, the manufacturer, and the mechanic. It shall rise on the lines of beauty, for, fortunately, Daniel H. Burn-

ham, known as the "Builder of Cities," had just given us a plan for an ideal city, and the flames have simply prepared the ground for his work.

The city has permitted itself to be served by a private corporation with water drawn from nearby sources, carried in pipes over marsh lands on rotten trestles unsupported by piles. These fell at the slightest disturbance of the ground, having no support, and by reason of that fact the city was left without water, an easy prey to the flames. The people of San Francisco are perfectly satisfied that by the observation of ordinary precaution, improved building laws, and careful inspection the mistakes of the past shall never be repeated, and that the new city will be greater and better than the old.

Seven years ago the city filed applications with the Interior Department at Washington for reservoir rights of way in the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which happened to be in the remote corner of a national park, and the application was denied by the secretary on the grounds that he had no discretion. Recently, the Attorney-General has decided that the secretary was in error, and that full power was possessed by him under the statutes of Congress. To that seven years' delay may be attributed the destruction of our city, because otherwise a water system, publicly owned, would have been constructed, and we would have enjoyed an unlimited supply from the high Sierras. It was suggested by way of reparation, that the government guarantee our bonds, secured by the real estate and improvements of San Francisco, but the suggestion was not pressed because the banking and business interests of San Francisco believe that rebuilding of the city can be financed after the collection of insurance, in the ordinary way, at ordinary rates of interest, and already capital is being engaged. It is now only a matter of money, which no doubt will be forthcoming, when San Francisco will resume its original position among cities, national in importance, world-wide in its renown. It has always been the hospitable resort of the people of every land, cosmopolitan in its character and generous in its entertainment; and now, in its affliction, its friends have risen up to succor it.

The city, from the point of view of site and geographical location, is far more beautiful and impressive than before the fire. The old architecture was mostly bad,—heinously bad, as everybody knows. The earthquake tried the works of men and found much of the construction also bad. Men will not veneer any more wooden buildings with thin skins of brick. Honest wooden structures on the one hand and steel-cage and reinforced concrete on the other have come off triumphant. Terra-cotta has been disappointing. The new building laws will probably limit the height of buildings to one and a half the width of their streets. This will make fair division of the

light of the sun, insure a reasonable uniformity of sky line, and lend property owners a natural motive for relinquishing land to widen streets. The new San Francisco will be far stancher and nobler than the old, but we shall always miss the old nooks and localisms and bohemianisms, and the variegated flavors of many nationalities mingled with glimpses and odors of Cathay which blended in Old California's solvent grace of freedom and elbow-room to make the good old town so inexhaustible a spring of human interest.

People found themselves in strange surroundings. Families were separated. Everyone had new neighbors. The nerves were unstrung. Slight daily shocks kept alive the sensations of the original catastrophe. Even acquaintances looked unfamiliar. No one knew whether the banks were solvent, and the necessity for the cooling of the vaults gave a welcome reprieve to their directors while they counted their assets. Saloons were closed, fortunately for peace and order, but the sudden compulsory change of drinking habits doubtless helped to produce in some the dazed condition in which, for one reason or other, every one confessed that he occasionally found himself. It must be said, however, that the people did not lose their heads. From the mayor and the military officers down to the humblest families in the Potrero there have been a sanity, a good-humored acquiescence in the hardships of the situation and an optimism which are inspiring. Nor must it be imagined because there has been little complaint and no disorder that there have been no privations, and that the entire affair is nothing more than a holiday in camp. It is true that the outdoor life in this climate is in itself beneficial to the health and spirits, and that the reversion to a simple manner of life had its advantages: but the monotony of the uncooked food, the cold, drenching rain on some nights while there were many still under miserable light canvas which gave almost no protection, the prohibition of the use of unboiled water and the absence of any facilities for boiling it, the long, dreary wait in the bread line for a quarter of a million people scarcely any of whom had ever asked charity in their lives,—these things are a joke only to those who have in them the good stuff of a frontier philosophy. The question now is whether the patience and the unquenchable spirit of all these people will endure to the end of the experience and whether the process of absorption into normal industrial life will take place with the rapidity and completeness which are essential if San Francisco is to remain what it has been, and to become what it has seemed to promise. Of this I have no doubt, although the herculean undertaking is certainly unique in the history of great disasters. —From "The Relief of the Stricken City," by Dr. Edward T. Devine, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for June.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## EDITORIAL LYING.



LIE is an abominable thing anywhere, at any time. It ought to have no place in the world. There is always a reason why a man wants to tell a lie. It is simply because the truth will not serve the purpose well, and, when the truth will not serve the purpose it is a foregone conclusion that his motives are out of order.

There is a class of people that do not expect to tell the truth. They are branded and tagged as being untruthful. They run with a class of people who do questionable things, attend questionable places, say questionable things, and therefore are not taken nor given as authority. They are not chosen for associates except by the class of people who want to wilfully misrepresent things.

It is possible that there are degrees of lying,—big lies, little lies and white lies, but it is a question with us as to the enormity of crime perpetrated by these degrees of lies. Some lies will cause more sorrow and result in more crime than others, but the sin of lying to the liar is the same. But of all the liars, native born, high or low, black or white, the abominable editorial liar is the chief of his class.

We take the same position as Dr. Carr, formerly editor of the *Medical Talk*, who says there are three substantial reasons why the editorial liar is the worst kind of a liar.

First, his lies are told in cold blood. Some people lie on the spur of the moment because they are chased into a corner or are induced to do it through excitement, but not so with the editor. He writes down his lies; he conceives them deliberately. As a rule they are not told in the heat of passion or in some spasm of oratory, as is done by others. When it comes to spelling out your lies, word by word, and arranging

them sentence by sentence, carefully paragraphing and proofreading and O. King for the last press revises, it is a contemptible, irretrievable, irrevocable, almost unpardonable lie.

The second reason is because the editor usually, though not always, lies for pay. He is a hired man. He is not compelled to lie in self-defense, nor is his judgment overbalanced by heated argument, nor his mind biased by the effects of partnership,—he is a professional liar. He lies for his bread and butter. The fellow who will believe one thing in his heart and soul and practice it privately, and print something else in his paper publicly for the crowd to read, is certainly one of the blackest liars that the devil has commissioned. He is what the church would call a hypocrite, society a man of influence and politics a shrewd man. He is sensitive of the fact, at the time he is lying that, if he can by his lying so remain on the popular side of the question, whether it be his convictions or not, he shall hold his job. This is the reason why he is lying for pay.

An editor, like a preacher, a teacher or a lecturer, should be a leader. Not only a leader in thought, but a leader in character and progress and reform. Therefore, an editor, who will, knowingly and wittingly allow the public, whether they be his constituency or not, lead him around by the nose and make him print what they want him to print, is no better than the preacher who preaches to please his congregation instead of the Lord, or a teacher who follows a circumscribed path rather than to teach the children how to think, he is a liar from center to circumference and from head to foot.

The third reason why the man of the quill is the worst of all his brood is, because his lies reach a larger number of people. His audience is a large one. An ordinary liar has a storebox or a streetcorner crowd. Some even have a room full, but the editorial liar is numbered by the hundreds and thousands. He may be posing as a reformer or a preacher of some sort, and therefore the mold of sentiment. He is certainly a wolf in sheep's clothing, and his fangs or claws are hidden under the disguise of the soft, white wool, and his snarl is concealed by the innocent blating of the lamb. This kind of lying is what divides political parties, causes splits in churches and cripples society.

It is not only possible for this liar to lie by the actual words in sentences and paragraphs, but he also has the liberty, power and authority to lie in a negative way, by not allowing people to have their say. He can become so prejudiced to his idea of right or wrong, or to the party he wishes to see succeed that he will print the manuscript of one party and return the manuscript of the other party, and in this manner discusses only the one side of the question, and forbids the ex-

position of the arguments on the other side. In this way and manner he withholds the righteous judgment of the public on questions at issue. This is one of the most dangerous things that can happen in a free country, where the people have freedom of speech, and where the press is granted freedom. The people should have the privilege to discuss the great questions of the age, which come before the public, in an intelligent way. The editor should be an unbiased, unprejudiced father over the whole family of children, dealing out to them justice in every possible way, he himself not mixing up in the affair. But when he says things editorially let him take his stand for the right, and proceed to show to the world that he is right, and do it in a fearless, intelligent, masterful way. Let him tell the truth, speak the truth, act the truth, and, if necessary, lose his job, his reputation and everything that he has for the sake of the truth.



#### GIVE IT A THOUGHT.

WHEN Dr. Osler presented his theory to the world about killing men at the age of sixty, because their life of usefulness was spent, it shocked the nerves of a great many of our best thinking people. His theory was a little too much of a change from what the people had been used to thinking. Therefore, they considered it dreadful that a human would think of annihilating his fellow-men alone for the reason of uselessness. And yet these same good people hardly give the matter a passing thought when a criminal is executed. They say in their own minds, because they have been taught to say it, that he has committed a crime and deserves punishment for the crime. The same crowd would carry bouquet after bouquet of flowers to their loved ones at the hospital, and they are very thankful that there are such places as hospitals, where their friends are cared for, who are diseased and who must either submit to an operation or a protracted illness of some sort.

It has never occurred to these same good-thinking people that the criminal suffers from disease just as much as the one who is at the hospital, and it is no more right to kill the criminal, whatever has been his crime, than it is to kill those who become ill and have to resort to an asylum of some sort.

Then there is the insane man, who has good health in almost every way except that he has lost his reasoning power. Now he certainly is useless to the world, not only useless to his friends, but a continual source of annoyance, perplexity, anxiety and care. Why should he not be electrocuted or hanged, because he has the disease of insanity, as well as the man who is afflicted with criminality? If the people would consider this question in the light of investigation, we are constrained to believe it would occur to them that institu-

tions of learning should be provided for, where these criminals could be sent and treated for their disease.

It is true that some of these criminals inherit the disease, while others do not. Whatever the cause may be, or whatever degree it may be, it does not effect the cause nor the cure. It should be borne in mind that a criminal is an outcast and is bound to injure peace and happiness. Therefore, he should be treated, schooled and protected rather than be punished, tortured or executed.

Besides the injustice that is done to criminals, perhaps the greater one is done to society by teaching the people, who are yet right, the art of murder. Legalized murder is just as much a crime as the murder committed by an outlaw. The government has a certain amount of power. It has the power to make some things right or wrong by its saying so, but it can legislate upon this question until doomsday and it cannot make the killing of people right. It is wrong in principle, fundamentally, and no amount of legislation can ever change it.



#### GO SLOW.

GENERALLY we are possessed of no small amount of genuine disgust in view of the apparent shiftlessness of those dwelling in the warmer latitudes. Now that our own thermometers are exceedingly partial to that number which usually marks perfection; it is a good time to exercise toward them that charity which should always characterize our attitude toward all men,—those under the weltering skies of a tropic sun as well as others.

In considering their actions (or inactions) under the mellowing influence of charity, I verily believe that for the season, it would not be unwise to adopt some of their methods for enduring the heat without any disastrous results to their health or their business. There are some people of course, who think their business would go to smash if there was the least easing up of this suicidal rush and grind. But they think thus because they have not thought far enough. The *slow and easy* method might at first produce results apparently discouraging but the sum of them would be more than compensated for by the increased energy which one would be able to bring to bear upon his work after the summer's heat had passed.

If the usual stint of work *must* be done, then plan for it as the general plans for a battle, so that you may move to your tasks and through them with the least possible friction. We people of the temperate zone have an idea that nothing is doing, or being done, unless we are doing it, and we sometimes use about double the energy necessary in order to impress others so. Leave off such foolishness now and spare us from recording another case of exhaustion from heat.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE great cathedral at Cologne, Germany, is in need of extensive repairs. Modern critics are very severe in criticising the work done by medieval workmen. This cathedral has stood for only about six centuries!

THROUGH the aid of Helen Gould and other philanthropic women twenty-one vacation Bible schools are being held this summer in various places in New York City and vicinity. The cost of each school is \$300 for the summer, and large results in the way of bringing the Bible home to the people are hoped for.

THE ashes from Vesuvius during the recent eruption fell in such quantities on the shores of the bay of Naples as to cover up the oyster beds, thereby destroying the oysters.

THE Mormons have bought for \$800 the old Washington hand press on which the first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed at Palmyra, New York, in 1829, and it will be preserved at Salt Lake City as a church relic.

IN proportion to her population Canada is receiving twice as many immigrants as the United States. In the last ten months 118,000 foreigners have come into the country, or one to every forty of population. Over 43,000 of these came from the United States and 51,000 from the United Kingdom.

BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS, of the Reformed Episcopal church, recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his advent to the bishopric. Some time ago he made arrangements to speak in Laporte, Ind., on his anniversary, and spent the day there, observing it without ostentation. In his sermon before the Chatauqua at Laporte the bishop touched the recent meat legislation: "It is a new thing in the history of nations," he said, "for a body of men like the English Grocers' union to cable directly to the president of the United States for a guarantee of the purity of American meats and foods. It takes away the breath of antiquated diplomatists when the president cables back through the American ambassador that when the government brand is put upon such products it shall be the sign manual of purity and healthfulness. The

whole nation is now pledged to the fulfillment of the president's promise. Woe be to the man or men who shall bring discredit upon it."

REPORTS indicate that the wheat crop in Kansas is turning out much better than was expected up to the time of harvest. The thrashing thus far shows that the crop will not be greatly different from that of 1905 in quantity and will be better in quality.

THE commerce of the United States during the last fiscal year is represented by the enormous sum of three billion dollars. It is a striking illustration of the extent of the prosperity which the United States enjoys. It means that for every man, woman and child goods worth \$33 were exported or imported. Equally as satisfactory as the growth of our commerce is the fact that exports exceed imports by more than \$500,000,000.

IN Chicago the Federation of Labor has decided to adopt Salvation Army methods in propagating the gospel of unionism. Street corner meetings with music, motion pictures and other attractions, concluding with a sermon on organized labor, will be conducted during the remainder of the summer at prominent centers all over the city.

THE war department, by order of congress, is making plans to establish a powder plant of its own and in this way bring the powder trust to terms. Once the establishment is in operation—and this is expected in about a year—the war department will ascertain the actual cost of powder and will compel the trust to reduce its price accordingly, or suffer the alternative of having a recommendation go to congress for the manufacture by the government of all the powder the army needs.

JULY 17 there was a violent eruption of Stromboli, incandescent materials being thrown to an enormous height and causing serious fires on the island. The eruption was attended by loud detonations. It was similar to that which immediately preceded the disastrous earthquake in Calabria last autumn, and therefore occasions great anxiety.

It is known that the government officials are eager to obtain one more link in the evidence already secured against the Standard Oil Company. What the government officials want particularly is the names of the Standard Oil Company officials through whom, it is charged, rebating arrangements were made with the Lake Shore and other railways. With these names in their possession the government attorneys will be ready to strike.

THE biological survey has issued a bulletin based on the results of careful investigations to see what birds destroy the boll-weevil. Many such birds were found and the bulletin recommends the protection of them by law. The orioles are the greatest destroyers of weevils in summer and the blackbirds and meadow larks in winter. Among other boll-weevil destroyers are the kill-deer, quail, red-winged blackbird and mockingbird.

THE popular belief that the weather can be foretold by observing currents of air entering or emerging from a well has been proved true, scientifically. The well, of course, has to be rather tightly covered for the direction of the air current to be observed. The air blows out of the well when the barometer is falling and rain is indicated, and it goes into it when the weather is to be fair.

THE annual output of butter in this country is now over one and one-half billion pounds, valued at nearly \$300,000,000, over 10,000,000 cows supplying the milk. Butter in this country stands sixth in valuation as an agricultural product.

AN acetylene lighthouse has been equipped on Sandy Hook. There are three burners and a tank with a capacity for six months' continuous burning. Sailors say that the acetylene light can be seen three times as far as the oil light in a fog and farther even than an electric light.

THE railway rate-control law, which goes into effect Aug. 28, makes the Interstate Commerce Commission probably the most important tribunal or department under the government. Of course it remains to be seen whether the courts, jealous of their own authority, will allow such a powerful rival to be set up to overshadow them and to assume powers of life and death over the vast interests connected with the operation of the 215,000 miles of railways in this country. But in any event the Interstate Commerce Commission now becomes a very influential body. Its membership is increased from five to seven members, and their salaries are to be raised from \$7,500 to \$10,000 a year.

RAILROADS and stock shippers have been notified by the Department of Agriculture of the new law nominally to prevent cruelty to animals. This law is a good example of some of the alleged reform or humane legislation that is passed. While pretending to be in the interest of the poor animals, its real design is to nullify the old law protecting them. It allows the shippers to waive the law so as to let the railroads keep the animals in cars as long as thirty-six hours at a time. So the law instead of being one to "prevent cruelty to animals," as its false title says, is in fact one to authorize it.

A LOS ANGELES man named Fisher, according to the *Pacific Monthly*, has for twenty-nine years been engaged in the art of making artificial mummies, Indian relics, and the like, for sale to the gullible. He will show you through his workshop and let you see just how he does it for ten cents. Mummies are made on a framework of wood covered with sacking. The head and other exposed parts are made of plaster treated with glue, paint, etc. When the fake is wrapped in cloth and sprinkled with cosmic powder it cannot be told from a genuine Egyptian of the time of Thotmes II, except by cutting into it.

THE court martial at Cronstadt recently acquitted Admiral Rojestvensky of the charge of cowardice in connection with his command of the Russian fleet in the disastrous battle of the Sea of Japan. Although he was nominally in command of the torpedo boat *Bedovi*, to which he had been carried from the flagship, badly wounded, it was found that four other officers were really responsible for the surrender and they were condemned to death, however, with a recommendation to the Czar for mercy. The Admiral was not in his full senses and therefore not accountable.

FOR the first time a party group has been formed in the French Chamber for the defense of the rights of women, headed by Henri Cheron.

THE body of Mrs. Mary Fay, who died at New York on Tuesday at the age of 105 years, was found to be in so unusual a state of preservation that the coroner's physician called in other doctors to observe the case. They were amazed to find the body like that of a healthy woman of thirty, and inquiry brought out the fact that the old lady had lived for forty years almost exclusively upon a diet of dry bread and milk, refusing meat or vegetables altogether. The doctors are wondering if this corroborates to some extent the theory of Professor Metchnikoff, of Paris, that the ferment germs in sour milk are deadly enemies to the putrefactive germs of the stomach and intestines.





### THE JEW.

Who tamed your lawless Tartar blood?  
 What David bearded in his den  
 The Russian bear, in ages when  
 You strode your black, unbridled stud,  
 A skin-clad savage of your steppes?  
 Why, one who now sits low and weeps;  
 Why, one who now wails out to you—  
 The Jew, the Jew, the homeless Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime,  
 And bound your fierce divided force?  
 Who—who but Moses shaped your course,  
 United down the grooves of time?  
 Your mighty millions all to-day,  
 The hated, homeless Jew obey.  
 Who taught all poetry to you?  
 The Jew, the Jew, the hated Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales  
 Of honey lands, of milk and wine?  
 Of happy, peaceful Palestine?  
 Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?  
 Who gave the patient Christ? I say,  
 Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea,  
 Who gave your very God to you?  
 Your Jew! Your Jew! Your hated Jew!

—Joaquin Miller.



### THE UNTIDY GIRL.

The untidy girl is the same wherever you find her. The girl who is careless and slattern in her personal appearance, and the little details of the toilet, is sure to be the same in the home, in her own private room, in the business office, or wherever else her lot may be cast.

There she is, the untidy girl, with her clothes half way put on, collar pinned over unevenly, hiked up to the base of the brain on one side, and stretched down between the shoulders on the other; skirt sagging in the back, skirt band, with safety pins attached, sticking out from under the belt; shirtwaist pulled to one side, skirt to the other; her hair yanked up here and there with stray pins, and frouzled down the back of the neck; finger nails untrimmed and unclean, fingers out of her gloves and buttons missing here and there. These are some of the marks of the untidy girl.

Go to her room and you will find things topsyturvy; shoes in one corner, hat in another, dresses hanging over the backs of chairs, bureau drawers

in confusion; everything about the room to correspond with the appearance of the girl.

If the untidy girl or woman be mistress of a home, from garret to cellar will be marks of her untidiness. Grease spots on the floor, dirty sink, unpolished stove, dining room cluttered up with things that belong in the sewing-room or sitting room, books out of the library, in fact, a general slovenliness and slatternliness from one end of the house to the other. No matter how beautiful its furnishings, her house will never be a home because the uncomfortable disorder makes a real home impossible.

If the untidy girl finds a place in the business office the same traits of untidiness will mark her presence there. An upheaval of matter on her desk, a general clutter of papers here and there, pages slapped together and pinned in a jagged, ragged, uneven bunch, things piled up on this side and that side, letters jammed in files any old way, boxes bulging open from disorderly contents, confusion reigning everywhere.

To the casual observer this fuss and flurry of papers and letters may present the appearance of an immense amount of work, but if letters and papers were reduced to order the tumbled pile that looms up so big would soon flatten down into a scant bit of real work.

A little handful of straw and an old scratching hen can soon make the poultry yard look as though there was straw, straw everywhere, nothing but straw, but when the straw is raked together in an orderly pile the immensity of it diminishes very rapidly. So it is with the untidy office girl, a few letters and a few sheets of paper mixed and mussed and bungled together will look prodigious, but when evenly piled one upon the other, they soon dwindle down to a little bunch.

Untidiness is something that every girl should beware of. Her personal appearance is ruined by it, her chances of success are diminished; and oftentimes home life is made almost intolerable by the presence of one untidy person.

The girl who presents a neat, tidy appearance stands a far better chance of success in the business world, than the careless girl who simply hangs her clothes on herself in any old way, and gives no attention whatever to little details of the toilet that add so much to personal attractiveness.

Not long since a case was brought to our attention where two girls applied for a position in an office. One of them came with letters recommending her for efficiency in the work required. The other came without experience and without recommendation of any kind. The one with the letters presented a general appearance of slouchiness in dress, carelessness as to personal appearance. The other was neat and trim and tidy to the last detail of the toilet and although without letters of recommendation, she was chosen to fill the position. "Not," said the manager, "because I consider her more efficient, but because she would be a pleasanter person to have around and I know keep my papers and everything about the office neat and tidy. The other girl, doubtless, with her experience, would be able to grasp the work quicker, and perhaps accomplish more; but her general appearance of slouchiness would be a daily irritation, and I am sure she would be as careless and slattern with my business matters as she is with herself."

We have always claimed that the clothing, and especially the way it is worn, is simply the outward appareling of the inward thought. Neatness and orderliness in one's personal affairs denotes a mind that loves neatness and orderliness; and the tidy girl will be tidy wherever her lot be cast. A carelessness or slovenliness in appearance or personal matters betokens a disorderly and unsystematic mind, and wherever the untidy girl is found chaos is sure to reign.

Tidiness can be cultivated, and our advice to every girl is to be careful in the little things pertaining to dress and personal habits in the home or out. Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place. The habit of keeping things neat and tidy can not help but react beneficially. Anything that prevents irritation and vexation, that adds to one's personal attractiveness, is certainly worth cultivating, as it enhances not only the charm of the individual, but increases health and beauty of mind and body alike.—*E. P., in Medical Talk.*



### THE HUMAN AND THE CANINE.

THE resemblance between special classes of the human family and special classes of the canine species is well-nigh exhaustless. We have our aristocratic classes and working classes; criminal classes, neglected classes, tramp classes, city classes and rural classes among both men and dogs.

Compare, if you will, the pet dog of some childless woman of the upper class. There he sits in the seat beside her, muffled with blue ribbon, stuffed with bonbons. The silken hair and immaculate cleanliness tell the story of his many baths and groomings; the constant attention of some hired servant. How uncomfortable he looks sitting there beside his mistress.

His bulging, glassy eyes show plainly that his stomach feels bad; that he is suffering from want of normal exercise; that he is the victim of a refined cruelty that even the humane officer cannot rescue him from.

Compare this poor dog with the only child of an aristocratic family. There sits the child beside his mother, taken out for his daily airing in an expensive equipage, liveried servants, and uncomfortable garments, starched and puffed, manacled by the latest contrivances in sleeves, crippled by expensive footwear sold under the name of shoes. How much alike this child and this pet dog look. Both are exceedingly bored.

The dog catches a glimpse of some ill-bred cur scampering through an alley and a smothered bark of joy rises in his throat in recognition of one of his kind. His dog nature has not entirely been squelched by his good breeding and care.

How the poor dog wishes he could have his liberty also, and get deliciously dirty, horribly hungry, beautifully brutish, like the other dogs. But all these are pleasures of the past, they are ended forever. He does not belong to the class of dogs that can grow tired; he is fatally aristocratic, doomed to a life of good-for-nothing elegance.

Just so with the child. He catches glimpses of the street arab as the carriage dashes by. Oh! for one splash of his feet in the cool mud; for one afternoon's liberty in the long streets; for one bite of the apple picked up from the gutter. Dog and child are exactly alike, pining for the freedom of action and life for which nature intended them. Both are tired of the same things; both are hungry for the same things. They feel alike; their longings are similar, their wretchedness is of the same kind. In short, they are second cousins, and the pity of it is that neither of them can be reached or rescued by the duly appointed officers.

Two dogs are playing in the alley; now in the sunshine, now in the shade; chasing each other through yards and tangled paths; resting in the shade of some tree or beside some building. They roll over and over each other in ecstatic joy. Dirty, hungry, but free, picking up here and there a scrap, returning home when they please, going as far away from there as they desire.

How much these two dogs remind you of two boys belonging to the same class. They run, play and eat together. They do about the same things the dogs do, enjoy about the same things.

Or let us look at the picture of a dog belonging to a middle-class family. There is a large yard; some children are playing ball. The dog is playing with them. Perhaps he is a large St. Bernard or a long-haired collie, short-haired fox-hound, or the fat, waddling pug. He takes just as much interest in the game as any of them. He squats on the grass and laughs;



he dashes ahead of the rest to pick up the ball and then scampers away; dodges those who pursue him, and does in every particular like the children. He does everything but talk. He is glad in his boisterousness, careful in his play; accepting rough usage with good nature. He gets tired like the rest, and lies down to pant in the shade. His mental life seems so nearly like the life of a child.

Unequal, of course, in the development of his mental faculties, but living on the physical plane, with all the sensibilities, feeling, affections, enjoyment and appreciation that the children have. The only noticeable difference is that the dog, as a rule, is better natured, more forgiving, less actuated by animosity, and more democratic in spirit.

Look at the poor, trampled-down mongrel covered with sores, shaggy hair, with patches of bare spots. He looks exactly like his counterpart in the human family; the tramp, blear-eyed, slinking in appearance, shambling gait, head lowered; his whole mien one of apology and self-abnegation.

Dogs of every kind find their counterpart in the human family; and the point we wish especially to emphasize is that they suffer the same as men and women. They suffer not only the same as men and women do from injuries, but from ill treatment of any sort;—insult, cruelty, neglect. Their feelings about these things are very quickly shown in their general deportment.

We cannot get away from it if we try. These creatures are our relatives. They look as if they were. They act as if they were.

Have you ever seen a pale-faced, thin-chested, weak-chinned woman cowering before a brute of a husband with square jaws and bull neck, infuriated with wrath or inebriated with strong drink? She sinks on her knees in despair. She makes every visible sign of surrender, or abject fear. She offers no defense. She sues only for the right to live, for the right to serve her cruel master a little longer.

How closely this picture resembles the action of a dog that has been whipped for nothing, that has been brutally beaten just because his master is hard-hearted, is a cowardly bully.

See the dog as he lies there, his quivering body indicating his fear, his head between his paws, close on the ground, quaking in every joint, his furtive eyes opening and closing as he winces under the blows that he has done nothing to deserve. Note how he tries to apologize, to placate his infuriated tormentor. He has committed no offense, and yet willing to plead guilty to anything. He has given no occasion, he has intended no disobedience, and yet he licks the dust from his master's feet at the very moment he is receiving his unmerited punishment.

Look with what joy he springs toward the least sign

of reconciliation. If his master deign to snap his finger at him, or show one spark of friendliness, the dog howls in his delight, can hardly restrain his joy. No forgiveness is necessary. He does not wait for apologies, but at the first symptom that hostilities are closed, he becomes the willing servant, the hilarious companion, of the man who has just now been beating him.

How very like this are the actions of that poor, bedraggled woman who has served for many years the same coarse, underwitted man who has paid her nothing but blows, rewarded her with nothing but curses. But, despite all this, if he even so much as extends one finger in friendship or fraternity, she jumps up in hysterical joy to meet his half-hearted advances.

The dog is even capable of acquiring national characteristics; the Scotch terrier with his bristling, coarse hair; the St. Bernard with his massive body and thick hair; the French poodle with silken hair and delicate nostrils; the English bulldog with his square jaw and protruding teeth. All these are national characteristics, acquired by associating with men and women. From the Great Dane of the Russians to the Yellow cur of our North American Indians, our dogs present dissimilar traits and national differences.

And yet, there are people who appear to believe that dogs have no mental life, that they are not capable of suffering. Such people laugh when they hear a dog screaming in pain, and are annoyed when some poor dog is howling to make his escape from some unnatural confinement. There are people who can beat a dog without compunction, starve a dog without the slightest consideration, allow a dog to stand around their doors shivering with cold, month after month, without any throb of pity or sympathy. Such people are not necessarily hard-hearted, cruel people, they are simply thoughtless. They have it loosely in their minds that dogs are not made as we are, that their sufferings amount to little or nothing, that their indications of agony mean little or nothing.

What we need in this generation is a rousing of public conscience on this point. Our attention needs to be called in some pungent way to the fact that the dogs who are our faithful companions and servants do suffer in all points like unto us, are capable of extreme emotions, either of pain or joy. If people generally understood this, dogs would be treated with more consideration.

In the city of Columbus alone last year, over eight hundred homeless, deserted, vagabond dogs were picked up on our streets by the dog-catcher, taken to the dog pound and there, in as humane a manner as possible, their miserable lives ended. What an army of dogs! Of course, the dog-catcher did not catch all of them. Just one city, over eight hundred dogs. What does this mean for the whole of the United States? What a volume of suffering it all represents.

It can never be stopped unless each one does his part. Those who keep dogs at all are bound by every humane and Christian obligation to treat them kindly, and see that they have an opportunity to live a life free from hunger, cold or barbarous treatment.

Treat a dog kindly, treat him as if he were an intelligent being, and it is surprising how much he will learn and how useful he will become. In farming districts, or in small villages, where people are not so densely crowded together, keeping a dog can be made a source of pleasure, and many times profit.

But, in the larger cities, only two classes of people can keep dogs. The very wealthy class, who can afford to have a servant to take care of them, or the

very poor, laboring class, who eat and sleep with their dogs the same as if they were human beings.

The middle classes in our cities have no place for dogs, do not need the service of dogs, and have little or no time to enjoy their pleasant company. And yet, in spite of these difficulties, thousands of the middle-class people contrive in some way to keep about them well-behaved, well-treated, respectable dogs, and quite frequently there exists between them and their dogs real, genuine affection.

That better days are coming for the dog, I have no doubt. Partly through the work of the Humane Societies and partly through the growth of a kinder feeling and a more intelligent attitude toward the dog.

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE HONEST MAN.

All honor to the diplomat,  
He has his work to do;  
But more of worth to all the earth  
Is he who's fair and true.  
And spite of all that bards may sing  
Of those who plot and plan,  
The country's hope for power and scope,  
Is in the honest man.  
  
Due credit for the versed in tact,  
The juggler with the pen,  
The one whose skill can cheat the will,  
And sway his fellow-men.  
For finesse in affairs of state,  
For power to lead the van,—  
Yet trickery wanes, while ever reigns  
Supreme—the honest man.  
  
A fading crown, a day of pride,  
The clever claim full well;  
But for the true, when all is through,  
A wreath of immortelle.  
In home and state, in church and mart,  
Since ever time began,  
The greatest need, the hope indeed,  
Is in the honest man.

—Lalia Mitchell.

### "HEAR DEM BELLS."

ROY H. PUTERBAUGH.



THE morning was cool and chill, but the little party had looked forward for some weeks with no small degree of anticipation to the day to be spent at the lake. Unfortunately, each hour told the tale of a lowering temperature, as well as a rising wind, and these conditions, coupled with the fact that none of the party were prepared for any-

thing but a summer's day, placed sunshiny spots at a premium.

After each had become satisfied with his portion of blisters produced by the oars, and the noon refreshments had been appropriated to the hungry spots, naturally enough, each had a different notion as to how the atmospheric conditions could be overridden, and accordingly the search for congenial environments was begun.

Through some exploring whim, Esther and Jack had been attracted, during the forenoon, to a little oak-covered ridge just beyond the marsh, but for fear of missing the refreshments, the escapade was abandoned until a more opportune time would be afforded. The afternoon encouraged them to resume their wanderings, and soon they found themselves strolling along the sunny side of the ridge among the woodland flowers which bloomed beneath the scattered shade.

Walking is pleasant, but diversity usually adds charm to most pleasures, and at the suggestion of Esther, a search was made for some quiet grassy nook, protected from the wind and favored by the sun's warm rays. Away in the distance, beyond a little ravine, the lazy herd was lying on a shady hillock. After some moments the ideal spot was discovered and time was not squandered in discussing whether or not a better site could be found.

But scarcely had Esther mentioned her fatigue, when the sound of a cowbell broke upon Jack's ears. Springing to his feet and extending his hands to her, he exclaimed, "Esther, I guess we'd better be going." Time was not to be lost. He remembered having seen a fence during the stroll, but where it was he could not determine. Supporting the young lady upon his arm, they set out for the much desired retreat.



Girls can't run very fast, but Esther did the race creditably, for she too realized that the bell was fast approaching. The fence came into view. Alas—"It is wire," said Jack, and every one of the ten were barbed. On skating excursions Esther could never even go through a fence with two barbs without great difficulty and coaxing. But persuasion was out of the question at this critical moment, and besides, Esther didn't need it. As for difficulties, they must be dispatched at once. So while Esther was mounting the fence, Jack simply tossed her over, he alighting on the other side at almost the same instant. "Well!" said Jack, thoughtfully, as the excited herd drew to the fence, "I believe I'd rather be out here than in the woods." Next in order, the adventurers endeavored to hide the artistic "V" lately made in Esther's coat, and also conceal the ugly wire scratch on her hand. It is needless to say that the route through the woods was not pursued on their return to the party.

When at last they reached the grounds, the evening refreshments were already spread out upon the grass, but the chill lake breeze seemed to have driven the spirit of mirth from the picnickers. Faintly in the distance Jack heard the drowsy tinkling of the same old bell, and half dreamingly sang the words, "Hear dem bells, don't you hear dem bells." Esther understood it well, and as some of the party caught up the strain and shy smiles were seen playing about a half dozen different lips, it caused the two braves to believe more firmly, that as the herd rushed furiously up the ridge, a few minutes after their exciting adventure, some others had experienced the initiation which had enabled them to perceive more fully the significance as well as the fitness of the little song.

*North Manchester, Ind.*



#### ANGER, FEAR AND WORRY.

FEAR is everywhere. It brings failure, want, sickness and death. It has become a fixed habit. By fear nothing is gained, but on the contrary everything may be lost. Do not say that you can not help being afraid. Everyone can rise above it, only it takes time to overcome. Be in earnest and the time will soon arrive when all fear will lose its hold, and you will find yourself a tower of strength and a master of circumstances. Fear and worry are too expensive for anyone to indulge in.

"Where are you going?" asked an eastern pilgrim one day, on meeting the Plague Angel. "I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," was the reply. Some time later the pilgrim met the Angel returning and said, "You killed fifteen thousand and not five." "No," said the Angel, "I killed only five thousand, fear killed the rest."

Fear and worry have the effect of closing up the channels of the body, but hope and cheerfulness open them so that the life forces go bounding through in such a way that disease can rarely get a foothold. Remember that health as well as disease is infectious. Every sufferer will derive benefit and many will be entirely cured by attending to the following: Retire into a quiet room, holding the thought with the mind at peace and a heart beating with love for all, "I am a spiritual being, therefore I will not admit disease of any kind. And if diseased now I open my body fully to the inflowing tide of Infinite Life, and the healing process is now going on." Try to realize this and you will soon feel a quickening glow imparted to your body by the life forces. Believe and expect—and you will be surprised at the result. If you will give yourself to this meditation daily, and at stated times, and then continually hold yourself in the same attitude of mind, you will be astonished how rapidly your body will get into a healthy condition. I firmly believe that there is no one agent that produces more sickness than fear. It affects the flow of the blood and paralyzes the muscles so that it makes one powerless to move. Many people have greater faith in the power of evil than in the power of good, and hence remain evil. Success is an impossibility to the man who is filled with fear. Every man has powers lying dormant, which if called into action would make him a power in the world. These latent powers can not be aroused until one believes that they are within oneself.

"God has not given us the spirit of fear" (2 Tim. 1: 7). "Perfect love casteth out fear" (1 John 4: 18). "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me" (Job 3: 25).

There is not one person out of a dozen who is not in the habit of worrying. Hardly a week passes without our hearing of a sudden death from heart disease, the victim often being in the prime of life. What is it that weakens the heart so much? As a rule it is constant worry and fear. Professor Elmer Gates has shown that worry chemically changes the blood to a poison. Worry destroys nerve filaments, breaks down muscular fiber, and throws brain, heart, stomach and liver out of working order. Anger, fear and worry are an evil trinity, whose reign, I hope, is fast approaching an end. Why? Because people everywhere are trying to overcome these traits and emotions. Worry is wrong, is unnecessary and must go, and the sooner the better. Constant worry denotes a lack of faith. Most people will tell you it is foolish to worry, but they can not help it. To learn to overcome worry is a long step towards learning the secret of happiness, and having taken it, as you will and must do, you will find that life is worth living.

Many a man fails to assimilate and digest his food

simply by the action of improper mental or emotional conditions.

A severe fright or great grief will poison a mother's milk and cause the infant to be ill. The contents of the stomach are rendered poisonous by the action of anger. When such is the case, it is to your advantage to exercise control over yourself and refrain from anger, fear and other like emotions, if for no other reason than that of your own interest.

There is much in the Turkish motto, "Every time a man gets into a passion he drives a nail into his own coffin."

Anger, fear and worry are most difficult emotions to control, but they can and must be overcome. My experience has taught me that doubt and fear paralyze every power of man to rise to better conditions of life, while affirmations and faith open wide the door to boundless possibilities.

These harmful emotions will attract thoughts of a similar nature emanating from others. On the other hand, if you will send out thoughts of love, kindness, cheerfulness, etc., you will draw to yourself thoughts that will make your life brighter and happier in every respect. Just try this for a few months, not in a half-hearted, doubting manner, but confidently and expecting what you look for. Or, in other words, pray as if you were on the point of receiving.

Anger is a sign of weakness, and an angry man is always placed at a disadvantage.

Thoughts of fear never helped anyone, and never will. Many of the things we fear never occur. The energy and vital force wasted on fear and worry are more than sufficient to enable us to overcome our real troubles when they do come.

An old man of eighty years, when on his deathbed, said to his son, "John, I have had many troubles and worries in life, but the majority of them never occurred," meaning that though anticipated, the troubles had not come on him.

Should you be troubled with the above evil trinity, give yourself auto-suggestions similar to the following: "I will not become angry, no matter what takes place. I am fearless, I will not be afraid of anything; I will not worry. I will overcome every kind of worry." Repeat these suggestions whenever you think of them. It is best to overcome one trait before beginning on another. If you will follow up these suggestions faithfully and expect to overcome them, your failure will be impossible.

If you hate a man and send out thoughts to that effect, you will get hate in return, and very often with interest added. If an unkind thought about another person enters the mind, it should at once be replaced by some virtue he possesses, or some good deed he has done.

"As a man sows so shall he reap." A strong, powerful thought for the good of your fellow-men will

strengthen you; strong men will be attracted to you and therefore aid you.

A person who is given to worry should give a few minutes every morning to some noble upbuilding thought.

Thousands of people are daily sending out to their fellow-beings unfriendly suggestions, such as fear, hate and disease. Anger, fear and worry are habits that grow rapidly. The more they are indulged the stronger they become.

Anger is very weakening, and always destroys the charm of character. Many people can trace misfortune and sickness to a fit of anger.—*P. M. DeWar, in Medical Talk.*



### ALPHABET OF QUOTATIONS.

JOHN H. NOLAN.

- All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Rom. 3: 23.
- Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Gal. 6: 7.
- Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11: 28.
- Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Jas. 3: 11.
- Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights. James 1: 17.
- For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Mark 8: 36.
- God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. John 3: 24.
- Honor thy father and thy mother. Matt. 19: 19.
- If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not. Jas. 1: 5.
- Judge not that ye be not judged. Matt. 7: 1.
- Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Rom. 6: 3.
- Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth. Matt. 6: 19.
- My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. John 10: 27.
- Neither be ye called masters, for one is your master, even Christ. Matt. 23: 10.
- Overcome evil with good. Rom. 12: 21.
- Prove all things. 1 Thess. 5: 21.
- Quench not the spirit. 1 Thess. 5: 19.
- Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. James 4: 7.
- Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Luke 13: 24.
- The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. Matt. 10: 24.
- Unto the pure all things are pure. Titus 1: 15.
- Verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. John 8: 34.
- Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your lord doth come. Matt. 24: 42.
- Xhort one another daily while it is called to-day. Heb. 3: 13.
- Ye must be born again. John 3: 7.
- Zacchæus said, If I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold. Luke 19: 8.
- Mulberry Grove, Ill.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### A Perfect Match.

The Portrait Painter (in despair).—"Madam, I find it impossible to procure colors that will match your exquisite complexion."

The Sitter (without reserve).—"Well, then, just draw the outlines to-day; and when I come next time I'll bring some of my colors for you."—G. T. Evans.

"Hay fever," said the moderator at the influenza convention, "may be likened to a tie vote." "Hear, hear!" cried the audience. "The eyes and noses both appear to have it."

### With Apologies.

How dear to my heart are the pants of my childhood,  
When fond recollection presents them to view;  
Pants that I wore in the deep tangled wildwood  
And likewise the grove where the crab-apples grew.  
The pockets that bulged with my luncheon for noon;  
And also with marbles and fishworms and matches,  
And gum drops and kite strings from March until June.

The little patched trousers

The made-over trousers,

The high-water trousers that fit me too soon.

No pantaloons ever performed greater service  
In filling the hearts of us youngsters with joy;  
They made the descent from Adolphus to Jervis  
Right down through a family of eight little boys.  
Through no fault of mine known to me or to others  
I'm the tenderest branch on our big family tree,  
And having done service for nine older brothers,  
They came down to me slightly bagged at the knees.

The little patched trousers,

The second-hand trousers,

The old family trousers that bagged at the knee.

—Savannah News.

A milliner always mentally suspects the financial standing of the husband of the woman who does not want to try on every hat in the store.

Failing is no disgrace, but to not rise again above every failure. No victory worthy the name is won without a hard campaign.

### The Automatic Bootblack.

The automatic restaurant, common among many other automatic devices in Germany, has examples in New York and Philadelphia, and is, perhaps, an old story. New, though also known in New York, is the automatic bootblack, essentially a platform with a kind of cylinder wherein are brushes revolving in various directions. You drop your nickel in the slot, insert your foot in the proper place, and your "shine" proceeds. Very fine. Still you stand and hold on by a hand-rail during the operation. Not luxurious. But what the heart of the world seeks unsleepingly is an automatic tipless Pullman car porter. —Exchange.

Some women go to church to study the text and some to study the textures.—New York World.

### Boy-Like.

"Do yees like to go to school, me b'y?"

Said Uncle Pat to little Mike.

"I like to go, I like to come,

It's stayin' there I do not like,"

Said Mike.

—John L. Shroy.

### Our Friends the Microbes.

The wide attention which Dr. Rosenbach's new book, "Physicians vs. Bacteriologist," is receiving in medical circles and among general readers lends new interest to the microbe which so many have said is at the bottom of all the devilry on earth. The poet of the New York Press bursts forth with this cheerful carol:

Sing a song of microbes,  
Dainty little things,  
Ears and eyes and horns and tails,  
Claws and fangs and stings.  
Microbes in the carpet,  
Microbes in the wall,  
Microbes in the vestibule,  
Microbes in the hall.  
Microbes on my money,  
Microbes in my hair,  
Microbes on my meat and bread,  
Microbes everywhere.  
Microbes in the butter,  
Microbes in the cheese,  
Microbes on the knives and forks,  
Microbes in the breeze.  
Microbes in the whiskey,  
Microbes in the beer,  
Microbes in the milk and tea,  
Microbes by the year.  
Microbes in the kitchen,  
Microbes in the bed,  
Microbes on the brush and comb,  
Microbes in my head.  
Microbes in the faucet,  
Microbes in the drains,  
Microbes in my shoes and boots,  
Microbes in my brains.  
Friends are little microbes,  
Enemies are big,  
Life among the microbes is—  
Nothing "infra dig."  
Fussy little microbes,  
Billions at a birth,  
Make our flesh and blood and bones,  
Keep us on the earth.

### Jefferson's Advice to Bachelors.

Joseph Jefferson was a strong believer in early marriages. In an address at Yale he said:

"I abominate bachelors. The older they grow the more conceited they become. I was talking to one and I asked him why he did not marry. He parried the question by telling me about different young women he had known, finding some fault with each one. But it appeared that all of them had married.

"'You are in danger of getting left,' I said to him. 'You had better hurry up before it is too late.'

"'Oh,' said the bachelor, 'there are just as good fish left in the sea.'

"'I know that, but the bait—isn't there danger of the bait becoming stale?'"

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Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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**SEND TO-DAY** for catalog showing samples of Bonnet Materials, and six different shapes.



**Style B.**—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

**Style C.**—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet, \$2.40. For making only, 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for water wear.

**For One Bonnet** we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.

1st—Length over head.  
2d—Width across back of neck.  
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Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet. We guarantee satisfaction.

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By Elder S. N. McCann,  
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This little volume contains eighteen chapters filled with food for thought. It all points to the end sought—"The Lord is Our Righteousness." It is a most excellent work and every one ought to have a copy and give it a careful and prayerful reading. Enough is said to lead any Christian to a higher and nobler life and to turn sinners to repentance.

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The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

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# SUMMER DANGERS

---

THIS is the season, just now, when everybody is subject more or less, to disorders of the stomach and bowels. These disorders take the form of diarrhoea, dysentery, flux, cholera morbus, cramps and, among children, summer complaint or cholera infantum. The last-named disease operates as a regular scourge among children of tender years, in particular during the period of teething, when, if care is not taken it is apt to terminate fatally. Mothers who have the health and welfare of their little ones at heart—and what mothers are there who have not—will find in the reading of these lines information which will be a boon to their little ones and a source of comfort to themselves.

These ailments are brought on by many causes, among which may be mentioned exposure to heat, over-indulgence in fruit and vegetables, excessive drinking of water, climatic changes, etc. The trouble is, to begin with, purely local and can easily be controlled, but if neglected, it is apt to assume a chronic form and lead to serious complications. Inasmuch as the symptoms of the disease are always plain and unmistakable, it enables us to be on guard and check the ailment at the outset.

There are many remedies to be had in the treatment of bowel disorders, but there is probably no medicine known to medical science which will so quickly and effectually correct such disorders as DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR. Let us tell you why. In the first place it checks the unnatural movements of the bowels at once, not violently, but gently. It soothes the irritated mucous membrane. It allays the inflammation. It corrects the acidity. It strengthens the relaxed conditions and gives ease and comfort. A dose has no sooner been administered than its beneficial effects are experienced. The merits of DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR cannot better be set forth than in the statement of a celebrated medical author who, in speaking of its formula, said: "It is an invaluable remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery, and diarrhoea. Nothing that I have ever seen can compare with it in the treatment of these diseases of the stomach and bowels."

DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR is purely vegetable in composition and contains neither opiates nor narcotic substances. It may be administered to the most delicate child without fear or scruples. It is a remedy which never disappoints. Although extensively used for years, it has never been publicly advertised.

DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR should not be confounded with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. While the STOMACH VIGOR is of the greatest value in the treatment of these sudden ailments of the bowels, it is not a specific for disorders of the blood, stomach, kidneys, or other organs of the body for which the BLOOD VITALIZER is used and recommended.

## CURED HER LITTLE GIRL.

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Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—The **Stomach Vigor** which I ordered last summer did well. Our little girl, almost three, had been sick with dysentery containing blood. I feared she would go into spasms as she had fever. I kept her head cool by cold water bandages and gave her the **Stomach Vigor** every two hours. The fever left her the same night and never returned. It cannot be surpassed for stomach trouble.

Sincerely yours,

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Very truly yours,

Mrs. Caroline G. I. Wood.

Such is the testimony, repeated over and over each recurring season, regarding DR. PETER'S STOMACH VIGOR. Remember it is not a drug-store medicine. It can be procured from regular VITALIZER agents or direct from the manufacturers. For full particulars regarding the DR. PETER'S REMEDIES, address

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

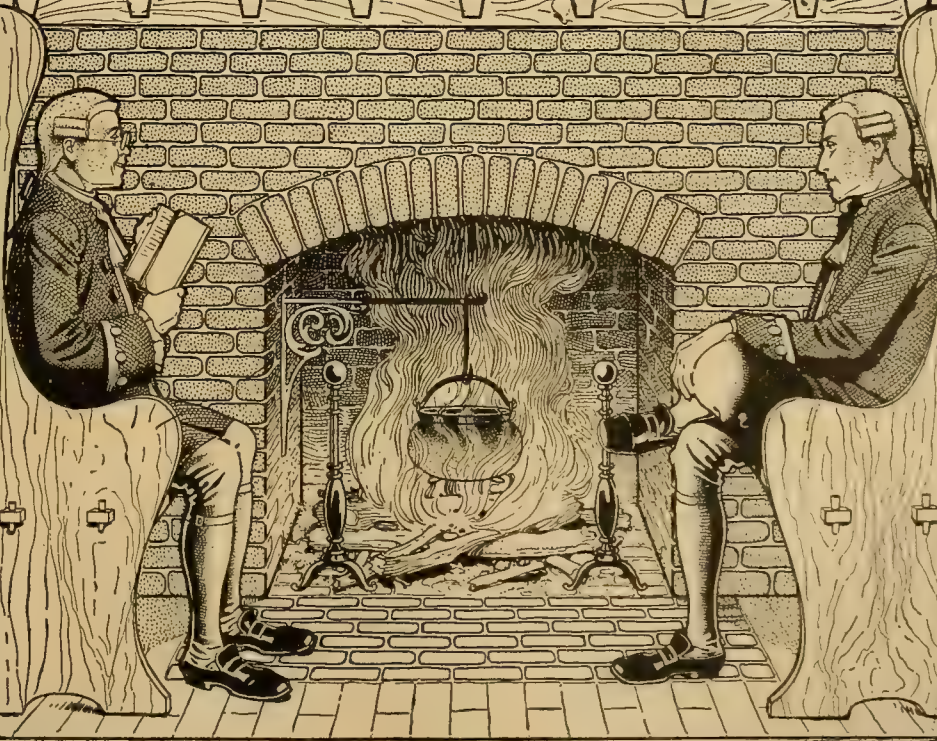
### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

YELLOWSTONE PARK.—Nora Rench Pratt.

GRANDMA'S MISSION.—Ida M. Helm.

THE OJIBWAY DRAMA—HIAWATHA.—M. E.  
S. Charles.

AN HISTORIC SPOT.—H. W. Strickler.



DEXTER & TUTTLE CO.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

July 31, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 31. Vol. VIII



**BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.**

By A. J. Wells.

California is one of the largest States in the Union, but its desirable lands are either under cultivation, or held in private ownership awaiting higher prices. The "unearned increment" comes from an increase of population.

After more than thirty years' residence in California, it seemed to me unlikely that a body of good land, at a low price, and capable of providing homes for a thousand families could be found anywhere in the State. Especially did it seem improbable that a valley, with rich soil, plenty of water, and a good climate could be discovered. But I was mistaken. A curious combination of circumstances has made Butte Valley in eastern Siskiyou county, in the northeast corner of California, available for settlement as a whole and at prices which cannot be paralleled. I have no interest in it, save as a student of climate and of agriculture, and I am therefore wholly unbiased in my opinion of the resources and its value.

We have thought of this as a region of marshy lakes and forests and lava beds. The country of the "Modoc War" is not far away and it was not until the government project for reclaiming the Klamath Lake country just over the border in Oregon, had taken shape, that we began to get wise about the nearer lands. Even then when the soil of Butte Valley was described to us we thought of it as volcanic ashes, light, shallow and lacking moisture. We went into it. We traversed the great sunny Sacramento Valley, brown as a berry in June and where a match in the field is a constant danger, and we found this mountain-walled valley green with meadows yet unripened, cool and moist, a picture of beauty framed by heavy forests of pine and cedar. Instead of a thin, light soil, we found the bed of an ancient lake, silted up by ten thousand years of erosion from the hills, a soil dark, fine, sedimentary, full of organic matter, without gravel and underlaid by a white clay marle.

A fragment of the lake remains, covering perhaps 8,000 acres from a depth of a few inches to ten feet and this with the constant inflow of snow water from the mountains and of living springs, keeps the greater part of the valley subirrigated and explains the lush green meadows at a time when elsewhere the hay is curing in the field or stacked for future use. It is probable that a reservoir of water underlies the valley and that irrigation by means of wells will be easy. It is entirely possible that artesian water may be found here.

The valley has remained unknown because held by a syndicate which did not care to develop it nor to sell it until the signs were right. It embraces about 50,000 acres and lies in the shape of the capital letter E. On the west and north a few farmers have settled, but the heart of the valley, 33,420 acres, has never been cultivated. It comes into the market just at a time when a railroad is heading for the Klamath country and

its price is so low as to constitute an opportunity for the farmer, the fruit grower and the stock raiser. A price of but \$25 an acre for such land in such a climate and with such facilities for irrigating is amazing to the Californian. It is made possible by the absence of neighbors. Population makes value, and if absence of neighbors suggests loneliness and remoteness, the remedy is colonization. Take your neighbors with you. In this way you shut out an undesirable element and quickly increase the value of your holding in the market by adding population. The railroad will aid in improving prices and the development and settlement of more than 200,000 acres in the Klamath region beyond will enlarge neighborhood and increase land values.

Aside from this land has a value based on what it will produce and those of us who know California have no concern about that. Nearly everything that the farmer produces will grow here, though the cool nights are not favorable to the production of corn. The abundant sunshine, on the other hand, insures a large per cent of saccharine matter in sugar beets, and a factory is said to be ready whenever a certain acreage is pledged to grow the roots.

Some new industries are made promising by the character of the soil, as celery and asparagus culture. This is very profitable and easily learned. The grasses, including alfalfa, timothy, rye grass, blue grass, red top and red clover make dairying attractive and the raising of cattle, hogs and horses profitable. A bunch of 79 horses were sold at the farmhouse where I stopped while I was there, at an average of \$100 each for the lot.

Apple growing will be a feature, I think, of the valley. The elevation will insure first class fruit and if the varieties are wisely selected a commercial orchard will pay well. Cherries too can be grown on a great scale and I know an orchard of cherries that pays a good per cent on a valuation of \$1,000 an acre.

The Pecan, I believe, will do well here. It wants such soil and climate and is in value the foremost nut in the world to-day. Grown about the house and barn and along the fences it will be at once shade, ornamental and profitable. One wild pecan tree in Texas will produce from \$50 to \$100 worth of nuts in a season.

All kinds of berries grow and the farmer who will plant trees and berries wisely will have almost every desirable fruit and nut for his own table. With deer from the hills, trout from the streams and wild ducks and geese from the lake, apple sauce and roasting ears from orchard and garden and the whole catalogue of vegetables—what more does he want?

The pine and cedar at hand—1,200 acres of timber go with the land offered, the cost of building is slight and in this climate where winter is confined to two months instead of five and the thermometer seldom gets below freezing point, the resident does not have to hibernate like a bear, nor consume in the idleness of winter what he has grown in the toil of summer. Nearly every day in the

year may be a day of productive labor.

The valley is flat, has no swamps, no waste land, no malaria, is shut in from fierce winds and is every way desirable for residences for health, for prosperous tilling of the soil and for enjoying life. I came away earnestly regretting that I am not young enough to go into this fair northern valley and be a farmer again. I was profoundly impressed with its beauty, its fertility, its many resources and advantages for a colony of farmers. Here the vexations attendant upon the cultivation of poor soil in a harsh climate will be unknown; and the man who knows how to farm, or how to raise fruit or improve his stock will here find comfort go hand in hand with profit. The climate will be a help and never a hindrance.

## Cheap Excursion

TO

## Butte Valley, Cal.,

Tuesday, August 14



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The following quotation is from a letter written by Mr. Mark D. Early to a friend in the East: "J. B. Shellenberger and wife went to Butte Valley last Thursday night and came back to-day. You ought to hear their report; he is taken away with the prospects of things up there. He told me to-day, that he had never seen timber before, although he thought he had. He also said that it was the finest soil and country he had ever seen, and all that he had been told about the Valley was true and more too. His wife could not get over the fine water there is up there. Mr. Shellenberger says there is no doubt but what the land will all be sold within the next six months. The only thing wrong with the Valley is that it is not big enough, there being only a little over 33,000 acres for sale."

"Mr. Chris Rowland, of Lanark, Ill., was with the Shellenberger party. He bought forty acres of the raw land and is figuring on buying 2,500 acres improved ranch, and is very enthusiastic about the Valley."

## TELEGRAM.

(Copy)

San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1906.  
Geo. L. McDonald, Colonization Agt., U. P. R. R., Omaha.  
H. F. Maust, of Waterloo, Iowa, takes eight hundred acres Butte Valley land. Well pleased. Will bring car load from Iowa on excursion.

Mark D. Early.

## TELEGRAM.

San Francisco, Cal., July 24, 1906.  
Geo. L. McDonald,  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R., Omaha, Nebr.  
John M. Mohler and wife, of Lewistown, Pa., Chas. A. Bame and wife, of Dayton, Ohio, and D. M. Click, of Tekoa, Wash., have visited Butte Valley and are well pleased with it.

Mark D. Early.

J. P. MASSIE,

President and Gen. Manager,

California Butte Valley Land Co. San Francisco, Cal.

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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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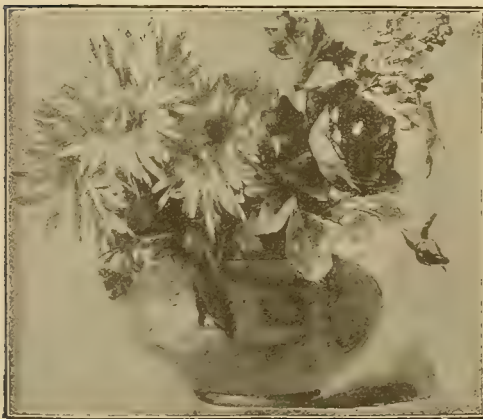


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- 40 No. 47—"Madonna and Child."
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**Brawntaws** are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.A.

**SEND TO-DAY** for catalog showing samples of Bonnet Materials, and six different shapes.



**Style B.**—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

**Style C.**—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet, \$2.40. For making only, \$5.00. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

**For One Bonnet** we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 3/4 yds. Wire, 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yds. Ribbon, 3/4 yd. Chiffon Lining, 1 1/2 yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.

1st—Length over head.  
2d—Width across back of neck.  
3d—Width of forehead from where crown is set on, to the front edge.  
Send us your measure and we will make you a Bonnet. We guarantee satisfaction.

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By Elder S. N. McCann,  
Missionary in India.

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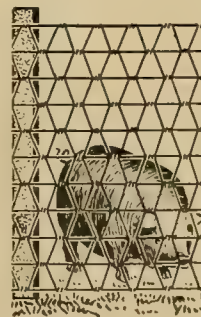
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VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,  
Frederick, Maryland.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.



# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
Oregon Short Line Railroad

S. BOCK,  
General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

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G. P. & T. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

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No. 31.

## THE ANSWER.

F. E. HATHAWAY.

I heard my Savior calling,  
His voice came sweet to me;  
And peering through the darkness,  
A shining light could see.

Thou ever-watchful Shepherd,  
I yield to thee my heart,  
And find the widening sheepfold  
To stray no more apart.

Since I have been acquainted  
With all thy tender ways,  
No crouching foe can tempt me,  
I'll naught but sing thy praise.

And thus I'll gird my armor,  
With strength to put it on,  
For Jesus fight the battle,  
Till every guerdon's won.

Chicago, Ill.

✽ ✽ ✽

## SNAPSHOTS.

Conscience calls ability, duty.

✽

Never grow weary in well doing.

✽

The man who loves his duty never slights it.

✽

A nickel in the hand is worth two in the slot.

✽

God's presence makes a desert a garden of paradise.

✽

God's designs promise us more than our desires.

✽

Never worry about troubles that have never come  
in sight.

✽

Selfishness is only another name for the spirit of  
murder.

✽

Success, like other rare things, is put up in small  
packages.

*The sermon that does not make men wince is usually  
poor stuff.*

✽

*The man who trusts God is not suspicious of his  
neighbors.*

✽

*One of a young man's gravest errors is to mistake  
foolishness for courage.*

✽

*Never say anything about others that you would not  
like to have said about yourself.*

✽

*If you know anything about God, you know some-  
thing that can help somebody. Tell it.*

✽

*It is a dreadful trying thing on some professors of  
religion to get a chance to make money easy.*

✽

*About the worst fooled man we know of is the  
man who says he "can drink or let it alone."*

✽

*Appearances cost more than necessities, and pride  
is harder to support than six children and a nurse.*

✽

*Some men will hunt all day for an excuse for doing  
wrong, when there are a score of reasons for doing  
right within their range of vision.*

✽

*It's all well enough to say, "Speak softly and carry  
a big stick," but the man who carries a big stick,  
usually acquires a very gruff voice.*

✽

*The Bible is our Father's letter to us telling us where  
to go in the day of trouble. But if we do not read it  
before the day of trouble comes it is not likely to be  
of much service to us when it does come.*

✽

*Enthusiasm comes from a warm heart, not from a  
hot head. There is a difference. When a well-meaning  
but fever-brained crank stirs up a Sunday school with  
a pitch-fork as it were, he does not create enthusiasm;  
he simply creates confusion.*



## Grandma's Mission

Ida M. Helm

### Chapter III.

GRANDMA was grieved when she realized that Polly and her family regarded their home only as a place to eat and sleep but she was glad she said that Luke was not fashioning his life that way.

She read her evening Bible lesson then she humbly knelt and sought help of God that she might faithfully fulfill the mission for which he had sent her there. The long ride had made her very tired and she went to bed and slept soundly in spite of the unaccustomed noise all about her.

In the morning she was awakened by a gentle hand being laid on her face and a laughing voice saying, "Grandma, it's breakfast time." She opened her eyes and saw that the sun was streaming in at her window. Luke was standing by her bedside smiling and he said, "When you are ready for breakfast, come into the dining-room and you and Fluffy and I will eat our breakfast together. At our house we don't have regular breakfast time; every one orders something for himself when he pleases. It is eight o'clock now and the rest of the folks will not be up before eleven or twelve. You see they turn night into day and half the day into night. Grandma thought of the uncomfortable dinner the evening before and the prospect of eating breakfast with only Luke and Fluffy present was pleasing to her and only a short time elapsed till she and Luke were enjoying a fine breakfast that Luke had ordered and Fluffy on the floor beside her was heartily eating a bowl of bread and milk. When they had finished eating Grandma asked, "What do you do on Sundays, Luke?"

"In the forenoon we go to church," answered he, "but I don't enjoy it like I used to at your church and every Sunday I think of the plain, white church where you and I always went on Sundays when I stayed at Elmshade Farm. They take so much interest in a fellow there that I always enjoyed going; to my notion it's not the kind of house in which we meet to worship God as much as the sort of spirit that reigns there that either makes us love to go to church or makes us feel like either staying at home or going somewhere else. I believe Mr. and Mrs. Freeman belong to the same church that you do." After a few moments' silence he continued, "Will you lend me your Bible, Grandma? Ours is so large to handle."

"Certainly, I will give you a Bible for a present," said she. "Every boy and girl and every man and woman should own a small Bible." She opened her suitcase and got out a Bible; it was just the right size to be easily handled. "It belonged to your Grandpa," said she. "Take it and write your name in it for

it is yours now. I hope you will study it and obey it and grow to be as good and useful a man as he was."

"I will remember your good advice," replied Luke, and he took the book and went off to his study room and Grandma sat down in her chair and mused. "The precious Bible! with gladness we should press it to our hearts and meditate on the great truths contained therein. There is no other guide that can lead us safely past the dangerous places that lie concealed behind gilded masks. It is the passport to the heavenly Canaan and the charter of immortal glory. Alas, some cast it aside and follow the goddess of fashion, regardless of the incalculable cost that must be paid for a few years of sinful pleasure." Thus she sat musing till the sound of footsteps in the hall disturbed her reverie. Soon Calvin came into the room. He greeted her with a few words of welcome, then he started off down the street.

Mrs. Leslie arose and looked out of the north window expecting to see him, but he was lost to view in the multitude of moving forms. "His face betrays a worried, anxious look," thought she, "but no wonder when fashion sways the scepter over heart and purse and Love has been dethroned by Sensuality."

The clock struck half past eleven when Catherine and Caroline came into the room. Caroline was a tall slender girl with golden-brown, wavy hair, fair complexion and dark blue eyes. She was naturally possessed of a kind and loving disposition but she was fashioning her life after the proud and disdainful and all the pleasing graces of character that nature had bestowed on her were fading from her life. Catherine had rosy cheeks, an abundance of black curly hair and black eyes. She was short and plump and considered herself very pretty, but she was naturally proud and scornful and the thought of making the smallest sacrifice for the sake of others never entered her mind.

The girls sat down and with Grandma listening they began telling each other who won prizes in the games that had been played at their respective parties the evening before. They knew who had cheated and they spent some time in pondering how they might deftly handle the cards and win in games with those less skilled in the crafty devices at the next party they should attend. Then they discussed plans for decorating the parlor for their party which they expected to give the succeeding evening.

Grandma interrupted their talk by saying, "Get your quarterlies, girls, and let's study our Sunday-school lesson."

"The first Sunday I forgot to bring my quarterly home," said Catherine.

"I brought mine home, but I lost it," said Caroline. Then the girls went out and began preparations for the coming party.

At last the evening set for the party came and when the clock struck eight Luke took refuge in Grandma's room and Polly and her two daughters went into their splendid parlor and seated themselves in velvet cushioned chairs, their gem-bedecked fingers toying with their rich clothes and their minds filled with the latest fashions for entertainment. Calvin, meanwhile, with dignified air, but a troubled look on his face, gently fingered the strings of his violin, occasionally stopping to listen for the first sound of the footsteps of the expected guests.

Presently the visitors began to arrive and gracefully their costly garments swept up the marble stairway. When the last invited guest had arrived strains of entrancing music began to vibrate on the air and swiftly and lightly daintily slipped feet tripped over the polished dancing floor.

By and by supper was announced and brightly the costly wine sparkled in the beautiful cups, and merrily the glasses clicked and were drained by the guests to each other's health (?). Jovial toasts were given and peals of laughter rang out while the sweet fragrance of rare flowers filled the room.

Then the games began and while each player was striving with all the cunning he could command to win a prize the door of Mrs. Leslie's room opened and Calvin came slowly in. Grandma and Luke were spending the evening in studying the Bible which had been so dear to her heart ever since she could remember and which Luke had lately learned to love so dearly. They looked up and were startled when they saw him with his face blanched and wearing a look of

anguish. "It is all over with us," he said and he threw himself on the bed and with a bewildered look told them that the lawyer whom he always sought when he needed counsel had called him out a few minutes before he came into the room and told him that his partner in business, he in whom he had trusted implicitly, had recklessly speculated with money that had been left in their care and his scheme had failed and he had left the country. Then with clenched fists he said, "I, his partner, am bound to pay his debts and it will take all the interests I have in the world, including our beautiful home, to satisfy the creditors. The debts will be paid, but I have not a cent left that I can call my own. How, oh how can I tell Polly and the girls. I am ruined, ruined."

"Your case is not hopeless," said Grandma. "Though your friends may every one prove untrue and although your earthly treasures have all vanished, yet there is a work for you to do. Put your trust in the One who holds the destinies of nations in his hands and he will not fail you. At his bidding humble, obscure men have been seated on thrones and become mighty kings. Perhaps it was the stroke of his rod that swept your riches away. In love he administers chastisements that through afflictions our affections may be transferred from perishing things and centered on the One who died for us. Calvin, begin your life anew."

"We must dismiss the guests and tell mother and the girls of our unfortunate condition," said Luke, and he left the room and started up the stairway toward the brilliantly lighted dancing room.

"Grandma, you tell them when they come," said Calvin, "for I can't tell them."

*R. D. No. 2, Ashland, Ohio.*

(To be continued.)

## Yellowstone Park

Nora Rench Pratt

WE left Pocatello with a camping outfit for a month's outing. The weather being fair, pleasant, sunny days and nights bright and delightfully cool, we contemplated an unusually enjoyable time, but at the close of the first day, night overtook us in the middle of a bed of sand on an Indian reservation and we were compelled to spend the night there with only a canteen partly filled with water. One might truthfully say they were never thirsty until they were in a desert without water. By four the next afternoon we were safely out of the sand and on the best of country roads along irrigating canals. Between Blackfoot and St. Anthony we passed many prosperous and well-kept farms.

At St. Anthony we met two of our party who had come up from Pocatello on the train to make an over-

land trip with us to the Yellowstone Park. Here on the banks of Snake river we had a most delightful camping place. This is a wonderful river, with its rock bottom and banks and many beautiful falls. We could only drive fourteen miles the first day so as to have water by which to camp, and the second day had to make twenty-five miles before water could be found fit for camping purposes. The two days following were spent in traveling through an immense pine forest reserve, crossing the continental divide at an altitude of about 9,000 feet.

On the shore of Henry Lake, Idaho, was one of our prettiest camping places. Here we found people living quiet, contented lives in very commodious log cabins. They certainly could not have chosen a more beautiful spot.



The fifth day out of St. Anthony we entered the Yellowstone Park at the western entrance through Christmas Tree Park. This is a perfectly straight road, passing between tall and majestic pines from which it gets its name. A few miles inside the boundary at Riverside we passed the soldiers' barracks where the men of our party left their guns and chained our dog to the wagon. A soldier gave us several copies of "Rules and Regulations" of the park.

This section of natural wonders, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains was reserved from settlement by Congress as a national park in 1871. The reservation extends about sixty-five miles east and west and seventy-five miles north and south. No valley within its limits has an elevation of less than 6,000 feet, while many of the mountain peaks rise from 10,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level. Yellowstone Lake, fifteen by twenty miles in size, is the largest body of water in North America at this altitude (8,000 feet). Three of the largest rivers in the United States, the Missouri, Yellowstone and Columbia, have their source in the Yellowstone Park. At the Mammoth Hot Springs, is a two-company United States cavalry post, the commanding officer being superintendent of the park. Cantonments are scattered throughout the park during the summer months to protect wild animals and birds, also to see that no specimens are removed and to prevent camp fires. Game has roamed these mountains and valleys so long unmolested, until they have lost all fear of being captured and some are very tame. Little Clifford and La Verne would almost catch the lovely birds flying into our camp for crumbs. One day an elk walked leisurely across the road in front of our horses. But Mr. Bear never visited our camp and we were just a little disappointed at not seeing one. Large sums of money have been expended by the government, in building the park roads, which are wonderful in their construction and most of them, in smoothness, are equal to the finest city streets. However, we found them dusty, the sprinklers having been taken off because the season near to a close.

To visit the Mammoth Hot Springs, one must take a side trip from the circuit, thirty miles south of Norris Geyser Basin. It is best to inspect the geysers of Norris Geyser Basin when first passing through as they appear insignificant on the return trip. The terrace-building hot springs of the Yellowstone Park are the most remarkable development of thermal action to be found. They occupy several acres, with many distant terraces and springs located on the eastern slope of Terrace Mountain, from fifty to three hundred feet above the plateau, upon which Fort Yellowstone and other buildings are constructed. Jupiter Terrace, the largest of the group, extends 2,000 feet along the edge of the high mound of brilliantly colored

deposit. A climb of one hundred feet up a steep trail is necessary to reach the summit. The two large springs of boiling water, fully one hundred feet in diameter, falling over this beautiful colored formation, is certainly one of the most attractive sights of the park. The temperature of the boiling water in the Minerva Terrace is 154 degrees Fahrenheit. Liberty Cap, an extinct hot-spring cone, at the foot of Terrace Mountain, is fifty-two feet high and twenty feet in diameter at its base. It is formed by overlapping layers



Silver Gate, Yellowstone Park.

of deposit, having been built up by the overflow of water through the orifice in the top.

South from the Mammoth Hot Springs we gained a thousand feet elevation in less than three miles. This road passes through the "Hoodooos," a wild, and strange region, inaccessible before the building of the road. In the midst of the "Hoodooos" the road makes an abrupt turn, passing between great blocks of limestone that rise fully seventy-five feet, to which is applied the very appropriate name "Silver Gate." A short distance from here is one of the most picturesque points in the park. The sides of these rocky walls, which rise from two hundred to three hundred feet above the roadway, are covered with a yellow moss suggesting the name it bears—Golden Gate. The construction of this roadway and viaduct, scarce a mile in length, was the most expensive and difficult piece of road building yet encountered by the government engineers.

Rustic Falls west of the Golden Gate adds to the charm of the lovely spot. Along this road we walked for several miles viewing the beautiful valley and snow-capped peaks in the distance. The air being light and refreshing one can walk several miles as easily as the same number of blocks in heavier atmosphere. One morning we were caught out in a snow storm and in the evening of the same day, we had the pleasure of picking beautiful lavender daisies and other delicately colored mountain flowers. Before reaching Obsidian Cliff, we visited the Apollinaris spring and took a refreshing drink of the Apollinaris water. Soon after leaving this spring we passed the Obsidian Cliff. This volcano of glass rises two hundred fifty feet above the road and presents a glistening, mirror-like effect when illuminated by the sun's rays. The greater part of this mineral glass is jet black and quite opaque. The construction of the railway along its base was accomplished in a novel manner with considerable difficulty; great fires were built around the huge blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, resulting in shattering the block into small fragments. This really wonderful roadway is probably the only piece of glass road in the world. There is no other exposed ridge of obsidian in the Rocky Mountains. This material being more desirable than flint for the manufacture of arrow heads, it was once a famous resort for all tribes of Indians, who congregated here in great numbers, it being "neutral ground" to all Rocky Mountain Indians and sacred to the various hostile tribes.

From Grand Cañon Hotel one follows a trail down the mountain side and is soon standing on a platform on the very brink of the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone. Here the width of the river is compressed to less than one hundred feet when it takes the plunge. The shelf of rock over which it leaps is absolutely level. The water seems to wait a moment on its verge; then it passes with a single bound, three hundred feet into the gorge below. It is a sheer unbroken shining mass of silver foam. But your eyes are drawn from the fall itself, great and beautiful as it is, to the marvelous setting, where the river, after its plunge, dwindles to but a foaming ribbon there in its appalling depths. These rocky sides are almost perpendicular; in many places the boiling springs have gorged them out so as to leave overhanging cliffs. And then, almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the mag-

nificence of color, which is of the clearest yellow. The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone, which is ten miles long, is acknowledged by travelers to be the most brilliantly colored landscape in existence. From here we went to the Upper Geyser Basin, passing many places of interest. Mud Volcano, situated a few rods from the road, at the base of the cliff, has a funnel-shaped crater thirty feet in depth which throws out soft mud from below accompanied by dull muffled sounds, and in this manner at once repulsive and fascinating. The mud plastered trees in the vicinity give evidence of the violent eruptions of the mud volcano.

Upon reaching Yellowstone Lake we found an excellent camping place near its shore. A delightful



The Grotto Geyser, Yellowstone Park.

steamer ride can be taken on this charming lake. There is one geyser cone in the west arm (or Thumb Bay) of the lake which rises above the lake surface a few feet from the shore, standing upon which one may catch trout out of the lake and dropping them into the hot water in the crater of the cone, cook them without removal from the hook. This is one of the most noted hot springs. Near Shoshone Lake we again crossed over the summit of the continental divide. Here we passed the Two-Ocean Pond, a small lake with two outlets, one into the Atlantic through the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, the other into the Pacific through the Snake River, a branch of the Columbia.

Soon the Upper Geyser Basin was reached. This basin is triangular in shape and embraces an area of four square miles, it contains twenty-six geysers and nearly four hundred hot springs. Clouds of vapor hang above it, the air is filled with strange rumblings



and is heavy with sulphurous fumes, and vegetable life is extinct. The beauty of formations and delicacy of coloring are marvelous. Old Faithful, the most reliable geyser, during its eruptions which occur about every seventy minutes throws up a stream of water to a height of from 125 to 150 feet, remaining stationary for about three minutes. The crater is an oblong opening. This mound is composed of layers of deposits in a succession of distinct terraces which are full of basin-like pools, the water in which is clear as crystal, and their rim exquisitely beaded, their bottoms showing delicate tints of rose, white, saffron, orange, brown and gray.

The Giant, the monarch of geysers, has a cone about ten feet in height and usually plays once a week. However, we had not the pleasure of seeing it while in eruption. There is a constant rumbling under the crust of formation near the Giant. The Grotto is the most curious geyser cone of all. The many cave-like openings give rise to its name. It plays every two or four hours and the display lasts thirty minutes. A smaller crater near by acts with the Grotto during eruptions. Fortunately we witnessed this display twice. Also the Riverside Geyser, which cone is at the water's edge of the Firehole River. The Castle Geyser has a prominent cone and is equally beautiful in display. The handsomest spring in the geyser region is the Punch Bowl. It is situated on a small mound of siliceous deposit, and is about ten feet in diameter, with a glittering rim of brilliantly-colored formation eighteen inches in height. A small, cave-like opening on one side of this cone is much admired, having the appearance of being lined with satin of the rarest beauty.

A most beautiful and artistic rustic inn and store building are located near Old Faithful. Near the Fountain Hotel is to be found the wonderful Paint Pots. In the larger basin is a whitish substance which is in a constant state of agitation, resembling a vast boiling pot of paint. Others are of pink and rose color.

Though we were in the park when the season closed there were hundreds of people yet visiting the wonders of the Yellowstone. From fifteen to twenty stage-coaches filled with people passed us every day. As we reached the western boundary the guns belonging to our party were restored, and all bade farewell to the beauties of the wonderland and the soldiers who had kindly helped to make our week's stay interesting.

Once outside the National Reservation we had game

to eat again. While in the park we had plenty of fine fish but no wild game.

On our return through the great forest the trees were clothed in leaves of many beautiful colors and upon reaching the valley the harvest fields presented a pleasing sign of rural prosperity. But to us the harvest looked out of season the first of October.

When we reached St. Anthony—the first railway station—two of our number left us to continue their trip by rail. Between St. Anthony and Idaho Falls there are many small Mormon villages, the main industry of these towns and surrounding country being sugar-beet raising and the manufacture of beet sugar. The Mormons own and control immense sugar-beet factories at Sugar City, Idaho Falls and



Castle Geyser, Yellowstone Park.

Black Fool.

Journeying homeward we spent another night in the sand and in the morning visited an Indian cemetery near our camp. The graves were decorated with dead horses, old clothing, quilts, shawls and rags of every description. At the head of each grave stood a very tall pole with some kind of a rag tied on the top.

Pocatello, Idaho.



A CHEMIST in Weisbaden, Germany, by breeding and feeding his fowls in a special way, has been able to increase the natural quantity of iron in eggs so that they are medicinal and useful for the cure of various diseases.



THE new Alaskan Island of volcanic origin that appeared a short time ago is reported to be several acres in extent and to lie about seventy miles west of Unalaska, near the volcanic island of Boroslov.

# From the Mansion on the Hill

Dora Shank

## Chapter II.

SEVERAL days had passed since Nora had been down to the valley to visit Auntie Ruth. She longed to hear of her past life. "I will have a good chance to go down to hear Auntie's story this afternoon. Nurse is going to the city to do some shopping and will not be back before evening. After she goes I will slip down to the valley," said Nora to herself.

After her nurse started, Nora went to the kitchen and got Phyllis to fill her a basket with pies, cakes, etc., to take to Auntie. "Bless me, child, what do you want with a basket full?" asked Phyllis.

"I am going to have a delightful time," said Nora, but did not tell her in what way she meant to have it. Phyllis watched her walk down the path.

"I suppose she is goin' to have lunch on the lawn, poor, dear girl, all to herself," said Phyllis to herself, and went about her duties.

Auntie Ruth was very glad to see Nora again, for she had no work and was alone. Nora had not been there long when she said, "Auntie, will you tell me the story you promised to tell me?"

"Of course, I will tell you. Come here and sit on this little stool at my feet. I can talk to people better when I look into their faces." Nora sat down on the little stool and Auntie Ruth began: "I remember when I was a little girl about your age, a more contented girl you could not find for miles around. We lived on a farm. I played in the orchard and large lawn with my younger sister, and father got us just what we wanted if he thought it would add to our happiness. Years passed pleasantly by, not a shadow to dim our happiness, not a cloud to mar our pleasure until—one day that dreaded messenger, 'Death,' called our dear mother away. Oh! I shall never forget it. After her death I then took her place, and did the best I could. At that time I was eighteen and my sister sixteen. She was a good help to me, and did everything so cheerfully that I told her to do.

"The time passed on until I was twenty. I then married a man by the name of White and my sister took my place as housekeeper for my father. A few months after our marriage we bought a farm and both worked very hard until it was cleared. After we were settled for about six years I knew no care or sorrow. But Mr. White began to lose all interest in the farm, his crops were always put in later than any of the neighboring farmers'. It caused me much anxiety to see it, and when I spoke to him about it, he only passed it off lightly. He began to stay out late at nights, sometimes not coming home until near morn-

ing. I did not know what to do, I was working so hard that when night came I was too tired to sleep and tossed and worried until morning.

"One night when he went out, I made up my mind to follow him. When he went out the front door I slipped out the back one and followed him at a distance keeping close to the hedge fence which ran along the road almost into the village. As he neared the village I saw two men approaching; they stopped him. I hurried on to hear the conversation. When I came near them I crouched behind a bush and listened. And, Nora, that conversation between those men I shall never forget; it disclosed the secret of my husband's absence from home at night. I heard one say, 'Jim, I must have that money I won off of you last night. Do you have it with you? I must have it and I will have it!'

"To this my husband answered that he had not the money but he said to one of the men, 'Let me play you to-night; and maybe I can win it back.'

"Well, you have said that so often, and every time you lose, so that the sum is growing and by the time you are done I'll own your farm. But I will give you one more chance,' answered the man.

"I stood as spellbound, what should I do? I thought I would try and prevent him from going, I hurried up to him and said, 'Oh Jim, you must not go to town to-night. To think you are a gambler, and the nights I have spent in worrying about your absence, and now I know the secret of it all. The next I felt a stinging blow and I fell to the ground. When I awoke I knew not where I was. I raised myself up and looked around. The sun was peeping above the hill and I knew it was morning. Then the vision of the night flashed before me and I remembered the blow which I had received from my husband. I had been knocked unconscious and had not gained consciousness until daybreak. As I sat there, oh! how I wished that I would have crossed the silent stream and awoke on the other shore in the land beyond, but here I was still in this troublesome world. I knew I must not stay there long so I hurried home. There was not a stir about the house, he had not yet returned. Where could he be? He had never as yet stayed out until morning. As I stood gazing up the road I saw some one coming on horseback. When he came to the gate he stopped. 'Your husband was gambling last night, he got into a fight over some money he owed a man, and the man shot him, said the horseman.

"Oh! the terror of that moment. I shall never forget. 'Is he dead?' I asked. He hesitated and looked



at me so sorrowfully. I could see the answer written in his face. To think he died a gambler. In a few weeks the farm and all we had owned was seized. I was left a destitute widow. What could I do? I had no home to go to, my father had died a few years before and my sister was still single, working for her living. I packed my trunk and started to find work and a place to stay. Since then I have had many, many hardships but God has been good to me. I have not wanted long at a time for food or work. He has kept me so far and I know he will keep me unto the end."

When Auntie Ruth ended her story Nora was sobbing, she felt so sorry for poor Auntie Ruth.

"Can it be that anyone could suffer so terribly? It seemed to me that everybody was happy but me. I suppose I do not know half the trouble in this world," said Nora.

"Oh, my dear, you shall never know one-tenth of it. This world is partly made up of sorrows and cares, but, Nora, we can look forward to the time when all cares shall vanish and joy will take their place. Oh, how sweet to look beyond. Let us try to look at

it this way, Nora, and this world will not appear half so dark and dismal," said Auntie Ruth.

"Yes, Auntie," continued Nora, "let us try. I never seemed to see it in that light before, but you see I have no one to talk with me about heavenly things but my Sunday-school teacher and he does not know that I feel sad and lonesome, and if he did I know I would not find such comfort as I have found in you, Auntie. I am glad to hear some of your past, but Oh! if I could have changed it I would have put more happiness in it. But I cannot. What is past is past and we must but try to make the future full of gladness. We will try won't we, Auntie? I must be going, I want to get home before nurse returns. The next time I come I want to visit the children who think me proud; I want them to know I love them and would gladly give them all I had if I could but be happy. I must be going. Good-bye, Auntie."

"Good-bye, Nora, do not feel lonesome to-night. I will be thinking of you," answered Auntie Ruth. and Nora started homeward.

(To be Continued.)

## The Ojibway Drama--Hiawatha

M. E. S. Charles



HE characteristically American poem of Longfellow, "Hiawatha," is well-known by nearly every one, but it is not known by everybody that the legends embodied in this poem are almost wholly genuine. A writer of note, Henry Harrison Lewis, tells us that the Indian names and words used by Longfellow are identical with those in use to-day among the "Ojibways" and that the geographical locations are correct.

It is interesting to note in Mr. Lewis' sketch of this tribe, that the story of Hiawatha, the description of his childhood, his battle with the Mudjekeewis, his wooing of the beautiful Minnehaha, the arrow-maker's daughter, and the adventures of the handsome but knavish Pau-Puk-Weewis, the storm fool, practically as Longfellow wrote them, have been handed down among the Ojibways from time immemorial. The manner in which Longfellow became familiar with these legends is very interesting.

When Luke Schoolcraft, the explorer and ethnologist, went to live among the Ojibways at Garden River, their traditional camping-ground near the extreme northwestern corner of Lake Huron he quickly recognized them as the most intelligent and refined Indians whom he had met. He married into the tribe, and became acquainted with the legends and folklore contained in the Hiawatha stories. The tribe was ruled in those days by Buk-wij-ji-ni-ni, the son of the re-

nowned chieftain, Shing-wauk. It was from the former that Schoolcraft learned the legends, and, although it has been stated that Longfellow personally visited Buk-wij-jo-ni-ni, there is good authority for thinking that Schoolcraft related the stories to the poet.

Shortly before the old chief died in 1898, he sent two of his trusted men, to carry his last message to Longfellow, whom he supposed still alive. They were received in the old Longfellow home in Boston very cordially by the poet's daughters, Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Mrs. Richard H. Dana and Mrs. J. G. Throp. When these Indian messengers returned they carried with them the promise that the poet's daughters would visit the "Islands of the Blessed," the following summer. Their visit was celebrated by an unusual entertainment consisting of a series of native tableaux representing scenes from the Wah-ne-bo-jo legends on which the "Hiawatha" stories are founded. The drama was given on a small island located a few miles from Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. Lewis describes the island as being rocky and picturesque, two acres or more in extent, and indented with several little harbors. Rising from the water on the west is a miniature precipice fifty feet high, on the brink of which a lodge is built. The stones of the building are covered with moss, and the timber used is cedar with the bark left upon it. The interior is finished with silver birch-bark taken from very large trees and put upon the walls in large panels. Set into

the bark are the pictures of Craigie House, Cambridge, the residence of Longfellow. Burned into the walls over the windows are selections from the poet's works. To the left of the door, which is the main entrance, is the following familiar quotation:

Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us;  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you.  
You shall enter all our wigwams  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

When the Indian actors were assembled on the stage, facing one another with threatening glances, Githe Manito, the Great Spirit, in a loud voice suddenly called them in the Ojibway tongue to cease their warring. On the instant the Indians cast off their deerskin garments, dropped their weapons and dashed into the lake, where they quickly washed the hideous war-paint from their persons and returned to shore. At a motion from one of the chiefs, the Indians sat down in a circle and, one after another, took a puff from the peace-pipe, each passing it gravely to his neighbor, until all had drawn the smoke showing their willing submission to the sacred bond. This was the end of the first act.

The beginning of the second act was proclaimed by a group of squaws and braves escorting a little Indian child to the stage. This was Hiawatha in his eighth year. He was come to practice with the bow and arrow under the tuition of his grandmother, old Nokomis.

On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers.

Standing with old Nokomis in the middle of the stage the lad first put his arrow to his bow. Nokomis instructed him in the art of shooting, and the warriors grouped about applauded when Hiawatha hit the mark.

In the fourth scene of this wonderful drama of nature is represented that part of the poem so familiar to the majority of readers, the wedding-feast.

Lovely Minnehaha having been wooed and won, the celebration, as dear to the heart of these children of the forests in those days, as to the young men and maidens of this age must follow. The first dance was novel and characteristic. A picturesque old squaw stood guard with a tomahawk over a group of Indian girls in the center of the stage. On the outer edge of the platform lurked a number of ambitious young warriors, who sought to steal them from her. In spite of her vigilance and ready blows they were taken away one after another, all the tune of Indian war drum and chant.

After the performance of various other dances—the Deer dance, the Snake dance, and the Gambling dance

—and a scene showing the coming of the missionary, came the most striking act of the play, the departure of Hiawatha.

At a given signal Hiawatha stepped forth from his associates and announced that the time had arrived when he must leave them. He spoke to them of the long journey before him, and of his absence from them. Then, paddle in hand, he strode down to his canoe and pushed away from the shore along the pathway of the setting sun. The tribe began a dirgelike chant in response to Hiawatha's farewell, which the latter repeated from time to time as his canoe slipped farther over the sun-tipped waves. Finally Hiawatha waved a last farewell, and then, raising his paddle above his head, vanished into the shadows of a little island. The scene was a fitting climax to an extraordinary performance.

On the day following the giving of this drama, Miss Longfellow and her sisters were formally adopted as members of the Ojibway nation. Each was given an honored name, and was then introduced as a full-fledged Ojibway to each member of the tribe. Miss Longfellow was given the name "O-dah-ne-waus-e-no-qua," meaning "Leading Light," or the first flash of lightning preceding a storm.

The Longfellow family have always considered this act on the part of the Ojibways as a very great compliment to the memory of their gifted ancestor.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



#### THE CELEBRATED CASE THAT WON CIVIL RIGHTS FOR INDIANS.

THE late Carl Schurz is best remembered in Omaha as the cause of the American Indians being admitted to full citizenship in this country—not through his taking the side of the red man in the long struggle, but because he, as secretary of the interior, issued an order which so aroused the west to the wrongs of the Indian that a crusade was started in Omaha which reached to all portions of the United States, lasted seven years, and ended by supreme court decisions and legislative enactments making the Indian as free as the white man if he chose to be so, and to accept the conditions of civilization.

Schurz had the order issued to Gen. Crook, then stationed at Omaha and commanding this department of the army, and immediately the cause of the Indian was taken up by Thomas H. Tibbles, late vice presidential candidate on the populist ticket; Gen. Crook, John L. Webster, Judge Dundy, and a score of other men prominent in the west.

Previous to the fight spoken of here every Indian in the United States was subject to the orders of the secretary of the interior. The government was an absolute autocrat over the destiny of the red man in the entire country.



#### Pitiful Funeral Procession.

Back in 1879 a pitiful procession wended its slow way northward from Indian territory, bound for the prairies of Nebraska. There were thirty Indians on foot and one old wagon, drawn by two worn-out horses. In the wagon was the dead body of a child—an Indian boy. The leader of the little party was the father of the dead child; the famous Ponca Indian chief, Standing Bear, a few years later to be the best-known Indian in the entire world—and to speak in every city in the country in behalf of his people.

Standing Bear's party was en route to the Niobrara country, in northern Nebraska, to bury the child in the ancient burying grounds of the tribe. They had started on a long trip, although permission to leave the reservation in the Indian Territory, on which they had been settled against their will, had been refused.

Formerly the Poncas lived in northern Nebraska, along the Niobrara river. They had fought the Sioux, in behalf of the white men for years, and had lost seven hundred braves in the white man's behalf. For this a previous secretary of the interior had given them, in fee simple, full title to their reservation and lands.

#### Lands Taken from Poncas.

Then Mr. Schurz was made secretary, and at the point of the bayonet had driven the Poncas down into Indian Territory, depriving them of the lands for which they held government deeds. The Poncas were left months without rations in a new country, and more than one-third of them died while there.

And among those who died was the son of the old chief Standing Bear. The chief refused to have the little body buried in the strange country but instead, gathering a few members of his tribe, he started for the ancient hunting grounds of his tribe, intending to bury the child where generations of Ponca chiefs lay.

Schurz heard of the runaways, and through the war department telegraphed Gen. Crook, in Omaha, to arrest the Indians and return them to Indian Territory.

But the chief of the Omahas, Iron Eye, went to meet the Poncas and offered them a haven of refuge on the Omaha reservation.

"We have all the land Standing Bear and his people wish for; we have corn and meat in plenty; come live with us," said Iron Eye.

But the government through Schurz said, "No."

So Crook arrested the old chief and brought him and his followers down to Omaha. And with them came the wagon bearing the dead child.

Standing Bear told Crook his individual story. The great Indian fighter knew the general history of the Indians and was already indignant at their treatment,

but the treatment accorded to Standing Bear was too much and even the stern warrior rebelled.

#### Campaign Mapped Out.

Then Mr. Schurz was made secretary, and at the all-night's conference with Tibbles, then an editorial writer on a newspaper, a campaign of Indians' rights was mapped out, and both men started out the next day to carry out their parts.

Crook was to delay returning the Indians to Indian Territory until a writ of habeas corpus could be asked for from the United States court on the ground that the constitution, in the fourteenth amendment, guaranteed to all persons born in the United States equal protection of the law.

Tibbles looked out for the legal end of the deal. He went to John L. Webster, then a struggling, unknown young lawyer, laid his case before him, and asked him to defend the rights of the Indian.

"There is no money in it, but there is fame, honor and glory," said Tibbles.

Webster took the case, and asked Judge A. J. Poppleton, then general counsel for the Union Pacific, to assist him and make the argument. Poppleton agreed, and then a writ was applied for in the United States court at Omaha, over which Judge Dundy presided.

#### Made Thousands of Citizens.

The case came to trial. It was the most notable trial ever brought in the west, and in fact, the scope was as wide as any ever tried in the United States, for by its decision 100,000 people were made citizens.

Thomas H. Tibbles attended every session of that court. In his own words he describes it this way:

"The courtroom was crowded with fashionably dressed women, and the clergy, which had been greatly stirred by the incident, was there in force.

"Lawyers, every one in Nebraska and many from the big eastern cities; business men, Gen. Crook and his full staff, in their dress uniforms (this was one of the few times in his life that Crook wore his full dress in public), and the Indians themselves, in their gaudy colors. The courtroom was a galaxy of brilliancy.

"On one side stood the army officers, the brilliantly dressed women and the white people; on the other was Standing Bear, in his official robes as chief of the Poncas, and with him were his leading men.

"Far back in the audience, shrinking from observation, was an Indian girl who afterward became famous as a lecturer in England and America. She was later known on both continents by a translation of her Indian name, In-sta-the-am-ba, Bright Eyes.

#### Long and Able Arguments.

"Attorney Poppleton's argument was carefully prepared, and consumed sixteen hours in the delivering,

occupying the attention of the court for two days. On the third day Mr. Webster spoke for six hours. And during all the proceedings the courtroom was packed with the beauty and culture of the city.

"Toward the close of the trial the situation became tense. As the wrongs inflicted on the Indians were described by the attorneys indignation was often at a white heat, and the judge made no attempt at suppressing the applause which broke out from time to time.

"For the department Mr. Lambertson made a short address, but was listened to in silence.

"It was late in the afternoon when the trial drew to a close. The excitement had been increasing, but it reached a height not before felt when Judge Dundy announced that Chief Standing Bear would be allowed to make a speech in his own behalf.

"Not one in that audience besides the army officers and Mr. Tibbles had ever heard an oration by an Indian chief. All of them had read of the eloquence of Red-Jacket and Logan, and they sat there wondering whether the mild-looking old man, with the lines of suffering and sorrow on his furrowed brow and cheek dressed in the full robes of an Indian chief, could make a speech at all.

"It happened that there was a good interpreter present—the son of Father Hamilton, a well-known missionary.

#### Standing Bear's Address.

"Standing Bear arose. Half-facing the audience he held out his right hand and stood motionless so long that the stillness of death which had settled down on the audience became almost unbearable. At last, looking up at the judge, he said:

"That hand is not the color of yours, but if I prick it the blood will flow and I shall feel pain. The blood is the same color as yours. God made me and I am a man. I never committed a crime. If I had, I would not stand here to make a defense. I would suffer the punishment and make no complaint.

"Still standing, half-facing the audience, he looked past the judge out of a window as if gazing upon something far in the distance and continued:

"I seem to be standing on the high bank of a great river, with my wife and little girl by my side. I cannot cross the river, and impassable cliffs arise behind me. I hear the noise of great waters; I look and see a flood coming. The waters rise to our feet and then to our knees. My little girl stretches her hands toward me and says, 'Save me!'

"I stand where no member of my race ever stood before. There is no tradition to guide me. The chiefs who preceded me knew of the circumstances that surround me. I hear only my little girl say, 'Save me!'

#### Reached Heights of Eloquence.

"In despair I look toward the cliffs behind me, and I seem to see a dim trail that may lead to a way of life. But no Indian ever passed over that trail. It looks to be impossible. I made the attempt. I take my child by the hand and my wife follows after me. Our hands and our feet are torn by sharp rocks and our trail is marked by our blood. At last I see a rift in the rocks. A little way beyond there are green prairies. The swift running water the Niobrara, pours down between the green hills. There are the graves of my fathers. There again we will pitch our tepee and build our fires. I see the light of the world and life of liberty just ahead.'

"The old chief became silent again, and, after an appreciable pause he turned toward the judge with such a look of pathos and suffering on his face that none who saw it will forget and said:

"But in the center of the path there stands a man. Behind him I see soldiers in number like the leaves of the trees. If that man gives me permission I may pass on to life and liberty. If he refuses, I must go back and sink beneath the flood.'

"Then, in a lower tone:

"You are that man.'

"There was silence in the court as the chief sat down. Some tears ran down over the judge's face. Gen. Crook leaned forward and covered his face with his hands. Some of the ladies sobbed.

#### Orator Given Ovation.

"All at once that audience by one common impulse rose to its feet and such a shout went up as was never heard in a Nebraska courtroom. No one heard Judge Dundy say, 'Court is adjourned.' There was a rush for Standing Bear. The first to reach him was Gen. Crook. I was second. The ladies flocked toward him, and for an hour Standing Bear held a reception.

"A few days afterward Judge Dundy handed down his famous decision in which he announced that an Indian was a 'person' and was entitled to the protection of the law. Standing Bear and his followers were set free, and with his old wagon and the body of his dead child he went back to the hunting grounds of his fathers and buried the boy with tribal honors. It was the very first time an Indian was ever permitted to appear in court and have his rights tried."

Up at the Ponca reservation there is an old white-headed Indian (he is the only known really white-headed Indian, too). It is old Standing Bear—old and decrepit. But he remembers Carl Schurz, and still blames him for much of the hardships through which the western Indians passed.

When told of the death of Schurz, the old man smoked a full minute before answering the one word of English which he ever uses: "Good."—*Selected.*



## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

THAT the success of foreign missionary enterprise is dependent on the strength and the loyalty of the home base is an axiom. The converse is equally true, that weakness and disloyalty are responsible for the delay of the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom. A recent stirring utterance of Dr. Henry Van Dyke is most timely: "What we need in the Christian church to-day is a revival of the patriotism of the kingdom of heaven. . . . Indifference to missions is the worst kind of treason." The very heart of this foreign missionary problem is laid bare in these few words. If the world is ever to be won for Christ, you and I must be loyal brave and true.

All must agree, however, that no such program as was proposed by Jesus, the evangelization of the world, can be carried on a platform of ignorance and by such limited numbers. It is not sufficient that a few leaders shall be informed, that the special groups only to which I have referred shall know and do. We must enlist the masses, must help them to realize that as heirs of salvation they are also heirs of the heathen world, the nations of the earth. "Ask of me and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." It is well therefore that this modern campaign of education was begun. It was inaugurated none too soon.

A suitable literature! Probably even the youngest of us here can remember when some of it at least was not suitable. Its improvement by mission boards and other publishers during the last few years has been rapid and substantial. Indeed, this is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The highest ideals, it is true, have not yet been reached. Much that is antiquated in appearance and not too helpful in character is still published; but for a nobler library of good missionary books, for thousands of helpful missionary booklets, for tens of thousands of bright, attractive missionary leaflets, folders, cards and miscellaneous publications, for our improved missionary magazines and other periodicals we are profoundly grateful.

The educational value of missionary literature will be enhanced by thoughtful distribution and wise use. Many of us will not be producers, but all of us may be users and distributors. The real problem is how to get our material into the hands and minds and hearts of the rank and file of our churches. We have in large measure prepared the way if we have made it interesting. While the distribution of literature thus prepared should be large, it should not be promiscuous. There is as much need for discrimination in this as in the selection of scripture passages or tracts in dealing with the unconverted. Too much free literature of course is positively harmful because of the impression of extravagance it may convey, and because peo-

ple do not prize highly what they get too cheaply. There will necessarily be some waste. Some seed will fall upon stony ground, but others will find prepared soil and bring forth fruit. . . .

You have often heard the statement that if people could have facts, could know about missions, they would be interested and believe in them. It has sometimes been stated in this way, "An informed church will be a transformed church." This is only a half truth. It is no more true than to say that all that is necessary is to tell a man about Christ and he will accept and believe in him. There are thousands and hundreds of thousands of people in these United States who have been brought up in Christian homes, have been through our Sunday-schools, who know as much intellectually about Christ as we do, but who do not accept him.

As a matter of fact, when we get right down to bed-rock missionary literature alone, no matter how brilliant, attractive and interesting it may be, no matter whether it deals with concrete facts or fundamental principles, it can never convert our church membership to a living, vital interest and belief in missions. The Bible is the greatest of all missionary books, as the very word of God, can accomplish nothing apart from the energizing Spirit of God. If the original acts of the apostles are not believed, and produce no change of conviction in the hearts of those who might repeat them from memory, how much less shall we expect the modern acts of the apostles apart from the divine influence to accomplish anything. Let us be careful, therefore lest after all we place too much dependence upon mere paper and ink.

There is need for a mighty volume of prayer that God will endue and guide those who are charged with the duty of preparing this literature, that the divine imprint may be upon every piece of it that he may make ready hearts everywhere to receive its message as the message of every word of God, that definite results in men and money come from this intellectual and spiritual study.—*From address at the Student Volunteer Convention at Nashville.*



## THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as well as the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained the illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her, and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the great secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



#### OPEN THE DOOR OF YOUR HEART.

Open the door of your heart, my lad,  
To the angels of love and truth;  
When the world is full of unnumbered joys,  
In the beautiful dawn of youth.  
Casting aside all things that mar,  
Saying to wrong, "Depart!"  
To the voices of hope that are calling you  
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my lass,  
To the things that shall abide,  
To the holy thoughts that lift your soul  
Like the stars at eventide.  
All of the fadeless flowers that bloom  
In the realms of song and art  
Are yours, if you'll only give them room,  
Open the door of your heart.

Open the door of your heart, my friend,  
Heedless of class or creed,  
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,  
The sob of a child in need.  
To the shining heaven that o'er you bends  
You need no map or chart,  
But only the love the Master gave.  
Open the door of your heart.

—Edward Everett Hale.



#### LAUGHTER IS INSANITY.

SOME English scientist has reached the conclusion that laughter is insanity. He regards a fit of laughter as an emotional insanity of short duration.

All right, then give us a little more insanity. There is not laughter enough in the world. At least, the right kind of laughter. We will let the Englishmen

keep their faces straight if they want to, but it befits the American civilization better to break out into laughter once in awhile.

Laughter is good for the facial muscles; it develops the muscles of the neck as well as the face. It makes the corners of the mouth turn upward instead of downward. It gives the wrinkles of the face a pleasing outline, quickens the action of the heart, and gives new life to the nerve centers.

Yes, we can afford to let the Englishman look wise and idiotic if he wants to. He can stare with fish-eyed bigotry whenever a joke is perpetrated, never allowing a ripple of merriment to disturb the placidity of his countenance. He can do all these things that he wishes to, but let us go on laughing.

This kind of insanity mixes very well with sanity and prosaic life. A little burst of emotional insanity breaks nicely the monotony of facts and figures.—*Medical Talk*.



#### FACTS ABOUT NORWAY.

MORE reindeer than horses, more sheep than cows.

Young farmers can borrow money from government at 3 per cent.

On pay-days saloons are closed and saving banks open until midnight.

Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry office.

There is a telegraph box on every street car. Write message, put on right number of stamps, drop in the box.

Practically no illiterates. Men perhaps the finest in the world physically. Army service universal; only 2.3 per cent of youths rejected for physical defects.

Health splendid. Death rate for men 18.3, because of dangerous fishing; for women 16.5. Average expense of living less than any other civilized country perhaps. Average wage earnings, \$88 a year.

Illiterates—Two men in a thousand in Sweden, 3 in Norway and Denmark, 78 in Russia, which wants to "improve" Norway and Sweden by dividing and conquering them; 13.6 even in England.—*New York World*.



By the will of the late Alfred Beit, the diamond king of South Africa, his immense fortune will be devoted to educational projects similar to those favored by his friend, Cecil Rhodes. One special provision in the diamond king's will differs from any in that of Cecil Rhodes. It provides for the endowment, on a prodigal scale, of a great South African university, technical college, and secondary school. The university is to be situated on Beit's estate, between Pretoria and Johannesburg. It will be bequeathed to the department of education of the Transvaal government.



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## THE TREE WITH THE CLUBS IN IT.

IN all probability the majority of the readers of this article will have noticed ere this, in passing along the road, that some trees which bear nuts or fruit are full of clubs, while others are barren, so far as clubs are concerned. There is a good reason for this. Boys know where the good apples are, and when the tree is too tall for them to reach the fruit, their refuge is the club. It would be worse than useless to throw clubs at an empty tree or a tree where the fruit is bad, and it is safe to risk a boy's judgment on such things.

It seems sometimes that boys spent their time foolishly, but you will hardly catch a boy throwing clubs at a tree that bears wormy nuts, or bad apples. The average boy comes as near knowing where all the good trees in the neighborhood are as the dictionary does about locating the meaning of the words of the English language.

When one stops to think of the picture that this brings to the mind it affords food for thought. If the tree that bears the best fruit has to be clubbed more than any other tree it follows that the man who bears the most fruit to society, church and state will necessarily have to stand more clubbing than anybody else. And that is a fact. It is not only logic but it is theory and it is practice. The man who would reform society has to do it largely against the will of the members of society. Society, like everything else will become corrupt because of its environments and sometimes because of its constitutional make-up, but occasionally a reformer arises, and, by following a straight course, corrects many of the wrongs; and then society imposes many of its rotten fibers that are interwoven and thereby helps to cleanse it of this filthiness.

It is throwing away words to try to say that the political arena is filthy beyond description, and yet occasionally a chief magistrate, or a gubernatorial of-

ficial will rise here or there and attempt to force the city to civic righteousness. The moment he begins he is pelted on the head with stones and clubs by the people. Of course the people do it through spite, hatefulness, envy, malice, jealousy, etc. However, the real cause of their club-throwing is the fact that it requires club-throwing to bring about the best results. The real nature of the reformer does not appear until he is met with opposition and antagonism. A tree never needs protection against the northwest wind until the northwest wind demands it. It is also true that man is hardly ever prepared to withstand temptation until he has it to withstand.

The church man is not immune to club throwing. As long as nobody finds fault with the minister he is doing no good. You can rest assured that he is raising the muzzle of his gun far above the needs of the people, but whenever they begin to limp and dodge and throw clubs and show blood spots you may know that he has lowered the muzzle of his gun until it has reached some of the front pews. Thus when he bears fruit in this way others are throwing clubs; it may be done unconsciously or as a matter of habit, but the clubs are thrown just the same.

If there is no fruit borne there have been no clubs thrown. Whenever you see a man all scratched up with black and blue spots or with cuts and bruises and sprains you may know that he has been somewhere. He has been paying the price of something. It may be, of course, that he has gone wrong and has been dissipating and has abused himself, or caused himself to be abused, if so, he is paying the price of a penalty, but if he has been pounded or mauled because he has been trying to show the right way, he is simply manifesting the sacrifice which he has made. It is the cost price of his freedom. So never mind, brother, if you happen to behold your face in the mirror and see that you bear on your body the marks of true discipleship, don't let it discourage you, but rather let it be a stimulus to hold you up against further persecution and trial that causes men to expose and turn the wrong things right.

Be willing to be a tree full of clubs; it is no bad sign.



## THE NEW INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

THE passage of the new Inter-State Commerce act is causing more or less discussion and study all over the United States, and well it might, for a great many people have been overreaching their privileges in more ways than one, and this accounts for the passage of the bill. The freight companies especially have been accused and found guilty, of not only owning an interest in mines, timber and grain elevators, etc., but the passenger traffic has also been misused, and people have been asking for transportation and passes who

have no right on earth to use them. Some people seem to think because a railroad is a corporation that it is no sin to impose upon it.

The new act provides that any common carrier violating the provision of the act shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and for each offense and conviction shall pay to the United States a penalty of not less than \$100 nor more than \$2000, and any person other than the persons excepted in the provision which are all employes of the Company, who uses any such Inter-State free ticket, free pass or free transportation shall be subject to a like penalty.

The officials and attorneys of the entire North-Western Railway system, headed by President Marvin Hewitt, and the attorneys and higher officials of the Harriman lines headed by J. C. Stubbs, traffic director, are holding a meeting with a view to ascertaining the best manner in which to execute the new law and determine a strict observance of the same. The example of these two roads is to be followed by all the railroad systems.

The plan adopted by these different systems is to study the law section by section and study the provisions carefully and discuss them thoroughly. The traffic representatives will then be asked to give their views as to the proper interpretation of this section and how best to observe it. The attorneys will give their exposition of the law and from these opinions the problem is to be worked out. Eventually circulars of general information will be issued, instructing officials and agents of the different roads what to do and how to do it.

Among other things to be determined is the question of whether or not any of the present practices engaged in by the railroads is an infraction of the Hepburn law, and if so, to issue orders for such practices to cease. As in case of the Elkins law, an effort undoubtedly will be made to secure a ruling from the Commission upon many of the principal points.

The object in giving this to our readers is for self-protection. You will notice by getting a copy of the Inter-state Commerce act that it is not only a great disobedience of the law for the railroad to grant passes to people who are not entitled to them, but it is just as great a crime to ask for one when you are not entitled to it, so we suggest that they who chance to read this would take great care not to jeopardize their own interests.



#### THE SPECIALIST.

THE specialist of to-day is a cosmopolitan composite. He is found in all parts of the world and in all occupations and trades and composed of all kinds of stuff.

If a man has proved a failure as a country family physician, he moves to town and poses as a specialist

and in nine cases out of ten profits by the change. Of course a frequent change is often necessary to success, in his line, but that matters little.

He becomes especially special. He has found out that the more he confines his energies, if he has any, to one single thing, the more he is able to induce the public to believe that he knows all about it. The more he can charge for a cross-eyed look at you, the more pieces of complicated machinery, and polished instruments, the more splendid the suite of rooms for an office, the more the public is constrained to have faith in the marvelous ability of this wonderful man.

The more the thing is worth the better it pays to counterfeit it; and that is one reason why specialists are especially plentiful.

A real specialist is a good thing, and a very good thing, but the specialist with the loud sign and the cure-all advertisement is as we said, a composite being. He is like a good English adjective. He will admit of comparison:

Positive, some knowledge.

Comparative, more conceit.

Superlative, most wonderful popularity.

These things are requisites to the success of the specialist of to-day. The knowledge he has—aided by his conceit usually compels the patient to believe he knows all he says he does.

The willingness on the part of the American people to be humbugged assists materially in making a success of the work of the specialist. A man at a distance, or with a lengthy title appeals rather than the amount of cures effected. It is queer that a charge of fifty dollars as an examination fee will stimulate faith in the physician, yet it will do it.



#### ALL TOGETHER.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is good for one, though if the good is not immediately forthcoming it is sometimes pretty hard to believe this fact. But this sort of opposition has to have its boundaries. Outside a certain line it can marshal its forces, lay mines and bombard you with the most deadly weapons and you may go on about your business unhurt,—may even be strengthened by the extra precautions taken. Inside that line the raising of a little finger in opposition, or an ill-timed smile may send you headlong to destruction.

This is true in the state, it is true in the church, it is true in any corporation whatsoever. Even the family, though it may laugh at the machinations of an outside foe, must tremble for its life when the insidious and deadly attacks announce the presence of a foe inside. Whatsoever the object for which a number of people are drawn together, "all together" must be the watchword of their endeavors. Otherwise their labor is vain.



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

JULY 23, in the last gasp of its dying agonies, under the spur of a threat to hasten its death with the bayonet, Russia's short-lived first parliament cast the die for a revolution. The manifesto which the nation will get from its abolished parliament bears a remarkable similarity to the manifesto framed by the council of workmen last November, which landed its authors and the editors of eight St. Petersburg newspapers in prison cells. It recites the fact that the members of parliament were instructed to fight for country and freedom, and in obedience to these instructions the *douma* demanded the removal of irresponsible ministers who were opposing freedom. It gives the attempt to bring out a law respecting the distribution of land as the cause of dissolution, and calls on the citizens of the nation to rise and "stand up for their trampled on rights, for popular representation, and for an imperial parliament."

IN Garden Plain, Kans., business was suspended for three days so the merchants could go into the fields and help the farmers save their grain. Few people were left in town, and when the stores did open the merchants said they did more business than they would have done during the three days they were closed.

IN a Boston subway station there are elevators that do not go straight up and down yet maintain a level floor while passing through a curved tube. Curved guides keep the elevators at an exact level so that the passenger thinks he is traveling in a vertical direction unless he looks out through the iron lattice-work and notes the crooked lines of the shaft.

THE figures of the bureau of statistics show that there has been a decided falling off in the amount of canned beef, ham, etc., exported last month, as compared with the same month in last year, the decrease amounting to more than \$700,000. It is thought this is due to the government inspections made recently.

THE census report on paupers in this country for 1904, just issued, shows that there were 163,176 in the almshouses, of whom over 110,000 were males. The number of paupers is increasing but the ratio to the population is decreasing. Negroes do not form so great a part of the paupers as they do of the general

population, while foreign-born whites show a greater tendency to pauperism than native-born. Only two per cent of the foreign inmates, however, have been in this country less than five years. The males so greatly outnumber the females, says the report, owing to the fact that so many of them go to the almshouse only for the winter while females generally stay when they go.

THE Russian commission appointed to investigate the surrender of Port Arthur has recommended that General Stoessel, in command of that fortress, be dismissed from the army and shot, and that General Fock, second in command, be sent to prison for one year.

AN extraordinary demand for ten-cent pieces has developed within the past week or two, so that United States Treasurer Trent says that he is unable to meet it and that the mints would have to be set to work. The cry for dimes comes from every part of the country, and there has been nothing like it in the history of the country. One theory of the shortage as held by a treasury official is that the people are so prosperous that they carry the loose change in their pockets in order to hear it jingle.

A FRENCH physician has invented an instrument known as the dolorimeter, by means of which doctors may calculate accurately the suffering of a patient who is in pain, in pounds or grams.

THE statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, New York harbor, whose bronze plates have been corroding under the influence of the salt sea air, is soon to be painted and her approaches finished, Congress having appropriated \$62,800 for this purpose. Also an electric elevator is to be put in to carry visitors from the base to the torch.

A NEW treatment for lockjaw has been used successfully in two cases at the Pennsylvania Hospital, in Philadelphia. It is simply a more rational use of the tetanus antitoxin. Heretofore, it has been the practice to make the injection in the spinal cord, without regard to the locality of the infection. Now the plan is to inject into a nerve close to the point of infection.

THE recent flights of Horace Wild in an airship of his own devising over the city of Chicago is believed to have made a new record for distance and control. On his first flight he traveled a distance of eleven miles, most of the way about 1,500 feet above ground, but when nearly in the heart of the city his power gave out, and after dodging steeples and smokestacks he finally came down uninjured on the roof of a flat building. There he repaired his machine and continued his journey a distance of five miles farther without a mishap. Then he went a third time out over the lake a considerable distance and returned.

A STATEMENT made by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock showing the allotment of funds under the provisions of the National Irrigation act says that the sum of \$41,000,000 derivable from the sale of public lands is available for this purpose. Work will be continued or begun in fifteen Western States.

THE heavy demand for silver in India and the Orient generally, says the *Jewelers' Circular Weekly*, is having a marked effect on its price, as there has been an advance of twenty cents in the last three years. The use of silver in the arts is rapidly increasing, it being estimated that fully 50,000,000 ounces are consumed in that way annually. The United States and Mexico combined yield more than eighty-two per cent of the world's output of silver.

RECENT experiments show that coal stored in the sea steadily gains heat quality while that stored in open air loses. The difficulty with the sea-stored coal is that it must be dried before using, else the moisture causes spontaneous combustion.

At the recent meeting of the American Medical Association in Boston the physicians strongly declared in favor of abolishing fireworks of all kinds and called for a national law on the subject. This was done in view of the many Fourth-of-July accidents and the dreaded tetanus or lockjaw that claims so many of the wounded. Tetanus is due to a microbe not found in the powder itself but on the ground and in the dirt that is on the average boy's hands or on the toy pistol or firecracker. These microbes abound in certain garden soils and in the various molds of rubbish. The explosives simply scatter the germs into the deep tissues of the hand, arm or face and the mischief is done. There they multiply for days and sometimes for weeks until the system gets thoroughly poisoned and the characteristic spasms appear. In the meantime the wound has healed and its infliction is usually forgotten. Many persons think that because symptoms do not show themselves at first nothing is to be done, but doctors say every wound should receive prompt attention and

antitoxin injected. Not all such wounds prove serious, but there is no way to tell in advance what the results will be, and after the germs have developed it is usually too late for help.

AN immense steel smokestack has recently been erected in Detroit without the aid of outside scaffolding. The stack is 242 feet high, and 14 feet in diameter, and is to be used by a heating company. All the work was done from the inside, the men handling the pneumatic riveters being invisible to passers-by. The stack will be lined with firebrick which, it is said will give it a life of some thirty or forty years as the steel will in this way be protected against the acids in the smoke.

IN some of the large mills and grain elevators the grain is now being measured by a meter very much as gas and water are. A meter will measure 5,000 bushels an hour and work without attention. There are three metal hoppers, one above another, the uppermost of which is stationary and guides the grain into the second. When this is full it empties into the third and at times that do not conflict with the middle hopper, the third empties and makes a record.

ONE of the methods the Standard Oil uses to suppress competitors was exposed in a bankruptcy case at Washington. Two brothers who for ten years tried to buck against the Standard by running a rival oil company found it uphill work and in order to get them out of the field the Standard bought them off by giving them a "pension" of \$5,000 a year. After some years the octopus cut off this bribe and the brothers tried again to set up in business but failed.

A GERMAN sociologist has been tracing the influence of liquor drinking on the prevalence of crime. He found that in a large number of cases of crimes and misdemeanors, forty-five per cent were committed on Sunday, when the people were idle and had time to get drunk; twenty per cent on Monday, twelve per cent on Tuesday, and only twenty-three per cent on the remaining four days of the week, when presumably the people were more sober.

BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINA, is the most healthy city in the world. The annual death rate there is only 15 to the 1,000 population, against 16 in Berlin, 17 in London, 18 in Paris and Vienna, 20 in New York and 28 in Madrid.

IN connection with the recent laying of the cornerstone of the new Kentucky Capitol, at Frankfort, an important feature was the celebration in honor of the restored log cabin in which Lincoln was born.





## CHEER UP.

L. MARGARET HAAS.

Moments there are in the lives of all  
 When we're deaf to music,—the joyous call  
 Of the birds awakes no answering thrill;  
 We are blind to the beauties of valley and hill.  
 Our spirits droop with a half-known woe,  
 We vaguely expect some lurking foe.  
 In such a mood I was one day.  
 The skies were leaden, sunshine gray,  
 When along came a friend, and a hearty thump  
 Came down on my shoulders and made me jump;  
 "Why, man alive, what a solemn face!  
 In truth it would your own funeral grace.

"Anything wrong at home?" asked he,  
 "The wife or the bairns? Nay? then I see  
 'Tis only a bad case of the blues.  
 I've a mind to 'eave 'arf a brick at you';  
 With loved ones safe, dear fellow, you're blessed,  
 Then why carry about a face so distressed?"

I crossed the street to the sunny side,  
 And let my doubts no more abide  
 In my heart; in fact, they would stick no more.  
 The jar, I think, had their fastenings tore,  
 I drove from my heart the cowardly fear,  
 And was able once more to see and hear.

Camp Hill, Pa.



## CULTIVATION.

LAURA BOLLINGER.

SUMMER is here with its many showers of rain and birds to awaken us with their merry song. Let us stop and think a moment, it is first to turn the sod and drag the soil till it is ready for the grain or whatever it may be, the rows must be straight for some one might scorn or laugh or talk about our carelessness. In plain words, they would be making fun of us or our work, at which of course we would take great offense, hence we are working to our best ability for the purpose of being known by our works.

The garden has been plowed and harrowed and the seed arranged to the satisfaction of the owner. The weeds must be destroyed so the vegetables may thrive and grow to the best advantage.

We also come to the flower garden, it will need the same attention. We had taken up the roots or shrubs that needed that care last fall. Early in the spring we started them in pails and boxes, and they are now

ready to be transplanted: the remainder of the flowers must be planted, and then we wait for the beautiful summer rains and the most beautiful sun to brighten the glowing blossoms into their fragrant beauty. What is more beautiful than the blooming flowers in their brilliant apparel of which we know nothing, but nature can bring forth in their various colors?

When looking over the broad green fields, do we ever think how beautiful they are or how they would be, if we had neither sun nor rain, but we are so busy we have no time to allow our thoughts to wander on in different ways, for the season will soon be spent and harvest is near at hand.

And at last we have finished our sowing and planting, we are now ready to cultivate, and we are more particular than before, so our harvest may yield to its utmost extent. We are very careful to restore our earthly goods, but let us stop and think but a moment, are we so prompt to ask or thank him who has provided us with these many things, that are too numerous to mention? Are we cultivating our hearts and minds to do as the little star, "What little we can do, do with all our might"? Are we workers in his vineyard gathering them in from the highways of sin, or are we cultivating our strength to destroy the work of Christ, for we cannot serve two masters.

Are we yielding to our neighbor, and showing mercy towards the needy and afflicted? Are we praying in our hearts to be

"More and more like thee, O Christ,  
 More and more like thee,"

or can we seek our rest at night and say we have been laboring for Christ and will be ready at his call when the judgment day comes to gather us home with Christ in heaven? Dear Christians, may we work with a greater strength and knowledge than ever before, that we may always be known by our works.

Vestaburg, Mich.



## CRUSADE AGAINST NOISE.

A CRUSADE has been started against the evil of noise. This crusade is progressing and extending to all parts of the country. The courts are wisely deciding that human beings have a right to pursue health and happiness and peace—that objectionable noise should be suppressed.

In New York City, where the racket is something

almost unbearable, a great deal of good is being done in the direction of suppressing the whistle nuisance. The whistles of factories, of freight yards and even those of river boats are being suppressed. The shrill shrieking of these whistles at all hours of the day and night is very trying on the nerves of well people, to say nothing of the sick. Hospital patients have suffered untold agonies from this unnecessary noise.

Medical men are joining in this crusade against noise. They see from day to day the damage done their patients. It is not only the whistles that should be suppressed, but there are many other noises in the city that might be done away with entirely or made a great deal less obtrusive. The excessive toot, toot of the automobile is another thing that might be included in this crusade.

Then there is the early morning newsboy, with his whanging, shrill shriek, varying through every note of the scale from the low, coarse, strident tone to the high shrill nasal twang. Many a person who has worked late at night, and is now getting his best sleep in the morning hours, is awakened by this shrill, savage cry of the newsboy. The sick man or woman who has tossed in a delirium of pain all night long, falls asleep, perchance, in the early morning hours, only to be awakened with a nervous start by the unearthly yell of some newsboy.

If an extra edition of the paper is gotten out in the middle of the night the sleeping inhabitants must be awakened by the cry of "Extra edition! All about the riot!" somewhere or other, or some other piece of news in which no one is interested enough to get up at midnight to read. Perhaps something is taking place away off over in the eastern countries beyond the sea, and the tired working man and the fagged housewife, who are fast asleep, must be awakened by the cry of the newsboy.

Let this annoyance be stopped. What is the matter with the world that it must be wakened up to know a little bit of news, or the least bit of gossip that is happening somewhere else in the world. Sleep is far more important than this. The early morning newsboy's cry is unnecessary. If anybody wants a paper there are news-stands and drug stores scattered every two or three blocks through the city, where they can go and buy a paper in peace.

This yawping of the newsboy on the street, his shrill tones that sting and hiss and shriek through weary brains and tired bodies, is one of the noises that should be prohibited. The newsboy would not be harmed at all. He would soon find other avenues by which to gather in his few pennies.

Let the crusade against noise go on until our cities, at night at least are quiet resting places. If the wear and tear, the damage and destruction to human bodies caused by unnecessary noise could

be estimated, the result would be appalling. Let us have peace. Let us have quiet. We would be better off with a little less noise.—*E. P., in Medical Talk.*



#### SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To take out iodine stains, dip the article in milk and rub the spots with starch as with soap; rinse in clear water.



ANY sauce may be ruined by a too rapid boiling. It must boil once, but should never more than simmer afterwards.



AFTER the cut glass has been thoroughly washed in soapsuds, sawdust and chamois as polishers will make it glisten and sparkle.



FRUIT jellies of all kinds will keep perfectly for years if covered with pulverized sugar to the depth of a quarter of an inch.



FILL a tin cup with vinegar and place it on the back of the stove. This will prevent the smell of cooking getting over the house.



If the fresh, green color of vegetables, such as peas, beans, etc., is desired, never put the lid on the pot while they are boiling.



DIP beefsteak into boiling water just a second before it is broiled, and the outside will be cooked, preventing the juice from escaping.



A CLOTH moistened in hot water and placed over the portion of the shoe that pinches will greatly ease it. The moist heat will cause the leather to give to the shape of the foot.



If a lighted brimstone match be held close to paper, books, etc., which have been stained with berries, it is said that the sulphur fumes will remove all stains.



THE yellow rind of the orange, which contains the essential oil, must be used for flavoring cake or pudding. It should be grated, and may be used either moist or dry.



THREE weeks of the following treatment will completely cure an ingrowing toe nail: One ounce of perfectly fresh tannic acid dissolved in six drachms of pure water heated slightly. Paint the soft parts twice a day.



### BUTTERMILK.

THERE is no end to the good things doctors are saying about a buttermilk diet, and now is the season when, in most country homes at least, it is most plentiful and can be taken without any stomach qualms which afflict the dwellers in the city, at thoughts of partaking of the "dairy" article offered them. The "sure" article is a true milk peptone, and of superior digestibility; a decided laxative; valuable in kidney troubles; in request for diabetes, and in cases of gastric derangements being often retained when nothing else will stay with the stomach. For the complexion, and for removing "those brown spots," internal and outward application are strongly advised. For rheumatism, there is nothing better; for removing gallstones, it is highly recommended, and it should be largely used where it can be obtained. It should be sipped slowly; not "gulped down" in large quantities at once.



### A BUILDING THAT FOREVER STANDS.

THE house built on the sand falls when the mighty storm beats upon it. The house built on the rock will withstand storm after storm, but it, too, must at last yield to the destructive hand of time. Yet we may build a building that can defy storms and tempests and may even laugh at the power of time. This building is character.

Emerson says: "Character is more than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think. Goodness outshines genius as the sun makes the electric light cast a shadow."

Wealth is not character, but is, on the other hand, very often the cause of a ruined one. Learning is not character. Largeness of mind, love of the truth and honesty, delicacy of manner, tact and energy may all be lacking in a person who is well educated. Reputation is not character. You may be held in very high esteem by the world, still your character be worthless.

Character, therefore, is not what a man has in the way of wealth, learning or fame. It is what the man really is. In other words, it is the image which he cuts upon our life.

Now, there are some things which are essential to the building of a genuine character. One of these is industry. Idleness is the author of all mischief. In the race of life, industry always wins.

Another element in the building of character is cheerfulness. It is a fine art to be able to get comfort and sweetness out of all circumstances, and he who has formed the habit of looking at the bright, happy side of things has a great advantage over the person who is always finding the dark side.

Purity and truth are still other elements in this

building of character. Everything that corrupts the heart should be avoided. Pure thoughts refine the countenance, and there is nothing which the world admires so much as truth, for it at once shows that strength of character in which all are willing to confide.—*Exchange.*



### "DAN."

A WRITER in the *Boston Post* tells a story about a horse, which leads to the wonderment as to how much these animals know. The gentleman says he went to a large livery stable one afternoon just as a number of men who had left their horses there for safe keeping were driving from the yard. Among them was a man driving a large, gray horse, who looked about him with an air that seemed to say, "I know a great deal about several things; I know more than you have an idea of." He had broken into a little trot, and was evidently intent upon getting home as soon as possible.

Suddenly a man who had been watching him called out, "Dan, don't you want a piece of cake?" Instantly the horse stopped, pricked up his ears, looked about him eagerly, and uttered that peculiar "whinny," which says, as plainly as words can, "Where is the man who spoke just then? He is an old friend of mine."

No urging from the owner could get the horse to move an inch. The one who had made the disturbance came forward laughing, and explained. He recognized the horse as one which he had owned several years before.

The animal's name at that time was Dan, and though it had since been changed, he remembered it instantly, and also that he was very fond of cake, and was in the habit of receiving a piece from the man whose voice he heard once more after a lapse of years.

Did not "Dan" prove that he had a memory?—*Selected.*



### 316 DOCTORS AT HIS BEDSIDE.

THE *Philadelphia Bulletin* says: "A physician has just returned from China, heavily laden with stories of Chinese medicine.

"Medical consultations are carried to their extreme limit in China," he said. "There when any one becomes seriously ill, a consultation of fifteen or twenty doctors is held. The doctors fill the house with their arguments. They make as much noise as a political convention. A member of the royal family was taken sick while I was in China, and my Chinese host told me with a good deal of pride that the largest consultation known to history had been held over the sick man. No less than 316 physicians, he said, had come from every part of the kingdom to study and discuss the case.—*The Arrow.*"

## Read this to the Little Ones

### A NIGHT ON A LOG.

JOHN drew his stool close to the old man's chair and laid his head on his knee. "I want to hear once more how you slept that night in the woods," he said.

The old man put his hand on John's head, and said, "Dear boy, it must be at least six times that you have heard it."

"Yes, I know that I have heard it till I can tell it too, but not as you can, so I have brought Karl and Irl to hear it, this time, with me."

The kind old man could not say "no," so Irl and John sat down on the rug with their backs to the fire and Karl sat on the stool which John had just left. Then the old man said, "I had cut down trees and built a log house of them; and in this log house lived my wife and our wee boy and I. I was young, and strong and well, and so proud of my sweet wife and son. No one lived near us, and there were thick woods all around us."

"One day I had to go to the mill, a mile off, to buy meal, and I took my axe with me, and blazed a path. That means that I chopped out a big chip from the trunk of a tree now and then as I passed, so that I could tell by the marks just what way to take when I should come back. It took me so long

to do this that I had not got far on my way home when it grew dark."

"There was no moon, and the trees were so thick that I could not see the spots on them, so I knew that I must stay out all night."

"Oh, how bad I felt! What would my poor wife think?"

It was in the time of the year when the nights were short and it was warm; so I lay down on a log, with my axe by my side. I was so tired that I did sleep, though I had thought that I should not."

"Once I woke with a warm, moist breath on my cheek. All I could see was two bright spots close to my face, as bright as the coals there in the fire, and I well knew that they were the eyes of some wild beast."

"I was too scared to move, so I held my breath till the two bright spots were gone. Then I found my axe, and sat up with it in my hand for the rest of the night."

"Oh, how glad I was when it was light and I could find my way to my own hut!"

"Then I saw that I had been so near my home all night that if my wife had once come to the door I should have heard the latch and have known that home was close by. But my wife had barred the door, and sat up all night too, to let me in if I should find my way home in the dark. What a bad dark night it was for us both. Neither she or I forgot that night."  
—Ellen Ruby Perry, in *Little Folks*.

## The Rural Sanctum

### INDUSTRY.

D. Z. ANGLE.

Life should be a time of action,  
Though the work done great or small;  
It will keep us from distraction,  
If, by mishap, we should fall.

Work! yes, work! Be thou our motto,  
Do a little every day;  
It has soothed the pains of many,  
It will drive your griefs away.

Thus our fathers toiled with vigor,  
That they and their children could  
Have a happy home and nation,  
In a glorious brotherhood.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
Labor for the future good;  
With the many all about us,  
Earn our clothes and daily food.

Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

### AN HISTORIC SPOT.

The Work and Relics of an Extinct Race.

H. W. STRICKLER.

#### In Two Parts. Part I.

IN Fayette county, especially, as in many other parts of Western Pennsylvania, and in a great number of localities, there exist evidences of a very ancient occupation of these valleys and hills by a people other than the native Indians, who held possession at the time when the first white settlers came here. These evidences are found chiefly in mounds and other forms of earth work; some apparently having been devoted to purposes of sepulcher alone, and others having the form and appearance of defenses against hostile attacks. The great age of these structures was proven not only by their general appearance of antiquity, but more decidedly by the fact that in many instances



trees of the largest sizes were found growing on the embankments.

Geisberge, a modern writer, says: "In war the builders of these earthworks used some ramparts about their towns and round hillocks, in the top of which they made a hollow place in which to shelter their women and children. They placed themselves around and upon it to fight; in such battles many were killed when they were buried all in a heap, covering the corpse with the bark of trees, stones, earth, etc."

In speaking of these works covering the entire Mississippi and Ohio river valleys, Judge Veech says: "That the native Indians were the successors of a race more intelligent, or of a people of different habits of life, seems clearly deducible from the remains of fortifications scattered all over the territory, and are very distinct from those known to have been constructed by the tribes of Indians named or any of their modern compeers." These remains of embankments or old forts are especially numerous in Fayette county. That they are very ancient is shown by many facts. The Indians known to us could give no satisfactory account of when, how, or by whom they were erected or for what purpose, except for defense.

While the trees of the surrounding forests were chiefly of oak, the grottoes upon and within the lines of the "old forts" were generally of large black walnuts, wild cherry and sometimes locust. We have examined some which indicate an age of from three to five hundred years, and they are evidently of a second or third generation as they were standing amid the decayed remains of their ancestors. How they got there, whether by transplanting, by deposit of floods, or of birds, or otherwise is a speculation, into which we will not go.

These embankments may have been composed of wood originally, as their debris is generally of a vegetable mould. No stones were used in their construction, and among their ruins are always found some remains of old pottery, composed of clay, mixed with crushed mussel shells. This composite was not burnt, but only baked in the sun. These vessels were generally circular and contained from one to three quarts. These "old forts" were of various forms; square, oblong, triangular, circular and semicircular. Their superficial areas ranged from one-fourth of an acre to ten acres. These sites were generally well chosen and what is a very singular fact, they were often at a distance from any spring or stream of water.

Having seen and examined many of these "old forts" in Fayette county, and also those at Marietta, Newark and elsewhere in Ohio, we believe they are all the same works of the same race of people, as are also the famous Grave Creek mounds near Elizabethtown, Va., and if this belief be correct, then the conclusion follows irresistibly that the race of people was

much superior and existed long anterior to the modern Indian. But where they were and what became of them must perhaps be forever unknown.

We will briefly indicate the localities of some of these old forts in Fayette county. The curious in such matters may yet trace their remains.

A very noted one and a most commanding location was at Brownsville on the site of Fort Bird, but covering a much larger area. After Colonel Bird built his fort there, in 1759, it retained the name of the old fort "Redstone Old Fort," or "Fort Redstone." There was one on land formerly of William Gee, near the Monongahela river and just above the mouth of Little Redstone, called "Cassel Fort." An old map which we have seen has another of these old forts noted at the mouth of Speers Run where Bellvernon now stands. Two or three are found on a high ridge southwardly from Perryopolis, on the state road, on land late of John F. Martin. Another one is on the western bank of the Youghiogheny river, nearly opposite the Broad Fort, on land lately held by James Collins. There are several on the high ridge of land leading from the Collins Fort, southwardly toward Plumsack, on the land of James Paull, John M. Austin, John Bute, and others; a remarkable one being on land lately owned by James Gilchrist and the Byers, where some very large human bones have been found. There is one on the north side of Mounts Creek above Irishman Run.

A very large one containing six or eight acres is on the summit of Laurel Hill where the Mud Pike crosses it, covered with a large growth of black walnut. One specially noted as containing a great quantity of broken shells and pottery existed on the high land between Laurel Hill and the Youghiogheny river, on a tract of land formerly owned by Judge Young. There are yet distinct traces of one on the land of Gen. Henry W. Beeson, about two miles east of Uniontown. There was one northeast of New Geneva, at the locality known as the "Flint Hill," on the land now owned by John Franks. About two miles northeast of New Geneva, on the road to Uniontown, and on land of the late William Morris, now Nicholas B. Johnson, was one celebrated for its great abundance of mussel shells.

On the high ridge southwardly from the head water of Middle Run several existed of which may be named one on the Bixler land, one on the high knob, eastwardly from Clark Breadings, one on the Alexander Wilson tract, and one on the land of Dennis Riley, formerly of Andrew C. Johnson.

These comprise the most prominent forts in Fayette county. Of their cognate mounds, erected as monuments of conquest, or like the pyramids of Egypt, as the tombs of kings, we have none. These that we have seen are of diminutive size and may have been

thrown up to commemorate some minor events, or to cover the remains of a warrior.

*Lorraine, Ill.*



#### PANAMA HATS.

THE panama is a leaf hat made in Columbia, Ecuador and Peru from the undeveloped leaf of the "bom-bon aje," which is a screw pine rather than a palm. The trunk of the plant is only a yard in height, but leaf stalks are two yards long.

The leaf before it has opened is prepared for the manufacture of hats. It then consists of a bundle of plats about two feet long and an inch in diameter, called a "cogollo." The green outside is stripped off, and by means of a forked instrument it is cut into narrow strips of uniform size.

The cogollo is next boiled to toughen the fiber and hung in the sun to dry and bleach, when the strips shrivel into cordlike strands ready for use. It takes sixteen cogollos for an ordinary hat and twenty-four for the finest, and a single hat is plaited in from four days to as many months, according to its texture and quality.—*The Arrow*.



#### THE BARN SWALLOW.

Yours is the fleetest rapture. Winging swift,  
A flickering crescent, dipping in delight,  
With the translucent sunset gold made bright  
You swoop and circle, and from rift to rift  
Follow the failing day. Not yours the gift  
To spell the rapture into song. Your flight  
Sings for you through the gloaming; then, the night,  
And the warm eaves with their sleepy thrift.  
To chirp an easy song, find easy fare,  
Love truly through the changing seasons round,  
And have a velvet coat for every day:  
Yours is a common aim, a homely care;  
And yet—that splendid hour in glory drowned,  
That glittering dance above the twilight gray!  
—Thomas Wood Stevens, in *Everybody's Magazine* for May.



#### INFLUENCE OF THE CIGARET.

I LEAVE it to others to discuss the moral side of cigaret smoking. I denounce it simply because of its blighting, blasting effect upon one's success in life because it draws off the energy, saps the vitality and force which ought to be made to tell in one's career; because it blunts the sensibilities and deadens the thinking faculties; because it kills the ambition and the finer instincts, and the more delicate aspirations and perceptions; because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement.

The whole tendency of the cigaret nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it

unbalances the mind, as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigaret fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, strange, undefined longings, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, in many, an almost irresistible inclination to crime. In fact, the moral depravity which follows the cigaret habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the lines, are its general results.

A chemist, not long since, took the tobacco used in an average cigaret and soaked it in several teaspoonfuls of water and then injected a portion of it under the skin of a cat. The cat almost immediately went into convulsions, and died in fifteen minutes. Dogs have been killed with a single drop of nicotine.

Cigaret smoking is no longer simply a moral question. The great business world has taken it up as a deadly enemy of advancement, of achievement. Leading business firms all over the country have put the cigaret on the prohibited list. In Detroit alone, sixty-nine merchants have agreed not to employ the cigaret user. In Chicago, Montgomery Ward and Company, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett, and some of the other large concerns have prohibited cigaret smoking among all employees under eighteen years of age. Marshall Field and Company, and the Morgan and Wright Tire Company have this rule: "No cigaret can be smoked by our employees." One of the questions on the application blanks at Wanamaker's reads: "Do you use tobacco or cigarettes?"

The superintendent of the Lindell Street Railway, of St. Louis says: "Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarets. He is as dangerous on the front of a motor as a man who drinks. In fact he is more dangerous; his nerves are apt to give way at any moment. If I find a car running badly, I immediately begin to investigate to find if the man smokes cigarets. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes, for good.

E. H. Harriman, the head of the Union Pacific Railroad system says that they "might as well go to a lunatic asylum for their employees as to hire cigaret smokers."

The New York, New Haven and Hartford, the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific, the Lehigh Valley, the Burlington, and many others of the leading railroad companies of this country have issued orders positively forbidding the use of cigarets by employees while on duty.—*Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine*."



THE only large sheet of fresh water in Japan worthy of mention is Lake Biwa, which is thirty-six miles long, twelve miles wide and 300 feet deep at its greatest depth.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, where I thought a flower would grow.—Abraham Lincoln.

### So Homelike.

Some one said to Brother Williams: "They have a balloon fad now, and you can go up and cool off in the clouds."

"Yes, suh," he replied. "En dar's so much thunder en lightnin' up dar, I reckon lots er 'um will feel lak' dey wuz right at home—'specially de married folks!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Second Samuel.

Jane came home from Sunday school very much awed by the story of Samuel. The following day, while the child was playing in the garden, her mother chanced to call her from an upper window. The first two calls received no answer, but at the third little Jane fell quickly to her knees, and in a high piping voice replied, "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth."—Nell Collins Barden.

### An Old-Time Thanksgiving.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,  
A gray little prim little Puritan,  
Who lived in the years that are far away,  
Sat down to her dinner Thanksgiving day.

Turkey and goose, and a pumpkin pie,  
A little roast pig with a chestnut eye,  
Pudding and apples, and good brown bread,  
"I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,—  
She ate and ate, when she once began,  
Turkey and goose and the chestnut pig,  
And slices of pie that were much too big,

Till, grandmamma says, she was just like me.  
They put her to bed with thoroughwort tea,  
Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,  
That gray little prim little Puritan.

—Carolyn Bailey.

She—I suppose you could see deception written on her face.

He—No, but I could see it painted there.—Smith's Weekly.

### Bicycle News.

A traveling salesman in the employ of a large bicycle manufacturer in Philadelphia was obliged to go on a business trip into the West about the time an interesting domestic event was expected. The salesman desired his sister to wire him results, according to a formula something like this: If a boy, "Man's safety arrived;" if a girl, "Lady's safety arrived."

To the astonishment and chagrin of the father-elect he had been gone but a few days when he received a telegram containing but one word: "Tandem."—May Lippincott's Magazine.

The sermon that wins the most praise touches the fewest sore spots.

### Friends.

The path I trod when autumn neared its end  
Was spanned by heavens heavy-eyed and drear,  
And all the death and drooping of the year  
Saddened the world till I met you, my friend;  
A hand grip at the crossing of the ways,  
And then we parted; yes, but where I strode  
Skies smiled serenely, and beside the road  
Lay violets and the slim arbutus sprays;  
And oh, from out a copse—strange, sacred thing—  
A God-sent bird voice rioted of spring!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A floating bottle dropped in the Gulf Stream as it leaves the Gulf of Mexico will cross the Atlantic in about 180 days.

### An Immediate Response.

"My son," said the strict mother, at the end of a moral lecture, "I want you to be exceedingly careful about your conduct. Never, under any circumstances, do anything which you would be ashamed to have the whole world see you doing."

The small boy turned a handspring, with a whoop of delight.

"What in the world is the matter with you? Are you crazy?" demanded the mother.

"No'm," was the answer. "I'm jes' so glad that you don't 'spec' me to take no baths never any more!"—Dorothy Scarborough.

Returns of the railway clearing house in London show that 1,000 parcels a day are lost on the railways of the United Kingdom.

### Truth is a Stranger to Fiction.

The novelist's small but valuable son had just been brought to judgment for telling a fib. His sobs having died away, he sat for a time in silent thought.

"Pa," said he, "how long will it be before I stop gittin' licked for tellin' lies, an' begin to get paid for 'em, like you do?"—July Lippincott's.

A good layer of newspaper underneath a carpet will prevent all danger from moths, which have a strong objection to printer's ink, and will not come anywhere near it to lay their eggs.

### Youthful Solitude.

Little Julia at three years of age had become a little question box. She had made up her mind to know all about the round bright moon,—how it hung there on high, who put it there, who lighted it each night. The simplest way to answer her was the easiest, so she was told God hung it there each night and took it in each morning. One evening after lisping her prayers she looked out of the window and saw the moon shining brightly but about to be shut in by a heavy bank of rain clouds. In her fear that something would happen to her precious moon she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, look! It's going to rain and Dod fordod to take in the moon."—Edgar S. Nash.

(Copy)

# California Northeastern Railway Company

Merchants Exchange Building

*San Francisco.*

Klamath Falls, Oregon, July 16, 1906.

Mr. J. P. Massie, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:--Referring to your esteemed favor of the 12th inst., I note with much interest what you say of your arrangement for an excursion, leaving Chicago on Aug. 14, for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of Butte Valley, with a view of its settlement by a Colony of Dunkards.

As our line traverses the Valley from end to end, it is needless to say that we are much interested in any plan to promote its settlement and development, and I am particularly gratified with your present undertaking, as I know the character of the people proposing to settle in Butte Valley. I was brought up at North Manchester, Ind., which is the trading point for an excellent farming region, largely occupied by Dunkards. They are industrious, frugal and law-abiding citizens, good farmers who cultivate the soil intelligently and make substantial and permanent improvements.

I have not had any personal experience in growing crops in Butte Valley, but have seen some of the most satisfactory yield, from both grain and meadow, that I have seen anywhere, and I believe the people you are bringing will be very successful and will make the Valley one of the most delightful farming regions on the Pacific Coast. Its natural advantages are great, and having crossed the Valley repeatedly in almost all seasons of the year, I consider the climatic conditions very desirable.

I regret that the scarcity of labor and delays caused by the San Francisco disaster have hindered our building operations, so that our rails are not laid as far as we had hoped to have them at this time, and we cannot therefore bring your excursionists directly into Butte Valley, at the time named, but we hope, even against adverse conditions, to be operating into Butte Valley within a few months. In fact, I might say within a few weeks after the date of your excursion.

Desiring as we do to develop business throughout this entire region, we shall most gladly co-operate with you in anything that will promote our mutual interest.

Wishing you great success in your undertaking, in which I feel the utmost confidence, I am,

Sincerely yours,

A. H. NAFTZGER, President

G. L. McDonaugh,

Colonization Agent, U.P.R.R.

Please explain that all arrangements are made to handle Elder D. C. Campbell's excursion by teams from the terminus of the road and the wants of the inner man as well.

Yours,

J. P. MASSIE, Pres. and Man.

Cal. Butte Valley Land Co.



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# The Story of Little Frank Firsch

IN order to get at the beginning of this little narrative, of which the following letters form such an important part, it is necessary for us to go back eleven or twelve years. In a modest home in the town of Alpena, Mich., there lived at that time, a little boy, scarcely two years old, the pet of the household, and the joy of a fond mother's heart. Over this otherwise happy home there rested, however, a dark cloud, which cast a shadow where joy and happiness should have existed. The little boy was afflicted with a cancerous sore which had gradually been destroying his face and nose and which had baffled the skill of the medical profession. No one but a mother can fully realize the anguish of this mother's heart as she saw her darling boy slowly succumbing to the ravages of the disease, and no one can better appreciate her joy at his recovery through the use of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER and the fact that he is to-day a strong, healthy boy of thirteen years.

When this cure was first reported to the proprietors of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER in 1894, it caused but passing comment, as many similar cases had been reported. The circumstances, however, were somewhat out of the ordinary, as the cure had been brought about after the disease had gained serious headway, having even, according to report, destroyed both tissue and cartilage. In a recent discussion by some physicians, the question of the permanency of such reported cures was raised and this case was referred to in particular. In order to allay any question of doubt, and also satisfy himself, the proprietor of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER wrote a letter to his local agent at Alpena and asked him to investigate. All letters referred to are printed herewith and form interesting reading.

## THE ORIGINAL LETTER.

Alpena, Mich., Oct. 2, 1894.

Dear Dr. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—My next door neighbor, Mrs. Firsch, had a sick child, which had been sick since the winter before last. The child had a cancerous disease of the face. All available doctors had been consulted, but no one had been able to cure it. They told Mrs. Firsch finally that there was no hope of saving its life. When I heard this I called on her to see the child. It was suffering day and night. I gave her some of the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum** and told her to use them regularly according to directions. This was in July this year and to-day, as a result, the child is entirely well and its whole face is completely healed, but the nose is gone. Yours truly,

Carl Gruschke.

## DR. FAHRNEY'S LETTER.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4, 1905.

Mr. Carl Sans, 122 White St., Alpena, Mich.

Dear Sir:—In the fall of 1894 I received a report that the little child of Mrs. Firsch of your city, which had been suffering from a cancerous disease of the face, had been cured by the use of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**. The report further stated that the disease had progressed so far that the nose had been eaten away. The report was sent to me by Mr. Carl Gruschke, a neighbor. I would address him but as I have not heard from him for many years I do not even know if he is living. I take the liberty, therefore, to ask you to kindly ascertain if the family of Firsch is still living in Alpena, if the facts of the cure as reported were correct and if the little patient is still living to-day and what is his condition. I enclose a stamped envelope for your reply, for which I thank you in advance. Yours very truly,

P. Fahrney.

## THE ANSWER OF MR. SANS.

Alpena, Mich., Feb. 9, 1905.

Dear Dr. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—In compliance with your request, I have obtained the information you desire. I have found a daughter of the Mrs. Firsch you refer to still living here in the city. She is now married. I called on her and she told me that at that time the little boy was about two years old, that he is still living, but is now a boy of thirteen, strong, fat and healthy, the only pitiable part being that his nose is missing. Mr. Carl Gruschke is still living at the same place. You have probably not heard from

him, as he gets his medicine of me. I hope this information is satisfactory. I desire to mention at the same time a few cases that have come under my own observation where the **Blood Vitalizer** has done some wonderful things. Two years ago Mrs. Alex was given up by the doctors. It was thought that she would die. She suffered excruciating pains internally and she was terribly swollen. At the repeated request of friends she commenced to use the **Blood Vitalizer**. To-day she is hale and hearty and takes part in all kinds of active amusements. Recently a man came to me on crutches, full of rheumatism. In two weeks he came again to get a little more medicine, this time without his crutches. I asked him what he had done with his crutches. He said he did not need them any more. He has the use of his feet and limbs as well as he ever had. Yours respectfully,

122 White St.

Carl Sans.

In the case of the little boy referred to, is it not reasonable to suppose that if the **BLOOD VITALIZER** had been used at the commencement of the disease, the cure would have been effected equally readily? And in that case, the sad disfigurement of the face could have been avoided. It is well, however, as it is.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has never been advertised as a specific for cancer, yet many such cures have been reported through its use. Whether or not cancer can be cured by the remedy is a question for the public to pass judgment upon. It goes without saying, however, that a remedy which can produce such radical, curative effects, whether the disease be called cancer or something else, must certainly be above the ordinary and deserving of the attention of all thoughtful people.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not to be had in drugstores. It is distributed among the people by specially appointed agents. For further particulars address the sole makers and proprietors,

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO., 112-118 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

# THE INGLENOOK

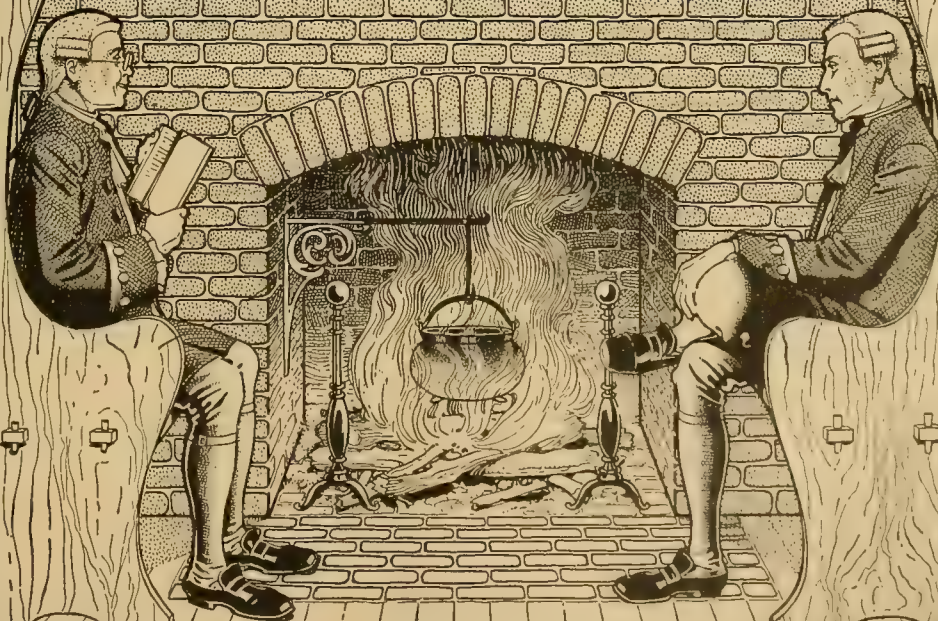
## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

THE BRUNNER LETTERS. Number One. —  
Charles Brunner.

MARIE'S HARVEST.—Mary I Senseman.  
PROGRESS.—Bertha M. Ireland.

THE WORKS AND RELICS OF AN EXTINCT  
RACE.—H. W. Strickler.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 7, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 32. Vol. VIII



(Copy)

Berwyn, Ill., July 25, 1906.

G. L. McDonough,

Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir:--After reading "Silas Smith's Second Wife," I was anxious to see the country described, and on learning that such a country actually did exist, wife and I went in search of it, "seeking ye shall find." We actually were permitted to go and see the place.

The writer of "Silas Smith's Second Wife" seemingly made things appear large, but after going there to see the place personally, in company with my wife, who also thinks she knows a good thing when she sees it, we must frankly admit that the description has not been overdrawn and am sure, had I written up the Butte Valley, I should have made some things considerably stronger than the writer of "Silas Smith's Second Wife" did, and am therefore anxious to secure such holding in Butte Valley as I am able to swing financially, so that in the future I may be called one of the "first settlers of Butte Valley."

I am, yours fraternally,

J. P. SHELLENBERGER,

3419 Carroll Ave.,

Berwyn, Ill.

P. S.--Should you be asked at any time in regard to Butte Valley, I shall cheerfully answer any question that I am able to write about.

J. B. SHELLENBERGER.

## Cheap Excursion

TO

## Butte Valley, Cal.,

Tuesday, August 14



ELDER D. C. CAMPBELL

AND A NUMBER OF

LAND BUYERS

WHO HAVE BOUGHT IN

**BUTTE VALLEY,  
CALIFORNIA**

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Omaha, .....4:25 P. M., Aug. 15

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# THE CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

Will furnish round trip tickets from SACRAMENTO to BUTTE VALLEY and return to all parties holding excursion tickets to San Francisco on Eld. D. C. Campbell's excursion leaving Chicago Aug. 14, 11:00 P. M., over the Chicago and North-Western and Union Pacific R. R., on arrival at Sacramento

The following quotation is from a letter written by Mr. Mark D. Early to a friend in the East: "J. B. Shellenberger and wife went to Butte Valley last Thursday night and came back to-day. You ought to hear their report; he is taken away with the prospects of things up there. He told me to-day, that he had never seen timber before, although he thought he had. He also said that it was the finest soil and country he had ever seen, and all that he had been told about the Valley was true and more too. His wife could not get over the fine water there is up there. Mr. Shellenberger says there is no doubt but what the land will all be sold within the next six months. The only thing wrong with the Valley is that it is not big enough, there being only a little over 33,000 acres for sale."

"Mr. Chris Rowland, of Lanark, Ill., was with the Shellenberger party. He bought forty acres of the raw land and is figuring on buying 2,500 acres improved ranch, and is very enthusiastic about the Valley."

## TELEGRAM.

(Copy)

San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1906.

Geo. L. McDonald, Colonization Agt., U. P. R. R., Omaha.  
H. F. Maust, of Waterloo, Iowa, takes eight hundred acres Butte Valley land. Well pleased. Will bring car load from Iowa on excursion.

M. D. Early.

## TELEGRAM.

San Francisco, Cal., July 24, 1906.

Geo. L. McDonald,  
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R., Omaha, Nebr.  
John M. Mohler and wife, of Lewistown, Pa., Chas. A. Bame and wife, of Dayton, Ohio, and D. M. Click, of Tekoa, Wash., have visited Butte Valley and are well pleased with it.

Mark D. Early.

J. P. MASSIE,

President and Gen Manager,

California Butte Valley Land Co. San Francisco, Cal.

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(As they appear in the book.)

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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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In applying for above be sure and state your name, address, county included, age, present occupation and how much time you could give to this work.

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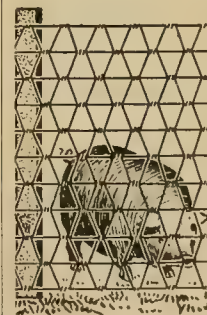
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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST 7, 1906.

No. 32

## A RECLUSE.

D. D. THOMAS.

THE kindly light of this new morn is here  
That promises all blessing. Not a fear  
Disturbs a heart diffused with innocence,  
That never dropped the knee of penitence.

The verdant growths of springtide probity  
Are covered o'er with tears of Niobe.  
But e'en the tears a blessing seem to stand  
And nourish growth from out a lavish hand.

To me my world is now this rural scene,  
The undulating fields in polished green,  
And livened up where'er a flower grows,  
The brightest promise that the fruitage knows.

The purest gem with perfect power wrought,  
Tho' transient, is a sacred gem of thought.  
The pearly dewdrop with its radiant power  
Is but the offspring of a shaded hour.

Harrod, Ohio.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*He that grumbles oft, reasons seldom.*

*Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.*

*Hope without faith, is a bird without wings.*

*Educational trusts are as vicious as commercial ones.*

*The love of money kills more men than drunkenness.*

*A tailor-made man will satisfy a trinket-hearted woman.*

*Educate with a view to success and deserve it by honest effort.*

*The man who looks for spots on the sun will be pretty sure to find them.*

*Some people find it easy to go to God because they never lose sight of him.*

*If you make your nest where God don't want you to, he will put a thorn in it.*

*No man who really believes that Christ died for him can remain a stranger to him.*

*Customs may be good or bad. If bad, cease to observe them. Make new ones.*

*The politics of many an orator depends on the party offering the highest price for wind.*

*When God says, "Be reconciled with thy brother," he means for you to do it before sundown.*

*When you don't know how much you ought to give, give "according as God has prospered you."*

*The measure of a man's character is his power to resist the dragging back influence of his environment.*

*It will not be hard to convince others that the kingdom of heaven is near at hand, if you have it in your own heart.*

*When a wise man gets angry he opens his eyes and shuts his mouth, but a fool shuts his eyes and opens his mouth.*

*He who sets his foot down on foreign missions to hold up home missions hinders Christ's cause as much as he helps it.*

*The blessedness of giving is never quite apparent to the man who tries to read his Bible through a couple of silver dollars strung across his nose.*



## Grandma's Mission

Ida M. Helm

### Chapter IV.



THE sun that had set wreathed in a halo of golden splendor rose behind a cloud of gray mist as if in token of sympathy for the disconsolate ones, and while the disheartened family were mourning over their lot, the rain began to fall and a deeper gloom settled over the household. Caroline and Catherine were unlearned in the arts of earning a livelihood, and now since their riches had vanished and the hour of need had arrived they were helpless. All the people in Bloomington soon heard of the failure of "Lyall and Newell," and soon Dr. Hunter and Judge Foster ran up the walk as if they were in a race with the rain, and hurried into the house. In a short time the beautiful Newell home was deeded to Dr. Wm. Hunter. As soon as his business was attended to he went out and the family whom he had always respected and flattered he now treated with a decided coolness.

When Newells fully realized that with their money their haughty friends and their position in society had vanished, they redoubled their efforts in trying to decide what was best for them to do; they longed to get away as quickly as possible from the scene of their misfortune.

Luke slipped out of the house and in a short time he returned with Mrs. Freeman by his side who assured them that she would entertain them with gladness until they could decide what they wished to do.

Reluctantly they accepted the offered hospitality of the one whom they had always treated with lofty contempt. In a short time the few belongings that they could still call their own were packed and stored in Mrs. Freeman's store room and the Newells, thankful for the kindness of their neighbor, but all except Luke and Mrs. Leslie confused by the consciousness of the haughty airs that they had always maintained toward her, were seated in the best room.

"I will tell you where we can go," said Grandma, "Elmshade Farm is not rented to any one and it belongs to me; we can all move there. There are sixty acres in the farm and it is a beautiful place."

Calvin, although unused to country ways, welcomed the suggestion as a providential offer; it was a retreat where he could fly and hide himself from the wrongs that had crushed his spirit. Luke hailed the prospect with delight and Caroline after a short struggle with self conquered the haughty spirit that had begun to dominate her life and she and her mother became reconciled to the situation. But Catherine was rebellious. "How can I give up the pleasures and ease that I always have enjoyed and begin work?"

she thought. "We might as well go out of the world as move into the country."

Grandma wrote two postal cards and sent them out with the noon mail. One was written to Joe Hanley and one to David Shade, asking them to come to the city the following morning and move them to Elmshade Farm. Caroline's true, kind nature began to assert itself and she went into the kitchen and offered to help Marie Freeman with the work and she took her first lesson in preparing meals and washing dishes. Marie declared that she learned very readily and soon the two were warm friends. "Position can never ennoble us," said Caroline, "but if we fill an honorable position we can ennoble it, be it ever so humble." Then she repeated the lines:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

But Catherine thought she never, never could stoop to the humble position of working in a kitchen or a garden, and she lay on the sofa and moped and added to the gloom while Caroline made herself useful and helped cheer the others. During the evening Stanley and Marie and Grandma spent the time in talking about their church work and how needful it was that a mission be opened in Bloomington and Luke listening and very much interested was thrilled with an inspiration that he had never felt before and long after he had gone to bed he lay thinking of the many, many people in Bloomington that were practically living without God and he felt more and more that he had not been doing his full duty toward himself, his fellow-beings, or God.

The morning dawned bright and clear and long before noon the two wagons arrived ready to move them to their country home and they gave their new-found friends an affectionate good-bye and started toward Elmshade Farm. In spite of her obstinance Catherine could not conceal her admiration of the loveliness of the green fields dotted with flowers, the murmuring brooks, the fleecy clouds, the shady woods with their many bright colored birds flitting from tree to tree and warbling as if for sheer joy.

Luke had always enjoyed living at Elmshade Farm and he felt a secret enjoyment that the old way of living that had been so trying to him was left behind and he began describing the beauties of Elmshade to Caroline. She caught his spirit and they sat planning for the future and Grandma mused: It has not been a week since I moved to Bloomington, and my work is done already, and here I am on the way back to

Elmshade Farm. God's ways are past finding out.

Polly was going back to the home where her happy girlhood was spent and the recollections of those glad times tended to dispel the clouds of sorrow. Calvin heroically bore up under the great trial and he determined to begin anew the journey of life and help make a pure and happy home for his family, and he exclaimed;

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

When they drove up and stopped at Elmshade Farm they noticed that the white blossoms of the orchard trees were still fragrant, the birds were singing and old Brindle was pasturing in the meadow lot. David Shade had brought her back as a present to Grandma when he heard that she was returning to Elmshade. Betsy Shade came out to the gate to welcome her friend of a lifetime and her relatives back to the old home. Not one of the heirs had called to claim their inheritance, and when Grandma went into the house carrying Fluffy in her arms she found everything as she had left it and Betsy Shade and Helen Hanley had prepared an appetizing supper for them. Her eyes welled with tears and she said, "He leadeth me beside the still waters, my cup runneth over."

Five years have passed, Calvin and Polly are happy

in their country home, Catherine and Caroline have both learned the secret of making a true, happy home and neither of them have any desire to return to the city. All the family have started to follow in the footsteps of the One who died to redeem them. Luke is a minister and he and Stanley Freeman have opened a mission in Bloomington. Again the lilies-of-the-valley are blooming at Elmshade Farm, but with the glad springtime a deep sorrow has come to Calvin Newell's home. To-day Grandma was laid beneath the clods of the churchyard by the side of her loved and lost Philip, and all feel sure that they have found each other in happy Paradise.

When all the others had gone Luke lingered by the grave of the one from whose earnest lips he had first heard the glad message of Jesus' love. With uncovered head he said, "Life at the longest is short and soon we will all be mouldering with the millions that have gone to the silent city of the dead and Oh that we might all take this advice of William Cullen Bryant, and:

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go, not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Ashland, Ohio.

## The Brunner Letters

### Number I.

MANILA, P. I., Jan. 20, 1906.

*My Dear Home Folks:—*

I HAVE just returned from witnessing an exhibition of rice threshing by an American rice threshing machine made in Richmond, Ind., and run by a traction engine made at the same place. There is in session in Manila, at the present time, an agricultural congress recently organized, composed of people from the various provinces; the local agent of the manufacturing concern bought several stacks of rice near Manila and placed an outfit out there to show them what can be done. I understand there are already a few American rice threshing machines in the provinces, but nearly all the rice is still threshed out by hand or tread out by carabas. With the short walk I had and the dust I got on me while watching the machine, I felt as though I had done some work to-day. That "tired feeling" you know comes to those who don't work hard as well as to those who do, especially out here.

I have had letters from several of you in which you make special mention of the cholera and of the

typhoon which occurred here last September, in reply to which I have several things to tell. In the meantime I have spent a two weeks' vacation in China and I thought of writing you something about my trip. The subjects are not naturally related, but quite a variety of subjects may be allowed in a letter.

When these two calamities came upon us, the cholera and the typhoon, it was my intention not to write you about either. I trusted that you would not see the exaggerated dispatches which I felt sure would appear in the papers, and that you would remain ignorant of what had occurred. But your watchful eye has spoiled this. When I sent those few Manila papers just after the storm, I did not know of the extent of and the damage done by it. We thought it was a typhoon only a little more severe than usual; there being only two or three people killed here in Manila as a result of coming in contact with live wires which had been blown down. But it was soon found that there was no communication by telegraph with the rest of the Philippine world. Finally the news came by boat that the whole central part of the archipelago had been



visited by one of the severest typhoons known to a living people or recorded by the Weather Bureau. There were altogether two hundred or three hundred lives lost on sea and land, and millions of dollars' worth of property represented mostly by wrecked ships and the abaca crop,—the plant from which Manila rope is made. There were many peculiar things reported by observers in various parts of the islands in connection with the storms and it was remarkable in its severity and in the large territory which it covered. These things make us hope that such a storm will not soon visit the islands again, a very reasonable one. The highest velocity of the wind as recorded at the observatory in Manila, was one hundred and three miles per hour. This seems to me incredible in view of the fact that Manila was not only not obliterated, but that there was, comparatively speaking, only a small

roaring tempest of wind and rain. In every direction there is a dull, heavy haze as may be seen with a heavy fall of snow at home. We had had typhoon weather for a week before the worst came.

On the 25th of September the imminence of a severe typhoon was announced by the Weather Bureau. Notice was sent to ports on Southern Luzon to hold all vessels in port. It is known in one case at least that these orders were ignored with fearful results, and of course there were many inter-island vessels enroute from port to port which could not be reached. In Manila the storm gradually increased in violence during the morning of the 26th; between two and three o'clock the climax was reached and then the rain grew less and the wind gradually died away. The Coast Guard Cutter *Leyte* was to sail from the port Legaspi, Albay, on the 25th of September, at 4:30. It is said



A Bamboo Bridge, Showing Native Method of Construction.  
(Courtesy Review of Reviews.)

amount of damage done. Of course the branches of many trees were torn off and other trees were uprooted entirely.

The botanical garden, this morning after the storm, was a place to make one almost weep. Many houses in the districts of light materials were leveled but there were no whole districts laid low, and most of the substantial buildings were left standing with only a roof here and there taken off. If the recorded velocity of the wind is correct (and we have the best-equipped weather observatory in the East), it is a wonder to me that the whole city was not swept low. Perhaps it was because the wind was more steady and did not come in such whirlwind puffs as in a cyclone or tornado or even a summer storm at home. And a typhoon is not so terrible and awe-inspiring as a destructive electrical storm. In a typhoon there is no sudden change from a pleasant summer sky to one covered with clouds of inky blackness driven before a

that the order I mentioned above had been received there and that the captain of the *Leyte* knew of the warning but he intentionally disregarded it, saying he would take his boat through all right.

About midnight the full force of the storm struck him. The boat was driven on the rocky coast of Samar and all the Americans aboard, eleven in number, were lost. The captain did not survive to regret his terrible mistake. The peculiar sadness and sorrow resulting from the death of persons under such circumstances was brought very close to me. I was well acquainted with one of the passengers on the *Leyte*. He was an examiner of the Treasury Bureau, which kept him traveling most of the time. Before accepting this position he was stationed in Manila and he, with five or six others, including myself, lived together in a mess or private boarding house which we ran for ourselves, and, during the time we were together, we came to think a great deal of him. He was

a man above the average ability, of good character and full of life. We can hardly think of him yet as being dead. He was the pride of aged parents, whom he left behind when he came to the Philippine Islands, over four years ago. I wrote them a letter of condolence, giving them some details, etc., and have since received a very touching reply. So we are brought to realize the great uncertainty of life by such catastrophes.

As to the cholera, it reappeared in Manila in the latter part of August, 1905, while Secretary Taft and the Congressional party were on their trip to the Southern Islands and it has not yet been completely stamped out. There were several Americans among the first to succumb to the disease. For a few weeks it threatened to become a serious epidemic, but the health authorities immediately issued orders prohibiting the sale of certain fruits and vegetables, and advising absolute certainty that all drinking water was boiled or distilled. The number of cases grew less and now there is only an occasional death reported from cholera at Manila. From Manila it spread to provincial towns and there are still a number of deaths being reported from the provinces. But the records show, so far, that it is nothing like the cholera epidemic of 1902 in virulence. The way it keeps springing up here and there in the provinces, however, makes it very difficult for the health authorities to stamp it out.

Now I know my presence here, when you learned cholera was raging, was a matter of great concern to all of you, but it is really not so dangerous as it may seem. Americans and Europeans are not as susceptible to diseases which become epidemic in the Orient as the natives or people of the country. If the American here will avoid water and food of which he is doubtful, it is not probable he will develop cholera. I talked with one man who had it and who was entirely well again. He never put himself under a doctor's care. As soon as he felt the symptoms of cholera which he knew, he said he began drinking whiskey and kept it up until he passed the dangerous stage. Cholera is due to a germ taken in the stomach with food or drink. In most cases they act almost as quickly as poison, causing vomiting, diarrhoea, griping, loss of circulation and if not overcome, stiffness and death. From the nature of the disease you will see the cook and the waiter must necessarily be considered. Here we are at the mercy of Chinese and Filipinos, whom you know are not clean people from our standpoint and who certainly do not understand anything about germs. But we are giving them some points. The great consideration here, as everywhere in avoiding or resisting disease, lies in keeping up the best possible state of general health and avoid forming

those habits which we know affect unfavorably any part or any function of the body.

With love to all,

CHARLES C. BRUNNER.

(To be continued.)



#### UNIVERSAL SOLVENT.

If the removal by act of Congress of the tax on denatured alcohol produces all the beneficial results expected, light, heat, and power in many general and useful applications are going to be a great deal cheaper. The odious smell of gasoline will vex the nostrils no more. Kerosene will be an expensive illuminant in comparison. We shall wash, iron, drive on land or



A Typical Scene Along the Coast of Luzon. Native Hut.  
(Courtesy Review of Reviews.)

water, read, plow, harrow, and generally live and move by means of denatured alcohol. Doubtless there was some exaggeration in the "claims" of its friends, but much has been done with it in Germany, and the petitions of all sorts of persons and interests for the removal of the tax showed how wide was the expectation of good results from free denatured alcohol.—*"With the Procession," Everybody's Magazine for August.*



THE principal enemies of oyster beds are Starfish, and it is estimated by the Fish Commission of the United States that they do damage to the extent of \$250,000 annually to American oyster beds.



THE blow of a whale's tail is the strongest animal force in the world; the kick of the giraffe is second, and the stroke of a lion's paw the third.



## From the Mansion on the Hill

Dora Shank

### Chapter III.



AS Nora walked homeward Auntie Ruth's story seemed to come to her more forcibly than when she was telling it. Oh, how many people are suffering in the world, at the present from that dreaded curse gambling. "Poor Auntie Ruth, I hope her troubles are ended, I will try and make them lighter for her if I possibly can, but if nurse finds out that I am going down to her, I fear she will not let me go again. I do hope she will not find it out," said Nora to herself.

As she entered the house nurse came running through the hall. "Nora, where have you been? I have been hunting all around for you. I came home unexpected and when I wanted you to hear your lessons you were not about. I want to know where you have been. I inquired of some of the servants; one said that he saw you go out of the gate, but thought of course that you had permission from me. Tell me where you were, I am waiting for an answer," said her nurse getting very angry.

Nora began to cry. "No crying, I want to know, quickly," continued the nurse.

"Down to the valley to see Auntie Ruth, a dear old lady from whom I have received so much comfort since coming here this summer," answered Nora.

"Down to the valley? Why, Nora Plank, I am surprised that you would lower yourself so much as to go to visit those beggars."

"Oh nurse," answered Nora, "I have been lifted up rather than lowered by going to visit Auntie Ruth, and she is no beggar. She works hard for her living and a kinder person you will never find."

"Have you been to the valley before?" asked her nurse.

Nora hesitated, then answered, "Yes, nurse, I have but I feared to tell you, I could stand it no longer, I just had to run off."

"The idea, Nora, if this happens again, I shall surely punish you severely. You may go to your room and stay there until morning. Do not let me see you come out of your room to-night," said her nurse angrily.

Nora ran up to her room and threw herself across the bed and sobbed. "Oh, shall I never see Auntie Ruth again? Shall I never hear her speak words of comfort and cheer again? What shall I do? I believe when papa comes home again, I will tell him about it. He is seldom at home and he does not know how strict nurse is and how lonesome I am for he is

not here to know. "Maybe he will allow me to go down to Auntie Ruth," sobbed Nora to herself.

The evening came at last when her papa would be at home. Nora had been very anxious to know in what manner her father would answer her pleadings. The next day after his arrival, Nora was standing on the veranda when she noticed him going down the long path towards the gate. She ran after him and when he saw her running towards him he stopped and waited until she caught up to him. "What do you want? I am going to Plumville. Do you want to go along? I believe a walk would do you good, you always look so sad when I come home. You musn't be glad to see your papa, and I only come home once a month. You ought to give me your best smiles. Walk along and tell me what is the matter. I do not like to see my little daughter look so sad," said Mr. Plank.

Nora thought it a good chance to unburden her soul to her papa. She was glad to know he was in a humor to sympathize with her. "Of course I will go along and tell my troubles, I have tried to look cheerful but I cannot. You will forgive me, papa, I know, won't you?"

"Certainly, my child, now tell me your troubles as we walk to Plumville."

"Papa, may I ask you a few questions about your boyhood days?" she asked.

"Certainly, Nora," answered Mr. Plank.

"Did you have a nurse to care for you?"

"No my child, we were too poor to have a nurse. My mother cared for me. I remember yet her gentle looks and loving caresses," answered her father.

"Papa, do you think I can say that about myself when I grow older? I think I cannot and that is one reason my heart is aching for a mother's love."

"You must not take it in that way; isn't nurse good to you?" said her father.

"Papa, I will tell you the truth. Nurse is very strict. I know no kind words or caresses from her. All I know is to obey her orders."

"Why, Nora, why did you not tell me sooner? I would have gotten you another nurse."

"I don't want a nurse, papa, I would rather care for myself. Papa, where did you get your education?"

"I am not so well educated, my girl, but what I have I got through the country schools."

"You were not penned up in a little room all to yourself to study, were you, papa, like I must be?"

"Why, Nora, what are you talking about? I try to do what I think is best for you, and it never entered

my mind that you were unhappy on account of these things."

"Well, papa, I longed for companionship and from my window I could see the children playing in the valley, and I must stay within the yard with no one to play with, no one to talk to. All I could do was to watch with a longing to be with them, but nurse would not allow me to go near them. I also saw an old lady almost every morning gathering sticks on the hillside. She looked so poor yet so kind and gentle and I saw her so often, I began to love her; she reminded me so much of Grandmother Plank. When she was living I received so much comfort, but since her death I am so lonesome. Well, I asked nurse to go down to the valley, but she would not allow me, then I ran off and Oh, papa, you just ought to know Auntie Ruth. After the first visit, I was not sorry I ran off. She has had many trials in her life and has to work hard for a living, and sometimes she has hardly enough to eat, but she says God cares for her and will unto the end. Now nurse has found it out that I go down to see Auntie and she has forbidden me to go again. Papa, if I cannot go my joy and comfort will be all gone," sobbed Nora.

"Why, Nora, do I not try to make you happy?" asked her papa with tears in his eyes, for he had been greatly affected by Nora's conversation.

"Yes, papa, but you are only home a little while every month and all the rest I am so lonesome."

"I shall talk with nurse to-night and if she does not submit to what I say she must leave. You may go to the valley as often as you wish if it adds to your happiness. I will also speak to your mamma about it," answered her father.

"Oh I am so glad, papa, you are so kind, if only you could be at home more," answered Nora.

By this time they had reached Plumville and their conversation on this subject drew to a close.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a warm evening in August and Auntie Ruth was sitting on her porch wondering why Nora had not been to see her for such a long time. "I believe she was found out or maybe she is sick. I would like to know very much. There is a faint light in her bedroom, maybe she is sick, poor little Nora, maybe I will not have a chance to comfort her again. I believe I see some one coming down the hill towards here. I wonder who it might be," said Auntie Ruth.

As they came nearer Auntie Ruth walked to the gate. "I wonder what they want?" thought Auntie, "maybe they are after me to work."

"Good-evening," said the man coming up to the gate.

"Good-evening," answered Auntie Ruth.

"I guess you do not know me, but you know my daughter, Nora Plank," said the newcomer.

"Well, are you Nora's father? Come in and take a chair on the porch," said Auntie Ruth.

"No, I cannot, Nora is very sick and she is continually calling for Auntie Ruth, I presume that is your name is it not?" asked Mr. Plank.

"Yes, that is my name or rather what I am called by the children around here," continued Auntie Ruth.

"Would you please go along up this evening to see her? I believe it would do her good to see you, she has told me so much about you giving her so much comfort," he continued.

"Certainly, I will do anything for Nora, she seems so near and dear to me."

As Mr. Plank took Auntie Ruth through the large halls to Nora's room, she did not wonder that Nora got lonesome in that large house. She had never seen such grandeur.

When Auntie Ruth walked to Nora's bedside she opened her eyes and smiled. "Oh Auntie Ruth, I am so glad you came, I thought perhaps I might never see you again, I have been so miserable since I last saw you. But, Auntie, won't you stay until I am better? I know papa will allow you. Besides him you are my only comfort and he must leave this evening to attend to his work, but he will try and come home often this month to see how I am getting along. Papa, can't Auntie Ruth stay? She can stay in my room and you tell Phyllis to bring her meals up, I do not think mamma or nurse will object to that," said Nora.

"Certainly, Nora, you shall have it the way you want. I will speak to Phyllis about attending to her comfort," answered her father.

"Thank you, Mr. Plank, you are very kind, and if it is a pleasure to Nora by my staying I will gladly do it," said Auntie Ruth.

When Mr. Plank walked into the sitting room shortly after taking Auntie Ruth to Nora's room he found her nurse waiting for him.

"Mr. Plank, what in the world do you mean by taking that old beggarly woman to see Nora? I am her nurse and I think I ought to have something to say about it," she said rising to her feet and looking angrily at Mr. Plank.

"I am her father and do I not have a better right to have something to say about it, rather than you? Nora says the old lady is a comfort to her and cheers her and I intend to have her stay, at least until Nora is better," answered Mr. Plank.

"If that old lady is staying, I am going," the nurse exclaimed.

"You may suit yourself about that," said Mr. Plank, walking away.

The nurse went to her room, packed her trunk and left the next morning. From the day that Nora heard her nurse had left she began to recover. Auntie Ruth



took the nurse's place. How happy Nora was to have her bring her meals arrange her pillow and speak words of cheer to her. Since Auntie had been installed as nurse, Mrs. Plank seemed quite different. Before retiring she would come to enquire of Nora and would often come and stay with Nora while Auntie Ruth went down to her meals.

One evening when Mr. Plank came home his wife said to him, "Joe, it seems to me that I am the worst sinner on earth. How unlike a mother I have been to Nora, how distant and reserved I have been towards her. Auntie Ruth seems to teach me lessons of kindness in her every move. Joe, I have resolved from this day to lead a different life towards Nora my only child, Oh I have been heartless."

"Sara," said her husband, "I am glad to hear it; that is just what she has been longing for, that is why

she ran off to see Auntie Ruth, to get comfort when none could be found at home."

A great change has come over the Plank home. Auntie Ruth is living with the Planks, Nora's mother is now a mother indeed. She has learned what a mother ought to know. She no longer cares for society, but looks to higher things. Through the summer months the Planks and Auntie Ruth come to the "Mansion on the Hill," the lawns are filled with happy children who have come from the valley to spend the day. They no longer look upon Nora as the proud and haughty girl they once thought her to be. Thus by one person a homeless home was changed into a paradise and many lives were brightened by kind deeds and actions.

Can we not do the same?

(THE END.)

## Marie's Harvest

Mary I. Senseman

### In Two Parts. Part One.

"WHAT eyes you do have, Marier! Such power contained therein! Such depth of mind portrayed! Ah, Marier!" Herbert Norman was outside his sister's open door. His voice thrilled with mock ecstasy of admiration.

Marie turned from the hand-mirror she was looking into. She placed the tips of thumb and fore-finger together, raised the hand to her eye, and peered through the circle as through a monocle.

"Ah, Herbe!" she returned.

Herbert's figure relaxed. His voice did too so that it sounded dry and dead as he continued; "I think you'll soon be cross-eyed. Your optics surely turn clear around. You don't do much but look at yourself."

Marie raised the mirror on a level with her face again. "It seems to me," she said with self-estimable wittiness, "that that would tend to perfect my eyes. It keeps them turned straight forward."

Herbert's tone changed again. It rang earnestly, with unquestionable conviction. "You think about yourself continually, and the habit is leaving its marks on you. The very expression of your eyes is self-conceit."

The words hurt bitterly, but Marie, with outward indifference, turned her back on her brother and stepped to the window, where she stood looking out. Herbert went downstairs.

The incident brought a rush of indignant, perverse thoughts into the girl's mind, but she stubbornly kept back all tears. "Self-conceit, he knows I'm brave and self-reliant, and have impulse added. And he calls

me conceited because I'm spirited and not afraid to do things. If I'd poke like he does! He loses half his time in stupid indecision and preparation. He doesn't get the laurels rained on him as I do, either. I guess people don't praise if there isn't real merit. I suppose Herbe thinks I belong to the class of fools that step in where angels fear to tread. All right! I do what I step in for, if I do get burned or stung or bitten occasionally. He won't in unless he knows he'll come out unscathed. He doubtless thinks he's cautious. I think he's lazy and cowardly. I'd tell him if I cared to be as insolent as he has been."

Then she thought all those things over again and again and embellished them until her eyes were hot from enforced dryness; but she kept back the tears. Meanwhile, Herbert was conferring with his mother during the intervals when her sewing-machine was not clacking. He was perched on the veranda railing.

"Making sis a new dress?" he began introductorily.

"For the music recital. Marie will be the most conspicuous one on the program to-morrow evening," explained Mrs. Norman, in an even impartial tone.

"She is usually the most conspicuous one wherever she is. She thinks a lot of herself, and she demands as a matter of course that others at least appear to think a lot of her. She has spirit, but it is deformed. As a brother I've taken it on myself to crush that spirit or uproot it or something."

Mrs. Norman stitched the hem of the dress before her son could talk further. Then the machine had to hold its peace while its mistress worked button-holes, sewed on buttons, and gave other finishing touches to the garment.

As soon as the hem was stitched Herbert produced his self-justifying argument.

"Every stuck-up girl discloses the fact by the way she laughs and makes eyes. Every snob of a boy advertises it by his walk. Marie has about reached the simpering stage in the course. She's really a nice girl, too nice to be spoiled for the want of proper correction. I've begun to open her eyes. I just now gave her the merest outline of the state she's in."

"Oh! that is what you mean," said Mrs. Norman with her accustomed mild air. Inside she was saying, "Of all the presumption! I am surprised at Herbert. He must be desperate or blind to try to cure Marie's conceit by such a method. She never learns except through experience. Herbert accepts preliminary reasoning and is willing to await the result of it. I'll have to appeal to that side of his nature." Accordingly, she continued aloud, bringing into her voice a note of warm decisive, intelligent confidence: "So you are going to uproot the tares?" She looked up with pleasant, serious, penetrating eyes into the boy's slightly perplexed ones. "And what about the wheat?" She looked out across the lawn. "Her niceness and her conceit are growing side by side, all mingled you know. Rude implements would be apt to destroy them both. She deserves to be permitted to enjoy the fruits of her good qualities. At the same time she will have to receive the fruit of her self-esteem. Then she will be willing enough, I believe, to afterward destroy that particular tare of her own accord. And she will the more nourish the good plants."

The words poured into Herbert's receptive mind like water into parched loam. He at once made known to his mother that he had absorbed the refreshment. "What will be the fruit of Marie's 'T'-ness? How will she know it, or how shall we?" he asked.

"Well, conceit is emptiness or hollowness," Mrs. Norman went on deductively. "She will necessarily reap emptiness—nothing—no ability—incompetence. But she will reap good fruits too, nice ones and strong ones. She has quite a number of varieties."

Herbert went away with the sense of having been re-enforced, and the wise, strong mother bowed again over her work. "He has something to think about. I wish I had something for Marie to do," she thought. The summer stretched away before her. She knew she could direct her daughter much towards the goal she desired. She knew unforeseen circumstances would hasten that travel. The coming music recital would prove itself to be one, in some measure. With her superabundant self-confidence, Marie could hardly escape making some blunder.

But there was ready a force that was to bring matters to a speedy crisis. It was in the person of Mrs. Norman's aunt, Hetty Boyer, who lived in the mountain country three hundred miles away.

At noon the next day a telegram came to the Norman's, asking that Marie be sent to Aunt Hetty's for the summer.

"Rheumatism" was the only explanation given.

"It will be splendid," Marie said when she read the message.

"Don't say 'yes' without thinking it over," advised Mr. Norman. "The old lady lives alone on the side of a mountain ridge, and, if I remember correctly, there is not another house in sight. As I understand it you will be expected to take care of the house and of Aunt Hetty. And you'll have to forego your music."

Herbert's asseveration of the previous day was still rankling under Marie's soft locks. "I can do it," she asserted in reply to her father. "Who would Aunt Hetty get I'd like to know, if I shouldn't go?"

"Can you spare her?" Mr. Norman asked.

"Aunt Hetty evidently needs her worse than I do. I will spare her."

Herbert was tempted to say, "You're a goose, Marier," but he didn't.

When he and his mother were together for a moment later in the day, they exchanged cues. "Won't Marie learn something?" was what the son predicted.

"It will hasten the development. The nice fruits will counteract the poor ones, we must hope," were the mother's words.

So Mr. Norman telegraphed in response, "Marie will reach your town to-morrow, 4:45 P. M."

It required a lot of bestirring on everybody's part to get clothes renovated, sorted, and packed besides making the last preparations for the music recital in order that the to-be traveler would be fully ready to take her departure early the next morning.

What happened to Marie at the close of the recital helped to keep her purpose for the summer brightly aflame.

She played her selection through with her usual dash and was stepping, with appropriate dignity, off the stage through the wing. She had a large sense of how well her chin felt uptilted, of how well her dress hung from her correct shoulders. Right at a particularly ramshackle one of the canvas screens Marie's shoe tip caught and pride literally "had a fall" there beneath the screen, which descended with a most reverberant clatter. Whereupon the audience displayed its sense of humor, which demonstration the girl promptly received with a sense of insult.

She had a glad feeling that she was presently going far away out of the community, a sad feeling that she was going to care for a person in need, and a mad feeling either that the screen was loose or that her own head had been so high in the air. She wasn't quite sure about the last state of mind.

But the admiring chatter among fluttering school



girls, benevolent smiles from their fathers, monotonous murmurs from complacent mothers, alleviated the hurt dignity; and Marie's spirits rebounded enough that she was able to meet half-way a number of jocular comments on her second performance.

Four hours sleep was only tantalizing, and Marie was hustled down to the station; said good-byes so hurriedly and was whisked away by the train so rapidly that she hardly had time to know whether she was crying or not. But the route was new to her and the trip was thoroughly enjoyable. The brief rest of the night kept her animation at sufficiently low ebb to shield her from herself.

There was a lank man waiting at the station of the little mountain town where the traveler alighted. He gave the girl a note. "Niece Marie," it read "you are to come out to Stone Cottage with this man, my neighbor Sam Post.—Aunt Hetty."

The lank man and the station-master deposited Marie's trunk in the green bed of a farm wagon, alongside a heap of plump sacks. Then Sam Post informed his passenger that that was his vehicle and that he was ready to start. Marie declined his assistance and climbed up alone to the wagon-seat. Sometimes, when their way was downhill or when it was uphill, where the sleek grays of the team appeared as if half-crouching hindlegs or forelegs, she rather wished she was behind the seat on the stable pile of sacked bran and middlings.

Between those periods of precariousness the girl feasted her eyes on the evening landscape or plied her escort with talk.

"Does Aunt Hetty live far out of town?"

"Not s' very fur."

"You are her neighbor, I believe. You live near her then?"

"Purty near. We're the nearest."

"This is certainly an ideal team of horses. They are so strong and—and—healthy looking."

"Yes, them's purty sound horses."

"Aunt Hetty has been alone since she's been sick, too?"

"Purty nigh all the time. My wife's been goin' in mornin's."

"She hasn't been really bad sick, then?"

"Not s' very bad."

Aware that she had not made much progress in obtaining information, and a little nervous from weariness, expectation, and the new experience of the sloping wagon-seat, Marie was decidedly relieved when Sam pointed with his whip toward a group of buildings, "Tain't fur no more."

The house and barn were both low-built, substantial looking. They were at the southern foot of an unusually high and steep ridge. As the wagon went nearer Marie could note the prosperous aspect of the old

stone house the graceful stone pillars supporting the modern veranda, the well-kept premises, and the good preservation of the barn.

(To be continued.)

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### AN INDIAN ARROWHEAD.

D. Z. ANGLE.



HERE it lay, partly hidden in the soil of the corn row. Of course I picked it up, and brushed the dirt off of it, so I could better see its shape, and observe if the outline were perfect or not. The specimen was apparently a perfect one, but the flint used was a brownish tint in color, which I thought rather unusual, most of the darts found here being made of white flint.

How carefully the dart had been shaped to fit the shaft of the arrow, by the practiced hands of the dusky foes of the white man. With probably the crudest of tools the Indian worker produced a neat article and one that, for permanency, seems to rank well with the productions of civilized man. The dart may be broken, but it will neither rot nor rust. This one when I found it had probably lain about for several generations of men. It may have killed a deer, a squirrel, a savage Indian, hostile to its owner, or even taken the life of a white man before its career was ended and the shaft finally parted company with the pointed head of flint. This only remains to this day and serves to remind us of the times when the Red Men were plenty and powerful in Illinois, while of white men there were none or few.

Where now we plow and plant and reap, once roamed and hunted the men of another race, who have left us just a few marks of their presence here. They apparently made no progress in art, learning, or civilization; so were probably for that reason compelled to give up their place and position to a race of superior attainments. A race who follow more fully the Divine mandate, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and thus they maintain and perpetuate their race in strength, power, and influence. Wherever men work hard and steady, there strength and population increase, but where idleness prevails, degeneracy and depopulation surely will follow. History but repeats itself. If time lasts yet how many ages in the dim future will it be till our race will be supplanted by another people, who may also find relics of our present high civilization left by those who, gorged with the opulence of great wealth, sickened and died as a result of their satiety and immoderation?

*Mt. Vernon.*

## PROGRESS.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.

- "Man's distinctive mark alone,  
Not God's and not the beast's,  
God is—they are.  
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

PROGRESS has been defined as "A forward striving after a flying goal." Anyone that is ambitious wishes to advance in his chosen life pursuit. One may be driving through the country and see a farm which to a casual observer is perfect and it is said, "There lives a progressive farmer."

The farm is well fenced and drained, and the crops are of the best. The latest improved machinery is used in tilling the land, the improvements are modern and in good repair, the stock is high grade—everything seems to be of the best, but I suspect when you meet that farmer he will tell you, "Next year my stock must have a better strain, some improvement must be made on some of the buildings, such a lot needs a new fence," he has found a better grade of fencing, more fertilizer must be used on that field so as to have a better yield and there is something to be attained in every line of his work.

We drive on to the corner and a young woman is just coming from the country schoolhouse. She is successful and popular in her work. We invite her to ride to her home with us and learn that she has normal training and reads the best educational publications and follows the latest methods, that next year she expects to specialize in some line and will then receive better wages in a good graded school. As she leaves us the mental comment is, A progressive teacher.

Here comes a beautiful driving horse that is driven by a young doctor who has a nice home and family and the confidence of people for miles around, but when we talk with him there are newer surgical instruments he wants, there must be a larger and better equipped office for his patronage and he believes he would like to drive an automobile so as to reach his patients more quickly. A progressive doctor.

Here in the village is a general merchandise store. Almost everything in the line of necessary articles is to be found. The proprietors, pleasant, enterprising young men, greet you kindly but we learn they are dreaming of the time when the business will be a well-regulated department store with a smiling floor-walker to greet you and courteous clerks to attend your wants.

Who is that intellectual-looking man? He is minister of a leading church in the village. He has a wonderful influence on the community, is an excellent sermonizer, has a good salary, but we learn he has tendered his resignation to accept a pulpit in the city

with a much larger salary. Such a fine promotion for a young man.

So in every walk of life we might trace the forward striving after the flying goal, but is that progress?

Did the farmer ask his day-laborer to toil for him on barely living wages? Did he ask his dealer to give him the profit on the implements and supplies he purchased or else he would purchase elsewhere? Is he neglecting his family for his fine stock?

Was the teacher envious of anyone who might be as popular and successful as she and would she through the influence of friends push someone else out of the position she was to get who was in every way as well qualified as she?

Did the doctor take the pet horse he was driving from some family in straitened circumstances and was there some poor wash-woman laboring to pay for the ease to be provided in the new office?

Is the grade of sugar or cloth the same that established the merchant's trade? Does he make the price to the poor and rich the same?

And the minister, why does he want to go to the city? Can he save more money from his salary to help the needy? Are there more souls he wishes to save or is it a life where the esthetic taste can better gratified and where there will be more notoriety and where perhaps he can reach national fame?

Man partly is and wholly hopes to be what? When a soul is big enough to recognize the brotherhood of mankind, with a spirit that is growing in love, faith, hope, meekness, purity and strength, then do we have progress and the goal is not flying, for God is the everlasting and unchangeable.

*Idaville, Ind.*



## THE BRIER SHOOT.

"WHAT is the matter with this rose bush?" said the girl who was learning how to garden, to the experienced florist whom she had brought to look at it. "I bought it from you two years ago, and it bore beautiful roses. But it never has bloomed since. See how strong and big and healthy it is—the best bush in the rose bed! But it never has even a bud on it. I have pruned it and pruned it—but still it is all leaf and no flower."

The florist looked keenly at the leafy bush. "How have you pruned it?" he asked.

"Why, I've cut off the weak shoots, and left the stronger ones. Wasn't that right?" said the girl.

"It depends upon where they started from," answered the florist. "See here"—he leaned down and put his finger on the sturdy stem just above the ground—"the rose is grafted at about this spot. Below the graft the bush is a natural Manetta or brier bush, which will never bloom in any blossoms worth having. Above the graft, the shoots are those of the choice rose you



want. But as the natural shoots are the strongest, you have been deceived into cutting off the grafted shoots and letting the natural brier make its own growth. The way to prune this bush is to prune every natural 'sucker' the moment it shoots. You must not leave one—that is, if you want roses. Frankly, though, you have so nearly destroyed the graft, and let the original root assert itself, that I doubt if it would be worth while to work over it. Root it up, put another in, and prune every sucker remorselessly. If any new shoot comes up from the root, out of the ground, be particularly careful to cut it down. The brier is cunning; it is determined to live its own life if it can, and it will keep on producing its natural growth, while you must keep on helping and protecting the choice graft."

The advice was followed. The old bush was rooted up, and a sturdy new one, a rare graft, put in. All summer long the root sent up suckers and put out vigorous shoots; all summer long the girl gardener nipped off each one, forcing all the strength into the graft—and such roses as came! "All the power and vitality of that contrary root has to go into them," she told the florist, laughing. "It's an object lesson in the direction of energies. I understand more about the battle of the natural and the spiritual man since I've wrestled with that brier bush!"

"We learn that early," said the florist, laughing, too. "The root rebels against the graft, and has to be watched all the time, as long as it lives. But the roses are worth it—that's the comfort!"

The pruning has to come first, though. Perhaps that is the reason why so many young Christian lives never flower into the beauty that ought to be theirs. The tender shoots of faith and joy and service start out promisingly; but the old root of self sends up, one by one, vigorous growths of self-will, personal ambition, pride, and worldliness. They look harmless; they look as if they would flower in rich beauty some day. Why not let them grow for a while, anyway? "I can't get to church as much as I used to," explained a young man to his pastor lately, "not because I do not want to come, but because I am expanding my business at present, and even on Sunday I cannot always call my time my own." His business was growing; but how about his Christianity? If one or the other has to suffer, how many young Christians nowadays are willing to prune their business ambitions? Yet no one pretends that the ambition to succeed in business comes from the spiritual part of man; it is simply a natural shoot, belonging only to this world and to temporal things.

"I'm sorry I can't give you more," said a well-dressed girl to the treasurer of the Missionary Society, "but I have so many calls this winter on my allowance that I am fairly penniless most of the time." So she was. But the growth she was allowing in herself was growth in worldly ways. She could not give

to God because of increased expenditures on dress and entertainment. It was natural enough. So are the vigorous shoots of the brier root. But if the flowering of higher things is wanted—what then?

Self-denial and sacrifice are out of fashion nowadays. The modern idea of life is strength. Whatever is vigorous and energetic commends itself to young men and women to-day. Nothing is more natural; and if goodness and purity and unselfishness and consecration were natural virtues then natural impulses could be safely left unpruned. But the spiritual life is, at first, a delicate and struggling graft upon the natural self of man. It requires that natural impulses be subordinated to its success. The young Christian must mortify self, must endure hardness, must renounce lower desires in order to form higher ones. To take up our cross daily is a command of Christ which means just what it says. Afterwards come the fruits of the spirit, the flowering of the spiritual life into beauty and power. If we want roses, we must prune the natural root, steadily and always. The rule is so simple that any gardener can understand it.

But do we want to understand it?—*Selected.*



### TOO MUCH.

CLEVELAND HOLLAR.

The vainest prayer of ill-fated man,  
As he tries the great chasm and gulf to span,  
Betwixt his real needs on this darksome shore,  
And his numberless wants, is the ceaseless "More."

He cries on the mountain, plain and lea,  
For blessings and bounties and joys more free;  
And, when for his valor great praise doth roar,  
His soul's ambition is "More! More!"

His reason is wrecked by his menial wants,  
Till he howls and blusters, and boasts and vaunts,  
But he does not know that his sensitive touch  
Comes from indulging his will too much.

Too much, too much, more ill has done  
Than evil genius, sire or son;  
Too much is the cause, too much the effect,  
Too much many noble lives has wrecked.

Too much dogma, too much creed  
Dissension instills and hatred breeds;  
Till men, the truth of all disbelieve,  
And are led by malice themselves to deceive.

Too much reverberates, too much resounds  
From the highest heaven to the deepest ground;  
But the ears of man are too dull to hear  
The doleful tidings ringing clear.

Congestion! Congestion! doth block the way  
To great success and brilliant day.  
For he who climbs to greatness true  
Must drink the cup of few wants too.

Hardin, Mo.

## TEMPERANCE.

## Theories and Facts.

IN REPLY to the oft-repeated cry, "You can't cure drunkenness by statutes," the *Nashville American* says, "If the law can have no effect on the liquor traffic, why have laws regulating the sale of it where it is sold? Why close saloons on election days or Sundays? Murder is committed in spite of law. Why have laws against murder? 'You can't cure drunkenness by statutes; you can't legislate the taste of liquor out of men's mouths.' These are only half truths. You can't make men honest by legislation. Then why have laws against dishonesty?"

"Law may not reform a drunkard, but it can largely prevent the manufacture of drunkards. It does do it. The matter has been tested in nearly every State in the South. It has been demonstrated in Tennessee. Where there were many saloons there are now none. As a result, the number of liquor drinkers has largely decreased; so have the drunkards; so have fights, and brawls, and murders; so has the business of the criminal courts; so has misery and unhappiness in many homes. There is more peace, more prosperity, than there was before. Where is the community that, having done without saloons for as long as two years, would have them back again?"

"The abolishment of saloons is not an abolishment of any man's 'right' to drink liquor. The individual can legally purchase liquor if he is determined to have it and some who are opposed to saloons do so. But the number is far smaller than it was. In some communities liquor can be legally purchased, and the liquor illegally vended is far less in quantity than the amount formerly sold in saloons in those communities. In some communities there are cases of drunkenness, but they are much fewer than when there were saloons. So, also murders occur in some communities, but there would be more murders if there were no law against murder. Demonstrated facts are worth more as an argument than theories and unsupported statements.

"What becomes of the appetite for liquor of men who are employed by railroads, banks, insurance companies and great business concerns that forbid the use of liquor by their employes? Such requirements are more stringent than any statute, for no statute forbids man to drink.

"The law against selling liquor can be enforced, as well as the law against theft. Neither law is an absolute preventive. But what a wholesome, restraining effect they have! The American is neither a crank nor an extremist on the temperance question; he does not expect to see the impossible accomplished, and does not favor an attempt of the impractical; but the quotation at the head of this article does not harmonize with demonstrated facts."—*National Advocate*.

## PEARSON ON CHAUTAUQUA.

IN the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine* there is a most interesting and enlightening paper on the subject of Chautauquas by Professor Paul M. Pearson, a man fitted to write it by reason of his broad knowledge, and because he is *persona grata* throughout Chautauqua circles. In this Chautauquans will find much that is new, while for outsiders here is a valuable well of information which they can ill afford to miss at this season when "Chautauqua" is the general topic of conversation all over our land.

We quote from the article a few forcible paragraphs:

"No one can correctly estimate the educational movement in America to-day without recognizing the influence of this Chautauqua idea. It is a definite and positive factor in adult education. Appreciating this fact, Hugo Munsterberg in 'The Americans' gives several pages of his chapter on educational institutions to a presentation of the Chautauqua movement. Chautauqua has a leading magazine, many smaller journals, several daily papers issued during the season, and many books published annually to supply a specified course of reading which is systematically followed by multitudes throughout the country.

"The solidity of the movement is further indicated by the vast sums invested in grounds, buildings, and equipment. Though many of the new assemblies erect merely large tents on rented grounds, all of the older organizations have acquired valuable properties—including huge auditoriums, hotels, and other structures necessary to maintaining 'the Hall in the Grove.' The popular mode of life during the Assembly sessions is to camp in tents upon the grounds, but each year sees an increasing number of cottages—some of them expensive and imposing—added to the permanent equipment of these woodland universities.

"But the physical aspect of Chautauqua is by no means its most important manifestation—its very spirit is pervading the country. This is especially true of the Middle West, where the movement has a hold on the popular mind that is difficult to overestimate. At Rockport, Mo., for instance, a country town with a population of 1,070 people, there is a flourishing Chautauqua. Here one thousand season tickets were sold last year, and one two special days of the session there was an attendance of about 3,000 people. As the season tickets sold for \$2 and the cost of the program was nearly \$4,000, it will be readily seen that many single admission tickets must have been sold to meet the expenses. On the day that William Jennings Bryan lectured there, not less than a thousand farmers' carriages overflowed the livery barns, vacant lots, and Chautauqua grounds. The surrounding country had evidently turned out to a man.



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## VACATIONS AND AVOCATIONS.



THIS is the vacation season, the time when most people endeavor to get away awhile from the monotony of routine work. They believe that a few weeks spent amid new scenes with the time employed as fancy dictates will furnish such recreation that they will be able to continue their regular work with renewed energy. Quite often their hopes are realized, but some observation and experience has led me to believe that the vacation method is not the best for recreation.

Considering the ideal vacation alone, still the plan has its drawbacks. First, in many cases there is the necessity of getting some one else to keep the work going or of cutting down the output, either of which is often a loss to the business. Then even when the energy has been renewed, nine times out of ten there is a waste of time in getting it buckled down so that the work may receive the benefit of it.

It must be granted too that the ideal vacation is not always realized. In so many cases the modern vacation has come to mean dissipation and the laborer returns less fitted for his work than when he left it. He is not only impoverished financially, but his mental and physical powers are at a low ebb, and he is in a good condition to find fault with everybody in general and with his employer or his work in particular.

What, you say, would you have one stay at home all his life—never get to see any of the world? No, I would not have him stay at home always. But when he wants to see some of the world let him do it as a business and he will find that the satisfaction gained by traveling will in this way be much greater than if he tries to work it in as a vacation. But what about the rest, the need of relaxation? Take that every working day by spending one, two or three hours in some pleasant and profitable line of work.

In other words, let every one who labors, whether with brain or brawn, have two professions, or lines of work—the one which he follows that he may live, and the one which he lives that he may follow. If wisely selected the two will react upon each other most beneficially; they should vary enough to call for the use of different powers of the mind or body. In this way the avocation will be a rest, a recreation. In addition to this it will be a means of development. More than all else, it will make of a man a useful and contented citizen.

Take the modern strikers and I believe you will find that the larger per cent of them spend no time at any systematic work or line of development aside from that spent at their daily vocations. On the contrary the time that might be employed at recreating work is often worse than wasted at some resort that has for its object the prostitution of one's mental, moral, or physical faculties, where mole-hill grievances are nursed to mountainlike proportions.

The present shortened hours of the regular working day are very favorable to the avocation idea. A man may work eight or nine hours a day and still have two or three hours to devote to whatever side work he may have chosen. Most of us can recall instances where an almost incredible amount of work has been done by giving even less than an hour to it daily.

One benefit resulting from the method here advocated has not yet been mentioned. That is the independence it assures to one. When prosperity abides beneath our roof we feel that the stream of fortune needs no tributaries, but when prosperity flies and hard times sits down at our door the little tributary sometimes furnishes the only means of existence and hard times is thus effectually kept at a distance.



## BACK OF THE LEGISLATOR.

I SUPPOSE we American people will never cease congratulating ourselves on our free government—free because of its democratic principles and beneficent laws that bring the people into such close and vital relations with its several functions. The day laborer has but to turn his hand to effect the passage of laws conducive to his welfare, as he looks at it. And when these same laws work out for the good of the masses we take no small credit to ourselves, for are we not back of the legislator? Is he not our servant? Is this not a government of the people, for the people and by the people?

But sometimes these laws are not beneficent to all alike. They do not bring prosperity to all. Our pursuits are so variable that sometimes that which brings good to me brings downright disaster to my neighbor. He goes after our common servant, of course, and

after a time the stream of prosperity flows on untar-  
died, as he thinks. But this adjustment is like a  
dam in the stream of another neighbor's fortune and  
our servant receives directions so emphatic that  
plans for a readjustment of conditions are at once  
drawn up.

The result of this continued self-seeking and re-  
adjustment you will recognize as the condition of  
affairs at the present time. Few people seem to have  
traced the evil to its source. Instead, the legislator  
is mercilessly seized upon as the author of it all and  
his life, private as well as public, in distorted vision, is  
held up before the world, and from the sentence pro-  
nounced upon him one would conclude that the people  
had no idea that they had elected to office a mere mortal,  
"a man of like passions as we are."

To be sure any man ought to be above bribery and  
I have no intentions to palliate the crime, as crime it  
is wherever found. But when our relations to state  
and national legislators are so close that we can right-  
fully claim the credit when justice rules and prosperity  
attends all, we cannot plead innocence when corruption  
runs riot. Let the legislator answer for *his* crime, but  
at the same time let us seriously ask ourselves whether  
the tempted has more to answer for when he falls  
than the tempter when he succeeds.



#### A SUMMER MORNING.

WHEN the first ray of light steals around the earth's  
curve marking the eastern horizon, a little bird sleep-  
ily chirps to its mate who answers with the faintest  
twitter. Then Mr. Plymouth Rock nudges his wife  
and almost immediately sends forth a clear challeng-  
ing call which though reaching to the neighboring  
farmyards is unanswered. This so fully satisfies his  
conceit that for awhile there is perfect silence.

Then more light rays come peeping around the curve  
and a dozen little birds begin cheeping at once. Mr.  
Leghorn sends forth a clear call and surprises Mr.  
Plymouth Rock in a doze, who, in his haste to reply,  
fails to take a long breath and is compelled to stop off  
short in the middle of his call. A brave little bird  
now warbles through a short song. Presently there  
is a stir in the farmhouse and the farmer walks down  
to the pasture gate and the smoke, curling from the  
chimney, announces the beginning of another day for  
the housewife.

Now the east is all rosy with beams of light. A  
sunrise concert of harmonious voices is in progress  
in the trees and there is a very babel of sounds in the  
farmyard. The sun now casts its first direct beams  
upon the earth and is welcomed by a million dewdrops.  
The morning glory, too, honors his coming by appear-  
ing in a gorgeous purple gown that leaves no doubt  
as to its newness, and the sunflower answers the be-

nign smile of its godfather with a like beam of glad-  
ness.

The breeze which heretofore was scarcely more  
than a breath, now rustles among the leaves and  
grass and in the general stir the morning, bright, brac-  
ing and beautiful, passes and the day swings into  
line.



#### A MERRY HEART.

"A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine." So  
said the wise man whose experience with the ills of  
life had no doubt led him to make a pretty fair test  
of some of their antidotes. And I think we may safely  
trust his judgment in this and proceed to apply the  
remedy.

A merry heart stands for a constitutional condition.  
It is made up of a charitable disposition toward all  
men, implicit confidence in the triumph of right, and  
the power to turn unpleasant duties into happy privi-  
leges.

A merry heart *may* cure many of the ills of others  
but its efficacy is undisputed in the life of the one  
possessing it. Every one may then become his own  
physician. Let us cultivate a merry heart.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

"Position can never ennoble us," said Caroline.  
"but if we fill an honorable position we can ennoble  
it."—*Ida M. Helm.*



"The pearly dewdrop with its radiant power  
Is but the offspring of a shaded hour."

—D. D. Thomas.



"A good many people think there ought to be more  
fasting and prayer, but they want somebody else to  
do it."—*Snapshots.*



"I learned that one can not depend solely on one's  
own courage and ability."—*Mary I. Senseman.*



"Your musical talent was given you by God and  
you are expected to use it to his glory."—*Grace Long-  
anecker.*



Here's health, here's wealth, here's church and school,  
For solace and for joy.  
No other land could be more grand  
Than our State—Illinois.

—Robert E. Eriksen.



When a soul is big enough to recognize the broth-  
erhood of mankind with a spirit that is growing in  
love, faith, hope, meekness, purity and strength, then  
do we have progress."—*Bertha M. Ireland.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

JULY 31 the great island fortress of Sveaborg, Russia's Gibraltar, the strongest fort on the Baltic, fell into the hands of the revolutionists, together with immense stores of arms and ammunition. The battle was between mutineers and loyal troops. The sister island fortress, Skatudden, has also been attacked, but the outcome is yet doubtful. Sveaborg is situated on seven islands which are connected by pontoons and from the site of the fortress which defends the harbor of Helsingfors. Sveaborg also has an excellent harbor of its own. The fortress at Skatudden is situated in the harbor of Helsingfors and is connected with the city by a bridge. The island is half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, and is given over entirely to the works of fortification.

THE members of the douma who signed the Viborg manifesto have by that action brought themselves into contempt of the criminal code, one article of which provides for "attempts to overthrow the government." This is virtually high treason, the maximum punishment for which is hard labor in the mines. No arrests have been made, but the constitutional democrats are fearful lest the possibility of prosecution held over the heads of their leaders will render them ineligible for reelection.

WHAT is thought to be the longest voyage of any steamship without stopping her engines for an instant has been made by the *Goldmouth* from Singapore via Cape of Good Hope to Rotterdam, a distance of 11,791 miles. The ship burned oil for fuel and had plenty left over when she came into port.

SHORTLY after the death of Russell Sage it became known that he had left his entire fortune, estimated variously from \$63,000,000 to \$93,000,000, to his wife and nothing whatever to specified charities. This was decidedly not to the satisfaction of the relatives—twenty-five nephews and nieces of Troy, N. Y.—and it was announced that they would contest the will. It was said that Mrs. Sage was willing to compromise. Mr. Sage died at his country home, Lawrence Beach, L. I., July 22. Had he lived until August 4 he would have completed his ninetieth year. A peculiar feature of his burial was the provision he had made that his body should be incased in a steel coffin and his tomb

protected by automatic burglar alarms. Mr. Sage was one of the few very rich men of this day who started from the humblest wage-earning position and climbed upward through rigid economy and shrewd investment. He had a reputation of being one of the close men of Wall street.

ON the very spot in the courtyard of the military school at Paris where twelve years ago he was degraded, and in the presence of a distinguished assemblage, Major Alfred Dreyfus, wearing the uniform of his rank, received July 21 the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Among the spectators stood Madame Dreyfus and her little son; Brigadier General Picquart, who was mainly responsible for the reversal of Dreyfus' conviction, and the literary friends of Zola, who aided in the campaign for revision.

THE late H. D. Lloyd in a book published after his death says that we can see to-day the spectacle of a new religion in its making. Our age, he thinks, "is perhaps the first age which had the self-consciousness to see itself forming a new religion, and our time by all its signs manifestly approaches one of the great crises which have marked off history into eras." The new religion is that of labor, he says; "there will be only one form of worship in the new religion—work. But one form of prayer—aspirations."

THE attorney for John D. Rockefeller has notified the court at Findlay, Ohio, that Mr. Rockefeller will appear at the proper time to answer for the charge preferred against him, alleging illegal operations of his oil company, and that he makes this definite promise in order to avoid the unpleasant publicity of seeming to evade the summons of a subpoena service.

THE Treasury Department has received notice that \$200,000 appropriated for the purchase of a postoffice site in Toledo, Ohio, was \$64,000 in excess of what the ground decided upon as being "good enough" will cost. It is the first time such a thing has ever happened, and the department is much excited.

WALTER WELLMAN, whose expedition is now in camp on Dane's Island, preparatory to starting for

the North Pole in his airship, has now put himself in communication with Ammerfest by wireless telegraphy. Dane's Island is about 600 miles from the pole. Mr. Wellman says that everything is progressing favorably, and he hopes to be ready for the supreme test by the middle of August.

THE Louisiana State Crop Pest Commission announces that recent experiments conducted by its entomologist, Wilmot Newell, on their experimental farms have developed a new variety of cotton, which is believed to be immune from the attacks of the boll weevil. The variety is known as triumph cotton, the fields planted with it this season are now safely advanced toward a successful crop.

IN digging the Gunnison tunnel in Colorado which is being built by the United States reclamation service, a territory where many thousands of sea shells had accumulated was struck. Some are of gigantic size, being upward of three feet in diameter and once holding, the scientists say, enough organic matter to make a meal for a dozen men.

CHILD labor in general and the sweat shops of the tenement districts in particular are at present receiving much attention with the view of removing some of the evils long prevalent. Usually we are shown only the laborer's side which, aside from any other, presents conditions demanding relief. But there is another side which, while not so pitiable, may be even more dangerous to the health of the general public. Most of the work done in these sweat shops consists in the making of clothing, food products, etc. Considering the vile places where this work must be done and the diseased and uncleanly condition of the workers one can hardly conceive of surroundings more conducive to the spread of nearly all kinds of disease germs. The most effective method of removing these evils would be to prohibit such employment in the homes. "Taking one consideration with another, it is doubtful whether the people in the tenements themselves would suffer if such a law were passed as in almost every case the manufacture pays more for work done on his own premises than for that which is done at home."

A STEEL passenger car has been completed at Pittsburgh for the Southern Railway, seventy-four feet and six inches in length and weighing 110,000 pounds. The department of commerce and labor in a bulletin regards the completion of the car as marking the beginning of the general use of steel instead of wood for all kinds of railway cars. No wood was used in the construction of the steel car at Pittsburgh, save for interior decorations, and that wood was made fireproof,

and it is claimed that the car could not be telescoped in a collision, that the ends could not be crushed in and that it is absolutely non-combustible.

PROF. METCHNIKOFF of the Paris Pasteur institute says he believes that the white cells of the human blood eat up and destroy the microbes which would otherwise destroy mankind. But it is discovered that a rabbit after taking alcoholic drink cannot be rendered immune from some diseases. As a result of the alcohol the white cells have lost their appetite and the microbes win. In other words, the use of alcohol lessens the power of resistance, he says.

THOMAS A. EDISON is at present giving attention to completing a plan he has for molding whole houses of concrete in a single casting. He claims that cozy homes for working-men may be made at a cost of from \$500 to \$600. Four days at the outside period Edison estimates will be necessary to cast and turn out whole houses with from eight to ten rooms each, complete in almost every detail.

A COMPARISON made by the department of commerce and labor states that four times as much capital was invested in the Southern States since 1900, as in New England. In N. Carolina where \$68,000,000 was invested in 1900 over \$131,000,000 is now engaged in manufacturing industries, showing a large increase. Connecticut for the same period showed an increase of but twenty-four per cent of capital invested and New Hampshire eighteen. Alabama increased in five years seventy-five per cent, Virginia sixty and S. Carolina eighty. Factories of cotton goods rank first in the South, tobacco second, lumber and timber products third, and flour and grist mill products fourth.

THE Ladies' Free Loan Association has been incorporated in Jersey City, the object being to loan to needy persons without charging interest when the borrower gives a note indorsed by some responsible business man. The money is paid back in small payments and no money is put out for more than ten weeks. All members of the association are Jewesses.

THE operating department of the New York Central Railroad has just tried the first of its new electric locomotives for the suburban service on an experimental track. A sample train will run regularly from now on to break in new men, so as to be ready for the transfer of the entire system in October. The locomotives will be able to pull fifteen cars at a speed of sixty miles an hour.





### THE WOMAN QUESTION.

This war between the sexes stings  
 A nation's heart. I can but note  
 'Tis agitated daily by  
 The question vast: Shall women vote?  
 And men oppose and fume and preach  
 And argue loud: "'Tis not her right!"  
 While women clamoring for the sphere  
 A greater mission, shame and slight.

Ah, smite this babel from my ears  
 And let me listen to a voice  
 Above the tumult: "They usurp  
 And set at naught my holy choice!"  
 Oh woman! queen of the home ordained,  
 And glorified from shore to shore,  
 Throw polls and parties to the winds  
 And wash thy hands forevermore.

'Tis not because she learning lacks  
 Nor science that she might not scan;  
 'Tis not because she could not grasp  
 The wit of sages in her span,  
 Nor yet because her worth is deemed  
 Beneath her brother's lofty sphere  
 Of strength. Nay, truly nay! there is  
 A greater reason, sister dear.

And if thy worth were not more high,  
 Thy strength more deep than man may share,  
 Think thou, my sister, God would give  
 His dearest treasures to thy care?  
 Man's mission is in outer things,  
 His pride their study and control,  
 A far sublimer cause is thine—  
 To rear and guide and feed the soul.

This work needs all thy time and thought;  
 Oh, give them, unreserved, intent  
 Upon thy cause, and let the men  
 Decide who shall be president.  
 Thus God's pure plan may be restored,  
 And as Time onward, onward rolls,  
 The world need never blush for shame  
 To see a woman at the polls.

—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.



### SOME THOUGHTS.

CONTENTMENT is the wisdom of the poor, the illusion of the rich. Why are we discontented? All of us have some thorns known only to ourselves which we rashly use to afflict our own lives and mayhap others. With some 'tis a "might have been" with others a "has been." Some own quantities of dainty silver

and have no time or heart either to polish or use it and others sigh to possess the wherewithal to lay a refined table even for extra occasions. The soul of a genius is daily vexed by the sight of some idler to whom no talent seems to be given, who is wasting hours whilst he, toiling faithfully on the treadmill, can never relax until night brings sleep for aching limbs but no time for the culture of mind or home ties. An ardent, earnest girl fails to find an avenue for a better education because she must be true to the old folks, and is stung to discover all the old school friends leave her far behind. The farmer's boy or girl believes he or she must leave the country school at an early period to attain any education whatever and parents go to some trouble to enter such in a near-by town or city. The hard-pressed parents of the poor or middle classes in cities, grimly aware of all the ways their children are cheated, are not in love with crowded public schools with their quota of irritable or mischievous children, always too many for the one nerve-worn teacher, and the danger of city "gangs" of young hoodlums, the endless "don'ts" which check the child who has really no place to play are items of daily consideration. "If only we could move to the country," sighs the mother of this class. "If we could only move to the city," laments the country mother.

The clam is a very contented creature but it remains a clam for all time. In fact, it is possible to be too contented in some matters quite as much as too discontented in others. There is a noble discontent and it is not a purely selfish emotion but a principal cause of growth to betterment. In merely material things we may well seek to be content, but in moral or mental matters discontent may be a guide.

The discontent of mothers whose lives are framed into a country setting may be cured or modified by an active test of the hardships endured by those dear souls who crave ideal motherhood and are shut in by the artificial restraints of cities. If you would but use your true freedom, happy mothers in country homes, you would be less blind to your God-given advantages in rearing a family to noble aims and give the world geniuses, heroes, artists, poets and statesmen—whose memories would recall you the queens of those farm homes, with endless reverence and longing.

—Victoria Wellman.

## TWO COUSINS.

BY GRACE LONGANECKER.



WO cousins were Kathleen and Inez Wade living side by side on a beautiful country wayside, near Glendale. Strangers could scarcely distinguish the girls, unless by seeing their character or different dispositions, so near was their resemblance.

Even if Kathleen was nearly the picture of Inez she was quite a different girl,—well, I will tell you the real difference when I say Kathleen always tried to please her God, while Inez always went to extra pains to please her associates. It was her heart's desire to shine as a popular society lady.

As it was very popular to attend church and Sabbath school, Inez and Kathleen were each Sunday companions to the village church. Their pleasant companionship, however, did not long continue, for each had decided what her chosen profession would be. When Kathleen told her cousin of her intention of being a missionary Inez laughed and said, "I must choose a jollier life than that,—to be eaten by cannibals. I am going to take voice culture and sing on the stage."

"Oh, Inez, don't," said Kathleen. Go with me and we will prepare for the same work. Your musical talent was given you by God and you are expected to use it to his glory."

"Pshaw! Religious singing! You know, Kathleen, that is not what I enjoy," said Inez. But by argument Inez could not convince Kathleen, neither could Kathleen convince Inez. Although the girls always associated together and seemingly had the same environments, their ideals in life were so unlike.

The time came for Inez to take up her position on the stage. By culture and education, her God-given talent was strengthened a hundredfold and she wielded great power with her sweet contralto voice. Her fame spread rapidly and the high honors she received caused her to be vain indeed.

By this time Kathleen too, was through with her school preparation and in course of time she was sent as a missionary to China. The steamer *Snowflake*, set sail, and on board were Kathleen Wade and others from the state, on like missions. Kathleen's heart fluttered and her eyes flooded with tears, remembering her dear parents and friends, especially Inez.

It had been a rough sea most of the time during their voyage, and when even the stoutest hearts anticipated the worst, the crash came—a collision of ships in the darkness and storm. The *Snowflake* was badly damaged and began to sink. Life preservers were not enough for all, and until all the unfortunate ones were

cast into the rescue boats and taken into the sister ship, many found a watery grave. Providentially, Kathleen and her party were saved. The grateful company exchanged ships at a near port and again set sail for China. The message they sent home read as follows:

May 15. Port Knox.

Snowflake wrecked. Our party saved. We sail again for China in another ship. (Dr.) P. M. Jones.

"There is sunshine after rain;" so their continued voyage was grand indeed. The sun shone in splendor during the day and the roaring deep cast off its fury. Soon they were at their destination and were to duty. Imagine Kathleen's happiness to receive her first letter from home. In her eagerness to open the letter she tore mercilessly the beautiful memorial card one of her Glendale Sabbath school pupils had told Mrs. Wade to send her. Her sorrow kept increasing as she read the part of the letter which told of Inez.

Dear Kathleen:—I am so glad that you chose to work in the ranks for Jesus. You will never see Inez's face on this earth again. She died very suddenly one week after you left. As she was stepping from an electric car, after the performance and concert at Block Theatre, Newton, she was violently thrown, from some disturbance of the electricity, to the pavement below. She was picked up unconscious, and upon examination it was found her death resulted from a fractured skull. Indeed it is all very hard for us, considering where and how she met her death. Inez's mother is nearly frantic yet. Every time she sees me she says that if Inez had only done as you asked her to, go with you, she would be satisfied even if Inez died in the attempt. But she fears she was not working in the ranks of Jesus when the end came. "Oh, God, save Inez!" she shrieks.

Kathleen finished her tear-stained letter and went to God for consolation. "My Father knoweth best," she said at last. Why God calls strong and youthful hearts, some prepared and some not is mysterious. He knows,—

"Where the tree falleth, there it shall lie."

Hartville, Ohio.



## CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 1.

OUR family is quite small, but our garden is proportionately small, and as we are quite fond of all of the common vegetables it becomes a problem demanding no little thought as to how I shall be able to furnish all these in their season independent of the market man.

Our weakness for pumpkin pie is a national one, so we make no excuse for it, but when it comes to finding room in my limited garden space for the rank vines I sometimes almost wish that the delectable compound had never been discovered.

One summer luck or chance, call it what you will,



came to my aid and we had more squashes than we could use,—gave away two fine ones and sold two. It happened in this way. Early in the spring the ash heap was banked against the south side of the barn which bounds my garden on the north. I had planned for four squash hills that year and planted the seed as early as I thought prudent for our latitude.

Before the planted seeds had sprouted two or three squash plants appeared on the ash bank, coming from seeds thrown on the ash heap the winter before. They seemed to spend no time at all in becoming acclimated and while the plants from the planted seed down in the rich, mellow earth were struggling against the odds of cool weather and bugs, these seemingly defied the bugs to touch them and grew riotously. Considering the space and their wonderful growth I thought there was not room for all, so I pulled up all but one. This one divided, and one branch started east and the other one west.

This might have proved to be one of the famous squash stories, but the ends of both branches got broken off and so I'll have to cut my story short too. One branch bore one fine large squash and the other bore two equally as large.

Another experience new to me in the line of squash growing occurred that same season. The squash seeds I had planted were of a small variety,—yellow, about ten or twelve inches long and three or four in diameter,—and were usually borne in pairs. On one of the vines I one day noticed two small squashes growing along very evenly. They continued in this way till they were fully half-grown, then one seemed to be gaining a little. For awhile I thought it was simply getting a little more nourishment from the vine till one day a closer examination revealed the fact that the smaller one was withering. Yes, here and there were little wrinkles which by and by developed into deep creases. Meanwhile the other squash was gorging itself with its companion's lifeblood and growing out of all semblance to its kind. When taken from the vine in the fall it was more than twice as large as any of the others of that variety. It was one of the two that we gave away and I have been sorry since that I did not obtain some of the seeds and see whether its offspring would show any effects of the parent's thievish nature.



#### SELECTED HOT WEATHER HINTS.

Don't use any meats that can be done without, during the hot months, unless it be home-grown poultry and firm-fleshed fish. Any left over should be used in chilled salads, and nothing should be eaten cold, or without reheating, but not necessarily re-cooking. Plan to have as few left-overs as possible, as foods spoil so soon when the weather is hot. If soups are used, let them be thin. Let pie, cake and rich puddings

give way to fresh, ripe fruits, ices and delicate jellies.

Fresh tomatoes are anti-bilious, and thus wholesome and healthful, being used to advantage in many cases of fever. Fresh tomatoes, gathered from the vines before the sun is on them, are excellent for dyspeptics. They should be eaten without seasoning, except maybe a little salt. Lettuce and spinach are excellent summer foods, easily prepared. Many things may be prepared while the breakfast fire lasts, and thus avoid so much heat in the middle or after part of the day.

A good substitute for cream for coffee or fruits may be prepared in this way: Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff, add a tablespoonful of sugar and one of corn starch, beating well. Then add gradually a cupful of milk beating steadily until the milk is all used. Heat another cupful of milk with a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut in it, and when at the boiling point, set on back of stove and pour in the egg mixture beating until smooth, or until the milk thickens to the consistency of cream. Strain through a fine sieve and let cool.

### Read this to the Little Ones

#### WHAT A MUD-TORTOISE SAID.

THERE has been great rejoicing in the house where I belong to-day. A little boy lives in the house, and he says that he owns me, though why he does I don't know, unless because he found me one day when I had crawled out from under the sidewalk. I was just going to make myself comfortable in the sunshine when a lot of boys came along. One of them spied me, and pounced on me right away. He tried to hold me down to the ground so that I could not crawl away, and he put his knee on my shell, and pressed so hard that I expected every minute to hear my shell crack.

But another boy knew better how to manage me than the first boy did. He took hold of my shell, and picked me right up, and carried me along. The first boy claimed me because he saw me first, and the second boy bought me of him for a top and a knife with a broken blade. Then this second boy carried me home and put me in the backyard.

That is where I have been living ever since. He did not think so, though. One day he could not find me and he cried because he thought I had run away. But I had not. I had only made a little place in the ground in the corner of the yard, and settled myself to sleep through the winter as my folks always do. I heard the little boy when he began to cry because he had lost me, and I had a great mind to come out and tell him I was not lost; but I was too sleepy to stir, and I did not make my appearance again until to-day.

The little boy was greatly surprised when I appeared, and almost all the family have been out to see me. I feel quite proud because they were so glad to see me.

Almost all who have been to see me to-day have said, "What a nice mud turtle he is!" But I am not a turtle; I am a tortoise. If I had been a turtle, I should not have gone to sleep over winter, but I should have been off at sea along with the other true turtles.

If I were a turtle, I could not draw my head and feet inside my shell as I can now, and as true tortoises do. Not all of us can draw our feet and head in so far as to shut our upper and lower shells together though, the way the Box Tortoise does. He is

perfectly protected by his shell. But most persons do not care to remember the difference between a turtle and a tortoise, and I expect that some folks will go on calling me a mud turtle as long as they live.

Why, I heard once of a very learned friend of ours, a man named Agassiz, who had a whole garden full of turtles and tortoises near the city of Boston, and he used to walk among these animals every day, and feed them, and study their likes and dislikes, and write about them. I should like to have been one of those tortoises, for I am sure I should have been treated well by such an owner. I have always noticed that the wiser a person is, the kinder he is towards animals.—*Land and Water Friends.*

## The Rural Sanctum

### OUR HOME.

ROBT. E. ERICSEN.

Let others seek a home among the royal, proud and great,  
Give me a home upon the plains of our old Prairie State.  
From Gallitin to Henderson, from Randolph up to Cook,  
From Cass to Kane and back again to Hardin you may look.

Pass from the Douglas broom corn fields to old Cahokia's mound—

To Massac down from Stephenson no fairer land is found.

The apple grows in Jefferson, in Morgan corn is king,  
While Madison and "Little Bond" of dairy products sing.

Here's health, here's wealth, here's church and school for  
solace and for joy.

No other land could be more grand than our State—Illinois.

Illinois.



### THE WORKS AND RELICS OF AN EXTINCT RACE.—Part II.

H. W. STRICKLER.



ILES of stones called "Indian graves" were numerous in many places in Fayette county, generally near the site of Indian villages. They were generally on stony ridges, often twenty or thirty of them in a row. In many of them have been found human bones, indicating a stature of from six to seven feet. They also contained arrowheads, spear points and hatchets of stone and flint, nicely and regularly shaped, but how is the wonder.

"On a commanding eminence, overlooking the Youghiogheny river, upon the land now (1869) owned by A. M. Hill, formerly William Dickerson, there are great numbers of these Indian graves, underneath of

which are large stones. Mr. John Cottom, a few years ago, found a very curious chain consisting of a central ring and fine chains of about two feet in length each branching off from it, having clasps at the ends somewhat after the manner of handcuffs, large enough to enclose a man's neck, indicating its use to confine persons and perhaps fasten them to the burning stake. The writer has seen this chain and was quite familiar with the location and graveyard from which it was taken. Its site was immediately across the river where we could look upon it from the fields in which I often tossed hay and hoed corn. The chains were of an antique character, but well made and seemed to have gone through fire."

Of all the prehistoric works noticed in the above account, by Mr. Veech, none was so widely known as the first one he mentions, "Redstone Old Fort." In the early years it was frequently visited and examined by antiquarians about which many descriptions were written. One of these accounts is found on page eighty-four of "American Antiquities" by Josiah Priest, in 1834, being taken from an earlier account in the travels of Thomas Asher, who claims to have visited the old fort and made excavations there in the year 1806. The account is as follows:

"The neighborhood of Brownsville, or Redstone, in Pennsylvania, abounds with monuments of antiquity. A fortified camp of a very complete and curious kind, on the ramparts of which is timber five feet in diameter, stands near the town of Brownsville. This camp contains thirteen acres enclosed in a circle, the elevation of which is seven feet above the adjoining grounds. This was a herculean work. Within the circle a pentagon is accurately described, having its sides four feet high, and its angles uniformly three feet from the outside of the circle, thus leaving an



unbroken communication all around. (A pentagon is a figure having five sides.) Each side of the pentagon has a postern or small gateway opening into a passage between it and the circle, but the circle itself has only one gateway. Exactly in the center stands a mound thirty feet high, supposed to have been the place of "lookout." At a small distance from this place was found a stone measuring eight by five feet on which was accurately engraved a representation of the whole work, with the mound in the center, whereon was the likeness of a human head which signified that the chief who presided there lay buried beneath it.

The engraving on this stone is an evidence of the knowledge of stone-cutting, as it was executed with a considerable degree of accuracy. On comparing this description of this circular monument with the description of works of a similar character found in Denmark and Sweden, and Ireland, the conclusion must be that at some era of time the authors of this kind of monumental work, in either of these countries, have been the same. The facts remain unquestioned that the first white explorers found here, within the limits of Brownsville, and occupying an elevated site which commands the Monongahela river, above and below, an enclosure of several acres, surrounded by an earthen embankment, dating even to the most ancient traditions of the Indians. This mysterious work they christened "Redstone Old Fort." But the hand of time has almost entirely obliterated it. So it is with other mounds that have been mentioned and existed in other parts of Fayette county. By continued process of agriculture for generations, and by various other means, they have become so far leveled that in many cases not a trace remains and in others their outline is barely discernible of works which a century ago stood out bold and clearly defined."

With regard to these ancient works and relics many theories have been advanced. DeWitte Clinton, in an address delivered before the Historical Society, in 1811, in alluding to the various improbable theories, which ascribed the building of these works to Europeans, said: "An American writer of no inconsiderable repute, pronounced, some years ago, that the two forts at the confluence of the Muskegon and Ohio rivers, one covering forty and the other twenty acres, were erected by Fernando Desoto, who landed with one thousand men in Florida in 1539, and penetrated a considerable distance into the interior of the country. . . Lewis Dennie, a Frenchman, aged about seventy, said, that according to the traditions of the ancient Indians, these forts were erected by an army of Spaniards, who were the first Europeans ever seen by them. The French next, then the Dutch, and finally the Englishman."

After giving several reasons why this account was to be considered unworthy of belief, Mr. Clinton con-

tinued: "It is equally clear that they were not the work of the Indians, until the Lenecas, who are renowned for their national vanities, noticed with what interest the Americans investigated these erections, and invented these fallacious accounts of which I have spoken. The Indians of the present day do not pretend to know anything of the origin of these works. They were beyond the reach of all their traditions and were lost in the abyss of an unexplored antiquity. Some have advanced the opinion that they were erected by the descendants of the lost tribes of Isreal. Whatever may be said of these latter theories, the idea of their construction by the French or Spanish seems wholly inadmissible, on account of the number and extent of the works west of the Alleghanies; again on account of their evident antiquity, many of them having, from every appearance, been erected long before the discovery of America, and finally by their form which is entirely different from any system of European fortifications ancient or modern.

However, this much is reasonably certain, that these works were reared by a people who preceded those found here by the first European visitors, but whether they were Toltecs or of Jewish origin as some have supposed, is a question which will probably never be solved. The imagination, unrestrained by facts, may roam at will in the realm of ingenious speculation, but the subject is one of pure conjecture which is not profitable to pursue in the columns of the INGLENOOK.

*Lorraine, Ill.*

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#### WOMAN'S PLEA FOR A HORSE.

G. H. CURTIS, a livery stable keeper of Lewiston, Me., purchased a mare from among a carload of Western horses. The animal had a heavy mane, and when it was groomed there was found under the mane, where it had been secured with a wire, this letter:

Meadville, Mo., Feb. 24, 1906.

Dear Sir:—To the man who buys this mare: Her name is Nina; she is a kind and splendid workhorse; I trust some one will get her that will be kind and good to her and feed her well, for she was a pet of mine. Would you be so kind, if you get this note, to drop me a few lines to let me know where she is, and how far from home she is? I am very anxious to know. Hoping to hear from you, please.

Mrs. J. D. McMillen.

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#### WAGONS GET POWER FROM TROLLEY WIRES.

AN automobile for commercial purposes—heavy hauling work—is being introduced to those interested in such matters, which takes its current from the overhead wire of a trolley railway service through the means of a pole in the same manner as the trolley cars are operated.

Unlike the car, however, it is not necessarily con-

fined to a place between the tracks, but is free to move at the will of the operator to one side of the street or the other, passing around a stalled car or other obstacle. This movement of the wagon is not dependent on keeping the pole in contact with the feed wire, but for such emergencies a reserve power contained on the wagon is drawn upon.

This wagon was primarily designed for the use of express companies working in conjunction with trolley companies. It was soon demonstrated that it had a larger field of usefulness than this and could be availed of for repair work, ambulance and mail service.

The wagon is the work of a Philadelphia engineer, and several are now being put through a course of severe experiments to determine their value. One is at work in the streets of Cleveland, Ohio, where the grades encountered are of an unusual character.

The vehicle is equipped with two motors, both operated by the same system of control. One takes the current from the overhead wire through the trolley pole. When it is necessary to leave the track and, therefore, the trolley wire, the work of propelling the wagon is taken up by the other motor, operated by storage batteries.—*The North American*.



#### TO KALON; OR THE INFLUENCE OF IDEALS.

No people, no nation, ever became great without the cultivation of great ideals. It is the lifting power of lofty truths that keeps humanity on the upgrade. The power of a single noble truth to transform a human life is illustrated every day. Every serious and successful man has a life motto; and usually, if we could have a peep into the wallet we could find there one or more inspiring quotations which represent his most introspective moods. We are apt to laugh at the man with a hobby, but this is often conducive to the happiness of the possessor, while not infrequently beneficial to humanity at large. Though not always lofty, though perhaps not infrequently vulgar, the hobby takes the place of what is recognized in the larger fields of endeavor as an ideal. In the religious world we are wisely forbidden to worship idols; but in the secular affairs of life a new command might be read:

"Make unto yourself an idol and, despite the injunctions of the decalogue, worship it." This is but a translation into prose of Emerson's poetical advice to "hitch your wagon to a star."

The influence of high ideals is nowhere so forcibly illustrated as in the history of the ancient Greeks. These people worshiped beauty; not simple beauty of form or face, but beauty of mind, beauty in nature, the sense of proportion, eternal fitness in all things. They aimed at perfection and all that is comprehended by that lofty aspiration they summed up in the word

"to kalon," which meant to them beauty in the abstract. "To kalon," therefore, was the star towards which they constantly turned their eyes. It was the central sun on which they riveted their gaze. This ideal reacted on the national character and enabled the Greeks to achieve results which have ever since proved at once the admiration and despair of the whole human race. To this ideal we owe the peerless Parthenon, that masterpiece of all the architecture of the world. To the same influence we are indebted for their matchless literature, their unrivaled sculpture, the paintings of Zeuxis and the frescoes of Phidias. After the lapse of twenty-five centuries Demosthenes still remains the model orator, Thucydides the incomparable historian, Aristophanes the prince of comic poets, and "burning Sappho" the most divine singer of lyrical music.

The great achievements in agriculture were all achieved by men with ideals. The original breeders of the shorthorn started out to produce a perfect animal. Their successors like the immortal Greeks of the age of Pericles, adhered bravely to the same exalted standard until the fine "cattle on a thousand hills" attested the value of their work for humanity. All along down the line they found imitators, specialists, in every department laboring, unwearying to achieve the "to kalon" of the imaginative ancients. Burbank in the modern floral world, would have delighted the designer of the Venus of Milo, and is worthy to have sat at the feet of the immortal artist who painted grapes so perfectly that they deceived the very birds. Many individual farmers, though not heralded by the trump of fame, have spent lives in aspirations of better things and benefited all mankind by benefiting themselves. One idea is enough if it is a good one, as it is by working it out to perfection that a unit is added to the cause of civilization. It may be a better wheat, a better corn, a better grass, or better fruit that the specialist is trying to produce, but whatever it may be it constitutes that ideal without which labor is vain. As nations are composed of individuals, the ideals of the former will necessarily be reflective of those entertained by the latter, and there can be no great nation whose citizens are mere plodders untouched by the genius of invention. The ambition to produce better fruits and flowers, better cattle and more beautiful farms by reaction tends to produce better men and women. Love of the beautiful produces beauty; striving for perfection makes perfect. When a farmer highly resolves that he shall be at the very head of the procession, content with nothing less than the best stock, the best crops, the best farm in his neighborhood, he is following the footsteps of the wonderful people that made Greece so glorious. He may not be able to hitch his wagon to a star, but he can keep the star in view and guide himself by its light.—*The American Farmer*.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

A story is told of a high school principal who reproved a boy for seeming stupidity in algebra. Although the example was an easy one, the boy failed to solve it, whereupon the professor remarked, "My boy, you ought to be able to solve that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor." The boy looked him square in the eye and replied, "Yes, sir; and at your age he was President of the United States."

### The Poor Orphan.

He's never known a mother's care,  
He's had no one to love him,  
No shelter from the stormy air,  
No Pa to push and shove him;  
No lofty, grand old family tree  
To make his heart-throbs quicken—  
Oh, pity, pity such as he,  
The incubator chicken.

—Lippincott's.

### Preparing to Get Even.

"Yes," he said, "I wish to adopt a girl."

"A little girl?"

"No, a girl old enough to have energy and perseverance and one who has had enough experience with the piano to make her think she knows how to play it. And if she thinks she can sing, why, so much the better. I tell you, I am going to get even with the people in the next flat even if I have to adopt two musical prodigies."—May Lippincott's.

New York consumes close to 3,000,000 tons of ice annually, of which the supply of the manufactured product amounts to 700,000 tons.

This nation is spending two hundred times more for drink, one hundred and twenty times more for tobacco, fifteen times more for candy, and five times more for chewing-gum than for world-wide missions.—C. W.

A little four-year-old, who had been carefully taught that God made everything, was out walking with her mother. They came upon a large wart-covered toad in the pathway. "Mamma," she asked, "did God make that toad?"

"Why, of course he did."

"Oh, then," she cried, "how he must have laughed when he got it done!"—Milford W. Foshay.

### A New Version.

Mary had a little lamb  
With which she used to play;  
She sold it to a packing house—  
'Twas potted chicken, weiner wurst,  
Veal loaf, pate de foi gras,  
Minced ham, boneless herring,  
Chipped beef, canned squab,  
Next day.

### A Good Thing.

A man took his wife to a physician. The doctor put a thermometer in the woman's mouth, and after two or three minutes, just as the doctor was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such profound silence on the part of his partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

Getting in debt wouldn't be so bad if people just would be contented to let you stay there.

### Gypsies at Home.

Hungary is the home of the gypsy, so far as he can be said to have a home. "Tsigane" he is called in his own country. There are about 150,000 of him in Magyarland. Tsiganes camp near towns, building for themselves rude huts of a single room each, in which the family huddle, eat and sleep on bare boards.

You can't tie down the Tsiganes to regular habits. He will not even eat regular meals. A sandstone pot filled with porridge or some other boiled stuff hangs over a smoldering fire, and when any one is hungry he simply grabs a spoon and helps himself. He lives on potatoes and stews and milk and lard. On festive occasions a hedgehog, a squirrel, a fox or a cat is added to the menu.

Here's a newspaper man's definition of a gentleman credited to an Exchange: "A man that's clean inside and outside; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without squealing and can win without bragging; who is considerate to women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs."

### A Sonnet Up-to-date.

"What a piece of work is a man!"—Hamlet.

Look on this man: how wonderful! Behold,  
Begirt with immortality he stands,  
Divinity in his face—and in his hands  
A light-weight measure! Eyes supremely bold  
To pierce to heaven—or to spy out gold.  
A heart for others' needs—and others' lands.  
A brain to deal in truths—and contrabands.  
Who turns out sin—and tenants—in the cold.

He is a worker for the "larger peace"

On land and sea—the larger piece and best.  
A man of worth, whose love shall never cease  
For others' good—and goods. Whose interest  
In all on earth and under heaven blue  
Is large;—'tis ten per cent, and compound too.

—Don Mark Lemon, in May Lippincott's.

"Pa, what is experience?"

"Experience, my son, is the compound extract of the result of butting in."

There was no full moon in the whole of February, 1866. According to astronomers, this will not occur again until the year 2,499,962.

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My afflicted friend, do not suffer longer from this cruel disease, Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (Consumption most frequently starts in Catarrh.)

My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head clear as a bell.

It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

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I have been using your Mediator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another. I can sing again, something I have not done for two years. —MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.



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Should realize that summer is the ideal time to cure Catarrh. It stands to reason that breathing the warm air of summer will assist the treatment, while the cold blasts of winter retard it. How important it is that every sufferer consider this matter seriously for themselves. We offer you the opportunity to try our treatment free. What more can any person ask? I always give the doubt to the patient. I don't want your money unless you are pleased with the treatment. The only way you can find out whether it will

suit you, is to try it. It don't cure everyone. Nothing will, but when eighty out of one hundred write me that the treatment is satisfactory and all I represent it to be, I still feel encouraged. Read my special trial offer and consider whether it appeals to reason.

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Hay Fever is caused by breathing the poisoned air laden with the pollen of flowers, notably that of ragweed, corn tassels and other blossoms that give off pollen dust. This is poisonous to the mucous membranes of many people. It irritates the membranes of the air passages of the head, causes them to become swollen and resembles a very bad cold in summer.

To avoid the appearance of Hay Fever each season, begin using our No. 3 treatment of Liquid Spray three or four weeks before the time for its appearance. This will harden the mucous membrane and render the poison-laden air harmless to everyone alike. If you have Hay Fever now, begin the use of the treatment at once, to reduce the inflammation and save suffering.

We are making a common sense offer to the readers of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently, and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat.

Have you any of the following symptoms: If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Mediator on trial free. See special trial offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pain across front part of head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### Our Special Offer

should convince any reasonable person that our treatments are as represented. We could not send out our Mediators on trial free as we do, if they were not. They cost us all we get for them, and in many cases more. The way we make our money is by our cured friends telling others. Surely when we leave the paying part all to the person ordering, we are doing our part.

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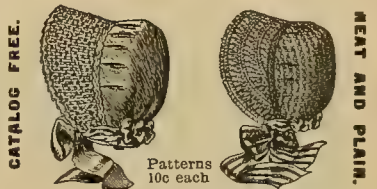
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# FROM THE HOLY LAND

THE following letter has been received from Jerusalem. Mr. B. Fata, the writer, is an Arab and has long held an agency for DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER in the Holy Land. He writes: "Jerusalem, August 9th, Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill., America. Dear Sir:—In my last shipment of BLOOD VITALIZER several bottles were broken. This is the first time such a breakage occurred. I am inclined to believe that if the medicine were not packed in such large cases there would be less chance of breaking occurring. So many dozen in a case, makes the packages too bulky. If packed in boxes of about 200 kilos, I think it would be safer, and they could be more readily handled.

"A few days ago I went to Beirut, where there was a demand for the BLOOD VITALIZER. The people there are delighted with the medicine and asked me to establish a sub-agency which I did. I left a stock of the medicine there so they can get it conveniently. I must earnestly request you to send me more reading matter in the Hebrew language as there are 60,000 Jews here who will eventually use the BLOOD VITALIZER. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that the BLOOD VITALIZER is getting well known here. My orders for medicine show what a demand there is and how they appreciate the medicine. The BLOOD VITALIZER is getting to be a household medicine in Jerusalem. In sending reading matter, send some in French also, as there is quite a number of people who are familiar with that language. Yours very sincerely, B. Fata."

It is a source of some wonder, how DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has become known and in demand in so many foreign lands, when it is remembered that it has never been advertised outside of its home country and even there in a very limited way. Mr. Fata has never mentioned how he first learned of the medicine. Can it be that some missionary on his travels imparted the information or left a bottle of the BLOOD VITALIZER with the children of the desert?

While this is being written a shipment of medicine weighing 3,960 pounds, nearly two tons, is being loaded for Baradero, Argentine Republic. Mr. Henrique Knecht, the local agent at that place, reports a steadily increasing demand. And so on, the world over. There is hardly a civilized country in the world to-day where the BLOOD VITALIZER is not to be obtained. It is a remedy which finds appreciation among people of all climes. It is not sold in drug stores, but by special agents appointed in every community. In Chicago, the place of its manufacture, over fourteen hundred agents supply the local demand. Thousands upon thousands who were sick and in distress have found it a help in time of need. There are other thousands equally needy, who have not yet tried it. Are you one of these?

## FROM SWITZERLAND.

Pueterschwiel, Switzerland, July 1st.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I feel that I have been very ungrateful in not writing to you sooner about what your **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. About a year ago I was very sick so that nobody thought I would ever get well. Since the birth of my daughter I suffered all kinds of pains, especially in my limbs, and my vitality was so far gone that I had to be handled like a little child. I was obliged to have a nurse and in order to get around the house the least little bit I had to use a cane. The doctors gave me very little hope. But one day things looked brighter. A gentleman stopped at our house and seeing my condition began to talk so encouragingly about a medicine made in America called the **Blood Vitalizer** that I decided to try it. I commenced to take it and grew gradually better day by day. Now I feel well and healthy, can eat and drink without any disagreeable feeling and my depressed spirits (I used to worry so much) are all gone, and last, but not least, I am the happy mother of a dear baby girl. The **Blood Vitalizer** has made a strong woman out of me.

I cannot do otherwise but praise your remedy. The man who recommended it to me has been thanked many times.

Yours very truly,

Mrs. Barbara Wager.

## FROM HUNGARY:

Budapest, Hungary, 7th gr. Nussbaumstrasse 16.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—The box of **Blood Vitalizer** did not arrive at this customhouse until Nov. 19, and was not delivered to me until I had made a special request to the Minister of the Interior to permit the importation of your remedy.

Now I desire to inform you in regard to the success I have already achieved with your remedy. I suffered from chronic rheumatism and catarrh of the stomach to such an extent that I was often confined to my bed for two or three days at a time; and, in fact, my family entertained fears for my life. I have taken three bottles of your remedy and feel ever so much better. Dr. Fritz Soma, of this city, can testify to the positive relief of two of his patients by the use of your remedy. Sig. Herzog, Mr. William Robitsch and Mr. Henry Reisner are in ecstasies over the extraordinary results your **Blood Vitalizer** has accomplished. Yours truly,

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The record which DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER has established for itself in bringing health to the sick and ailing is not confined to any country. The human system is very much the same wherever we go—subject to the same ailments—the same frailties. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is "the help" that can be relied upon. Thousands have so testified and will so testify as long as this remedy is in use. Full particulars regarding this old herb-remedy can be had by addressing the sole proprietors,

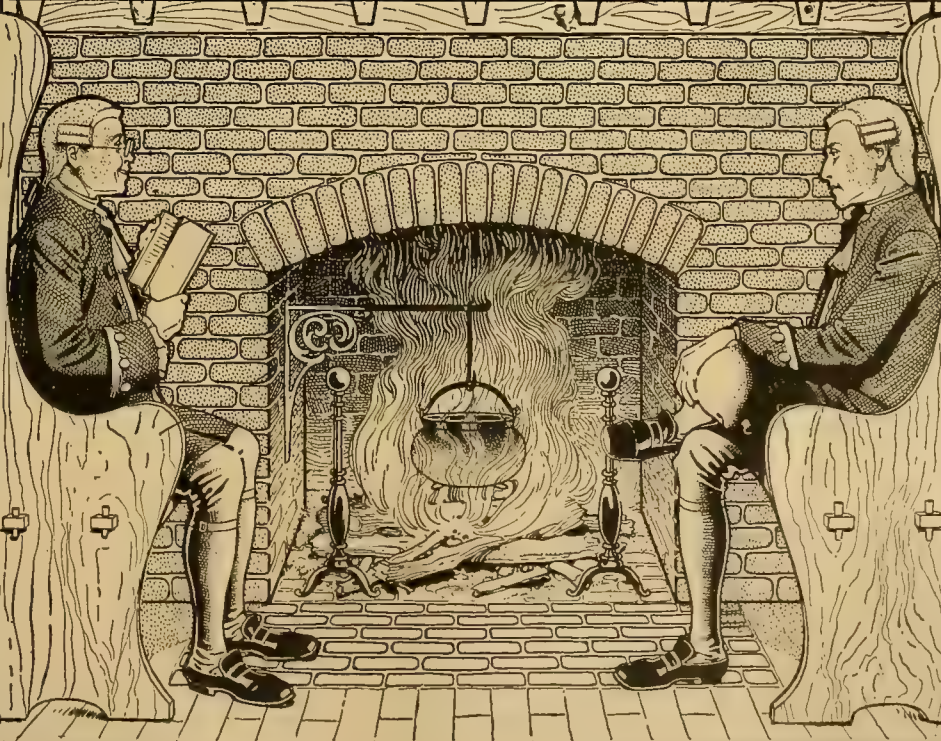
**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO., 112-118S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### SPECIAL FEATURES OF THIS ISSUE

THE BRUNNER LETTERS.—Charles Brunner.  
MARIE'S HARVEST.—Mary I. Senseman.  
LESSONS FROM SCHOOL LIFE.—Tony E. Fisher.  
SOME BIG THINGS FROM A BIG STATE.—H. M. Barwick.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

August 14, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 33. Vol. VIII



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(To Sterling Colorado.)

**South Platte Valley**

AND RETURN

**First and Third Tuesdays  
Every Month**

Proportionate rates from all points East.

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North Platte and Julesburg

Where they are hoping to erect Sugar Factories.

**WHY RAISE CORN**

in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

**YOU HAD BETTER RAISE  
SUGAR BEETS**

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FACTORIES IN THE  
SOUTH PLATTE  
VALLEY.**

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A large variety of subjects are treated, and it will be found more helpful than

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(As they appear in the book.)

#### The Obscured Light.

There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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### An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

**55 PICTURES.**

This souvenir album contains 55 pictures (among which is a double page panorama of the destroyed city and a double page panorama of the city as it has been).

At the bottom of each picture a brief description is given.

The album contains 48 pages, with a neat cover. Size, 7½x10½ inches.

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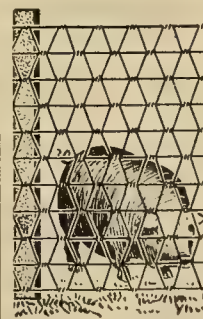
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This Tea has been used by the Drs.  
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# HOMES FOR 1,000 FAMILIES

May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
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## Oregon Short Line Railroad

### IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

Where Crops Never Fail, because Farming  
is Done by Irrigation.

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Three crops of alfalfa hay are made each season. Fine timothy and clover are also grown. Wheat, rye, oats and barley yield abundantly. Fruit growing is a very profitable industry. The climate is healthful; winters short and mild.

## BEET SUGAR FACTORIES

Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

## 20 to 40 Tons Beets Per Acre

The soil and climate in the valleys of southern Idaho is specially adapted to the growing of sugar beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons of beets to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

From May to November, 1906, to all Points in Idaho, Along the  
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General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST 14, 1906.

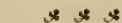
No. 33.

## "TWILIGHT."

LOTTIE A. OBERLIN.

THE whisp'ring breezes calmly blow,  
The katydids begin to pipe,  
The crickets hum their music low,  
The whip-poor-will sings o' the night;  
The ruddy glow of sunset fades,  
While silv'ry gray the sky invades.  
When zephyrs gently treetops sway,  
The wing of night is hov'ring high,  
And twilight tells the close of day,  
Awhile night's glad song draweth nigh;  
Then deeper grows the pale gray sky,  
Ere night's empress enthroned is high.  
The stars in silence softly peep,  
And wand'ring clouds in azure play,  
While crystal stars do vigil keep,  
As night's shadows fast falling lay  
Where leaves are dancing gay with glee  
And grasses wave on dark'ning lea.  
The breeze with blossoms gently plays,  
And throws their sweetness near and far,  
And fragrant grow the moon's first rays  
When softly touching earth's bos'm fair;  
The chorus loud the night air swells,  
While softly ring the evening bells.  
The trees of night are whisp'ring low,  
And zephyrs lull the flowers to sleep,  
Weird sounds of night swell loud and slow  
As twilight gray is growing deep;  
The Elysian fields are growing gray,  
While sunset beauties fade away.  
The joyful grasses zephyrs wave,  
As peaceful brooklets onward flow,  
The solemn owl above the cave  
Is watching over all below,  
The birds their music long have ceased  
With dark'ning shades of night increased.  
The twilight wanes and darkness falls,  
From smiling heavens song above;  
From mountains high the night bird calls  
And seems to tell of God's sweet love,  
While Diana jealous guard does keep  
O' the moon ere night's candles peep.

Cordova, Md.



## SNAPSHOTS.

*The man who works may be tempted by one devil,  
but the loafer is tempted by a thousand.*

*To be deceived by a man is not as bad as to distrust him.*



*Opportunities are like fish; the big ones always get away.*



*An empty title comes high, but the silly American must have it.*



*Some men look for happiness with a lantern when the sun is shining.*



*If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.*



*No idol is so small but what it will fill the heart, however large, that opens to receive it.*



*When you do a poor piece of work you cheat yourself. Put your character into the work. The price is the small part of the consideration, but the honor of your trade is everything.*



*This life is full of gladness, and mayhap it is the gateway to another; and to live well here is surely the best preparation for a life to come. God is good and we are not afraid.*



*Nothing worth doing is unimportant. Give thought to every phase of an interview which you are about to have, or a proposition you are about to make. Ponder well your words before you speak them.*



*I would never harass my employer with inopportune propositions—I would give him peace and lighten his burden. Personally I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary—my work should tell its own story.*



*Be bright and you will feel bright. Whistle and you won't whine. Cultivate your good feelings as persistently as a croaker cultivates his bad feelings and you will take a step up the mountain for every step he takes down in the swamp.*



## Marie's Harvest

Mary I. Senseman

In Two Parts. Part Two.



MARIE stiffly descended from her lofty perch and went up the walk to the door. She rapped there and was answered by a clearly enunciated call, "Come—to—the—back—door." The back door was open and the girl was invited to "come in" by a little, thin woman with brave eyes and a grim, stubborn, egotistic mouth. This woman was sitting in a wheel-chair near a table that held an orderly array of articles.

Marie was not wholly unfamiliar with her grand-aunt. She had seen her, the last time, nearly two years before during one of Mrs. Boyer's biennial visits among relatives and friends.

"To see you like this! How distressing!" Marie said feelingly, shaking hands.

"I see you're as robust as you gave promise of being. Have some spunk too, I think," was the reply, in a decisive, practical tone. "Just sit down. Sam Post is bringing in your trunk. Then the bath-room will be at your service. And after you have put on a different dress I shall want you here."

By repeated over-endings and sidewise tumblings of the trunk and inverted-U contortions of himself, Sam Post propelled Marie's luggage into the house.

"Heavy for one man?" asked the landlady.

"Ruther heavy," answered Sam.

"Jane won't need to come now to help me. My niece is here for that," Mrs. Boyer said with an air of habitual managment and dictation. "Drive the wagon into the barn and leave the sacks of bran and middlings on it. You can empty them to-morrow into the feed-loft." Then turning to Marie: "The room your trunk is in, is your bedroom. That door," pointing to one on her left, "opens into the bath-room."

Sam Post was already sonorously directing the gray team to "Giddup" and the junior "help" took her dismissal as obediently as he had.

Soon refreshed by the cleansing and by having donned a neat gingham dress, Marie was ready for the second duty in order. It was growing dark and she would have welcomed a bidding to go to bed.

"Light this lamp,—it's a gas-lamp. Now turn on the gas and light it, there, in that stove in the kitchen. Elevate that dumb waiter. Get a stew-pan from the shelf to your right, put the baked rice in it and reheat it. Set the tea-kettle to boil. Put a cloth on the end of this table. Set it with dishes you will find in that cupboard in the kitchen. Bring the cold beef, cream, fruit, bread and butter from the waiter. There is a plate of small cakes in the sideboard. The tea-pot

and the cannister are on the kitchen shelf. Make the tea, turn off the gas, and bring the rice to the table." The directions were poured out in a steady stream, fast as each one was executed. Mrs. Boyer wheeled away to the bath room lavatory, and deftly backed her chair out again as Marie was acting on her impulse to pour the tea without special direction. Aunt Hetty nodded approval.

Marie didn't feel quite so tired when the meal was over, but she was pretty drowsy. The consecutive orders set in again and she had no time for anything but to go rather stumbingly about her work.

When the remnants of food had been returned to the cellar, the dishes and pans washed and replaced in the cupboard and on the shelf, and the crumbs brushed from the floor, one task was yet to be done.

The invalid wheeled herself into her bedroom and apprised her niece verbally and actually of her rheumatism "cure." The treatment was the old lady's hobby. She liberally daubed her rheumatic joints with fresh unsalted butter, then dexterously wrapped bandages over the ointment.

"It is the only reasonable medicine for rheumatism. It in a measure restores what nature has made lacking. I want you to learn this trick of bandaging, so that if at any time I am too stiff to do it myself you can do it for me." If Marie had never acquired more familiarity with the application of the bandages than she did that night she would never have been of much use, in that line to her aunt. When she was at last free to go to her own room she let her clothes fall in a disorderly heap on the floor and as unceremoniously dropped herself into bed.

The next morning, after Marie had taken her first practical lesson in bandaging; prepared breakfast; skimmed milk, scalded churn and butter bowl; washed dishes, pans, milk crocks and cans; cleaned lamps, inspected, sorted, and rearranged food in the cellar and larder, for the day's use, made beds, swept and dusted, she was again sent to the cellar, accompanied by a dairy thermometer, a kettle of hot water, and her aunt's final instructions:

"Test the cream. If the temperature registered is at churning-point, be sure that the churn is thoroughly cooled before you put the cream in it. But if the cream is a little cold have the churn slightly warm, using that hot water for the purpose. Be sure to leave no water in the churn, but don't wipe it out. See that the lid of the churn is down tight after you put the cream in. If all is just right the butter will come in an hour."

"Churn for an hour in this cellar! I don't wonder

that Aunt Hetty has rheumatism," said Marie, when she was at last seated on a low, backless chair, her feet on the rungs.

The churn was barrel-shaped, its frame holding it in place with the staves horizontal; and the churning process was effected by means of a crank at one end, which served to revolve a dasher within. The dasher ran the full length of the eight-gallon churn and, that that particular morning, had to keep in motion half that volume of cream. It took energy to turn the crank, there was no mistake about it.

As random skill would have it the butter "came" in exactly an hour. Marie had never met with sweeter, firmer butter than the two "gathered" rolls of it that placidly lay half-submerged in their fraternal element. The girl climbed the cellar-stairs to find out what she should do next.

"Clean your hands well, take the butter-bowl from its cold bath of spring-water, and put about two-thirds of the butter into it. Work that butter with the paddle until none of it has a 'honeycomb' appearance after being pressed down tightly against the butter-bowl. Put that butter into a gallon crock. Take the rest from the churn, put this cup of salt with it, work it as you are to work the other, and make it into quarter-pound rolls by filling the butter-print you have ready. Empty the churn, putting the butter-milk into that largest crock you washed this morning. Then let the churn stand, to be washed and scalded at noon, when you'll have hot water."

Fortunately the worker had a retentive mind, and in little more than a half-hour she victoriously carried the fruits of her endeavor to the mistress for criticism. Having received an approbative, "All right" and an instigating "Just time to get dinner," she returned the butter to the dumb waiter and lowered it somewhat hastily to the cellar.

Two weeks of the but little varying round of tasks, interspersed by washings and ironings, more extensive sweepings and dustings, scouring and scrubbing, and supplemented by heavier duties consequent upon Mrs. Boyer's gradual decline. The invalid spent some entire days in bed now, and there were more painful joints to be salved and bandaged. Sometimes the churning consumed more than the allotted time. One day, when Mrs. Boyer was half stupid from pain and her niece was nervous from work and the sudden apprehension that the grim Something was near, the operation was more tedious than usual. The cream was thick, and on being tested explained itself by sending the mercury of the thermometer scurrying downward. Marie had already spent nearly two hours at the work and she was ready to cry. Flinging aside all discretion, she nervously poured a quantity of hot water into the cream and set to work again. In a few minutes the

peculiarly changed sound of the splashing contents of the churn advised the girl that there was butter.

But Marie had projected herself from the frying pan into the fire. For the butter was a white, cheesy looking mass, floating in one sheet on the buttermilk and clinging smearingly to the protruding wings of the dasher. Marie put her hand upon it. It felt light and was as yielding as cream itself; and, with greasy tenacity, some came with the removed fingers.

With a heavy, sinking feeling some place within her the girl for a moment was at a loss as to what to do. Then she slowly removed the slushy butter, by dipping and by skimming to the wooden bowl and put it all to float in the tank of spring water, whence the crumbly composition was the next morning transported by Jane Post to grateful porkers.

Having set the butter to harden, Marie went to learn the needs of her aunt.

"You must take off these bandages and put more butter on." And when the muslin strips were once more snugly wound in place, the sick woman put her hand over her heart and added, "And here. It may relieve the pain here."

Marie had no relish for the duty falling to her. She wished she could summon Sam Post and his wife, but she was unable to request it of this fearless, self-willed woman. So she seized upon a pretext to leave the room. "It is nearly dinner time now. I'll light the gas and put water to heat and then come in again."

When she went into the bedroom again the only animation her aunt displayed was to place her hand on her heart. Marie's own heart throbbed furiously, but she stayed by the bed long enough to apply the butter.

When she left the room it was with a sense of horror. She walked about in the other rooms, vainly striving to control her terror. She trembled from head to foot. Her hand and feet were clammy. She shivered in the middle of the summer's day.

A peculiar, sickening odor permeated the air. Now and then a gasp, ending in a cluck, or a low moan, sounded from the sick room.

Marie's own limbs felt stiff and she clutched her tumultuous heart. She wanted to run and scream, but she was afraid the violence might kill her outright.

She would go into her aunt. She started, —but the face, it was ashen. The girl picked up a book from the stand, and let it fall open. She looked down and read an index line, "For without Me ye can do nothing." Like a flash of light revelation streamed upon her, and she added, "With Him we can do all things." Her tense muscles gradually relaxed. She saw beneath the stern, unswerving exterior of Aunt Hetty the sweet courage of which her brave eyes were symbolic. She felt the weakness, the variableness, the unreliability of herself—alone.



With the extreme physical exhaustion of the reaction upon her, Marie sank to her knees and whispered,

"Now I lay me down to sleep.  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.  
And if I die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

The tears came then. The heart beat more slowly, and sadness replaced the horror. She—alone—had bent like a reed before the storm. "With Him," she had become a tree, ingrown, but perfect from heart throughout.

"Marie," came a clear, familiar voice.

The face was still ashen, the gasps were momentary but the eyes were gleaming with courage that sprang from its endless source.

"Without God we can do nothing, my girl." The eyes closed then, and Aunt Hetty passed to the "great beyond."

Marie thought it best to go to Sam Post's, that pro-

per arrangements for the funeral might be made. At her own threshold she met the tenant, coming for his afternoon's instructions.

Learning what had taken place, he sped away for his wife and the other neighbors.

Jane Post was soon with Marie, and, in pure sympathy, advised her to lie down while she (Jane) could heat a bite of dinner for her. Afterwards the girl slept soundly.

"Kind o' nice to see you at home again, Marie," said Herbert, with his usual reserved demonstration.

"It's nicer to be here," answered Marie. "It was the strangest two weeks I ever spent; the most trying ones, too. But at the very last I learned"—her voice became subdued and strangely sweet and strong, "I learned that one can not depend on one's own courage and ability; and I found out how we can be brave when we are afraid."

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*

## The Brunner Letters

### Number II.



UT now I am going to tell you a few things about my trip to China. This will be a more pleasing subject, both for you to hear and for me to relate. I had a pleasant time—you understand, of course, that does not mean a boisterous time. I was very busy at the office and it was only by the rarest chance that I got to leave approved. My traveling companion was Mr. D. LeRoy Topping, whom some of you will soon have an opportunity to see, as he has planned a trip home. I was very anxious to accompany him to Hong Kong, the first stage of his journey, as he has been a traveler in almost every quarter and is such a man as one can profit by being with.

We left Manila shortly past noon on Christmas day, on the *S. S. China*, one of the boats on the regular run between San Francisco and Asiatic ports. They said the weather was very fine, but the sea was rough enough to tumble even a large boat around some. I felt fine until after we ate our Christmas dinner, which was a very elaborate affair, and then all the glory of the trip departed from me. I did not resume my wonted way until we reached Hong Kong. On arriving one of my first experiences was a pinch of cold, not the winter cold of home, for you will find that Hong Kong is not farther north than is the northern part of Cuba. But most people from temperate climes become very tender in this respect after a few years' residence in the tropics and I found I was no exception. I expected to find it colder in Hong Kong than in Manila, and I took along some heavy clothing; but these were not sufficient to meet the difference in the tempera-

ture. The medium weight overcoat which I left in my trunk in Manila would have made me very comfortable. But I was determined not to let this interfere with my getting around.

My friend had about ten days until the sailing of his boat, and we decided to put this time in seeing things. There are two points of special interest near Hong Kong and we decided to see these. The first is Canton, about eighty miles distant and is reached by a boat ride of about ten hours up the Pearl or Canton river. As we went up by a night boat we can say little of what may be seen, but there are many points of historical interest along the route made so by early China-European dealings.

We arrived at Canton about seven o'clock in the morning and anchored out in the river. One of the first things to remind us that we were not in the United States or the Philippine Islands, was some Chinese women, who came aboard with a view of getting passengers for their boats. On signifying our intention to go with two of them, they went to our room, took our baggage and placed it aboard the sampan, as these boats are called. These women, who appeared to be mother and daughter, were in charge of the boat and were going to take us ashore. One does not feel that it is right to have women do such things, but what can be done in China? They were just two out of the millions of the poorer class who have to do the most servile things. Looking about us we saw thousands of Chinese house-boats packed together in rows along the shore. It is said the regular tenants of these are not allowed to go ashore in Canton. We began to worm our way in and out among the craft moving around, with our women as rowers and pilots. The

air was damp and chilly and I sat shivering as I watched them warm up to their task, and thought of what relief I would have experienced in wielding a paddle myself. But I guess they would have thought me unsound if I had made any serious effort to help them. Notwithstanding the chill of the morning air, their feet were bare and their legs stockingless; the regular pantaloons which they were wearing came about half way below the knee. They were dressed rather thin and their clothes were loose, allowing them to move around with the greatest freedom. I saw other women and children who had so many old clothes on that it made them appear of the same dimensions

The former, while they do have to work are, in a sense, independent and do not have to look to those around them for what they need, but the bound are little better off than invalids in many ways, and they have to undergo untold torture to get and to keep their feet bound. The absence of marriage laws and the binding of feet are two of the curses of China. Missionary effort is being directed against them, but progress is slow.

But to come back, we were moving on. At times we seemed to be ripe for a collision, again about to be crushed between larger boats, but with much shouting and gestures our boatwomen extricated us, and,



TRAVELING IN CHINA.

no matter what direction the measurement would be taken. The women of this class in China know nothing but work from the time they are very young until they are past the possibility of it.

As I understand, a Chinese woman does not have much of a status. She has no "rights" in the man's mind. Chinese guides and others will tell you how the marriage laws affect them. They say a Chinaman is allowed to have as many wives as he can support. Who the judge is in these matters, I am not able to say, but I guess each man has as many as he wants, and if it so happens that he cannot support all of them, he hires the last one out. But with it all the saying, "It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is very inconvenient," is hardly borne out in China, for there all the poor women have the illimitable blessing of unbound feet, whereas all the rich women are bound.

after getting around into the canal between the foreign concession and Canton proper, we were soon safely landed at the hotel. At this point I had arranged to meet a friend—a Chinaman educated in America, but now engaged in industrial school work in Hong Kong. He was going to take my friend and me to visit some points of interest which we would not otherwise be able to see, but he was not at the hotel. After getting breakfast we walked around the Samien, or foreign concession, which is an island reclaimed from former flats. It is taken up entirely by foreign powers represented there. Fine large buildings have been erected and the place well laid out with broad parked avenues. This island is not fortified, but is connected with the mainland by only two bridges across the canal which could be commanded at any time by the gunboats of the foreign powers which are anchored in the river.



My Chinese friend had arrived at the hotel and was still waiting, and on our return we secured a guide to take us through the city. He in turn went across the bridge and engaged some chair-men to carry us (this being the only method of travel possible outside of walking). Guides are necessary in seeing Canton to enable travelers to appreciate what they see, to deal with shopkeepers who may not understand English, to get to the place worth seeing and then to get back again, for Canton is a labyrinth of streets which seem to have no end.

We took the usual route, first visiting some birds'-feather and ivory shops and then striking out to the five-story pagoda which stands on an eminence at the farther side of the city. From this a good view of Canton and the surrounding country may be obtained. We then returned to the hotel, got our lunch and went for an afternoon trip, visiting particularly the linen and fan shops, where we made some purchases. Canton as you know, is the home of the linen industry, Canton linen being famous the world over. Our stay was not long enough to see the industry in its beginnings, but we did see some embroiderers at work. They were men and they worked very rapidly. I would like to take all of you into those shops, provided I had plenty of money.

And now I am trying to find out what I think of the Chinese. I can only have impressions. I suppose there is no Oriental country harder for the white man to measure than that of the Chinese. No country assimilates him very thoroughly. Let him go anywhere and live he is a Chinaman, as much as a Chinaman can be out of his own country. Of course there are exceptions to this. A number of Chinamen come to our as students to study our institutions and to adopt our customs, but these after returning to their own country, have a very small influence on the manners and customs of their people. There is not much one can learn passing through the streets of Canton. But the narrow, almost sunless streets, the hum and babble of voices, the strange and mixed gazes of the people as they look at the foreign devil, the apparent division of the town into sections for the selling of certain things, with endless little shops of a kind—all these make impressions that do not easily fade, and they help one to appreciate the things they

hear from time to time of this populous land. The streets are filthy and foul smells abound nearly everywhere. The Shamier and old Canton, though separated only by a narrow canal, present the greatest contrast imaginable.

I was surprised on returning to Manila to learn that trouble was expected in China. A great many



A CHINESE WOMAN.

people asked me if things were quiet, if I was not afraid to go to Canton. We inquired of different people living in Hong Kong about the trip and, without exception, they thought it could be made safely. There were a number of people who came over from Manila on the *China* who were in Canton the same day we were there which shows at that time a constant stream of travel kept up that way. But it may have stopped already. There were no expressions of

ill-will toward us as we passed through the streets. Of course the Chinamen don't love the foreigner and a scowl or a look of indifference to your presence is common and a smile or friendly countenance is just as rare. Children now and then smile at you, but most of them shrink and run away when you smile at them. When you stop to buy, the curious passers-by will gather around and look on. The shops are nearly all open in front and from the street one can see or hear all that is going on. I believe the best way to treat this crowd is to act as though you were unconscious of their presence—that is just entirely ignore them without ill-treating them or attempting to speak to them. An arrogant person or one friendly disposed whose word or act might be misinterpreted could suddenly change these unconcerned onlookers into a mob from whom you would get little mercy. As evening comes on the chair coolies, the ones who carry you around, in their hurry to get back to the hotel and be rid of their job, push and hustle pedestrians out of their way without any regard for their rights. This is not the traveler's fault, but it certainly must help to increase the dislike of the people for us. The boycott against American goods was effective in Canton. I was told while there that the trade of an American-British tobacco concern was reduced from a thriving business of good proportions to almost nothing. The boycott is said to be due to our harsh treatment of Chinese students and merchants who came to our shores and to the exclusion of Chinese laborers. However it is regarded at home, certain it is that the British in Hong Kong and many Americans here think that any steps on our part to hinder or break up the boycott are unfair.

If the conditions to exploit the home country of any of the powers of Europe were as unfavorable to the Chinese as those presented by our country, I believe any attempt on the part of the Chinese to enter those countries would be promptly met by exclusion laws. But no country seems to draw like the United States. We have had to declare ourselves and we are the first to suffer retaliation in trade relations. I think our immigration laws could have been and should be administered so as not to offend the Chinese students, merchants and travelers, but I think the exclusion of Chinese labor should be continued if we wish to maintain our present customs and institutions and our high standard of living. If we can't have their trade without having them, let their trade go.

With love to all,

CHARLES C. BRUNNER.

(To be Continued.)



THE diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.  
—Samuel Johnson.

## LESSONS FROM SCHOOL LIFE.

TONY E. FISHER.

JAMES GRAY was a country boy. While still young he had given his heart to his Master and had always tried to let his light shine to the world, although he made no great display of his religion. While yet a mere boy he finished the common school work and started in the township high school in his home village. Here the term was only six months and only three years' work was given, then those who wished to finish their high school work were transferred to the high school of a nearby city. James went the three years to the village school, making a reputation for hard work and thorough scholarship, then entered the city school.

Only those who have had a like experience can sympathize with this boy, entering a large school an entire stranger,—lonely among hundreds. These pupils all had their home ties and chosen friends and did not even give a welcome to the "stranger in their midst." Being of a shy disposition, James formed but few friends but he was careful that these few should be among what he considered the best. Slowly and surely he made acquaintances; one by one he made friends until by the end of the year he knew the whole class and many in other classes.

He had been in school but a few days until the principal told him that on account of the short terms of his first three years, it would be impossible for him to graduate that year but it would require about half of the next year. Here was something James had not counted on. What should he do? He did not know whether he could come another year. It would be another year spent for a little schooling the time for which he thought could be better employed. The president of a small college had told him that he could graduate at the college in one year but he had chosen the high school on account of less expense and being nearer his home. For two or three days James was badly discouraged. Should he quit the high school and go to college; should he continue where he was; or should he give up the struggle, were the three things he now had before him. At last he laid his troubles before the principal; who, after a moment's silence asked, "What do you intend to do after you graduate?"

"I thought I would teach school," said James.

"Well," answered the professor with a touch of satisfaction in his voice, "the thing for you to do is to prepare yourself and get license and teach next winter and then come in and finish in the spring after your school is out. Two or three are doing that this year and you can do it just as well as they. Don't you think you could?"

After a little more talk on the subject, James prom-



ised to think it over and as a result we find him as teacher in a small country school the next winter working as much as he could upon his high school studies. At last the six months' term is over. James' school is out and he returns to the high school to find himself six weeks behind his classes and that his graduating essay must be prepared within a month. He buckles down to his stupendous task with a determination to succeed.

But this time he was given a hearty welcome. He had pushed ahead and accomplished something and was now honored for it instead of being ignored as before. Many now sought his friendship that before had passed him by with only a word. Among the latter was Jennie Harmon the daughter of the superintendent of one of the railroads, a member of one of the fashionable churches, and of one of the most exclusive sets in school. She was also a member of the Virgil class in Latin, in which James was the only boy. Now Latin was the hardest of all of James' studies and he especially dreaded making up the back work in that branch.

One day at noon he was talking to Jennie about his work and especially the dreaded Latin. "Well," said Jennie, "I am not so especially good in Latin, but I can get it and if I can be of any help to you, come to me and I will do what I can for you."

"I thank you ever so much for your kind offer and will be glad to make use of help," said James. "Beyond doubt you can do more with Latin than I can but I will aid you in turn, as much as I can."

This was the beginning of a close friendship and many were the noon hours spent working together. At last James had made up his back work in his other branches and went to his Latin and slow work indeed he found it. One evening after school he met Jennie at the public library and of course they got to talking about their work and he asked her if she would help him if he would come to her home that evening.

"It would be all right," said Jennie, looking him full in the face with kindness beaming from her eyes, "and I would help you, but a couple of neighbor girls are coming over to-night to play cards and I know you don't approve of that and would feel out of place there; but any other time will do."

It would be hard to describe the feelings of James. The first idea that flashed through his mind was, "God bless the girl for her kind thoughtfulness," followed by, "but how does she know anything about my church or beliefs?" "Well," said he at length, when he could restrain his emotions, "the time does not matter so much with me, to-morrow evening would do as well as to-night."

"That suits me all right," said Jennie, "at what time will you come?" So the next evening was spent hard at work in the palatial Harmon home.

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Months have come and passed. Commencement is over and the graduates have parted, never to meet again. Some are in distant states; some are in the higher institutions of learning; James and a few others are teaching while some, including Jennie, may be found at their old homes. James often thinks of his old schooldays and the one who was so kind to him there, and realizing that he has never shown his gratitude for her kindness he writes her the following letter:

Friend Jennie:—Beyond doubt you will be surprised to hear from me at this time, but I cannot forget the good old high-school days and the friends I made while there. Neither can I forget the kind aid and encouragement you gave me when my way looked dark. It is to thank you that I write this and to let you know that you are remembered for your kind deeds. You can never know how your words, "Come to me when you need help and I will do what I can for you," thrilled through my soul and filled me with new life and ambition when discouragement was beginning to loom up before me. It may seem a little thing, but measured by its influence it was not little but served a great and noble purpose. Thanking you again for your kindness and consideration toward a Christian boy, I remain, as ever, your friend,

James Gray.

In a few weeks he received the following reply:

Friend James:—Your letter certainly was a pleasant surprise to me and should have been answered sooner, but I have been so busy with church and Christmas work that really I could find no opportunity. O James, I am so glad if ever I was of any help to you. What I did seems so small to me now, but as you said it is often the little things that do good and are remembered. Indeed it seems as if I received almost if not as much help from you as I gave. How often it was, "James, do you know what this part of the Latin means?" or "How do you translate this word?" from me. I certainly did enjoy my senior Latin, but, as you know, it took a great deal of work to get all and thus escape the wrath of the unrelenting Juno (the teacher). Wishing you the best life holds in store for any one, I close! Your friend,

Jennie Harmon.

These are everyday happenings, but who can tell their influence upon two lives? May we each, like James, "let our light so shine before men that they may see our good deeds and thereby glorify our Father which is in heaven."

"How far that little candle throws its beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Mexico, Ind.

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THE wages of sin have not materially changed in some thousands of years.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

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ALL men have eyes, but few have the gift of penetration.—*Niccolo Machiavelli*.

## HELPING CUPID.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

NED BROWN and Will Stanford were lounging in the village post office, with their feet upon chairs and reading. Will was the son of the postmaster, and attended to the office the most of the time.

Suddenly Will dropped his paper, and brought his feet upon the floor with a resounding whack, exclaiming, "Whoop, hurrah!" and then again, grabbing up the paper, he added:

"Listen here, Ned, don't this beat the Jews?" and he read aloud; "A good lookin' maiden lady of thirty, would like to correspond with some respectable bachelor, or widower, matrimoniously inclined. Address Miss Roxy, Coonsville."

"Pretty good," was Ned's comment. "I hope she finds me," and then after a moment's silence he added; "I wonder who she is. I know several families at Coonsville. Aunt Mary lives there, you know—Oh! I'll just bet it's that vinegar-faced old maid that lives there just below Aunt. Thirty! I'll bet she is fifty, if she is a day,—and as ugly as a mud-fence!"

"She would make a good match for old Lige Cooper then," put in Will, "for he is sour enough looking to turn sweet milk into bonnyclabber, and as ugly as a green mud-puddle."

"I have it, let's make a match between them," almost shouted Ned!

"How?" queried Will.

"Write an answer to that add and sign Old Cooper's name to it."

"Yes, but we could not make a match between them that way, for if she would answer it, Old Cooper would just throw the letter in the fire, and that would be the end of it all."

"Oh!" laughed Ned, "we'll not let him get the letters; have them directed to Colonel Lige Cooper, and, as you attend to the mail, you can just keep the letters and we'll answer them ourselves."

"But I don't see how that will help to marry the two old birds," replied Will abruptly.

"Well, it will be some fun while it lasts, and who knows how it might turn out," retorted Ned.

That settled the question, and between them the boys penned a nice letter to Miss Roxy, and in return received one for Colonel Lige Cooper, from Miss Sally Croft. Then Ned knew his surmise was correct; it was the vinegar-faced old maid, as he called her, and the boys again got up another letter in reply to it, and lo! and behold, letters for Colonel Lige came quite frequently to the office; letters that were never handed out to the party to whom they were addressed. But the boys had great fun in reading and answering them.

For a month or more letters passed backward and forward. Then in the name of Colonel Lige Cooper,

the boys proposed marriage to Miss Croft, and she snapped the offer up.

Now the crisis had come and in their next letter the boys proposed to Miss Croft that she should come to Brownsville, to meet the Colonel, giving some reason for the request, and also telling her that if for any mishap the Colonel did not meet her at the station, she should come on out to his place, which was close to the village; and they set the day for her to come.

When the appointed day arrived, both Will and Ned were on the lookout for Miss Sally; and they were not disappointed, for when the down train at noon stopped at the station, a tall, hatchet-faced woman alighted from it and looked around for some person answering to the description the boys had given her of old Lige Cooper; and not seeing any one that would fill the bill, she made a bolt for the post office and inquired the way to Mr. Lige Cooper's.

Keeping his face straight, Will gravely directed her to Lige Cooper's place. And as the lady with a determined look on her face set out for the luckless bachelor's home, Ned cut across fields to see what Old Lige would do when the lady arrived at his house.

Old Lige Cooper was peacefully hoeing in his garden, barefooted and dressed in a tattered blue shirt, and a pair of something that at one time might have passed for trousers, but at their present stage of existence there was not much left of them but the lining and were held up by one leather suspender; a tattered old straw hat, with the brim half torn from the crown and hanging down the back of his neck, adorned his shaggy head; and the black pipe between his teeth sent forth fumes strong enough to knock a man down at a distance of ten yards.

Not handsome at the best of times, Old Lige was a perfect fright, when Miss Croft sailed into his garden, and almost threw herself on his scraggy neck, saying:

"My dear Colonel Cooper, I have come!"

But old Lige did not open his arms to receive her instead, he held on to his hoe handle and backed away from her like a shrieking ant.

"Who in the mischief are you, and what do you want here?"

"I am your own Sally, my dear Colonel, and I have come to marry you," was the lady's reply.

"Not by a jugful!" roared Old Lige, "I never said that I'd marry you," and brandishing his hoe he retreated toward the house.

But Miss Croft had good reasons to expect better treatment from Old Lige than she was receiving, and she made a frantic effort to reach his side, saying:

"You know that you asked me to come here and marry you, and now you must keep your word."

"Not if I know myself!" yelled Old Lige. "So get out of here," and he turned and made towards her with hoe uplifted.



But Miss Croft was not to be cheated out of a husband in that style, and she made a rush towards him.

Old Lige didn't wait for her to get hands on him, but dropped his hoe and took to his heels in dead earnest, yelling, "Get out of here, scat! Go, I won't marry you if I hang for it!"

Old Lige reached his house and rushed inside and banged the door shut and locked it on the fair one, who vainly sought admittance. Rebuffed there, Miss Croft gave the old man a piece of her mind, and tongue also, which had no further effect than to make Old Lige cower closer behind the door and tremble.

After exhausting all her vocabulary of hard names on the old fellow, Miss Croft took her departure, vowing she would bring a breach of promise suit against him. But she must have thought better of it when she reached home again and cooled down, for Old Lige heard nothing to that effect from her, but to this day he does not know what made that woman come there.

The two boys could not help laughing every time they would meet Old Lige; and as their first attempt to marry him was a failure, they concluded to leave him in single blessedness.

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



#### THE PEOPLE'S EXPECTATION OF A RETURNED COLLEGE STUDENT.

JAMES H. MORRIS.

THE world has a right to expect more of one who has had the advantage of work in one of our good colleges, but some people put their estimate so high that the brightest cannot reach it and how are we common people to come up to it? When a man will come up to you and ask (in earnest too) if you know it all, after you have been two or three years in college, it shows very plainly what he thinks you ought to have learned.

Another, perhaps, will ask if you are through and you answer, "No, I expect to return," then he will say something about like this: "You expect to learn all there is to know before you quit, do you?"

They must get this idea from some of those people who after having pursued one or two courses in some college, say that they have learned all that that college offers. Most colleges have at least four professors who have fitted themselves for that particular place and are almost always master of that special line, hence for a young man to say he knows all that college can furnish him stimulus for, means that he knows all that these men can teach him, which is all that they know, or in other words all that these *four* men know. If he knows as much as these four, wouldn't it be wisdom on the part of the trustees to hire him and

let the four professors go out and try their fortunes in the college world?

Perhaps, he had better have said that that college offers a course in science, in mathematics or in theology and he has dabbled a little bit in science, in philosophy, in theology, in medicine or something of the sort and is now ready to hang out his shingle as a graduate in his line and ready to experiment on his fellow-beings or on some lower animal.

With all the expectations of our parents and associates there are many things which we should not disappoint them in. When we can't satisfy them in knowing everything, we can ease our consciences by thinking that it is taught that no man can know everything but when we can not teach a Sunday-school class or a day school better for having been at college we are not shining very brightly as college representatives.

While we were in college, we may have been studying away up there in the "Foundations of Latin," the "Beginning of Philosophy," or some other equally important and advanced subject, and when we get back home we are too highly educated to teach in that country school or even to notice that less fortunate brother. In chemistry conversation we think it nicer to tell the brother to bring a bucket of  $H^2O$ , than to obey mother's familiar command to fetch a bucket of water for dinner, or to try to prove to that farmer father that there is nothing real, but what he sees is only imaginary because that is a very hard doctrine for father to believe when he gathers himself up after having been kicked over by an imaginary plow when it struck an imaginary rock. If the college boy or girl comes home with such things do you wonder that father and mother form an aversion for colleges?

You may come home with as many stories as you please of your "most excellent times playing golf," or how you love "ping-pong," but those people are expecting different things of you. The thing for us to do is to show that we are better wood-choppers, garden-makers, corn-plowers, dish-washers, Sunday-school workers, and mission workers for having been at college. Not only that, but let us show to the world that we are greater workers for Christ and that we are better able to meet and overcome the tempter.

*Hopewell, Pa.*



MARTYRS to the cause of vanity are heard from every now and then. A St. Louis girl dropped dead recently because of a long-continued diet of pickles and vinegar in the hope that she might reduce her weight. A post-mortem examination showed that the inner walls of her stomach were almost eaten away.



Two thousand vessels of all descriptions disappear every year.

## THE AIM OF LIFE.

W. H. ENGLER.

WE should begin life with an aim; and our aim should be very high. We should form an ideal character, and endeavor to realize that. If we do not reach our aim, we should go farther, be better, and accomplish more good than as though we began and continued life without a purpose, or only made a low aim. We should aspire to the attainment of all the virtues and graces that serve to make up a true life—a real Christian character, and then with a steady purpose begin, and with a persevering spirit follow up the discipline of self-denial, forbearance, and the noble revenge that overcomes evil with good—that will alone enable us to secure those attainments.

These are the treasures in heaven—or more properly speaking, the heavenly treasures which we should lay up. With them gold and silver is not to be compared. Why is a hundred dollars of more value to us, than a dollar? Because we can purchase more comforts with it. For the same reason, the heavenly treasures are of more value to us than all earthly possessions, because they will secure to us all comforts under all circumstances.

This then should be the aim of our life. Like one traveling in the woods, or on the desert who fixes his eye on some distant object and makes straight his course towards it, so we should steadily fix the eye of the mind on the lofty eminence of those attainments and press forward, neither turning to the right hand, nor to the left, but being careful that every step be a straightforward one, upright and regular, advancing us nearer the goal to which we should attain. Then, if we begin our journey in the twilight, we should not walk in darkness. Having set our faces towards the east, and the day star, we shall find as we advance that we gain more light, the sunshine will glow brighter and clearer around us. We may reach and enjoy the meridian of its beauty, and sit down to rest, far up on the hill of glory. Some travel backwards. The eye of their mental vision is not clear, but diseased. They make the wrong estimates of character, and have no idea of true greatness. Morally speaking, they live without a purpose. They walk in darkness and spend their days in folly. "The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

Waynesboro, Pa.



THE tail of the Borelli comet is estimated to be 3,000,000 miles long.

## URBS UTOPIÆ.

"What makes the city great and strong?  
Not architecture's graceful strength,  
Not factories' extended length,  
But men who see the civic wrong  
And give their lives to make it right  
And turn its darkness into light.

"What makes a city full of power?  
Not wealth's display or titled fame,  
Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,  
But women rich in virtue's dower,  
Whose homes, though humble, still are great  
Because of service to the state.

"What makes a city men can love?  
Not things that charm the outward sense,  
Not gross display of opulence,  
But right that wrong cannot remove,  
And truth that faces civic fraud  
And smites it in the name of God.

"This is a city that shall stand,  
A light upon a nation's hill,  
A voice that evil can not still,  
A source of blessing to the land;  
Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,  
But Justice, Love and Brotherhood."



## A NATION OF CHILDREN.

IN conversation with Secretary Taft, before my last visit to the Philippines, says Willard French in the August *Lippincott's*, he combined the people in the only quality where they stand on common ground when he said, "They are distinctly childish, whimsically, often unreasonably childish sometimes obstinately childish." It is the result of superficial Christianity and partial subjection, through three hundred years of Spanish dominion, upon a groundwork of Oriental barbarism. The native of the East, especially under the influence of Latin races, becomes secretive hiding his own opinions and apparently agreeing with any one whom he must consider a superior, a tendency which has caused many misconceptions in Anglo-Saxon minds. We began by considering every Filipino a treacherous enemy, and continue treating them so to this day. By instinct and interest a large class of Americans are opposed to every effort establishing and defending the rights of the natives, and are eager to create and indorse conceptions of their unworthiness; while the Filipino has also had opportunities, and may have profited by them, to form opinions of Americans from the drunken, truculent loafers who infest the coast-towns, living on the labor of native women; or they may have gauged our standards of honesty by the humiliating list of official and unofficial defaulters among Americans on the islands, and the times they have been cheated by our countrymen.



### CHRIST THE PERFECT TEACHER.

JESUS CHRIST achieved great fame not only as a preacher but also as a teacher. The fame of him went about through the city where he was and the region round about. Miracles had been performed before Jesus Christ was born into the world. Parables, graphic and beautiful had been spoken by Old Testament prophets, sermons had been delivered to the people from time immemorial, from wooden pulpit and rocky platform and in temples of the wilderness but in the unity of these things Jesus Christ stood alone, King of kings, Lord of lords, the Preacher of preachers, the Teacher of all teachers, solitary unapproachable so that indeed even the Pharisees marveled and said: "We know that thou art a teacher come from God." People who heard him were astonished over his teachings and those who had known him from childhood and remembered him as the carpenter's son of Nazareth were perplexed about the wisdom and magnitude of his teachings. No man ever spoke like Christ or taught like Christ. He took our own words and molded the wisdom and purity of heaven and of a godly life into the language of men, so that all his hearers could easily and readily understand him. When Christ opened his mouth to teach he uttered words which would fill creation, which would be a Gospel set in every language ever spoken by mankind and easily set in every language. There are tongues into which you cannot drive Milton. Shakespeare must in many of his utterances be a stranger forever to those who have but one tongue. But the teachings of Jesus Christ go everywhere and fall into all languages with infinite ease.

The great question must always be: Whence hath he this? And the answer must be: God begotten, heaven-born. If the religious teaching can be traced back to a school, a human teacher, a system or a custom, it is shallow and barren. It must come from eternity, from the invisible God, being at once so simple as to excite the interest and curiosity of little children and so profound as to teach the wise. The first thing therefore the religious teacher has to do is to renounce himself. He must not limit himself to his own little power of invention and expression; he must not dig wells in the sand of his own cleverness or they who drink thereof will thirst again. The Sunday-school teacher like Christ the perfect teacher must be God begotten, heaven-born, so that he can teach with authority: with all the momentum of an eternal and infinite impulse. How can a finite creature give such an impulse? He cannot; this is the gift of God and always goes along with the word of God. Let the words of Christ dwell in you richly. Search the Scriptures, teach the teachings of Christ and let the scholars come to hear God's word and they will assuredly receive it.

Christ's supreme qualification as a teacher was that he, himself was the word made flesh, was both the text and the sermon, the doctrine and its exemplification. That must be the qualification of the Sunday-school teacher: in such a degree as is possible to them they must be incarnations of every spirit and perfection of God. They will not, of course succeed in this, but they will press towards the mark for the prize of their high calling of God in Jesus Christ.—I am not aware that any promise is given to genius or learning, in the matter of divine truth, but exceeding great and precious promises are given to modesty, humility, trust, childlike love, transparent, ingenuous simplicity. You will find at the basis of Christ's success as a teacher, what must be the basis of every teaching that is divine, true and beneficent—solid character. In the long run character goes for the most. Tongues cease, prophecy fails, eloquence is dumb but character, charity, love, abideth forever. A Sunday-school teacher must possess in the highest degree solid indestructible character. But there will be imperfections? Certainly. Mistakes, failures in judgment, sometimes actions that seem to mock the very first suggestions of common sense? Truly. These things do not touch character. You may fall a thousand times a day and still there may be in you that seed of the divine sonship which the devil cannot steal. When I speak of character I do not speak of what is termed outward and visible perfection, but of an inner kingdom of spirit conviction, sympathy, purpose, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

I am not sure that any man has yet made enough of Christ's intellectual resources as a teacher. I do not remember any essay upon the intellect of Christ. We, of course, believe him to have been God the Son—that is the central fact in my Christian faith. But speaking of him now as a historical character merely as a teacher of men. I feel that we have not dwelt sufficiently upon the intellectual virility, fecundity and majesty of Christ. All the parables indicate the supreme intellectual majesty of Christ. There was no end to his inventiveness. All his parables were original. To-day we have books of anecdotes, thick books, sold for ministerial use and for the use of Sunday-school teachers, anecdotes imagined by other men. If I told you twenty anecdotes, I should have borrowed them from various sources. Christ made his anecdotes, invented his parables, elaborated, out of an inexhaustible genius, all the beauteous pictures which he hung up before the eye and the fancy of his hearers. Gather them all together into one gallery, mark their contrasts, their varieties, hardly any two alike—why? He who made the flowers made those paradisaical plants: they bear the same signature, they have about them the same mystery—alike, dissimilar, identical, separate—all the wisest contrasts possible to the imagination. The par-

able of the sower and the parable of Dives and Lazarus came out of the same mind. The parable of the good Samaritan and the parables by which the kingdom of heaven is illustrated in twenty different shining lights, all came out of the same mind; and that mind had never been at school, that mind was an untrained peasant's mind, that mind never knew letters in the rabbinical and scholastic sense of the term and yet it grew those flowers like a garden tilled by an invisible hand of which God was the husbandman.

But the instantaneousness of his teachings was remarkable as its inventiveness, Christ had no time to prepare some of his sublimest teachings. How long would it take me to make the parable of the good Samaritan? Would you begrudge me three days, if I asked that time in which to make the parable? I believe you would willingly grant me that space for preparation. How long did Christ take? An immeasurable moment. The tempting lawyer said: "Who is my neighbor?" And he answering said:—Then came that beautiful utterance not a three days' thinking, not a week's preparation, but an answer out of the abundance of the heart.

And then again look at Christ's knowledge of human nature. He knew what was in man. He understood human nature perfectly. He knew his scholars. He knew his material. A great musician says "I must know my organ." One of the greatest musicians said that before you can play any organ you must get out of your memory every other organ you ever touched, and must make the particular instrument to be played upon a separate and an independent study. Jesus Christ knew every string in the instrument he had to play.

This must be the secret of our power as teachers in our Sunday-school class. Not to know the nature of the children we wish to teach is to be ignorant. To know them is to speak intelligently. Know how to speak to every child of your class, to the weak, weak; to the strong, strong; to the simple, simple; so was Christ. If I want to teach a child, I must ask the child where he can begin, I must not play the great scholar with my little pupil. I must lay aside my intellectual divinity and be born in the child's place. I must make myself of no reputation and find little words for my little hearer and begin the race where his little feet can begin to run. The child looks at his lesson and thinks it is impossible that he can ever understand its true meaning. What have I to do? Sympathize with his distress, tell him that once upon a time I was quite as frightened and that little by little I got to understand them. Then I say to my hearers: Now try and see if you cannot do the same thing.

And again consider what an eye Christ had for the suggestiveness of the material world. A sparrow falling to the ground, a lily growing, a ship sailing,

the fields whitening into harvest, the sky lowering red at night, red in the morning—all things helped him to make his teaching clearer, fuller, stronger. The whole heaven and earth became to him a great gallery of illustration; every star was a teacher; every flower had in it the power of suggesting to him deeper and ever deeper truth. He also availed himself of every method. What was Jesus Christ's method of teaching? You cannot tell. The chariots of God are twenty thousand. When he saw a multitude of people, he taught them and his voice fell into a conversational tone, he was expository, communicative, illuminative; he took words and terms and phrases to pieces; he went back upon the old writings and put them into new forms. He solemnly, quietly taught the people, spoke with infinite dignity, scarcely seemed to move a finger or a feature; in the deepest sense of quiet and peace he taught the people. That was one method. Was he always the same? No! He cried. I should like to have heard the uplifting of his voice. "And Jesus stood—on the last day the great day of the feast, Jesus stood"—usually he sat to teach the people, but on that day he stood full height, expanded to the utmost of his dignity. And cried saying, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Not a tone lost, every tone alighting upon every man as if the whole of it belonged to him. So it is in this day. The thirst is here even in the souls of our Sunday-school children, let every child drink of the water of life.

Was that his only methods of teaching, conversational tone and crying? No he entreated. "Come unto me." "Behold I stand at the door and knock." These were the methods of Christ: He taught quietly as a sage, cried loudly like an evangelist, wooed, entreated, persuaded, warned—like one whose life was love, and who lived in the pain and agony of his affection.

Christ's object in teaching was not only to instruct, convince and comfort, but above all to save. When he declared the kingdom of heaven to men it was with the devout purpose to persuade his hearers to enter the kingdom of God. Our object in teaching our children in Sunday school should be the same. That and that alone should be our highest aim; to teach the little ones of a Savior's love and teach it in such a way that children may come to decision and ask: "What must I do to be saved." All other methods of teaching are of no avail. Can you do it? Will you do it? My answer is, "Yes, if like Christ, the perfect Teacher you are God-begotten, heaven-born.—*Clay City Democrat.*



WAR sows dragons' teeth and seldom gives to either party what it fought for. When it does, the spoil generally proves Dead Sea fruit.—*Andrew Carnegie.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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## A FIELD NOT OVERCROWDED.



**T**HIS is an age of readers and omnivorous reading. From the little child, who must spell out the big words, to the old gray-haired man, who must sometimes spell out the big words, too, everything is read that comes in reach for which one can find the time. The man who draws the line at *anything* in the flood of literature, supposing he is deprived of his favorite books and periodicals, is the exception. In such an extremity most people will read what they themselves have condemned as trash and poison.

However, when we are free to select, most of us use discrimination. Sad to say, the many discriminate against that which is instructive and elevating and the few draw the line at the sensational and harmful and that which belongs to the fleeting moments. The field of writers of fiction is overcrowded with those who desire only to entertain in order that they may make a name and win what the world calls success. The field occupied by those who desire to benefit the reader, who write of the things that are true, the things that are pure, the things that are lovely and of good report, has room for many more labors.

There are so many true things in the world, so many pure and lovely things that one sometimes wonders why a would-be author will sit down and grind out a plot and then strain his imagination to the utmost to create characters to carry it out, who do so with such apparent artificiality that one is reminded of a Punch and Judy performance.

It is sometimes pleaded that authors write of unreal things and in an artificial way because that is what the reading public wants most. It is true, appearances seem to point that way, but the writers are partly to blame for this state of affairs. They have found the

fiction appetite the one most easy to cater to,—considering their own efforts,—and so they have fed and developed it.

On the other hand, the reader has often found the truth put down as simply a cold, dry fact, and of course it appears distasteful and he turns from it. The writer who desires to benefit his readers, who would instruct entertainingly, must be thoroughly in love with his work. He must study to give the truth its most natural setting and avoid spreading over it the artificial glamour of fiction. He must learn to write of beautiful things beautifully, and tell of disgraceful things in a way that will make them repulsive.

Here is a big field with possibilities to fully engage the capabilities of the most prolific writer. If you wish simply to instruct, make the cold facts burn with the living truth that belongs to them. If you wish to entertain, the world of reality is full of material for such a writer. That entertainer is the most successful who is the most natural and what is more natural than the real and the true.

It is admitted that a certain amount of fiction may be harmless and even beneficial, if taken in small doses, but as already intimated, the field occupied by such writers might experience a mighty exodus and the world be the better for it.



## THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.

\* RECENT scientific investigations concerning the earthquake at San Francisco were made the subject of an interesting lecture by Dr. J. C. Branner, vice-president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. We glean the following from his address, as given in the *Scientific American*.

The old theory that the earth has a fluid interior has been set aside, and it is now believed that the earth is solid throughout, excepting pockets of molten matter here and there. (It would be difficult to ignore the existence of these so long as their presence is so well attested to by the action of volcanoes.) Considering that the interior is mostly solid, it does not appear that there could be any close connection between earthquakes and volcanoes. All the geological strata of plastic origin were deposited horizontally, but they have been so squeezed together and compressed that they have been tilted and folded and even broken at the surface. This disturbance of the original position of the strata is less noticeable as one descends, until at a certain depth the pressure from above is so great that the strata cannot bend and the pressure is taken up in plasticity. This is well illustrated in the coal fields of Pennsylvania where the seams of coal are found to run more nearly horizontal the farther one

descends. Displacements are near the surface and displacements imply earthquakes.

There are two classes of disturbances—volcanic (produced by over-suppression of steam and molten materials of the interior) and tectonic, that is, produced by pressure. When a portion of the earth's surface is over-loaded it cracks and the shock resulting therefrom does not proceed in circles but in irregular curves depending on the resistant power of the rocks and the length of the crack.

Faults occur in the Coast Range between the Santa Clara valley and the Pacific Coast, which indicate a displacement or slipping of 3,000 feet, that is, the strata on one side of the fault line are of a geological depth of 3,000 feet below those on the other.

After the earthquake this crack could be traced one hundred eighty-five miles running northeast and southwest, from Point Arena on the coast northerly from San Francisco down through Tomales Bay, passing eight miles west of San Francisco thence coming ashore again, proceeding along the coast and partly going inland following nearly a straight line. The trouble came from this crack, the waves radiating out from it constituting the earthquake.

The many parallel ranges of valleys near the coast in California were all produced by displacements of nearly flat strata and when made must have caused earthquakes. The principal movement in the last earthquake was lateral, and varied from a few inches up to sixteen feet. The vertical movement was slight, generally only a few inches and nowhere more than two or three feet. This explains the absence of a tidal wave.

Lantern illustrations were given, in the course of the address, showing the effects of the earthquake. The course of the crack was indicated usually by a slightly elevated ridge of earth. When it intersected fences, they were broken, and the fence on one side of the crack was carried in some cases fourteen to sixteen feet away from that on the opposite side. Where trees lay in the path of dislocation, they had in some cases fallen because of loosening roots, in others split in two.

Buildings were affected differently, depending on locality and structure. Some were entirely destroyed while others were only slightly moved. Views were given of buildings on the line of fracture which had been partly split and the portions on opposite sides of the crack moved away from each other. In a brick building the entire upper story had been shaken down and out from under the roof, which had settled evenly upon the story below.

Dr. Branner concluded by saying that earthquakes are natural phenomena, and that if it were not for the damage caused by them he would like to see more of them in order to study them. Despite the earthquake he regards California as an ideal place of residence.

## RICH AND POOR.

IF there is one thing above all others that tries the patience and long-suffering of the Lord toward his children, it must be their extreme worldliness in drawing strict social lines between the money rich and the money poor. And of all the worldly things in the church to-day, it seems to me there is nothing more inconsistent with the profession we make and more dangerous to our spiritual life than this very thing.

Long ago the apostle James supposed a case where the brethren treated the rich with greater respect than the poor, in order to impress the truth that they who make such distinction commit sin. But if the apostle were here to-day he would not have to depend on a supposition to illustrate his text, and may God pity us that this is so.

The wise man would have us know that we really cannot place one above another on such a line. He says, "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." They start out on an equality, and any distinction that may be made afterward must depend on their merit, as God looks at such things.



## WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

More than half of her life and beauty would be lost without these sweet-faced, innocent-eyed little children.—*Rose Gardner.*



The best people often are too severe in judgment or censure,—because they judge from appearances, without thorough knowledge of existing conditions.—*D. Z. Angle.*



The twilight wanes and darkness falls  
From smiling heaven's gray above;  
From mountains high the night bird calls,  
And seems to tell of God's sweet love.

—Lottie A. Oberlin.



When you do a poor piece of work you cheat yourself.—*Snapshots.*



I think our immigration laws could have been and should be administered so as not to offend the Chinese students, merchants and travelers, but I think the exclusion of Chinese labor should be continued if we wish to maintain our present customs and institutions and our high standard of living.—*Charles Brunner.*



Blest be the hand that scooped out the hollow  
And dropped in place the encircling ring;  
Tho' unknown his name, our praises will follow,  
Whenever we think of the wayside spring.

—Robert E. Eriksen.



Having set our faces towards the east, and the day star, we shall find as we advance that we gain more light.—*W. H. Engler.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

MONDAY, of last week, the Milwaukee Avenue State bank of Chicago, situated in the northwest part of the city in the foreign quarters, was ordered closed by the State bank examiner. The bank held more than \$4,000,000, chiefly savings of the poor, and it is not expected to reopen. It is not yet known whether the depositors will lose all. The failure is said to be due to forgeries made by the president himself, Paul O. Stensland.

RECENT reports from Russia say that Emperor Nicholas is determined to settle the agrarian question according to the best judgment of his cabinet, and order the election of the new parliament on this issue. The government expects to rally not only all the landed interests but the mass of the peasantry to its side by actually giving the latter some immediate relief instead of merely holding out hopes of a more advantageous settlement in the indefinite future, which has been the stock in trade of many reformers.

CONTINUOUS rains have caused the Colorado river to overflow, flooding large areas in Texas. Southern Texas experienced a rainfall of twelve inches in one night and much property has been destroyed.

LAST week, Dr. Julian P. Thomas, representing the Aero Club of America, and Roy Knabenshue, a professional aeronaut, made one of the most successful balloon trips ever made in this country. They started from One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, New York, at eight P. M., and landed in a salt marsh near the ocean at Brant Rock, Mass., at 12:20 P. M. the next day, covering a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles. On the way they stopped at a farm house for breakfast. The greatest height reached was 12,000 feet above the earth.

At a recent session of the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Buffalo a resolution condemning Socialism was adopted unanimously. Prior to this Bishop McFaul had made a bitter attack upon Maxim Gorky as the unworthy representative of Russian liberalism. He thought that the ostracism of Gorky in this country was a sign that the Protestant church had come around to the position of the Catholics on the question of divorce. Another resolution adopted by

the federation condemns all frivolous Sunday amusements and compulsory Sunday work. The formation of Catholic working men's societies was encouraged to secure better pay and shorter hours. The resolution on divorce, which was adopted by an overwhelming majority, opposes absolute divorce in all forms, but favors limited divorce in extreme cases. The convention adjourned, to meet in Indianapolis in 1907.

It is reported at Ripon College, Wisconsin, that the Carnegie fund to pension college professors has been increased from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, in order to provide for the widows of the professors who die in the service.

ACCORDING to semi-annual reports made by the trade reviews the first six months of this year were the most prosperous of any six-month period in the nation's history. Contracts in iron and steel industries are being made freely, foot-wear factories are taking orders for next February, and the only thing that holds matters back seems to be the lack of labor everywhere.

REPORTS from Austria say that a Bohemian chemist has discovered a substitute for celluloid, much cheaper and without any of its dangerous properties. It is very elastic, entirely noninflammable, and an excellent material for working in. Articles made from it can be given a high and lasting polish. It is said to keep its color alike in sun, or water.

JULY 31 the Pennsylvania Railroad announced that it would reduce the maximum one-way fares to two and one-half cents a mile upon all passenger traffic east of Pittsburg and Erie, and that after September 1 it would sell 1,000-mile tickets at \$20 or two cents a mile, these tickets to be valid and transferrable on all lines east of Pittsburg. This action is understood to be in response to the demands for a two-cent rate made by all the political parties. Nevertheless the fight for the flat two cents goes on. In the meantime, both the Reading and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads made it known that they would meet the new Pennsylvania rates.

THE Indiana Tax Board, of which Governor Hanly is chairman, gave out its assessments of corporations,

showing large increase all along the line. Railroads alone will have to pay to the State, \$12,000,000 more than last year, and other corporations more than \$4,000,000. The property of five hundred corporations was considered.

THE latest innovation at Sing Sing prison, Ossing, N. Y., is that convicts must be able to read and write before they are assigned work in any of the shops. Some four hundred inmates cannot read or write and they are to be put in school and taught these elementaries along with simple arithmetic.

MYRIADS of locusts are devastating the section around Debreczin, Hungary, and at last accounts over 60,000 acres of crops had been destroyed. At one place twelve steam rollers were used to stop the progress of the insect army, but without success.

THE agricultural department is giving the governor of Florida assistance in mapping and deciding on a plan to drain the Everglades, the vast swamps in the southern part of the peninsula, parts of which have never been traversed by man. To drain this section would mean a great deal to Florida, but the feat will be accomplished only at much work and expense. Gov. Broward, of Florida, was elected on the promise that he would reclaim the Everglades.

A PUBLIC meeting, called at Zion City by order of the court Wednesday, to name candidates for general overseer, resulting in the choice of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, who was acting overseer and headed the revolt against Dowie. No votes were cast for Dowie.

THE packing houses of South Omaha, Nebr., have furnished white duck suits for their entire force of employes, men and women, and ordered that none shall wear anything but white while at work. The suits are to be given free, and a laundry connected with the packing houses will wash the clothing without cost. The outfit includes 7,000 suits for men and 3,000 for women. A clean suit will be given to each employe every day.

THE dead letter fund for last month was over \$2,000. Over half the money found in these incorrectly or unintelligibly addressed letters was in treasury notes.

THE fad for Belgian hares seems to have developed into a pest in Vermont. Those that got tired of the pests set them free, and it is said one farmer has lost a thousand heads of cabbage as the result.

THE civil service commission announces that the wives or sweethearts of applicants for positions as clerks in the Philippines may also be examined for positions as teachers. As a rule Uncle Sam does not favor giving more than one member of the family a job, but in the Philippines the help is needed.

LAST week, Prof. H. W. Hart, of New York, an expert on diet, died suddenly from acute indigestion, believed to have been caused by eating boiled crabs before retiring the night before. Prof. Hart was a great champion of whole wheat as an essential part of man's diet.

AT Saginaw, Mich., there is a co-operative coal mine which is owned and controlled by the men who dig the coal. This company, says the *Technical World*, has been in operation only a few months but it has reduced the local price of coal from \$4.50 to \$3.50 a ton. "Some time after it started up," continues the article, "a strike of coal miners closed every other mine in Michigan but the co-operative mine did not take advantage of the opportunity to raise the cost of coal." The membership has increased from one hundred at first to five hundred men.

CHIEF Constructor Cuniberti, of the Italian navy, says in the new issue of Jane's Fighting Ships that Italy is building a ship, the main armament of which will be eight 13.5 inch guns, each firing a 1250-pound shot, and arranged so as to be fired singly or in a broadside. This will vastly exceed the power of the British battleship Dreadnought, and already the British papers are talking about a ship with which to outdo the Italians.

THE Standard Oil Company has reduced the price it pays to producers for crude oil three cents a barrel in the East and two cents in the West. This was coincident with the return of Mr. Rockefeller from Europe. As there has been no great increase in production, oil men are at a loss to find a reason for the change.

THE demand for alligator leather can not be met entirely by the manufacturers of the bogus article, and the result is that 280,000 real alligator hides now disappear annually in the great maw of commerce. The numbers of alligators in Louisiana is thirty per cent less than twenty-five years ago.

THE oldest belfry in America is the seven-century old fir tree, eight feet thick, that forms the spire of St. Peter's church, Tacoma, which is used for the bell of the church.





### BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit weeping—aye,  
 Let me, who have not any child to die,  
 Weep with you for the little one whose love  
 I have known nothing of.  
 The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
 Their pressure round your neck—the hands you used  
 To kiss; such arms—such hands I never knew;  
 May I not weep with you?  
 Fain would I be of service—say something  
 Between the tears that would be comforting;  
 But oh,—so sadder than yourself am I  
 Who have no child to die!

—J. Whitcomb Riley.



### WHAT FLOWERS ARE FOR.

ROSE GARDNER.

Do we appreciate the flowers? Try to picture to yourself,—I will say for only a moment—our dear old earth without a *single* one anywhere, and if you have not cared much, or at all, for them before, a rush of appreciation will surely come over you at such a dreary spectacle.

More than half of her life and beauty would be lost without these sweet-faced innocent-eyed little children, peeping out at us by the wayside, along the water's edge, in the meadows, from our window-sills and porches, everywhere in fact, even to the water that gives our lovely pond lily her home.

Who has not been carried back to childhood's happy hours, by suddenly catching the perfume of a rose, violet or lilac?

Their tender beauty appeals to all that is best in us, and makes us love and cherish them as much as if they were people that could talk to us.

They possess a sympathy that is more subtle and comforting than words and we find ourselves sending these silent messengers to our bereaved friends to take with them to the last resting place of their dear ones.

They are part of the good cheer and happiness in the gay throng of pleasure-seekers and add to the beauty of the bridal party.

In all and every gathering these little "people" called flowers, may troop in or walk singly,—to add cheer, give consolation, or coming in another guise, to relieve pain.

Where,—can you tell me,—is a flower out of place?

From the humblest kitchen window, the bare little hut, to the grandeur of the White House, or from church to prison, are the smallest, commonest of these little friends, welcomed, tended and sought after.

Some of these frail little beauties have a wonderful power all their own, to strengthen and heal us, as we will find later on. All have their messages of sympathy, cheer or relief to take to each one irrespective of clime or color, speaking alike to sinner and saint.

There are so many varieties of each separate flower too, and each its separate use. From *some* are made many of our most commonly used medicines.

See the soothing, our gaily-bedecked sister, the poppy, gives. When a sufferer is so racked on his bed of pain, our happy, gaudy, flaunting-looking little lady comes in like a "Sister of Mercy," to give herself for the relief of this afflicted one, and under the soothing influence of her opium, rest and peace are restored.

From the pretty, showy, foxglove we have one of our most powerful and useful heart stimulants—digitalis.

The deadly nightshade with its handsome trimming vine and dark red berries gives us our, belladonna.

Our very best vanilla extracts, perfumes and oils are made from the vanilla orchid, a tropical plant with a most beautiful flower.

From the practical, but very pretty green-briered smilax we have our appetizer—sarsaparilla.

And so we could go on enumerating these elegant, lively and yet withal, *timid* little people's usefulness in alleviating pain.

But some one tells us, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." There are those, who, while their little sisters are busy relieving our aches and pains, are adding to our moments of rest from care, by simply wafting us their sweet perfume, while others lend us simply the cheering presence of their beauty, which we all know to mean so much to us, when we look back for a moment to the garden walk, lined on either side with these bright little friends kept busy nodding us their welcome as we walk down, or at the kitchen window made bright and cheerful by them on a dull winter day.

From wherever they are, how their little faces seem to look up to us with bright cheer for our tired and discouraged minds, or an,— "I told you so"—for our happy and gay ones.

Could we do without them? A thousand times, *No*.

They are a part of God's great plan and looking over all of his blessings to us, these, dear, silent little messengers, seem among those most prized and cherished. They are, indeed companions we would greatly miss if we were to go down life's pathway without them to greet us.

*Toledo, Ohio.*



#### WASHING MADE EASY.

WASHING is the roughest item in my little world, so I try to make it as easy as I can. First I fill the boiler two-thirds full of water and add one-half a teacupful of salsoda, as the water is hard here, and I like the soda better than lye. Then I shave half bar of common laundry soap into the water and let it begin to boil and stir till the soap is dissolved. Then I pour it into tub, put in all white clothes, press down well under the suds and cover with something thick and heavy to keep in all steam. Next I fill the boiler again, as full as it is needed for boiling the clothes, and prepare the water the same way as at first. After this is done I go about my morning work, letting the clothes soak until my dishes are put away, the beds airing, etc., an hour or more maybe,—then I uncover the tub and get to work. You would be surprised to see how easily the clothes can be washed. The dirt just seems to drop out, and, best of all, coffee and tea stains have disappeared as if by magic. The rest of the process is the same as in any other method, as to boiling, rinsing, bluing, etc. The first steaming process is the only secret of the sweet, white clothes easily done.—*M. M., in Vick's Magazine.*



#### KITCHEN UTENSILS.

To mend granite ware, hold it over the fire and turn on a little shellac—it cooks on hard, and will last a long time.

If you have a badly burned agateware dish try putting it on the stove and filling with cold water to which a handful of wood ashes has been added. Let boil until the burned substance can be easily removed.

To clean irons that are rusty or black, soak them over night in whey, then wash well and rub with a damp cloth dipped in soda. They will look like new and will not smudge the clothes. Before putting them away they should be greased. Old fruit-can lids treated the same way will look almost as nice as new, and so will spades, hoes, cultivators, shovels, etc.—Selected.



When covering the kitchen table with oilcloth put a layer of brown wrapping paper on first. This will prevent the oilcloth from cracking and make it wear longer.

#### CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 2.

THIS year I am again endeavoring to be able to pander to the pumpkin-pie weakness. It is too early even to attempt to forecast results, but I am making an experiment that I want to tell you about. Early in the spring, when the earliest garden was being planted I placed three pumpkin seeds in a strawberry box filled with earth. When the warm days had come and the third leaf of the pumpkin plants was pushing up I took them out to the garden, made a hole big enough for the box in a rich bed of earth and then carefully removed the box from its contents.

At the same time I planted some seeds in the ground outdoors, but as they did not germinate and I was compelled to replant I will not be able to make a comparison. However, I have been observing my neighbors' vines and I find that my "experiments" are much ahead. (That fact alone, you know, is worth all the extra trouble.)

Next year if I still have my city farm I am going to experiment with cucumbers in the same way. So far I have had no success at all with cucumbers. Two years ago I had two hills fairly well started when a big draft horse found his way into the garden, ate up the corn and almost annihilated the cucumber vines by setting a big foot in each hill. Those that escaped furnished us with a few cucumbers for slicing, but that was all.

Last year I tried two hills again. I nursed them safely through the bug season and was beginning to think about pickles when I noticed the leaves of one vine wilting. As soon as I saw that it was beyond recovery I pulled it up and examined it. Inside the stem a short distance from the ground I found a little worm that I was pretty sure had done the mischief. Do you know what to do for them? I didn't know, so I just had to see those vines die one by one till the whole hill was gone. The other hill escaped and we had a few pickles.

This year I did not plan for cucumbers, but the latter part of June I found a few feet of ground at my disposal that I had not counted on and it occurred to me that cucumbers would be better for the short season than anything else that I did not already have planted. Somehow I hated to give up with the bad record I had made. I planted four hills, and the weather being favorable the plants peeped through in a few days. But they just peeped and that was all. Every one died. I decided that something was at the stem again, as there was not a sign of a bug. I planted more seeds and then sprinkled the ground well with soap suds. Most of that planting is standing yet though a few died. July 19 found me still sticking in a few seeds to fill out the hills, but the planting will have to cease now as it is too late to hope for returns unless the frost should stay off till October.



Did you ever try cucumbers in a keg,—bore holes in the sides of it, fill it with earth with some manure in the center, stick the seeds in the holes and then let the thing supply all the neighbors with cucumbers? I've *heard* of the like and if I can find somebody that *knows*, I think I shall try it next year. I should think those worms that like to get inside the stem might be nicely baked in the soil before it is put into the keg.



### WHERE THE BREAD ROSE.

JOHNNY JACOBS first discovered it.

"Come on, fellers!" he told the crowd. "There's a real earthquake in the Holmes backyard."

Thereupon ensued a wild, riotous rush to the rear of the premises of the pretty house tenanted by young Mr. Holmes and his equally young wife. Certainly it was curious. In a spot as large as the top of a barrel the earth seethed and cracked, rose and fell again. The boys looked on in awe, and Johnny Jacobs ran and called his mother to the side fence to see. She went into the house at once to pack the silver and telephoned her husband to come home immediately if he or again wished to see the family alive.

"Better call a policeman," volunteered a nervous woman, who lived on the other side of the Holmes residence. "Maybe he could do something," she ended, vaguely.

The boys surveyed her, in lordly masculine scorn. "Maybe the lava will flow 'way down the street," ventured one of them, with hazy geographical memories. The other boys looked properly impressed and the earth continued its remarkable upheavals. The crowd increased.

Presently adults fringed the ring around the point of interest and issued stern orders to juveniles to keep away.

"If it does prove a seismic convulsion of nature," oratorically declared the little professor from down the street, "there is no telling where the big crack may spring in the earth's surface and engulf us all! Most wonderful thing I ever saw!"

There was a decided roll of the earth and finally it parted enough to reveal a smooth, white surface of mushroom texture. There was mad excitement.

"A fungus of some sort," proclaimed the professor. "It seems of huge dimensions, too—we may be on the eve of a great discovery!"

"Hooray!" shouted Johnny Jacobs, "I'll sell it to a museum—I found it first!"

More and more of the smooth, rounded surface appeared and speculation was rife. The crowd around the remarkable spot was growing huge in the dusk. Finally Mr. Holmes himself appeared, dragged by the man from across the street, who spied him coming home. The man was explaining elaborately and Mr.

Holmes looked puzzled and a trifle excited. It is an extraordinary person who can maintain a calm exterior when his backyard is the scene of a new botanical discovery in winter time, or, more important yet, an incipient earthquake. The crowd made its way for him. He viewed the ghostly white surface that rose and fell, and turned pale. It was uncanny. Here was the earth trembling at his very feet.

He hurried up the back steps and pounded on the door. It was opened by young Mrs. Holmes. Her eyes were red and so was the tip of her dear little nose. She blinked at the crowd and her lips trembled.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Holmes in surprise. "Say, come out and see the curious thing in our backyard. Either we have a volcano or else there is a mushroom coming up that must have belonged to primeval times!" It was then she burst into tears upon his shoulder, reckless of the crowd.

"No, it isn't!" she sobbed. "I made bread—and it acted f-f-funny, and it didn't seem to rise at all—and I didn't want any one to know—so I b-b-buried it in the backyard, and now the horrible s-s-stuff is rising like Banquo's ghost!"

Then everybody suddenly found it was time to go home.—*Chicago News*.



FOUR hours is the longest interval during which children should go without food in the daytime, and something, if it is only a drink of milk and a biscuit, should always be given them the last thing before going to bed.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### LITTLE SERVANTS.

"OH what an untidy room! Skip about little ones and set it in order."

"I don't like to tidy rooms," said Elsie, with a pucker on her pretty forehead, as she turned the pieces of her dissected map this way and that.

"I think it must be very nice to keep plenty of servants," said Ruth.

"Yes, indeed," said Bessie, "just like Mrs. Marshall."

Elsie brought a pout to her lips to keep company with the pucker on her forehead, and looked as doleful as a little girl whose face seemed made rather for smiles than frowns could look.

"Do you think you would be happier with nothing to do?" asked mamma.

"Yes, I'm sure I should," said Elsie.

"And I," said Ruth.

"But," said Bessie, thoughtfully, "I don't know. Mrs. Marshall never looks half so nice and pleasant as

mamma, and she says her servants bother her all the time. Do you think they'd bother you, mamma, if you kept them?"

"I don't know, dear. I never tried keeping more than one, except these little bits of ones here," pinching Elsie's cheeks and giving Ruth's head a pat; "and as they are not always very willing little servants, perhaps they bother me."

"It's a shame," said Bessie, running to kiss her mother. "I do like to do things for you mamma. Hurry, girls; let's see how quick we can be."

And the little maids flew about until the room was in good order.

"But," said Elsie, as mamma settled herself to some sewing, and the three gathered around her for a talk, "I was reading the other day about the little king of Spain—he's only a baby you know, mamma, and yet he's a king. And he has ever and ever so many servants—all for just himself."

"I once knew some little girls who kept a great many servants."

"Tell us about them, please, mamma. How old were they?"

"Well, about as old as Elsie and Bessie."

"How many did they have?"

"You can count up as I go on. There were two bright-looking ones, always dressed alike, in blue, brown or gray. Their duty was to keep on the watch for what ought to be done."

"Didn't they ever do anything themselves?"

"Not much but that. It seemed to keep them busy if they attended to their duties; but sometimes they were negligent, and then, of course, the work of all the other servants was thrown into confusion."

"I'm sure it was little enough to do," said Bessie.

"Then there were two more whose business it was to listen to what their little mistress's mother or teachers told them, and let them know what it was."

"It seems to me," said Ruth, laughing, "they must have been a lazy set; so many to do so little. Any more, mamma?"

"Two more, always dressed in red, who told what the others heard."

"It took a long time to get to it, I think," said Bessie.

"When these had settled upon anything to be done," went on mamma, "there was a pair of lively little fellows, always wearing dark, stout clothing, who carried the little girls to where their work was to be done."

"Oh, Oh," laughed Elsie, "what a queer set you are telling us of, mamma! Were the little girls lame?"

"I hope they did their work well when they got to it, after all that fuss," said Ruth.

"They surely ought to have done so," said mamma, "for they had no less than ten little servants to do for them."

"Now, mamma, do tell us what you mean," said Elsie.

"I mean," said mamma, "that little Blue Eyes, and Brown Eyes, and Gray Eyes ought always to be on the lookout for anything to be done for those they love."

"Oh, I see! And ears to listen," cried Bessie, greatly amused at mamma's fancy.

"And dear little lips," said mamma, kissing the pair which chanced to be nearest, "which not only can talk about duties to be done, but can lighten and brighten every duty for themselves and for others by their smiles and their merry chatter."

"And feet to walk and to run with," said Bessie.

"And fingers. Dear me, just think of all the servants," said Elsie. "I should think they'd quarrel sometimes."

"Yes," said Bessie, "suppose the eyes saw something to do, and the ears heard somebody tell about it, and the feet shouldn't want to go to it, and the hands shouldn't want to do it?"

"That would depend on what kind of a little mistress they had," said mamma. "If she wanted to do right, she would be sure to keep all her little servants in good order; and they need a good deal of training."

"Yes, I guess they do," said little Ruth, holding up her chubby hands. "They have to learn to put on a thimble, and thread a needle, and sew."

"And to sweep, and dust, and pick up things," said Bessie.

"And to write, and make figures, and play on the piano."

"And there are many things they have to learn not to do," suggested mamma; "not to meddle with things that do not belong to them; not to idle when they ought to be busy; not to do carelessly or negligently the work which ought to be done well."

"Oh, dear," said Bessie with a little sigh, "so many things to do, and so many things not to do."

"Yes," said mamma, "but if the heart which moves all these little servants is a loving, faithful heart, they are sure to succeed."—Selected.

#### THE NICEST THING.

Of all the things I like to do—

And, oh, there are so many!

Like going to the store, you know,

To buy things with a penny,

Or round to Maudie's house to play,

Or tea at Arabella's,

Or running out into the rain

With rubbers and umbrellas—

The best of all, I really think,

Is when together, after tea,

We go to Mr. Lovell's store

For one ice cream and spoons for three!



## The Rural Sanctum

### THE WAYSIDE SPRING.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

The choking dust in dense clouds was flying,  
 Casting a blight o'er everything,  
 The sun was hard our endurance trying  
 When we drew rein at the wayside spring.

A giant elm its waters was shading,  
 Maiden hair ferns grew close to the brink;  
 A cool and pleasant retreat, persuading  
 The weary one to stop and to drink.

From the old log curb a cool stream was flowing,  
 The bluebird had paused to lave his wing,  
 The glittering drops on his bright coat throwing,  
 As we quenched our thirst at the wayside spring.

Blest be the hand that scooped out the hollow  
 And dropped in place the encircling ring;  
 Tho' unknown his name, our praises will follow  
 Whenever we think of the wayside spring.

That manly hand may pulseless be lying,  
 And stilled forever that noble breast;  
 No marble shaft the seasons defying  
 To mark the spot where he lies at rest.

He needs it not, for by his own labor  
 He shows the love of which poets sing,  
 He who does good is truly our neighbor,—  
 And Love looks forth from the wayside spring.

Illinois.

### SOME BIG THINGS FROM A BIG STATE.

H. M. BARWICK.

1. A YOUNG sister eighteen years old in Brown county husked one hundred and seventeen bushels of corn by weight in one day. She can make the piano jump also and do fancy needle work equal to the white-fingered ornamental lily of some wealthy home. This young woman of the prairie is yet single, but do not bother me for her name; she has neither time nor inclination to fool with any slushy letters that young admirers might write. She does not work because of poverty, nor for notoriety, life is real to her and she is improving it every day.

2. Another young sister in Sedgwick county, thirteen years old, cut ninety acres of wheat, plowed twenty acres of corn, cut fifty acres of hay, broke forty acres for wheat and harrowed it, all in one summer besides milking the cows and feeding the chickens daily. Her name and picture got into the Chicago papers and letters from as far away as Alaska came to open up correspondence, but good sense stopped all of that.

3. There is a salt bed from one hundred to four hundred feet thick in Kansas, covering about one-fourth the area of Ohio. The world's supply is here.

4. Jack Rabbits!!! Eastern people do not know what the word "rabbit" means. Think of going into any county-seat in central Kansas on almost any Saturday in the winter and seeing five tons of Jacks, waiting for the eastbound train to be shipped, then you will know more about rabbits.

4. Cyclones? Yes. On the twelfth of last April seven cyclones could be seen from our door, four of them at one time. Some one said that they had counted as many as thirteen in one day. Well, seven is enough for me to sleep on.

5. Yesterday afternoon in Barton county I counted over two hundred wheat stacks without moving from my tracks nor turning my head more than forty-five degrees. It's all wheat here.

The above are some of the common things to be observed here. The list is not exhausted.

*Heiser, Kans.*

[Three cheers for Kansas! By the way, where are our sister States? Kansas is a big State with some mighty big things in it, but I am sure she hasn't a monopoly of them. Let us hear from others.—Ed.]

### APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

D. Z. ANGLE.

ON a fine Monday morning a young farmer had his team hitched up to his cultivator with the team headed for the field, being himself near them along the road busily preparing to leave the barn for the corn field to plow corn. The hour was 9:30 o'clock. About this time along the road came a friend we'll call Mrs. L. Mrs. L. said, "Good morning, Ben. It looks kinder bad for a young man to get out to work so late as this on Monday morning, like you are doing."

"Oh!" said Ben, "I'm not just getting out to work. I have already plowed a patch of potatoes in the lot near the barn."

Mrs. L. went on down the road feeling all the worse probably for her attempt to joke Ben on his losing sleep Sunday nights. In fact Ben had staid close to home the night before, as he hadn't been very well; then his father was away from home some twenty miles attending church and Ben must do the chores. True, he sat up to read a little later that night than was best for him, then he got up a half hour later than he should on Monday morning. The patch of pota-

toes near the barn was getting weedy, so Ben thought best to plow them first after hitching up, and before going to the corn field. And he had just finished them and got out on the road, apparently not having done a thing that morning, when Mrs. L. happened along. She saw no sign of work done, knew nothing of Ben's father being away, or of the many steps made and duties performed already that day. She, like many others, jumped at conclusions from outward appearances.

The best people often are too severe in judgment or censure of others, and do them great injustice, sometimes irreparable injury, simply because they judge from appearances, without thorough knowledge of existing conditions surrounding or governing the individual. While we should watch those with whom we deal very closely so as to observe their defects, and thus be protected from injury, yet the unkind words of criticism would best be withheld, but if reproof seems necessary to help others or to protect and defend ourselves, then apply it considerately and with due care, remembering that even in our day it might be said in truth of a man, "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." John 9: 3.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### CIRCULAR SAW DRIVEN BY AIR.

DEVELOPMENT of the use of air as a motive power is responsible for the invention of an exceedingly small and yet effective circular saw which is of such dimensions and weight that it is easily transported. Instead of requiring that the work should be carried to the saw, the saw may be carried around to many different points in the course of the day and set up and operated wherever it is most convenient.

The saw is driven by a turbine, which in turn is propelled by the air. The turbine is supplied with thirty-five buckets, and the air from a compression plant is directed upon the buckets from three nozzles. This is sufficient to drive the turbine at the rate of 8,000 revolutions a minute, but as this is far greater than is ordinarily required, it is reduced by gearing to 5000 revolutions. This adjustment is entirely in the hands of the operator, and should the character of the work be such that it is desirable to have the full speed, it can be readily arranged.

The apparatus is fitted with a brake controlled by a convenient lever at the side, and this is applied automatically as the air is shut off. When the air is again turned on, the brake is automatically released. Another interesting feature of this piece of mechanism is that the saw may be removed and an emery wheel substituted.—*Philadelphia North American*.

#### HOW JAPAN IS GOVERNED.

SIT in the gallery of the Lower House of the Japanese National Parliament and observe thence the new force that civilization and education have loosed upon the rest of the world.

The chamber is about as large as the House of Representatives at Washington, comfortable, convenient, and planned for business. The members sit at desks facing the Speaker's high dais midway of the long side of the room. Ten or twelve members wear the almost obsolete native costume; the others are garbed like Europeans. You will notice first of all that these men do not sleep, like members of the British House, nor read, nor write, nor transact at their desk their private business, like the Representatives at Washington. They listen to every word of every speech. They are liberal of applause and dissent. Everything that is said seems to mean something to them. There are no long, dreary harangues, and no permissions to print in the *Record*. Members that address the House mount a rostrum just below and in front of the presiding officer. Their speeches are short, sharp, direct and full of point. Often they are witty and very often eloquent, but never are they entered for the endurance prize.

You observe the faces intent upon the speakers, the lines of long strong, square-jawed, brown faces, and it startles you to reflect that the powerful indomitable nation of which this grave deliberative assembly is the symbol has been created in fifty years from the least promising of materials; that in fifteen years it has been lifted to the front ranks among peoples; that all the world has been amazed by its performances. And then you will suddenly perceive that in your eyes every face before you is an impenetrable mask. From each you receive a definite impression of power, quiet, self-sufficing, conscious power; but beyond this nothing. All you can see are eyes, nose, mouth, and the blank stone wall of an expression from which no amount of scrutiny will enable you to draw a hint of the trouble within.—*Charles Edward Russell in "Soldiers of the Common Good," in Everybody's for August.*



ALL outdoors, in this brave world of ours, and in the woods and fields of all the brave worlds in the sky are the parlors of heaven. How few people know it—that outdoors everywhere, where the sun shines and the winds blow, and the stars look down, is heaven. We look up into heaven, at Mars and Jupiter and the people there, and they look up into heaven, at the earth and us, and they call this heaven. And we are right and they are right. It is heaven wherever the hand of the Lord has sown his stars.—*Berry Benson.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### A Drop in Dry Goods.

It was Saturday night, and the stores were kept open until a late hour. Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, the poet-reader, had just finished his entertainment and was walking over to the hotel, accompanied by a resident of the town, whose store they presently passed on their way.

"Wait until we can close up the store and I'll walk over to the hotel with you," said the man.

"All right," replied Brooks, "I'll help you."

With that, he grabbed up what, in the semi-darkness, seemed to be a couple of dummy dress forms, and started into the store with them, one under each arm. His triumphal progress was short, however, as two piercing screams arose, and his burdens struggled so vigorously that he dropped them as quickly as he had picked them up. They were the two young women clerks who, in the absence of customers, had come out to watch the passers-by, and found themselves thus unceremoniously escorted back to their duty.—Anna L. Curtis.

Always set your face firmly toward health. Say that you are better when people inquire; the very declaration will assist in making you feel so. Persistent good cheer and hopefulness are remedial agents very hard to defeat in the conflict between illness and health.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

The young woman who is an expert operator of the typewriter doesn't always make an expert operator of the sewing machine or darning needle.

### Poor Little Me.

Here I sit upon the step.

No one here to play with me;  
Boys can't bother with a girl,  
So none of 'em would stay with me.  
Poor little me!

Johnny, he won't run with me—  
Says my legs ain't long enough.  
Freddie, he won't fight with me—  
Tells me I ain't strong enough.  
Poor little me!

Tom won't even speak to me,  
'Cause I don't wear trousers.  
What's the use o' comin' out?  
Might as well stay in the houses.  
Poor little me!

—Irma M. Peixotto.

An old negro went possum hunting one night. He caught one and having a frying pan and a bag of sweet potatoes he proceeded to prepare a feast. While the animal was cooking he fell asleep before the fire. Another negro, a youngster who was also hunting, scented the savory dish from afar and followed his nose, finding the old negro fast asleep with the possum before him. The young darky sat down and ate the possum and piled the bones between the old man's feet. The gravy in the pan he smeared on the old man's fingers and on his mouth, and left. The noise of his going awoke Uncle Karey,

and after a survey of the surroundings he said: "Now, I wondah if I dun eat dat possum? Dahs dat possum graby on my fingers, dat's possum graby on my mouf. I sho' dun eat dat possum and nebber knowed it. Dat was de most unfillinest possum dis nigger eber et."

### Loss and Gain.

Two Americans were being shown through the citadel of Quebec by a British soldier. Halting at a certain spot on the parade-ground, their guide pointed to a small canon.

"This," said he, "is a gun we captured from the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill."

Quick as a flash came this reply:

"Well, as we kept the country, we can afford to let you have the gun."—F. G. Blakeslee.

### A Good Definition.

"Pa, what is a psychological moment?" asked a Virginia farm boy of his father. "I've read so much about it," continued the boy, "and even the dictionary doesn't give a definition of it."

"A psychological moment? Let me see," said the farmer, meditatively. "Well now did you ever notice your Ma when she was hangin' out a washin'? Did you ever see the old clothes-line break and let the whole lot fall into the mud? Well, that's a psychological moment—a moment when you had better have urgent business at the barn."—Will M. Hundley.

### Very Polite.

An inspector upon his regular rounds rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."

"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"

"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face."—Margaret Sullivan Burke.

### The Small Boy.

It's more fun going barefoot than anything I know; There isn't a single other thing that helps your feelings so. Some days I stay in mother's room a-getting in her way, And when I've bothered her so much she says, "Oh, run and play!"

I say, "Can I go barefoot?" And she says, "If you choose,"

And then I want to holler when I'm putting off my shoes. If you go around barefoot there's lots to know—

Of how to curl your feet on stones so they won't hurt you so;

And when the grass is stickly and pricks you at a touch Just plunk your feet down solid and it don't hurt half so much.

I lose my hat 'most every day, I wish I did my shoes, Or else I wish I was so poor I hadn't any to lose.

## THE INGLENOOK.

---

(Copy)

Lordsburg, Cal., July 28.

My Dear Geo. L.--

On reaching this place, I found your short epistle. My report on Butte Valley has doubtless reached you ere this. Since I am in this land of oranges and dry climate I am made to think more strongly that the Butte Valley has value without irrigation for numberless crops. I want to be careful in what I say, but the native virgin value of the soil, timber, etc., is more and more apparent, as we move on through other countries. It seems no impossible dream, that some day one can stand on that east elevation and see a fruitful valley of all kinds of hardy fruits, alfalfa and wheat, charming homes, with grassy and shady lawns, three nice cities, one at each end and one in the center, most of the people living there, three big, strong congregations of the Brethren church, etc. Prather's are fine people and treated us royally.

I am to preach twice in Lordsburg to-morrow, and on Monday night at Los Angeles and start East early in the week. If you have anything to say write me at Sterling, Col., where you will find me first Sunday in August. Royal good time here and that bunch of mail you sent to Frisco has never reached me. Strange!

Love to you,

CHAS. A. BAME,

Dayton, Ohio.



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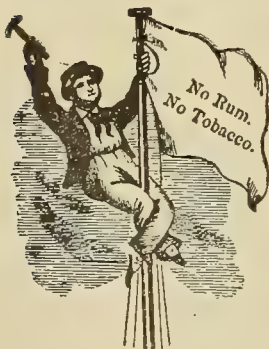
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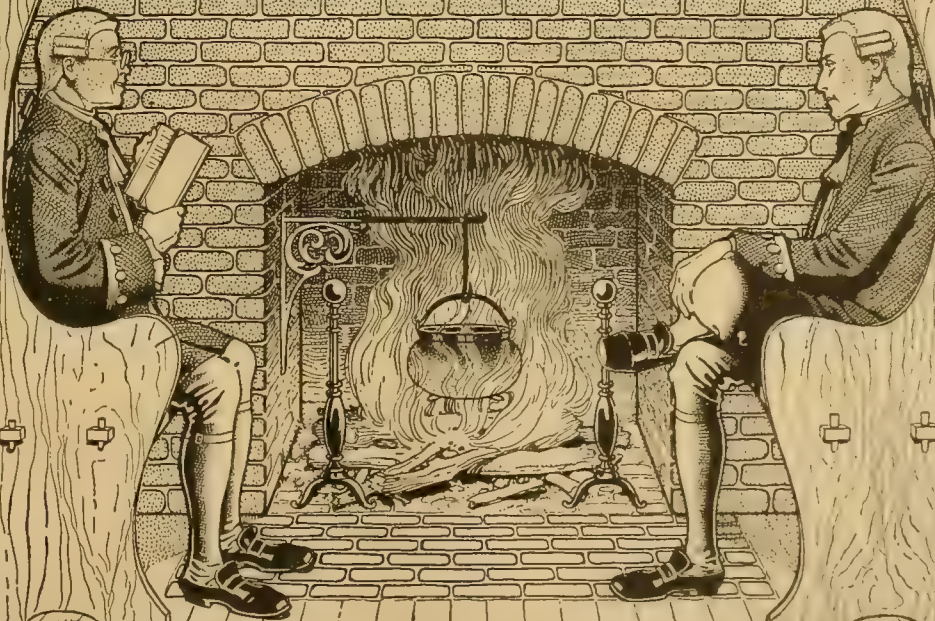
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PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
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Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds—Will Do for You—I Will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS' TRIAL.



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Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

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My new treatment is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises; does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat; the queer stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the

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It is a folly to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

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My treatment positively cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, Lagrippe, and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

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suit you, is to try it. It don't cure everyone. Nothing will, but when eighty out of one hundred write me that the treatment is satisfactory and all I represent it to be, I still feel encouraged. Read my special trial offer and consider whether it appeals to reason.

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Begin Our No. 3 Treatment Now, and It Will Forget to Come This Year.

Hay Fever is caused by breathing the poisoned air laden with the pollen of flowers, notably that of ragweed, corn tassels and other blossoms that give off pollen dust. This is poisonous to the mucous membranes of many people. It irritates the membranes of the air passages of the head, causes them to become swollen and resembles a very bad cold in summer.

To avoid the appearance of Hay Fever each season, begin using our No. 3 treatment of Liquid Spray three or four weeks before the time for its appearance. This will harden the mucous membrane and render the poison-laden air harmless to everyone alike. If you have Hay Fever now, begin the use of the treatment at once, to reduce the inflammation and save suffering.

We are making a common sense offer to the readers of this paper. Carefully read it, ponder over it, then act quickly, confidently, and be assured that you will be fairly and honestly dealt with.

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Have you any of the following symptoms: If so, you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a Mediator on trial free. See special trial offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in the nose?  
Do you have pain across front part of head?  
Do you have pains across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### Our Special Offer

should convince any reasonable person that our treatments are as represented. We could not send out our Mediators on trial free as we do, if they were not. They cost us all we get for them, and in many cases more. The way we make our money is by our cured friends telling others. Surely when we leave the paying part all to the person ordering, we are doing our part.

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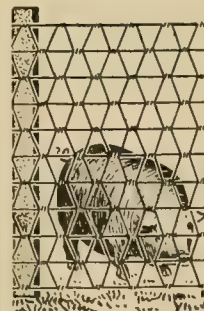
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May be Found in the Beautiful Valleys  
Along the

## Oregon Short Line Railroad

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Three in Operation ————— Three More Building

THERE are now three beet sugar factories in Idaho, with a daily capacity of 3,000 tons of beets. Three more beet sugar factories are now being built and will be ready for the crop of 1906. These factories are all located on the line of the OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST 21, 1906.

No. 34.

## OUR KIND OF MAN.

THE kind of man for you and me  
He faces the world unflinchingly,  
And smites, as long as the world resists,  
With a knuckled faith and force like fists;  
He lives the life he is preaching of,  
And loves where most is the need of love;  
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,  
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;  
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,  
And the widow's prayers go up for him;  
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,  
And the sick man sees the sun once more,  
And out o'er the barren fields he sees  
Spring blossoms and waving trees,  
Feeling, as only the dying may,  
That God's own servant has come that way,  
Smoothing the path as it still winds on  
Through the golden gate where his loved have gone.

The kind of man for me and you;  
However little of worth we do  
He credits full, and abides in trust  
That time will teach us how more is just;  
He walks abroad, and he meets all kinds  
Of querulous and uneasy minds,  
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain,  
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain,  
And knowing this, as we grasp his hand,  
We are surely coming to understand!  
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—  
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise—  
Else, should we read, though our sins should glow  
As scarlet, they shall be as white as snow—  
And feeling still, with a grief half glad,  
That the bad are good as the good are bad,  
He strikes straight out for the right—and he  
Is the kind of man for you and me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.



## SNAPSHOTS.

*By right thinking does the race grow.*



*The man that endures is the man that wins.*



*Gossips thrive only when listeners are handy.*



*Kind words never die; but that is no reason why  
we should save them all for epitaphs.*

*A clear conscience is its own reward.*



*A starving man finds it difficult to interest himself  
in tracts.*



*God looks behind the sum given to see the heart of  
the giver.*



*The first glass is the most dangerous glass for it  
opens the door for all the others.*



*Irresolution is weak, but it is better than wrong  
resolution, in which weakness would be a credit.*



*Whenever any good comes our way, let us enjoy it  
to the fullest, and then pass it along to another form.*



*Whenever a man wants anything and can't get it,  
it's about the same as throwing dust over everything  
he does have.*



*A man should not burden himself with trying to  
think everything out in advance; act and the way will  
be made plain.*



*Interest a person in useful employment and you are  
transforming Chaos into Cosmos. Blessed is the man  
who has found his work.*



*The great man is poised and satisfied—no matter  
what happens. The little man is always full of trouble;  
and this trouble he always lays to the fault of others.*



*The young Christian who's always askin' if it's so  
very wrong to dance, is a gunnin' up the other tree  
from where the game is. He'd better try to find some-  
thin' that every one agrees is right, an' stick to that.*



*The success of every great man hinges right on that  
one thing—to pick your men to do the work. The  
efforts of any one man count for so very little! It all  
depends on the selection and management of men to  
carry out your plans.*



# The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

## Part I.



WISH, Stephen, you would talk to Christine and put a stop to some of these nonsensical notions she has taken to recently. Really, sometimes, she almost tries me beyond endurance."

In spite of the elegance and comfort that surrounded him, Stephen Harper looked anything else but a happy or contented man. He was a man of stern temper, and this morning his countenance wore an unusually gloomy and forbidding appearance. Matters had not gone well at the store the day before. One of the clerks had left without notice, and an important shipping commission had come up missing; and in the evening he attended a political meeting in which he had much at issue, and at which it was very plain that his was to be the losing party. He had returned home late at night, to find his wife absent, attending some social function, and an empty, cheerless home awaiting him. This morning it did not serve to soothe his irritation, when breakfast was half an hour late, the beefsteak tough and decidedly rare done and the waiting maid impertinent.

His wife came in when breakfast was about half finished. Margaret Harper had once been a handsome woman and could still be a very graceful one. But her face this morning bore the impression of having felt much of the world's wear and tear. Clad in an untidy wrapper, her hair done up in curl papers, she looked little like the brilliant woman who the evening before had stood in the receiving line of a fashionable reception.

Stephen did not appear to notice her request. He was engaged in a tussle with the aforesaid steak in which it would be hard to decide which came off victor. His look did not invite further confidence as he finally growled out, "Why, what's the girl been doing?"

"She hasn't been doing anything. She wants to do it. She has taken an absurd notion that she must go and visit that girl she took up with the night of the wreck. You certainly know they have been writing to each other ever since! I have tried my best to put a stop to it, and, on several occasions, have spoken to you about it, but I might as well have saved my breath for all the good it did. I do not approve of her going. It is away off somewhere in the backwoods, and the girl belongs to some queer sort of religious sect, you can tell that by her letters, as well as Chris-

tine's description of her. Christine already has her head full of ridiculous ideas concerning such things, and I think you ought to put a stop to this late freak."

"Humph! She might take up with worse notions, and the State of Ohio is not considered as being in the backwoods. Let the girl go if she wants to." And Stephen Harper jerked his hat down over his brows and started off to his day's work, banging the great door after him with a force that reverberated throughout the palatial home he had just left.

"It's no use," thought Margaret, disconsolately, as she began to languidly sip her coffee. "I might as well give in. Well, thank goodness, Christine does not get her headstrong spirit from me. O dear! there's that tiresome Mrs. McLaughlin coming after that money for the hospital. Tell her I'm not at home, Nan-nie."

Almost a year had passed since Christine Harper, hurrying home from the winter holidays, had her train derailed by a wreck and found herself alone, and a stranger, in the great railway waiting room of one of our capital cities, with a dreary wait of four hours before her. After the first feeling of perplexity and annoyance had worn off, she glanced about upon her fellow-travelers, seeking some congenial spirit with which to share the long hours of waiting. Who will say that it was chance only, that caused her eyes to fall upon the somewhat peculiarly attired figure of Huldah Neal, and for her to mentally exclaim, "There is a person to be trusted!"

Huldah, for the same reason and under very much the same circumstances, was speeding home from an opposite direction and stood looking helplessly about her. She had never traveled alone before, but she was not ignorant of the ways of the world. She knew something of the many snares that lie in wait for the feet of the unwary, and it was with a look, half suspicion, half friendliness, that she regarded the trim tailor made young lady that accosted her with the question, "Did you get left, too, Ma'am?"

Huldah's clear eyes searched the speaker's face. The brief scrutiny was evidently satisfactory. There was something about Christine, so pure and open, so frank and free, that suspicion felt abashed before it. Time flies rapidly when spent with a congenial spirit, and Christine sprang to her feet in surprise as the stentorian tones of the railway official pealed through the vast room, announcing that the west bound train had arrived. "Impossible! My train already? Good-bye,

my dear friend, I have enjoyed our brief acquaintance very much. I shall take care of your address and write you on my arrival home."

This was not the out-of-ordinary beginning of a very sweet and strong friendship that sprang up between these two tender young souls that were unfolding under such different circumstances and surroundings, and for whom the future was holding so much.

Who can describe the different emotions that stirred the heart of Huldah Neal, or of the anxious doubts and fears that troubled the mind of Simon and Harriet Neal, as the time of Christine's coming drew near. She was very dear to them—this only daughter—for whom they so earnestly prayed that she might be kept unspotted from the world and its sins. And now that their consent had been given they questioned the wisdom of it. "Was it best to allow this tempting bit of the world's life to come in contact with their tender lamb?"

The big farmhouse had been swept and garnished from cellar to garret, the pantry and cupboards stocked with a supply of good things, such as no city market can afford. Huldah, in a state of nervous activity, arranged the furniture for the fourth time, brushed away imaginary atoms of dust, took a farewell peep into the guest chamber, and made a final appeal to her plain-spoken, good-hearted, but somewhat mischievous brother, John, to "behave himself." To which he replied that he had seen a student of etiquette for the past month and fully expected to observe all the proprieties, but could, if she thought it necessary, "retire into seclusion during the city lady's stay in their midst."

The beauties of rural life! The great free, open life of the country! Who can describe the charm that clothes it or interpret the many voices that speak to the ear that will listen? What wonders were revealed to the admiring eyes of the city girl as they feasted upon the beauty that surrounded her. Most women have a natural love for the beauty of Nature, but some natures take it more readily than others and Christine's was one of these. She had been to the country before,—a picnic or a few weeks at the seaside, or some popular pleasure resort, but never before had she lived so near to the great bounding pulse of Nature itself. She took instinctively to every one she saw and they in turn took to her. There was something appealing in the gentleness and purity that clothed her that influenced those about her, even the self-conscious John Neal forgot his intention of retiring into seclusion and soon became her willing server, thereby delighting Huldah, who, on inquiring as to his very candid opinion of her beautiful friend, was gravely informed that when he saw them together he was reminded of something he had seen at the Soldiers' Home, where a little yellow duckling was floating serenely along beside a great white swan.

And time unfolded other wonders to Christine's amazed eyes, and that was holy living: Here in the simple yet refined life led by the people with whom she had come in contact, she was witnessing daily the happiness and peace that comes from walking hand in hand with Nature's God. The beauty of home hallowed by love, where dull care disappears beneath kind words and loving deeds; where hearts and lives are made rich through unselfishness, where strength and courage were derived from daily drinking deep draughts at the pure Fountain of Truth, and best of all when the day with its trials and labors was over they gathered together around a family altar, there to receive more strength and comfort.

"Our series of meetings will begin to-morrow evening. Of course you will go with us, although it will be altogether different from what you have been accustomed to. We are a plain people, and our churches are as plain as ourselves."

It was an evening soon after Christine's arrival. Huldah was lingering in her friend's room. Christine, whose eyes never grew weary of looking at the neat but simple appointments of the room, answered heartily, "Of course I'm going. Why not? I'm already in love with everything I have seen. O Huldah! what a happy life you have here. No wonder to me now why your face wears such a look of peace. Your mother, my dear, reminds me of one we read about in the Good Book, "Hannah of old," while your father, with his quiet, dignified ways makes me think of Enoch, the man who walked with God. But what makes your brother so formal? His dignified bows are too much like the city for such warm-hearted people as you are. Dear Huldah, you do not realize what a bright jewel this will be in my life—this happy reception into your beautiful home."

If Christine's reception into this Christian home had been a happy event, the week that followed was even happier and around it afterwards clustered the most hallowed memories of her life. For here under the divinely inspired instruction of one of God's servants, she learned to know him fully who said, "I am the Way the Truth, and the Life." How different it all was from the showy magnificence to which she had been accustomed. The plain convenient house of worship, the devout attitude of the worshippers, as they sang and prayed and listened to the saving message of grace. Night after night she sat under this instruction until in the light of this new knowledge, worldly pleasures lost their attractions, and the fleeting joys of worldly life appeared as unsatisfactory husks.

Deep into her heart sank the precious seed of Truth there to grow unsuspected and unhindered, until in God's own good time the beautiful flower of Faith unfolded in all its beauty and fragrance.



## The Brunner Letters

### Number III.

MANILA, P. I., Jan. 20, 1906.

*My Dear Home Folks:—*

I wish I could have staid longer in Canton. There were more places to see and more things I wished to buy, but we left next morning for Macao, the Portuguese colony. This is also a boat trip of about ten hours, and, by starting in the morning, we were able to see things enroute. The country along the river is gently rolling and very sparsely wooded, there being nothing very striking in vegetation. There are some fortifications along the river which appear very old and some other odd structures in almost complete ruin; but by far the most interesting thing in sight are the pagodas. These are nine and ten stories in height and circular in shape. They are symmetrical and by being built on mounds form the most pleasing prominent part of the landscape. I passed in the vicinity of one of the same kind in Canton, but the guide told us it was not open to travelers. The five-story pagoda was a rectangular house like a building, but was very rough and unfinished inside. In seeing China there is nothing so binds one to the past as these pagodas. Many of them are hundreds of years old, but notwithstanding their age, they are in an excellent state of preservation. For a long time going down the river I was watching one from which a stream of smoke seemed to be issuing. On speaking to my friend about it, we soon discovered that it was a large bush growing out of the side near the top. As explained to me the Chinese built these in honor of various good spirits or good influences to keep them predominant in the neighborhood and to keep away the corresponding evil spirits.

The water craft which may be seen on the river are diversified and some of them are the quaintest looking things you could imagine. They appear old and unsafe and some of them perhaps were the abode of pirates. It is said there are still pirates on the river about Canton. Of course they don't molest boats such as we traveled upon. Chinese piracy is not now what it used to be or was; it was ever like what used to infest the Western world in early days.

There was one natural formation along the river which I specially remember. It was a point of land ending in a large rock which arose abruptly from the water's edge to a height of seventy-five feet. This rock was separated from a smaller rock on one side by a curved fissure. This, with a corresponding convex curve on the other side, gave it the appearance of a large balloon almost inflated. But as the Chinese don't deal in balloons, I don't guess it is called balloon rock.

We arrived in Macao about 4:30. There was a large crowd on the wharf, one of the few met with in

the East, but we found the hotel man to whose establishment we had decided to go. He showed us to some rikshas and we were soon on our way to the hotel. Nearly everything about Macao impressed me as unique and this ride was the beginning of my impressions. The streets are narrow, steep and more crooked than a dog's hind legs. Of course they are not as narrow as Canton's streets and are as unlike as streets can be. Those of Macao are kept very clean, mostly paved with small cobble, are without sidewalks and are about the width of a wagon, but wagons are not used. Some of the grades are so heavy as to make series of stone steps necessary. The rikshas used on the hilly streets are manned by two Chinamen, one pulling and one pushing.

Our progress, climbing that part of the backbone or ridge of the city through which we passed, was slow. But once on top we were whisked around corners and down inclines at a rate which made me think very seriously as to whether the Chinese were surefooted enough for this sort of travel. What would happen to the occupant if the Chinamen, drawing a riksha, should stumble going at full speed, could hardly be overdrawn by an artist of *Puck* or *Judge*. But we arrived at the hotel in good shape, although I had another fond recollection of my overcoat which I had been foolish enough to leave behind.

Our hotel was situated half way up a steep hill about two hundred feet above water and commanded a fine view of the neighboring part of Macao, the beautifully curved line and the outer harbor, the view from our window being beautiful. The hotel is named the "Boa Vista" or "Good View" and is run jointly by Chinese and Portuguese, one of the former being a specially fine looking, agreeable fellow.

As our stay in Macao was to be short, we arranged to be taken down to the gambling district after dinner. This gambling game, known as "fan tan," has made Macao famous over the whole East and draws people of many different nationalities to the town. A pile of small Chinese coin called "cash" are placed on a table and slowly reduced by counting out "fours" until there is even, or one, two or three remaining. It is one result of the count that the betting is first done. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers and they make use of the game to get rid of their earnings for that is the result in the long run. A large district of the town is given up to this purpose and here the gambling goes on day and night, the men in charge of the counting of the "cash" and the bets being divided into relays of four hours each. Some of the crowd who left the hotel with us tried their luck, resulting in a considerable reduction in their supply of money. The next day being Sunday, I would have

preferred to spend the day quietly as usual, but as I intended to leave by the evening boat for Hong Kong, I decided to make use of the time seeing the place.

Macao is a Portuguese colony, governed by a Portuguese governor, appointed by the King of Portugal. The occupation of this territory by Portugal dates from 1557, when it was leased from the Chinese government for an agreed rental. The city, I am told, has much the appearance of a European city, although not more than 10,000 of the 75,000 are foreigners, the remainder being Chinese. There is not much hustle or business apparent. It seems to be primarily a city of leisure. Aside from the "fan tan" and the lottery it is noted

that we attempted to use wheels. There are spacious drives along the shore and a few broad level, well-made streets connecting different parts of the city, and leading back to the neck of the peninsula on which place is built, and on which is also the dividing line between Portuguese and Chinese territory. The peninsula is a mass of hills and Macao is stretched out between there. Owing to the ages of the colony there are many old forts and buildings. We spent two hours going around to the various points of interest. From these hills, beautiful views of the country may be obtained. I never saw land and water scenery united with such pleasing effects. I would delight in



HONG KONG, CHINA.

as a health resort. There is quite a large number of Portuguese soldiers garrisoned in the city. During the cool season they are provided with long capes to their uniforms and large cowboy hats. This costume coupled with the fact that the men are small gives them an appearance out of the ordinary.

At eleven o'clock we attended mass at the cathedral, which was a very military affair. The seats, which in all Catholic churches in the East are movable, had been removed and the space was taken up by squads of soldiers in marching order. The music for the mass was furnished by a military band and at certain times the soldiers presented arms. In the afternoon, with another man from Manila who was making the trip, I went out for a ride on a wheel. I have not ridden a wheel since I have been out here and was doubtful as to how it would go, but we got along all right. After what I have said about the streets you may wonder

seeing the place about April or May when the weather is ideal and I am sure if any one were seeking an attractive place of seclusion, Macao would afford it. It so unlike any city I have seen. It has scenery, it has a life and an attraction all its own. We left about six o'clock and had a short but very rough trip across the bay to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong has the distinction of being the largest shipping port in the world which contains the greatest number of people. All the Manila boats at present, plying between our Pacific ports and Asia have this as their Asiatic headquarters; and all of them pass through to either Japanese ports or Hong Kong before coming to Manila. Notice. This comes after the word "world," standing ahead of London, Liverpool, New York and Antwerp. This is due to the fact that it is a distributing point for a part of the world. I hope this will soon be changed and that we will have a di-



rect service. Hong Kong itself is a city of only 280,000 inhabitants—insignificant when compared with the large cities of the world. There are over 250,000 Chinese in the city. When you consider that Victoria Island was practically uninhabited in 1841, when it came into the possession of the British, the growth of the place in population and commercial importance is remarkable. The British have what may be called a perpetual lease on the island and they recently secured a large strip of the surrounding mainland under the same terms, all of which they administer and govern themselves independent of China. There are practically no custom duties collected and goods from all parts of the world find their way to Hong Kong. The ridge or peak of the island is nearly 2,000 feet high. The northern side on which Hong Kong is stretched out is very steep and rocky, and in some places almost perpendicular. But by terracing and building immense retaining walls, considerable part of the slope has been built alone with a view to protection from heat, and is very substantial and spacious. Other areas have been parked and laid out in numerous walks or roads as the English call them. One of these roads—one which follows the face of the mountain at an elevation of about one thousand feet, winding in and out among the ravines, is especially beautiful. From the peak a magnificent view of the large harbor, dotted with all manner of vessels, may be had.

The afternoon I was up there, there was a heavy bank of white clouds settled down on the mountains of one of the nearby islands, which, owing to the sun shining against them had the appearance of drifted snow. Taking the chilly wind, blowing on the peak, together with this Arctic apparition, I had no trouble in shivering. The top of the mountain which has one hotel on it and a number of cottages is reached by several roads, also by a steam gravity railroad or train, as the English say. One car is pulled up the mountain while the other is lowered, the rate of speed and the difference in weight being regulated by the engine at the top by means of a cable. A ride on these cars is quite a novel experience to one who has always traveled on the level. The person who tries walking either up or down these hill roads, will find he calls into play muscles, which he hardly knew he had before.

People from Manila find it to their advantage to lay in a supply of suitings and other furnishings when in Hong Kong, both because of the wide variety of

fabrics to be seen and the reasonableness in price, and there is hardly a place where a more pleasing collection of articles suitable for presents, can be found. So our days usually consisted of a shopping trip in the morning and an exploring trip out through the hills and suburbs in the afternoon.

Much of our time was taken up with a Chinese tailor my friend buying clothing for a cold climate and I



STREET IN HONG KONG.

those for the tropics. The Chinaman is only a fair tailor. I found on comparison, the clothes they made for me were not so neatly and carefully put together as those made by a Filipino. Hong Kong is a great place to see well-dressed Chinamen of both sexes. The men look attractive in their long mandarin coats of solid colors of silk. The women dress in equally good taste as to color, but one cannot get used to their short coats and wide-legged silk trousers. But I think anyone will have to admit the dress of both sexes

on the whole is more sanitary and more comfortable than ours. In contrast with those who are mostly merchants and their families, for nearly all the retail trade is in the hands of the Chinese, are the coolies, riksha men, chair men and especially the old women who sit around in alleys sewing or mending what they are able to find. Many of them are real old looking, like grandmothers, and some have bound feet. It is a very pitiable sight to see such attempt to walk.

I had the experience of becoming bankrupt while in Hong Kong. The rate of exchange was high and I was not able to buy as much Chinese money for my use as I had expected, so I had to telegraph to Manila for money. It was only through the kindness of an Englishman to whom I had a note of introduction, that I was enabled to be identified and secure the money at the bank. Hong Kong is a very cosmopolitan place. Almost every nation of Europe and Asia is represented. There are some Americans, but unless you have ears and eyes these merge with the English. Next to the Chinese there are large numbers of Indians. There is a number of Indian soldiers quartered there by the British and many are used in policing the city. We staid at the King Edward Hotel, a first-class hotel, managed by the Indians. I noticed the English are very quiet and well-behaved while at their meals.

So the four or five days we had in Hong Kong passed quickly and the time came for us to leave. On the fifth of January my friend left on the *China* for Shanghai, enroute to the United States. On the following day I took boat for Manila. I was pleased with the trip and glad to have made it under such favorable circumstances. I have now placed it among my pleasant recollections to be cherished when I shall have left behind the East for what we out here call "God's Country."

With love to 'all,

CHAS. C. BRUNNER.



### THE GOSHEN TRAIL.

O. H. KIMMEL.



IN our state with its present developments for the comforts of its people it is quite interesting to look backward only a few short years in order that we may note its marvelous development. Standing as we do now a great state in the nation with our great cities, beautiful villages, our multiplicity of railroads and our verdant lined highways, all of which afford ample comfort and conveniences for our people, we are apt to look forward to better things which are coming to us and forget the past with its meagre developments and its hardships which our brave but hardy ancestors bore.

The Illinois of to-day with its broad rich prairies laden with the products which insure our com-

fort and our prosperity, our verdant woodlands and beautiful streams which contribute so much to the beauty and commercial wealth of our state is that which has been transformed from the marshy cray-fish-infested flats and the wildernesses of the Illini, less than one hundred years ago.

When George Rogers Clark came with his Kentucky troops to Kaskaskia in 1778 he took that post in this undeveloped tract away from the haughty British and our Colonial flag, as it rose over the old fort proclaimed that this trackless wilderness of woodland and prairie had come into the possession of the new-born republic.

Later when the people began to remove from Virginia and Kentucky into the new country across the Ohio they found it undeveloped and almost untracked by trail. Finally a trail was beaten from the Shawnee crossing (on the Ohio where Shawneetown now tands) to the saline deposits which are now in Saline county. To this place also came the people from the edge of the American bottom from as far to the north as the present site of Edwardsville in Madison county. Near this place stood the hamlet of Goshen, and here the various trails merged into one which led in a southeasterly direction to the salt lands. This trail naturally took the name of Goshen or the Goshen trail, and later it was known as the Goshen road. This was only a narrow trail which wound its way amidst underbrush, across streams and over the prairies in a rather tortuous manner, and in midsummer when the grass was high and the leaves were thick, at times the belated traveler would lose the trail and wander about in the trackless wilderness.

It was this insignificant trail over which traveled so many people on their way to the Sangamo, over which the hopeful settler wended his way into a new wild country, over which the inhabitants traveled to the salt wells and to the mills over which the fleeing negro found his stations in one of the underground railroads, and over which the notorious horse thief traveled in quest of new spoils and also guided his captured steeds. In fact it was the commercial route, the public highway, the railroad, the canal, the means of communication between the Ohio and the Sangamo, and it was the one great artery that carried the new life blood into an undeveloped country.

With our many highways now and our many miles of railroad, the old trail has been surrounded by obscurity and sunken into disuse. It is only here and there through the country that it may yet be traced after sixty years of changes and transformations that come as a result of settlement and civilization. But even it may pass from our memories and the last vestige of it may be lost, for it has played its important part in the development of our great commonwealth.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



## The Mountain Burro

James M. Neff



HE has come to the Rocky Mountain region of the United States to stay. He has been here a long time. As to just how long we shall perhaps never know till the earliest Spanish invaders who came into this country from the South in the sixteenth century shall rise from the dead and tell us. How did the burro get his name? Don't know. Here again the Spaniards of generations ago could perhaps give us information. What is the burro? A diminutive donkey—that's all. He is the sturdy, patient, sleepy, melancholy, ridiculous little fellow that attracts the attention and provokes the laugh or

the care and attention which we lavish upon him was transferred to his humble and despised rival, both his physical and moral qualities would be developed to an extent which those persons alone can fully estimate who have traveled through Eastern countries, where both animals are equally valued."

And the fact is, the burro has a number of good qualities which are quite too generally undervalued by us in consequence of our admiration of the more noble and powerful animal, the horse. While he possesses no superior marks of sagacity, it must be admitted that he possesses the merit of being patient, enduring and generally inoffensive; or at least not



calls out the sympathy of every tourist to the Rocky Mountains. He belongs to the same family, somewhat degenerated perhaps, of which large numbers were doubtless found among the live stock which Abram took with him from Canaan to Egypt (Gen. 12: 16) and of which Job was the fortunate owner of a thousand females (Job 42: 12).

The poor little fellow, humble, uncouth, despised as he is, the drudge of mendicants, the butt of all jokes, the vagabond of animals, the contented, belabored, overburdened victim of the many who think it no sin to abuse an ass, the synonym for obstinacy, obtuseness, imbecility and stupidity, is perhaps the far-removed descendant of the wild ass that inhabits the mountainous deserts of Tartary and is celebrated in history for the fiery activity of its disposition and the fleetness of its course. But degraded and degenerated as he is, he is probably not to be blamed for it for as Buffon remarks, "If the horse was unknown, and

vicious. However, it is not amiss to watch the sleepy-looking little roustabout when not on duty, for he is a great joker and may kick you when you are not looking and never crack a smile.

In the rough mountainous regions of the West he is one of the indispensables, and is used for a little of everything. On many dizzy simmits or dreary wild the traveler has learned to appreciate this patient, frugal, sure-footed little creature who bears him safely where no other quadruped could pick his way without a stumble or keep his pace without drooping. Considering his size he is really a great working force and has perhaps done more towards developing the mountainous West than any other agency save that of mankind alone. He will do anything he can and if urged to it will attempt a good many things that he can't do. With a hump of his back, a gathering together of his stout but slender legs and a patient lowering of his head, he will tug and strain, giving his

whole body and soul to the effort to pull or carry whatever load may be imposed upon him. The miner, the hunter, the tourist, the Mexican, the Indian and the mountaineer all depend upon him, use him, laugh at him and abuse him and yet he insists on being everybody's friend. And when once you have seen him, you will always love him—anyhow a little.



A Mountain Baby Carriage.

The most common color of the burro is a mouse colored gray, with a black or blackish stripe extending along the spine to the tail, and crossed by a similar stripe over the shoulders. Brownish black specimens and also white ones are frequently seen.

Unfortunately for the little fellow the average specimen is almost unpardonably ugly, his only excuse for his ugliness being that he can't help it. And yet his very uncouthness, it must be admitted, makes him unique and picturesque. But O, his voice! Did you



ever hear his cry? It consists of a most discordant succession of sharps and flats,—a bray so hideous as to offend even the most unmusical ear.

Here in the Pecos Valley of New Mexico they are frequently seen in the villages, four to ten of them hitched to a single wagon and driven by Mexicans, and the loads they draw are surprising. Now and then small herds of them wander away from their moun-

tain home, and coming to the villages, are taken up by the boys and girls to be petted, ridden and generally enjoyed till the owner calls for them which he sometimes never does. They are great favorites with children and make a most interesting pet. They can be bought here for five or six dollars per head and the wonder is that they are not shipped east in large numbers, as many a wealthy man would pay a considerable sum for the mere sake of having one of the picturesque little fellows sauntering about his lawn.

Coleridge very beautifully apostrophized a young donkey as follows:

"Poor little foal of a despised race,  
I love the languid patience of thy face,  
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,  
And clap thy rugged coat, and pat thy head.  
Do those prophetic eyes anticipate,  
Meek child of misery, thy future fate?  
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches,  
Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?"

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*



#### CASTLE DESPAIR.

NAN REESE.



T stands in a secluded spot, far from the noise and strife and toil of the busy city,—amid "green fields and running brooks," truly. All around the birds are singing, flowers are blooming and the sun shining. Ivy clings to the grim old walls and across its barred windows.

How many souls, sin-stricken and wretched, with burdens almost too heavy to be borne have found their way up these winding paths, to enter these walls, never to return, or perhaps to return with a soul seared and branded with the mark of Cain. There be some perhaps whose souls the hot iron does not reach, to whom repentance is not known; but the many who unthinkingly, many times are tempted and fall, who err, God pity them!

• Its doors open readily to receive, yet are loath to give up. It is encompassed about with a high wall, many feet thick and across its top are strung electric-charged wires. At each corner the sentry waits! O! the unspeakable bitterness of it! The heavy price paid!

A few weeks ago I visited one of the largest and best kept prisons in the South and the sadness of it came home to me and made me to see and understand it as I never had before. We may live all of our lives among such scenes, yet until we are face to face with them, we cannot realize or understand what it means. The prison! From one of those sad, weary, despondent creatures I bought a small white cross: was there not something touching in that small white cross, the



symbol of agony, carved out of agony! One of the party, a lady with a small boy of ten perhaps, said, "I would really rather not have had him see this—it all looks so pleasant and inviting, that some way I fear the dread is taken away." It is inviting and pleasant. The prisoners have everything that is necessary for their comfort and their homes are clean and comfortable, their meals wholesome and served in abundance. There is no fault to find there—these poor creatures many of them have better and pleasanter homes in this sense, than ever before. And yet, remember that they sold their souls to gain this! That though they go forth into the world again, among men they wear a mark, the mark that stamps them indelibly wherever they go. Think of a young man, light and care free, in an idle moment led into temptation and its awful consequences, to come forth perhaps sometime, but broken in spirit and courage, his name a by-word among the men of the world, the world who does not want him back, no matter how it may have welcomed him before.

Behind us into the prison there came a colored woman, in the custody of a white man. She held forth her manacled hands from which they removed the fetters, then the wide gate opened and she disappeared, to spend the rest of life God saw fit to give her in the shadow of the gray wall!

Surely death to these must be a welcome relief, although perhaps they feel that this is transportation from one punishment to another, and yet it must be that they in some degree mitigate their punishment hereafter, behind these dreary walls. God loves each and every one of us, and he can forgive us if we truly repent, so perhaps there be those who go forth in peace to him from the prison, in garments of white.

While we are here, with so much to make us happy, we are apt to become careless, secure, and in that awful moment when the world to which we so fondly cling deserts us, we have no one to turn to but God, who is ever with us.

O! that we could all stay close to Jesus! That there might be no straying lambs!

Little boys, remember that God has given you a soul for which you must make an accounting and that he expects you to return it to him, white and unsullied, as he gave it to you, a baby. All of those sin-marked souls behind the gray cold walls were once babies on their mother's knees, just as you. God gives you all the same start: the rest is with you. What shall your answer be? Think of the mother who loves you: had she not rather have given you back to him, who is the giver of life, when your heart was still pure and innocent, than to have you live, to one day become the inhabitant of the Castle of Despair? Sin is ever about us, and the temptations and pitfalls at our feet. So watch and live close to the Master. In

that country there are no tears, no sin, no prison walls. I have seen a wild bird caged, beating its delicate wings against its bars, fighting for the freedom that is its birthright. Through no fault of its own it came there, only cruel chance. But *you* remember that freedom is your birthright, too, and that if you must some day stand behind bars, your soul crying out in its agony it will be but your own fault. God, the gentle loving Father, will come to you and wipe the tears from your sad eyes, but your body, the tenement house of your soul, must forfeit its freedom, and your soul will stand, beating its delicate wings against the cruel bars of its longing for its freedom. Oh! the bitterness of the price paid!

*Kansas City, Kans.*



### A JAY-BIRD'S DEFENSE.

ROSE LEE.

UP in a maple tree in our back yard, snugly tucked in the crotch of the tree, was a jay bird's nest. So cunningly hid was it by the leafy twigs and protecting branches that one could hardly see it, for the parents built with every possible precaution against the enemies, whom they had learned through long experience to dread. They were so successful that the beautiful eggs had been safely kept till they burst open to free the struggling lives within. Day by day they toiled, hunting and robbing to fill the gaping mouths. One day the mother put on her priceless crown of turquoise pearl and jet and went out ostensibly for a day's gossip, though it seems a singular thing that she made it a point to call where the hostesses were not at home.

Scarcely had she gone, when straight to her own house came long-feared dangerous foes, though you would not have called them such, two of them, with round bright eyes and the prettiest sunbonnets and aprons imaginable. Now though the birds did not know it, these children also claimed this tree and had played in and about it long before they had made it their abode, and only yesterday one little maid had discovered the pretty nest and had now brought her sister to see it also and was watching, with dancing eyes, her progress up the tree. She climbed slowly, her chubby arms encircling the kind, warm branches, or the old tree trunk, her bare feet seeking friendly knots or boughs till she sank to rest for a moment where several large branches met to form a seat. Then, she crept cautiously along the limb with the crotch in, till peeping over she could see the pretty nest which seemed full of wide spread golden beaks, and golden-lidded ebony eyes.

"Thief! thief!" shrieked an angry voice overhead, unheard by the child who was listening to the

hungry voices of the little ones. It was the mother bird, who, alarmed by a strange dread, had hurried home and found the unwelcome guest. The silly creature had a very suspicious mind, and who knew better than she what damage could be done to the defenseless young? Like many another one, she found her own vices intolerable when mirrored in another. Cowardice was not one of her failings, however, so unappalled by the superior size of the enemy she bravely began her attack. With a swift swoop she lighted on the little sunbonnet, and made a hard onslaught, pecking savagely with her bill and rapidly scratching with her sharp claws, till the child, who was unwilling to fight the bird, beat a hasty retreat to the accompaniment of the roguish laughter of the little sister below. *She* had visited jay birds' nests before.

The besieged girl scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, but finally decided in favor of laughter and the two girls determined to leave the bird in peace and kept the resolution. As they left, the bird gave a few squeaks of triumph.

*Falls City, Nebr.*



#### THE WAYS OF AUTHORS.

YOUNG people, when reading their favorite authors, take so little thought of the painstaking labor and infinite care that has been put into the book that pleases. They are conscious of the strength of the plot, of the rare depiction of character, of the felicity of the expression, but they know nothing of the work that has been done by the author before he gave his book to the public. They do not go behind the scenes to see what has been done to produce the work that has entranced the world.

The harder the work behind the curtain, the less trace of it before. "Easy writing makes hard reading," some one has said, I do not remember who, and I think the aphorism transposed will usually apply.

The larger number of famous writers have been great workers, patient and untiring in their attention to details. "Genius," said the great French writer, Balzac, "is only great patience," and Carlyle voiced the same sentiment when he defined it as "an immense capacity for taking trouble."

The latter author was one of the most painstaking of writers, almost every other word he wrote being erased and another being put in its place. One day he visited his printer to urge him to push on with the work. "Why sir," said the printer, "you are really hard upon us with your corrections. They take up a good deal of time, you see." Carlyle replied that he was accustomed to this sort of thing, and that he had had works printed in Scotland, and—

"Yes, indeed, sir," interrupted the printer, "we have a man from Edinburgh, and when he took up a bit of your copy, he dropped it like a red-hot cinder,

and cried out, 'Oh, have you that man to print? No one knows when we shall be done with his corrections!'"

Balzac's literary life was a miracle of hard work. After having sketched the plot of a novel, he was untiring in his efforts to collect all possible material, preparatory to writing it out. Then he would lock himself into his room, with orders that he should not be disturbed save to have food and drink brought to him and toil day and night for weeks until his book was completed. He was a slow writer, weighing his words as carefully as an apothecary does his drugs.

Gibbon, the historian, was twenty-five years writing his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He practiced a long while on his diction. Three times he composed the first chapter of his history, and twice he composed the second and third before he was satisfied with them. But as he advanced he wrote with greater facility, though he never became a rapid writer.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, was a very slow and laborious writer. One day several of his friends were talking about him and one asked whether he had written anything lately. "Only a couplet," was his reply (the couplet being his celebrated epigram on Lord Dudley). "Only a couplet!" exclaimed Sydney Smith who formed one of the party. "What would you have? When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied, and straw laid down and caudle is made, and the answer to inquiries is that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Addison essays, which are considered models of exquisite English, were the result of severe and painstaking labor. The amount that he wrote was very little compared with the time he expended in writing it, but his works will always remain classics.

Thomas Moore was content if he added fifty lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week; Pope worked days over a single couplet; Charlotte Bronte sometimes occupied an hour in deciding upon a word.

Buffon, the great naturalist, spent fifty years writing his "Studies of Nature." He rewrote portions of it as many as eighteen times before submitting it to the printer. In writing, he used large sheets of paper ruled in five different columns. In the first column were written his first thoughts; in the second he enlarged and developed them, and so on till the fifth was reached, when he would write the final draft. Even while pursuing this laborious method, it is said he would often rewrite a sentence a dozen times, and once spent fourteen hours in deciding upon the most expressive words to close a sentence.

The poet Gray, whose *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is believed to be the most popular and at the same time, the most perfect poem in our language, was over thirteen years writing that production.

It is stated that Tennyson rewrote his poem, "Come



into the garden Maud," nearly fifty times before he permitted it to stand, and that he occupied eight hours a day for six weeks in revising and polishing Locksley Hall, the rough draft of which he composed in two days.

Thomas Campbell, whose spirited poems flow with such grace and ease as to give the impression of aspiration without effort, wrote very deliberately. He studied his poems in every part, and allowed them to be put into print only after the most careful and critical revision.—*Forward*.



### TAMED BY KINDNESS.

THIS is how elephants are hunted in Ceylon: The people begin by clearing an open space near a forest, part of which is strongly fenced in with trunks of trees, with open places for doors. Then the elephants are found and with blazing torches, rattling of noisy instruments and spears are driven toward the open doors.

At last, with a rush, the great herd enters, the entrances are barred, and the poor giants of the wood find themselves hopelessly imprisoned. An elephant's rage is dreadful to witness, but the ingenuity of man has found a way of subduing it. One by one each prisoner is freed again, and tame elephants, remarkable for their sagacity, come up to him, stroke him with their trunks and otherwise cajole him until they lead him on to a good strong tree. The natives creep up behind, and in a minute the elephant is made fast to the tree by his leg.

All the time this is going on the tame elephants are humoring their deluded victim, but as soon as he is secured they go away and leave him. Then the men bring him cocoanuts and leaves to eat, which, of course, he refuses, as he is again in a great passion and struggling to be free.

But hunger subdues even the fiercest and at last his wild roaring ceases, and he eats. From that time the taming process is comparatively easy. Again and again he is fed, as he requires it, by a kind hand, and the elephant, susceptible to kindness, becomes at last a docile servant of the man.—*The Arrow*.



### WHY MANY MEN ARE FAILURES.

A GREAT many people drift through life without aim or purpose or effort. They float along the line of least resistance, avoiding all obstacles and shrinking from everything that looks like hard work.

Their great desire is to get an easy job. They do not concern themselves as to whether it offers any opportunity for self-development or not, or whether it is a stumbling-block instead of a stepping-stone to their future welfare. They have neither plan, nor program, nor ambition to guide them. They simply

live for to-day, and literally, "take no thought for the morrow."

This happy-go-lucky policy can lead to but one thing—failure. Thousands who have adopted it have drifted, in old age, to begging in the streets, to dependence on grudging relatives, or to the almshouse. Many of these unfortunates, if they had taken stock of themselves in their youth, or had taken the trouble to find out their success possibilities, and had planned their lives along common sense, manly lines, might have contributed largely to the service of mankind and attained honor and prosperity in their chosen callings. Whenever a youth goes looking for a "soft snap" he is to be pitied. There can be no doubt where he will end if he does not change his tactics. If he does not brace up, take stock of himself and put vim and purpose and energy into his life he will surely join the great army of "might-have-been."

If you are working according to an intelligent plan, if you are trying to make everything you do a means of advancement to the goal you have in view, if your great ambition is not to make yourself famous, or rich, or happy, but to make your life mean something in God's world, go ahead, for you are moving in the right direction and will reach your goal. But if you are looking for an easy place, or running away from hard work, if you are too listless or indifferent or careless to take stock of yourself, to decide upon the path you wish to take, to look carefully ahead, but not too far ahead, or to make out an intelligent plan for action, and follow it as nearly as you can, no matter where you stand, you are not moving in the right direction.—*Chicago Examiner*.



### CANAL WORK AIDED BY POPULAR SONGS.

A WASHINGTON special to the *New York World* says: Music is playing an important part in the digging of the Isthmian Canal. Laborers from the West Indies are all accustomed to sing as they work, and bosses who are capable of leading a chorus have much greater success than men who do not have that faculty.

Reports received by the commission from officials in the canal zone indicate that one boss has developed songs which have inspired contentment and energy among his men, with the result that he has outdistanced all rivals in the amount of work accomplished.

"Down, man, down," are the words for which this leader has provided music that delights the Jamaican heart. Other bosses are using the traditional "Yo, heave, ho."

Bosses who have been in the employ of the fruit companies and other corporations in the tropics have carried the methods of the West Indies to the Isthmus with excellent results, and on all the government work singing is becoming general.—*The Musical Million*.

**WANTED—A MAN.**

"I AM looking for a man I can trust to leave my business with if I wish to go away for a few days. Can you help me?"

"I have the greatest trouble in getting young men I can trust. I get discouraged sometimes. I take men that come well recommended and put them to work. For a while they go all right; then something happens and they go all to pieces. It is a tough proposition."

These are the statements of men to me within the past few days and it is a serious matter.

*Are there no men that can be trusted?*

The daily press loaded with stories of graft; graft the burden of every public utterance; tales of murder, suicide, disgrace weighing down the speech of men everywhere—what wonder that there should be this Macedonian cry for men, men that can be trusted.

And yet, there are men who are the very soul of honor even in these days. You meet them as you go up and down in the world. You know them by their work as you sit beside them in the office the week through. When you are in trouble, they come in and watch with you all through the dark hours. Thinking of these men you take heart and say, "The world is all right yet!"

And so it is.

Let me tell you how it is that many men do not find the kind of help they want.

Not a week ago two men were talking about the chances of a certain fellowtownsman of theirs who was being tried for a serious crime against the general government. One of these men said, "I believe he is guilty, but I can't help hoping that he will be cleared! He is a kind hearted man. He was in business where there was keen competition. He thought he would build up the concern faster and more surely if he should do what he is charged with. He did it and he got caught at it. Competition is terribly sharp in these days. It corrupts men; and yet, I don't see what the common folks would do without it!"

Now, what would a man that thinks like that require of a young man that came into his house to do business for him? Would he not expect him to be ready always to drive the best bargain he could? No matter how honest the young man might be at the beginning, if he worked under such tuition as that, how long would it be before he would slip away into wrong?

"But I must look out for my own interests!"

Ah! then looking out for your own interests, no matter whose interests may be hurt, that is what you mean when you cry aloud for some man that can be trusted. In other words, do you not want a man that will be blind save where you will be benefited? Is that what you mean?

It is well to look into one's own heart when one gets

pessimistic and says that the world is surely going to the dogs. Are we helping it that way by any methods of our own?—*Selected.*

**MY WANTS.**

I do not want a fortune great;  
I do not seek the cares of state,  
With all their glitter and their glare,  
And wicked schemes afloat in air.  
I do not yearn for power or place;  
Nor would I take part in the race  
For gold—I only ask that I  
May sow good will while passing by;  
And that when I am laid below  
The cool, green sod, where daisies blow,  
Some one will pause a bit, and then  
Declare: "He helped his fellow-men."

I do not covet mansions grand,  
Nor acres broad on every hand;  
I do not yearn for jewels bright,  
To dazzle my poor neighbor's sight;  
I do not yearn to take command,  
And order men on every hand—  
I only ask that I may go  
Along a road where flowers blow,  
And dying, have men pause and say:  
"He scattered sunshine all the way."

Let others dig and delve for gold;  
Let others place of power hold;  
Let others with a lordly air,  
Stand forth within the limelight's glare;  
Let others trade on hopes and fears,  
And profit by the sobs and tears  
Of those they wreck. I only ask  
The strength to do each daily task,  
Then homeward go with heart elate  
And greet my loved ones at the gate;  
Then, dying, have men pause a while  
And say: "He gave the world a smile."

—Selected.

**SIMPLE FAITH.**

MRS. HANNAH WHITALL SMITH says: "I may receive word that a relative has died and left me \$50,000, which is deposited in a certain bank. I believe it, and immediately say 'I am rich.' I might say that my faith has made me rich. But if there had been no fact of real money deposited for me, no amount or kind of faith would have made me a penny richer. And in such a case as this my common-sense rule ought to prevail. Let us concern ourselves about the facts. Does God love us? Does he send us a message of forgiveness? Is the Lord our shepherd? Will he care for us? Is he on our side? Is his will always the best? Does he ever neglect or forsake us? Find out the facts in regard to these things, and let all thoughts about your faith go; and before you know it your faith will be all you could wish it to be.

"If our faith were but more simple,  
We should take him at his word,  
And our lives would be all gladness,  
In the sunshine of the Lord."



# THE INGLENOOK

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## OPPORTUNITIES.



OPPORTUNITY and success are two very familiar and significant words in the struggle which constitutes the life of to-day. It might be said that the ideal life is summed up in the words, Grasp opportunity, attain success.

As a rule we think of an opportunity as something good from beginning to end. It must smile invitingly as it comes toward us and assure us in many ways of its willingness to be used by us in our progress towards the goal of our ambitions. Otherwise we do not recognize it; it is not *our* opportunity.

The actual experience of those who have won the noblest success, however, proves that this idea is a mistaken one. The opportunities that have been most instrumental in reaching the desired end have not been prepossessing, they have even had the appearance of real enemies and have stood out as bold opposers to the worker's progress. And it was only when he had mastered them by main force that he learned that they had taken that form in order to test him and thus see if he was worthy of the place he wished to fill.

In the present times of prosperity, when men leap to fame and fortune at a single bound, our young men and women are more than ever impressed with the idea that the sure road to success is by the way of the opportunities that demand little effort,—that are pleasant and agreeable and they start out in life by looking for the soft snaps. And when these soft snaps are not found, or when they fail to boost one to the top then follows the long list of dishonorable things that defile the road which was supposed to lead to success, and which is being so thoroughly opened up to the gaze of the public these days.

Let our young men and women make a close study of those who are at the top and they will find that the ones who stand most securely on the dizzy heights have

for their foundation, unceasing toil and thorough devotion to the task in hand; some have gone up step by step, while others toiled long in obscurity and then suddenly came to their own. They will find that aside from these all others on the heights are standing on a mushroom growth that sooner or later will give way, and these, too, will find their true level.



## WAIT A LITTLE.

Few people wish to be gauged by the results of their present efforts or their present measure of success. We are not surprised of course, that the half-grown boy or girl begs us to withhold judgment on their present attainments, but this class is not composed alone of boys and girls. The merchant is expecting to stock up with a new and better line of goods in a short time. The lawyer is sure that if you will wait till he has won the case even now in the docket you will have a better conception of his ability than you can possibly have at the present time. The farmer explains that he has found a combination of crops that will exactly suit the different kinds of soil on his farm, but he has to have another season in which to demonstrate the fact. And the editor—ah, he has his dreams, too,—and they are not all realized.

All this seems encouraging and impresses us with the thought that the wheels of progress are in no danger of being locked. But is this class made up altogether of progressive people? Is it not true that the Micawberites also belong to this class. Talk to them a short time about the present condition of their business and they will shrug their shoulders and say, "Just wait a little; something is sure to turn up before long."

And so we find that no one is really ready to have an estimation made as to his capabilities. The energetic, progressive man *knows* that future achievements will tell more than the present, and the man who himself waits while he asks you to wait,—of course he is not ready.

Meanwhile this waiting has taught us a thing or two, and we are willing to withhold judgment for all time, yea, until that day when "every man's works shall be tried."



## THE FOREHANDED MAN.

IN the agricultural world we are just passing through the season of sowing and reaping. It is the one season of the year that tests the mettle of the farmer and no one stands their test any better than the man who is fittingly termed a forehanded man.

The forehanded farmer stands the test because he anticipates every turn of the season. No, he is not a weather prophet and doesn't depend much on the pro-

phet's forecasts, but he knows there will be sowing and reaping time and he gets ready for each in turn. In the spring his implements are all in order in good time for the opening of the season. He never drives into a fifty-acre grain-field, dead-ripe with a binder that hasn't been tested, or even looked at, since last year. He doesn't have a breakdown on the public road because a flaw in harness or carriage has been allowed to go unattended. He doesn't get up any earlier in the morning than the average farmer, but he knows where to take hold when he does get up, because the day's work has been planned for some time. In short, in all his work he holds the lines and does the driving instead of letting his work drive him.

Fortunately all the forehanded men are not farmers. The wheels of progress in factory and shop seldom stop, mainly because the forehanded man has anticipated the friction and removed the cause for it. The forehanded contractor's buildings always go together as if the different parts had had a rehearsal beforehand.

And let us not cease to be grateful for the forehanded housewife. The most successful general doesn't have any better command of his troops than she of her forces. And when she makes a charge against dirt and disorder, it is done so opportunely and with such precision that you almost believe there has been some sleight-of-hand performance. At least you fail to see the unpleasant side of housekeeping and think the whole thing is a pleasant pastime.

The fact of the whole matter is that this old world wouldn't be the world of to-day and this America wouldn't be the glorious free land that it is,—perhaps it would be the America of 1492,—if it were not for the forehanded men and women.



#### A SUMMER EVENING.

SLOWLY the sun rolls towards his setting, surrounded by a hazy atmosphere caused by his own intense rays. The tender plants seem to gather up their strength for a final effort to resist his withering glances, and then, as he approaches the horizon, life moves through them anew in anticipation of the gathering dew.

Up the lane come the farm horses, their sides wet with the sweat of toil, and their loose harness clanking in time with the measured tread of their weary feet. The cows stand impatiently at the bars, and when liberated hasten to their cool, dark stalls, where they patiently ruminate while the streams of rich milk sing a merry song in the bright pails.

Over across the meadow a little song bird sings its evening lay, and though its notes are low, the song is carried far, for the peace of the closing day has fallen on all. The little chicks that have wandered far afield now seek the shelter of the old hen's wings, and

the child who has played the livelong day with all the independence of his sturdy strength now nestles quietly in his mother's arms.

Out in the garden the humming bird flutters from flower to flower, sipping the dewy nectar gathered therein; the half-unfolded petals of the primrose stand out like the fans of a Dutch windmill, and suddenly—piff!—they open into full-blown perfection; a belated bee struggles out of the embrace of a withering flower, and the katydid begins anew its age-old self-accusation.

Up from the thicket comes the call of the whip-poor-will, and out in the orchard a lonely little owl cries out in trembling, almost sobbing, tones. Finally the night sounds become confused, and slowly the senses are lulled to rest. And over all are the stars, over all is the hush of night, over all is the watchful eye of God.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

The kind of man for me and you;  
However little of worth we do  
He credits full, and abides in trust  
That time will teach us how more is just.

—Selected by Anna Lesh.



CONSIDERING his size he is really a great working force and has perhaps done more towards developing the mountainous West than any other agency save that of mankind alone.—*James M. Neff.*



LIKE many another one, she found her own vices intolerable when mirrored in another.—*Rose Lee.*



God gives you all the same start: the rest is with you. What shall you say to God when he asks you to return your talents?—*Nan Reese.*



Smile, woman, smile!  
For Jesus knows; and in a little while  
Love, rest, and home—where lonely wand'rings cease—  
Where friendship deepens, and where joys increase  
Heaven's bliss shall amply make amends to thee  
For all the ills and griefs which now must be!

—Selected



GOSSEPS thrive only when listeners are handy.—*Snapshots.*



HERE in the simple yet refined life led by the people with whom she had come in contact, she was witnessing daily the happiness and peace that comes from walking hand in hand with Nature's God.—*Oma Karn.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

GRAND DUKE Nicholas Nicolaievitch has declined to accept the post of commander-in-chief of all the troops of the empire "where martial law exists," to which the Emperor Nicholas appointed him Aug. 4. Whether the grand duke's decision was reached before or after the attempt on his life Aug. 10, is not known. The reason he gives for refusing the post is that he believes it should not be given to a grand duke, but to a purely military man. He advocates the appointment of Gen. Linevitch, formerly commander-in-chief of the Manchurian army. The emperor has not finally decided whether he will accept this advice.

CONSIDERABLE agitation on the Moorish frontier in the vicinity of Ondja has resulted from the Algerian government's temporary suspension of exports across the border in consequence of the representative of the sultan of Morocco refusing to force Moorish merchants to settle commercial obligations. The tribes thus are deprived of provisions and threaten to confide their future interests to France unless the sultan's officials immediately satisfy Algerian demands.

AT a mass-meeting held in Zion City tabernacle Aug. 12, Overseer Voliva divulged plans he has for inviting God-like business men to go into business in Zion. He also encouraged every man to work, wages being a secondary consideration.

DOWIE, in an address to one hundred of his followers in Shiloh house denounced Judge Landis' decision which took Zion City from his control, and said he would carry the case to the higher courts.

A DISPATCH from Paris states that William Jennings Bryan has already fixed dates for meetings in five of the western cities, immediately following his return from his trip abroad. Sept. 4 has been decided upon for Chicago.

SCIENTISTS think they have found for the first time in history clear evidence of the influence of Christianity at Pompeii, the city in Italy, destroyed by eruptions of Mt. Vesuvius. While some excavations were being made about twelve feet below the surface on the northwest side of the dead city there was

brought to light a terra cotta vessel bearing the so-called monogram of Christ surrounded by the crown of thorns. The vessel is attributed to the first century of the Christian era.

NEARLY two-thirds of the members of the douma have been imprisoned, exiled or punished in one way or another by the government of which they are now a part, and considering this it is remarkable that they should show so much self-control and take so broad a view of their duty. It also accounts in part for their determined attitude on the question of amnesty. The members of the douma know what it is to suffer for conscience sake by personal experience, and their demand upon the czar is based upon a fellow-feeling as well as human sympathy and a sense of justice.

ARTIFICIAL ice industry has been one of our most rapidly developing modern industries, and the conditions of ice supply and the number of factories requiring large quantities seem to promise a further extension of the business. This business naturally has developed largely in the South as the people have not the opportunity for packing away ice in the winter time. In 1870 there were four artificial ice-making plants in the United States. In 1880 there were thirty-five; in 1890 two hundred; in 1900 eight hundred and at the present time there are considerable more than a thousand. The first ice plant to be established in this country was put up in New Orleans with the intention of supplying artificial ice to the territory south of the ice line. By degrees ice plants have been established in the territory supplied with natural ice, breweries, hotels, restaurants, packing houses and hospitals having refrigerating plants, until the capital invested is over \$50,000,000 and the output is over 5,000,000 tons annually.

KING EDWARD and Queen Alexandra are on their way to visit Emperor William, presumably to confer with him as to advice to be given to Emperor Nicholas in regard to Russian affairs.

RAILWAY and passenger association officials believe that the long fight they have waging against the ticket brokers is in a fair way to result in the complete defeat and overthrow of the latter. Some time since the

railway ticket protective bureau, which is carrying on the contest in behalf of the railroads, secured an injunction perpetually restraining the brokers of New Orleans from dealing in signed contract tickets. The "scalpers" of that city have carried the matter to the United States Supreme Court on constitutional grounds, and the decision in the case will finally determine whether the ticket brokerage business can be lawfully carried on.

THE Rhine and Moselle Insurance company of Germany has decided that it will not pay its \$2,000,000 of liabilities arising from the fire in San Francisco. The company does not carry an earthquake clause, and it is presumed at the local office that the head officials are putting forth the plea of "an act of Providence."

A MOUNTAIN railway is being constructed in the Tyrolean Alps, which when completed will achieve the European record, which has been held by the Strauserborn railway, for traversing the steepest mountain slope in the world.

THE Eiffel tower in Paris, which under the original agreement would become the property of the city in 1910, has been the subject of discussion. The intention had been to pull it down as a disfigurement, but scientists have found it useful for meteorological studies, and shrewdly support their defense of the thousand foot structure by pointing out that it may serve as a lightning rod. So it is to be left till 1915 at least.

REPORTS from Constantinople say that, notwithstanding the official declarations to the contrary, it is certain that the condition of the sultan still remains serious. His servants permit no one to approach him. It is difficult to learn the exact nature of his illness.

MANUFACTURERS of window glass seem to have a surplus on hand, and the Western Window Glass Association, at a special meeting recently, adopted a resolution declaring for a delay in the resumption of the fall work of all glass factories in the United States in order that the glass market may be made more firm as to prices.

ONE of the railroads in Arizona which has a great many curves finds the wear on its engines' driving wheels very expensive. A device for oiling the wheels is being tried with success, it is said. A pipe leads down to the flange of the wheel and throws a very thin spray of oil on it. This is said to save the wheel very materially, yet the oil is so small in quantity it does not interfere with the traction. Formerly after traveling 40,000 miles the wheels had to be reground,

but now it is claimed they go 50,000 without perceptible evidence of wear. Applications of water have been tried, but with ill success.

FAVORABLE reports on corn were received in Chicago last week from different sections in the southwest. Kansas City: "Our reports are that the corn crop is practically made. Receiving houses are looking for increased receipts." St. Louis: "Southeast Missouri says they will get 100 bushels per acre in the redeemed lands near New Madrid." H. Sorsen, a prominent miller of Lisbon, N. D., said his county would average 25 bushels per acre of wheat, and that the state would have the largest crop on record.

FIRE broke out a day or two ago at the international exposition now being held at Milan, Italy, and much damage was done. The sections devoted to the decorative arts of Italy and Hungary were totally destroyed and also the exhibits, where were stored the Italian and Hungarian architecture. The damage is estimated at \$2,500,000. The fine arts section where many fine paintings were on exposition was threatened, but the soldiers present carried the pictures out to a place of safety. The origin of the fire is attributed to an electric short circuit.

A PROCESS of making books for the blind is embossing the ordinary raised letters on sheets of aluminum instead of paper. This makes a more permanent sheet and permits of their being made in duplicate, so that the cost is greatly decreased. The new idea has also the advantage that the letters can be more readily discerned on the metal sheets than on the paper, which is a welcome improvement, particularly for those who become blind in after life and whose fingers are, therefore not as sensitive as those of other unfortunates. These metal sheets are so thin that a pile an inch thick contains two hundred and fifty.

At a meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in York, England, the value of rest was discussed. One doctor declared that gymnastics were not a cure for mental fatigue, nor was excessive bicycle riding. There had been a development of recent years, he said, of "the bicycle head" among young men, due to excessive riding in their keenness to establish records.

At Church's Island, N. C., an antique railway is operated. It is a sail-car affair, and the small flat car runs along a wooden tramway. When there is wind, a sail is hoisted on the car, and it runs merrily along its track, carrying passengers and freight sometimes at good speed.





**"SMILE, WOMAN, SMILE."**

My dear, dead mother scarce would recognize  
This haggard face; these dreary, mirthless eyes;  
The anxious brow, beneath the graying hair,  
Once glossy brown, her pride and special care.  
Friends of my youth would startled gaze  
To see the changes—less of time and place  
Than circumstance. A lonely, bruised heart,  
And weary, painful days, all bear a part  
In changing her whom they of yore  
Called "Sunshine-maker"—now, alas, no more  
Courtied and praised for bonnie, blithesome ways,  
As in the old and happy girlhood days.

Smile, woman, smile! What if thy heart be sore,  
Burdened and sickened, saddened to the core?  
Smile, woman, smile! For friends depart  
When faces shadow forth the tingling smart  
Of secret suffering.  
Smile, woman, smile! Expected 'tis of thee  
To set thy griefs aside. Know, friends do flee  
From saddened faces such as thine, nor care  
To linger but to have thee share—nay bear  
Their sorrows.  
Smile, woman, smile!  
For Jesus knows; and in a little while  
Love, rest, and home—where lonely wand'rings cease  
Where friendship deepens, and where joys increase—  
Where pain and sadness are fore'er unknown—  
Where no tears fall, before God's great, white throne—  
Heaven's bliss shall amply make amends to thee  
For all the ills and grief which now must be!

—Helen A. Steinhauer



**A BLACKBERRY HUNT.**

ETTIE E. HOLLER.



ES, it is a beautiful bright morning. The  
grass is fresh with dew. We are up early  
so as to get an early start while it is yet  
cool. We don an old half-worn-out costume.  
Yet we would be glad if it would  
be very thick, too. With some mittens

to protect our hands, we don an old sun-  
bonnet, and gather our buckets and pails together,  
and away we go for the berry patch.

Oh here is a nice patch. What large berries! How  
we hustle to get the most berries. But one must stop  
so often to pick out a brier that has found its way into  
one's hands. Oh, in there is a fine cluster of berries!  
How can I get them? By pushing and tugging at the

thorny bushes and reaching as far as I can I capture  
them.

What? Help? Yes, I have fallen down among the  
briers, and they hold me so tightly that it is impossible  
for me to get up alone. My how I have been scratched!  
But up on firmer footing I am again, merrily picking  
berries, and laughing also at my experience. At the  
same time I declare I will never venture into another  
such a patch. Presently we come to another patch  
and the large ripe berries, hiding among the thorns  
tempt me. I am obliged to venture in among the  
thorns and briers, because there is where the finest  
berries grow.

Oh pshaw! There I spilled half of my berries. No  
it's no use to get mad. Better laugh, I guess and may-  
be there will be less dry leaves and dead limbs among  
my berries. Anyhow after they have been picked up I  
must acknowledge that it was just fun after all.

My! now I am behind the rest of the pickers. So  
I scramble in among the briers, in my eagerness to  
catch up. Oh do let go! But no, off comes my bonnet  
before I am free. I'll declare these briers try one's  
patience.

Oh but the sun's rays are hot! How I am sweating!  
I think I will never want to hunt any more berries,—  
ah, here is a nice cool place to pick.

My, how my hands and arms are scratched, and  
full of tiny little pieces of thorns. It will take more  
than a week for my hands to look respectable. Look  
out, there is a little snake, too, and there is a poison  
vine. Yes, but I must have those nice berries yet.

My bonnet begins to look as if it had been used as a  
mark for some one's shot gun, but my buckets and  
pails are full. Did it pay? Yes, it did pay. Look  
at those large luscious berries. Ah they are beautiful  
and delicious. Yes, I would just like to go again.  
After all, there is something real fascinating about  
hunting blackberries.

Hagerstown, Ind.



**HEAD WORK IN HOUSEKEEPING.**

We know a noble old lady (now over eighty-two)  
who used to say that by a little head work she could  
save so much time in housekeeping, as to have the  
afternoon for rest, study, or such work as she might  
enjoy. This woman had a large family and a great  
deal to do, so it was not an exceptional case. A great

mathematician once said, if he had but three minutes in which to perform a problem on which his life depended, he would spend two of the three minutes in thinking how best to do it; so greatly did he value the art of reflecting well over business to be done, even in the greatest emergencies of life. And could we not all vastly better our work in this world by more forethought? How much our heads could save our feet in our daily work! One reason so many women are such efficient workers, is because of this fixed habit. If they have any occasion to go upstairs, they reflect whether there is anything that needs to be taken up, thus saving one or two trips. The same when going down again. When the table is cleared, the articles to be taken to the cellar are placed together on a tray and taken down at once. While the other work is going on the busy mind runs through and plans out the sewing work that is to be taken up when a leisure time comes. The way of cutting it out, the manner of trimming, and the whole general plan is gone through with before a needle is taken up, very likely. Before rising in the morning, the breakfast is thoroughly planned, and the order in which the different details are carried out, is decided upon.

It makes all work easier to have it thus planned beforehand, and many a weary woman might secure many bright half-hours to herself every week if she would but inaugurate the system. It is like packing a trunk—you know how easy it is for one skilled in the business to put in a third more than one who piles things "just as it happens." It is always such a pleasure to look back on a well-passed day and see just what has been done. People whose days are full of idleness and ease do not have the monopoly of happiness by any means. As uncomfortable people as I have known, have been summer boarders from the city who have nothing to do all summer but to fan themselves. They seem so utterly overburdened with the task that no one could hardly help commiserating them. Occasionally a few flies fluttered into their shady rooms and had to be whisked out and then there was work in earnest and tribulation enough.

Surely these people who have nothing else to bear are rarely able to bear themselves. From what I have seen on both sides, overworked people do not seem to me to be so miserable as those who have nothing to do. They have, at least, the noble compensation of feeling that they add largely to the comfort and well-being of others, and that they belong to the producers instead of the mere consumers. To one who has led a busy life, absolute idleness would be most irksome penance. But head work will lighten labor; so use it liberally, and teach the art to those about you. If housekeepers would preserve their health, let them save time by head work.—*Young People's Paper.*

## PEACH DUMPLINGS.

MRS. LORETTA LIGHTER.

Two teaspoons baking powder, one quart of flour, two eggs and a pinch of salt, sweet milk to make a stiff batter so it can be cut in small bits with a spoon and dropped into a pan of boiling peaches, canned or stewed, which have been sweetened to taste. Then set the pan in the oven and bake till brown and serve with sweetened milk or cream; these are delicious and are quite a chosen dish in our family.



## CREAM OF CORN.

ONE dozen large ears of sweet corn, one pint of cream, one and a half pints of water one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, the yolks of two eggs and a pinch of soda, salt and pepper to taste. After grating the corn, boil the cobs in the water for half an hour; skim out and add the corn and simmer slowly till very tender; strain through a colander, pressing through as much of the pulp as possible and return to the fire. Heat the cream, to which the soda has been added, in a double boiler. Rub flour and butter to a smooth paste, adding enough cream to thin it. When the cream reaches the boiling point, stir in the butter and flour and cook for several minutes. Remove from the fire and gradually stir in the beaten yolk of the eggs, taking care that the eggs do not curdle. Add this mixture to the corn pulp, boil up once, stirring well meanwhile, season and serve. If thicker than is liked, a little hot milk may be added; milk and butter may be substituted for the cream. Another excellent corn soup has for its basis the liquor in which a chicken has been boiled. When cooking chicken for salad, reserve the broth for the soup. Canned corn may be used, if fresh it not to be had.—*Selected.*



## CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 3.

My success in raising tomatoes has been more pronounced and more certain than that of any other vegetable. I raise my own plants. In fact I begin with the seeds for all my garden stuff. Some of my friends think I am very foolish to spend time raising plants when it requires so few to fill the garden space. But that's a debatable question. At least we used to think so when I attended the country literary societies. Then we debated it in this form: Resolved, That there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession. Somehow I was never able to stay on one side of that question very long at a time, and I haven't changed much with the years. Some people like to *have* "garden sass," but they think it too much trouble to *grow* it. I like both the *growing* and the *having*.



The pleasure of both reaches its climax, I think at gathering time. Generally I aim to do the greater part of this myself. Sometimes I fear that the good woman of the house, may be offended, thinking that I cannot trust her in my domains. But that is not it at all. I had watched and tended the plants from the time the tiny seeds were placed in the ground till they brought forth of their kind. I nursed them through their dumpy stages and protected them against the attacks of their numerous enemies. Are you surprised then that I should want to do the reaping—gather in the fruit of my toil?

But I started out to talk about tomatoes. About the middle of March I put five or six seeds in a tin can. When the plants are two or three inches high I transplant them to separate cans or pots. I do not wait till danger of frost is past, but plant them out as soon as they make good stocky plants. By covering them on cool nights they get through the frost season very well. The barn being just north of the garden is a great protection, too, as I have the tomatoes on that side. When the plants begin growing well I pinch out all suckers or auxiliary branches. Late in the season I sometimes let some of these grow on the latest plants so as to be sure to have plenty of green fruit at frost time for piccalilli, etc.

Of course vines thus treated grow much taller than others, but I do not consider that a fault as the fruit is much easier gathered. Drive a stake near each plant. The stake should be about four feet high after it is firmly driven in the ground and should have a couple of cross-pieces nailed on it. The plants are then easily tied up. Earliness and perfection of fruit are two very desirable things that you secure by this pinching process.

However, my success in tomato growing is not yet complete. A disease attacks the first few that I do not understand well enough to try to fight. Just last night (July 23) I was surprised to see a large red tomato on one of my vines. I quickly plucked it, eager to carry it to the house, as the first ripe tomato of the neighborhood. But I stopped suddenly when I ran my fingers into it,—a mass of putrid ill-smelling stuff. I wish I knew the cause of it, and the cure too. Do you know?



#### PRESERVING EGGS.

SEVERAL methods of preserving eggs were tested at Ontario (Canada), during the year of 1900. The eggs for this purpose were taken early in June, and were tested in December. Many of the same methods that proved fairly successful in previous years were again tried.

*Method No. 1.* A solution of one part water glass (sodium silicate) and five parts water that had been previously boiled. This is a very strong solution, and

unless an egg was absolutely fresh it would not sink in the solution. The eggs from this solution were of a fairly good flavor, and all were well preserved.

*Method No. 2.* This was similar to No. 1, except that eight parts of water were used instead of five parts. The eggs in this were nearly as good eggs as those in No. 1. This is a good preservative where it is desired to keep summer eggs for winter use.

*Method No. 3.* This was composed of ten parts of water to one part of water glass. There were no bad eggs in this solution, but the eggs were inferior in flavor and in poaching quality to those kept by methods No. 1 and No. 2.

*Method No. 4.* This consisted of the same solution as No. 2; but in place of allowing the eggs to remain in the liquid, they were removed after having been in it for a week, except the last lot, which was put into the solution. This lot was left in the solution for the remainder of the season.

(a) The eggs, after being in the solution for a week were removed and placed in an ordinary egg case in the cellar. They were all good when tested, but had evaporated considerably and were lacking in flavor.

(b) These were the second lot of eggs to be placed in the liquid. They were handled similarly to those in (a), and were of about equal quality.

(c) These eggs were allowed to remain in the liquid. They were well preserved, all being good.

They were scarcely equal in quality to those from No. 2 method but were superior to those from No. 3.

*Method No. 5.* A lime solution made as follows:—

Two pounds of fresh lime were slacked in a pail and a pint of salt added thereto. After mixing, the contents of the pail was put into a tub containing four gallons of water. This was well stirred and left to settle. Then it was stirred thoroughly a second time and left to settle; after which the clear liquid was poured over the eggs, which had previously been placed in a crock or tub. Only the clear liquid was used.

These eggs were well preserved; but those from the bottom of the tub had a decidedly limy taste, and the yolk in them was somewhat hardened.—*Vick's Magazine.*



#### TRANSPLANTING WILDINGS.

MANY persons fail in trying to fill their gardens with wild flowering or foliage plants, because they try to transplant them in the growing season, or even after they have shown themselves in the spring. Very few things will stand this treatment. One should select such as are wanted in the garden, during the summer, and drive a stake down beside the plant to locate it; then, late in the fall, after the growing season is over and the plant is dormant, just before the ground freezes

dig up the plant carefully, carrying as much of its native soil with it as possible and plant where you wish it to establish itself. Try to give it the same conditions as to soil, shade, etc., as it was taken from. A goodly quantity of turf or leaf mould should be placed about it until it gets accustomed to the garden soil. Now is the time to mark many beautiful things. Do not neglect it.—*The Commoner*.



#### TO PRESERVE THE FRESHNESS OF A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

WHEN flowers are so plentiful out of doors it is pleasant and cheerful to have some in the house. Unless bouquets are properly cared for, they decay very rapidly. Before putting flowers into water cut off the ends of the stems if they have been gathered long. A freshly cut stem will take up the water much better than a dry, toughened one. Then pick all leaves from the stem as far up as the stems are to be in the water. Leaves which are allowed to stand in water decay rapidly and render the water unfit for stems. The water on a bouquet should be changed daily, and many think it keeps pure longer if a little salt is added. Sickroom bouquets should never be allowed to remain in the room at night. A fresh bouquet is a thing of beauty, but a stale bouquet has not only lost its beauty, but the odor is disagreeable and unwholesome.—*Selected*.



It will be found that an excellent remedy for burns is equal parts of linseed oil and cold boiled water. Mix well and bottle, and shake well before applying to the spot.

### Read this to the Little Ones

#### MY GRANDPA.

My grandpa says he was once  
A little boy like me.  
I s'pose he was and yet it does  
Seem queer to think that he  
Could ever get my jacket on,  
Or shoes or like to play  
With games and toys and race with Duke  
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see;  
Nurse says I must be good  
And mind my manners, as a child  
With such a grandpa should,  
For grandpa is straight and tall,  
And very dignified;  
He knows most all there is to know,  
And other things beside.

So, though my grandpa knows so much,  
I thought that maybe boys  
Were things he hadn't studied,

They make such awful noise.  
But when I asked at dinner for  
Another piece of pie,  
I thought I saw a twinkle in  
The corner of his eye.

So, yesterday, when they went out  
And left us two alone,  
I was quite so much surprised  
To find how nice he'd grown.  
You should have seen us romp and run!  
My! now I almost see  
That perhaps he was long, long ago,  
A little boy like me.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.



#### HOW A FROG DRESSES.

ONE June morning, my mother sent me into the garden to pick English peas for dinner. I was busily picking away when I noticed a queer-looking toad under the vines. It was old and rusty, and there were white spots on its back. Then it was all in a quiver, as if having a chill. It acted so funny that I stopped picking peas and watched it. It kept shaking its hind legs as a cat does when its feet are wet.

Soon the white places on its back and legs grew larger. Finally, as it continued to kick and quiver, a little, black shiny slit appeared in the brown skin, down the ridge of its back and down its hind legs to its feet. The rusty skin had parted here, and the black, glossy skin underneath showed through in a little streak down the back. As this slit grew larger its rusty outside coat began to curl up, the edges turning under where the little streak had appeared, and kept rolling upward from the tail towards its head, leaving the blackest, glossiest coat under this, that you ever saw.

Froggie kept shaking himself, and also clawed at the skin with his hind feet as it rolled up, as if to get it loose from the fresh coat underneath, and make it roll faster. Now the old coat, also, began to peel off his fore legs and to curl up into a little roll, like a black slate pencil; towards his head.

You have no idea how strange it looked to see this toad rolling his old coat up this way with his fore feet, and pushing it up over his neck and head, and squeezing it into a tighter little roll with his feet. When the old coat had peeled off clear up to his nose what do you suppose happened? Why, Froggie had his old rusty coat in his fore feet, pressing and squeezing it into a tight little ball against his mouth and nose, and then—would you believe it?—when he got it into a little black ball about the size of a pebble, he simply opened his big mouth and swallowed the cast-off garment at one gulp, and then sat there winking and blinking at me, in a black, glossy new coat, just as if he were saying, "I'll bet you couldn't do that!"

—Isaac H. Motes.



## The Rural Sanctum

### WHICH?

"I passed to-night in the uptown row,  
A first-class saloon with its trappings and show:  
Pictures and hangings in the gaslight aglow—  
A most fashionable place in the uptown row.

"And I thought as I gazed, good neighbor mine,  
Ah! which shall it be, my son, or thine,  
To be lured by the music and poisoned with wine?  
Canst answer me not, good neighbor mine?

"We voted for license, you and I,  
But to-night I feel troubled, I can't say why.  
As I thought of the boys I breathed a deep sigh—  
But we voted for license, you and I."



### SUGAR BEETS AND BEET SUGAR.

B. M. M'CUE.



HINKING that the readers of the INGLENOOK would like to read something about how the white sugar they eat every day is made, I will give a short sketch of how they do here in Finney county, Kansas. The sugar mill here is a wonderful factory and cost about one and one-half million dollars. There are over eight thousand acres of sugar beets growing around Garden City now.

In the spring the farmers plow their ground, harrow and drag it until it is fine and level, so that if it does not rain enough they can turn the water over the ground and by being smooth the water will spread very readily. Then as soon as the weather gets warm they sow the seed with a drill, something like a wheat drill, only it is low down and has four hoes eighteen inches apart and drills four rows at a time. The seed soon comes up pretty thick as more seed is put in than would be needed if they all grew at the right place. In order to insure a good stand about ten pounds are drilled in to the acre.

As soon as the plants get big enough they are thinned so that they stand ten or twelve inches apart. To do this boys, girls and sometimes women are employed, and are paid one-third of a cent a rod for each row. Pretty good wages are made at this price. The plants are then kept clean of weeds by plowing; a one-horse plow plows two rows at a time and a two-horse plow plows four rows at a time. They soon cover the ground and do not need much cultivating. At maturity they sometimes weigh as much as fifteen pounds each. Twenty tons are raised to the acre if well cultivated

on good land and the sugar factory pays \$5.00 per ton for the beets.

As soon as the beets are ripe, about Oct. 1, they are plowed out and the tops cut off. The beets are then put in piles with the tops placed over them until they are hauled to the factory, weighed and dumped into a bin. They are then shoveled into a pool and washed clean, then floated onto an elevator which takes them up into the cutters, which cut them into strips one-fourth of an inch thick and as long as the beets are.

They next pass into vats and are steamed, then pass through different processes, which would take you a whole day to witness if you would come to the sugar factory. At the store room the sugar comes out fine dry and white as you see it at your table. It takes three men to weigh, sack and tie the sacks, one hundred pounds in a sack. The sacks then go to the store room and are ready to be placed on the market.

Large fields of alfalfa are raised around Garden City also, as well as wheat, rye, oats, barley, corn and melons. I will some time tell you about the wonderful crops of melons that grow here, all on cheap land, though it is advancing very rapidly.

*Garden City, Kans.*



### KILLS WILLOWS BY PEELING BARK.

I NOTICE in *The Prairie Farmer* that Harrington Clanahan, Sangamon Co., Ill., wants to know of an effective way of killing willows. I have a plan which I know from experience will kill them. If you think that this plan will interest your readers you are at liberty to publish it.

The way I kill willows is to cut the bark about a foot from the ground when the sap is up, and then peel the bark back to the ground, leaving it fast at the root of the tree. Do not peel when the bark is adhesive to the tree, or nature will take a hand and grow another bark. Do this right and the willows will die.—*L. G. Campbell.*

[*The Prairie Farmer* acknowledges its indebtedness to George T. Hawes, Daviess Co., Ky., for another letter in which he substantially recommends the method given by Mr. Campbell. Friend Hawes says that willows so treated "will never sprout and will soon die."—Editor.]



FORGET self in your interest for others and your life will be a continuous joy, and your death a beautiful sunset.—*Edward B. Warman.*

## TWO INFIDEL NEIGHBORS.

Two infidel neighbors lived among the hills of New England. One of them heard the Gospel, was convicted of his sins and believed unto eternal life. Soon after he went to his infidel neighbor's house, and said, "I have come to talk to you; I have been converted."

"Yes," sneered the other, "I heard that you had been down to the meeting, and had gone forward for prayers. I was surprised, for I thought you were as sensible a man as any in town."

"Well," said the first, "I have a duty to do to you, I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came two years ago with your mark on them, and I took them and marked them with my mark. You inquired all around but could not find them. They are in my field now, with their increase, and I want to settle with you if you are willing, or you can settle with me by the law if you will."

The other infidel was amazed, and told his neighbor that he could keep the sheep; only please to go away. He trembled at the thought that something had got hold of his old friend which he did not understand. He repeated, "You may keep the sheep, if you will only go away."

"No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up, and cannot rest until I do. You must tell me how much."

"Well," replied the other, "pay me the worth of the sheep when they went to you, and six per cent interest, and please go away and let me alone."

The Christian laid down the amount and then doubled it. He went his way leaving his old friend's heart heavily loaded. The full result of that scene is known only to God. But to-day that other infidel is going to the house of God.—*A. S. Burrows, in Young People's Paper.*



## GIVE YOUR HORSE MORE WATER.

THE following suggestions from *Outing* should be read by all those who keep a horse. Perhaps you may not agree with everything said, but it affords an opportunity for a little experimenting on your own hook and there will hardly be a doubt but what some of the results will be very satisfactory:

"Water should be before horses at all times when indoors, and at least no meal should ever be offered and no night lights ever turned out until every animal has had a chance at as many brimming buckets as he will take. The shy drinker may be tempted by many artifices, like mixing a little molasses, or salt, or oat-meal, or flaxseed jelly, or bran, etc., with the water, and constantly varying the flavor. Horses may have even all they want right after feeding, provided they

have not been deprived of water for sometime previous. Many shy drinkers, like shy feeders, who are generally nervous, take all nourishment best at night when it is dark and quiet, and the morning finds the empty manger and bucket which it has seemed, by day, almost nauseated them.



## BUILDING UP OF A RAILROAD'S TRAFFIC.

THE traffic manager must be adept, not in one business or in a score of businesses, but in a hundred lines of enterprise. He must know people, and places, and industries; the sources of raw materials and the markets for finished products; the comparative resources of individual producers and shippers and all that affects them. Only by living the life of his whole territory, by personal observation and personal contact, by seeing with his own eyes, hearing with his own ears, grasping with his own hands, can he get such knowledge.

It stands to reason that the fundamental principle on which the freight traffic man acts is that he must make money for his road. There may have been a time in the world's history when it was thought that the way to make the most money was to charge the highest prices, but twentieth-century economics do not regard that as a safe and sound rule. The more a railroad's territory ships out, the more money comes back to it and the more of what is produced elsewhere will be brought in to add comfort or maybe luxury, to living. Get all the business you can at a fair profit, is the idea, but be sure you do it in a way that will bring still more traffic later on by increasing the earning power, and so the purchasing power, of the people who live along your line.—*From "The Traffic Manager and the Shipper," by Philip S. Fiske, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.*



## DUST BATHS FOR HENS.

A dust bath is something that each and every hen will greatly appreciate, and really such a thing is of very great importance. Have a box to be used for this purpose so the hens can easily get at it, and you will soon see them taking advantage of your liberality. Some people make it a practice—and it is a really good one too—to sprinkle a small quantity of some good lice killer in the dust bath.—*Selected.*



THE farm is the permanent basis of civilization, and no conceivable change in the social order can diminish the rural population of the world.—*H. L. Anderson.*



HONESTY is the best policy, but he who acts on this principle is not an honest man.—*Richard Whately.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Seasons Out of Season.

I love the sultry summer,  
 Ah, yes, indeed, I love  
 The days when the thermometer  
 Is eighty—some above.  
 When everybody fans and fumes  
 About the awful heat  
 That scorches till it nearly melts  
 The pavement in the street.  
 I love the frosty winter,  
 The time of ice and snow,  
 When the thermometer drops down  
 To fifteen points below;  
 When winter winds with bellowing roar  
 The hills and valleys sweep,  
 And on the walks "the beautiful"  
 Lies drifted three feet deep.  
 And still I am not happy,  
 My days seem out of rhyme;  
 I cannot love the proper thing  
 At just the proper time;  
 For, oh! it's in the winter when  
 The summer seems so dear,  
 And winter isn't any good  
 Till summer time is here.

—The Watchword.

### Getting Into the Same Fix.

A Harvard sophomore was reciting a memorized oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of blank despair came over his face. He began as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead"—then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and I—I am beginning to feel sick myself."—*Boston Herald.*

An erroneous idea prevails among some people that the self-made man is a success and the college-made man is a failure. Many men fail—some of them are college men and some are not. It all lies in the man and his determination to win. This determination leads him, if a college man, to apply his learning; if not a college man, to acquire the necessary knowledge by special study and application. One thing is certain, the unqualified man never wins.—*Common Sense.*

A good story is told of Dr. Fitchett, of the Austrian parliament. During a debate in parliament on some educational question a member of the opposition became rather excited, and exclaimed, "Why at this very moment I have a school in my eye where—"

"Not quite," interrupted Dr. Fitchett; "only one pupil, I believe."

"Many Slashed in the Melee," reads a yellow newspaper heading. We don't know just what part of the anatomy the "melee" is, but it is probably a new term for the appendix.—*Pathfinder.*

Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What are you laughing about?

Tommy—I was just thinking about something.

Teacher—You have no business thinking during school hours. Don't let it occur again.

### PEACE SERMONS.

There never was a good war or a bad peace.—Benjamin Franklin.

The glory of war is all moonshine. War is hell.—General Sherman.

By the next centennial arbitration will rule the world.—General Sheridan.

War is the most futile and ferocious of all human follies.—Secretary John Hay.

I abhor war and view it as the greatest scourge of mankind.—Thomas Jefferson.

My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth.—George Washington.

A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind open to new ideas.—Victor Hugo.

There never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword.—General Grant.

Universal peace is as sure as is the prevalence of civilization over barbarism, of liberal governments over feudal forms.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I feel confident that the time is not far distant when war will be as impossible among civilized nations as duelling is among civilized men.—Sir David Brewster.

### Try These Spellings.

Andrew Carnegie's "Simplified Spelling Board" has issued a preliminary circular addressed to college professors and literary men urging them to give countenance to the reform by adopting the simpler spellings. Here are some of the simplified words recommended:

Dript, dropt, stept, mist (for missed), washt, mixt, etc., sulfer, thoro, thru, catalog, eitquet, coquet, fulfil, distil, etc., controller, cue (for queue), envelop, fagot, gage (for gauge), gazel (for gazelle), gild (for guild), hicup (for hiccough), phenix (for phoenix), rime (for rhyme), thoro-ly, thruout.

To be as smart as a steel trap it is necessary to know when to shut up.—*Boston Transcript.*

"It's love that makes the world go 'round," said the old-fashioned sentimentalist. "No," answered Miss Cayenne. "It merely makes some people so dizzy that they think the world is going 'round."—*Washington Star.*

Love is the inspiration of existence; from gods to atoms it thrills and trembles into Life. Therefore Life is Love.

Love is the beginning,—through Love was brought forth the world of forms;—through Love that world shall return to absolute beinghood, divested of form.

Love is the turning point of all endeavor, of all aspirations; its divinity redeems its action even in the grossest manifestations of it. Love overmasters and gives knowledge. He who cannot love cannot know. Love is Life, and Life is Love, and both are one, are God.—J. H. A. Marshall.

## Neff's Corner

I want to tell the readers of the 'Nook some things in a business way about New Mexico which it would not be in good taste to incorporate in my Mission Wagon articles in the Messenger, and for that purpose I have asked the publishers to set apart for me this little corner, which I mean to occupy each week for some months. Now I want you to begin at once and form the habit of looking for "Neff's Corner" every week. It matters little who you are, I will have something to say that will interest you. Some people want to hear about a delightful winter climate, some about better health conditions, some about cheap lands, some about free government lands, some about apples and other fruit, some about hogs, cattle and sheep, some about general farming in New Mexico. And nearly everybody has some money and either wants more or wants to do the greatest amount of good with what he has. It will pay all such to keep an eye on Neff's Corner.

And a unique feature of the announcements to follow is the fact that I am not a land agent. I am not in the real estate or brokerage business. I am a missionary, and I believe that one good means of getting the Brethren established in New Mexico is by colonization, and one thing necessary to colonize people in any country is to show them the business side of things there. And that's why I have opened Neff's Corner in the Inglenook. Watch for it every week. You will always find it at the top of the first column of the page immediately following the reading matter.

And when you write for particular information, address,

JAMES M. NEFF,  
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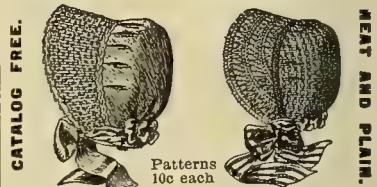
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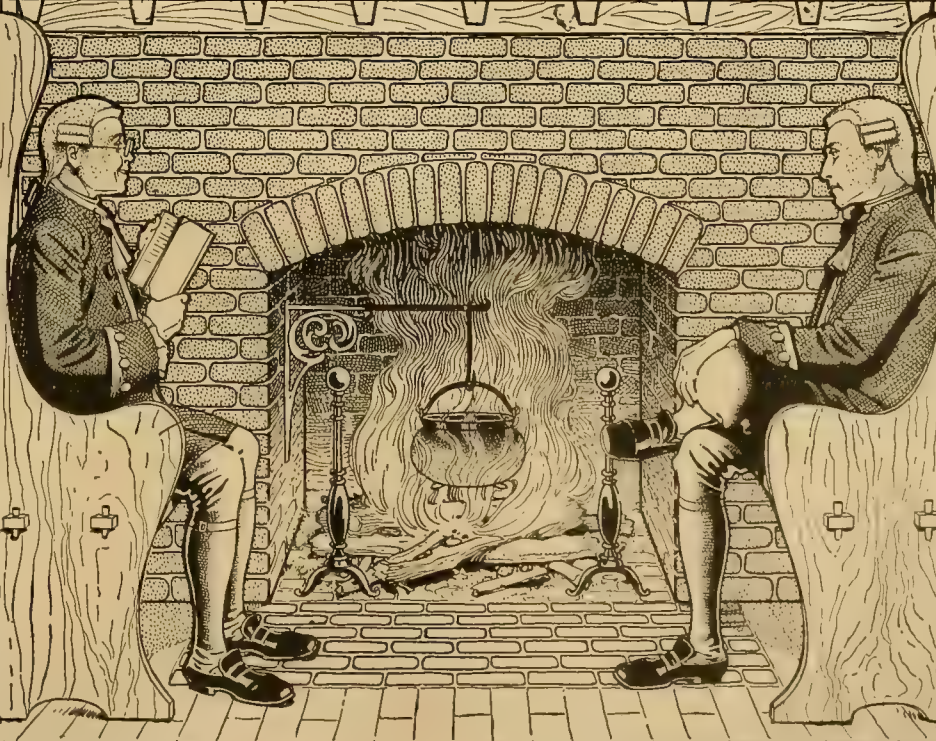
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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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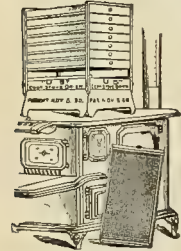
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## WE MAKE BONNETS TO ORDER

Catalogue No. 144 is complete in every particular. It shows six shapes of Bonnets; gives full directions as to made-to-order Bonnets; gives prices complete on all goods, and has some Special Features in other lines which you should not miss. Send for it at once.

In connection with our Bonnet Goods we carry a complete line of goods used for Prayer Covering.

We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

## We are Headquarters for These Goods.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Sirs:—Please send Catalogue No. 144, showing samples of bonnet and cap goods for Fall and Winter wear, to the following address:

Name.....

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Note—Write name and address plainly.

# San Francisco Destroyed

## An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

**55 PICTURES.**

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At the bottom of each picture a brief description is given.

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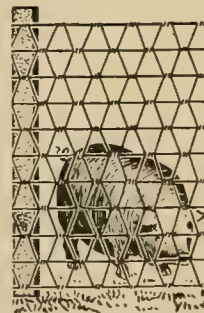
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that thoroughly cleanses the entire sys-  
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# Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers

Should Take Advantage of the

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

### Oregon Short Line R. R.

On Sept. 4 and 18; Oct. 2 and 16; Nov. 5 and 19, 1906

|                                                                               |          |
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| Round trip rates from Chicago.....                                            | \$ 56'00 |
| Round trip rates from Peoria.....                                             | 52 75    |
| <b>COLONISTS' ONE WAY RATES DAILY</b>                                         |          |
| From Sept. 15 to Oct. 31, 1906.                                               |          |
| From Chicago .....                                                            | \$ 30 00 |
| From Peoria .....                                                             | 28 50    |
| Corresponding rates with the above will be made<br>from points East and West. |          |

#### COLONISTS' ONE WAY RATES DAILY

From Sept. 15 to Oct. 31, 1906.

From Chicago .....

From Peoria .....

Corresponding rates with the above will be made  
from points East and West.

### Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

### Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho—with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST 28, 1906.

No. 35

## FATHER GUIDE ME.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

DEAR Father, guide my soul aright,  
Within thy righteous way,  
That I may follow in thy path  
And never erring stray.  
Oh! when my mind is sore perplexed,  
And knows not how to turn,  
Then let me hear the guiding voice,  
For which my soul doth yearn.

Be ever dwelling in my heart  
To teach me what is right,  
That erring deeds I may not do,  
Which, others' lives may blight;  
And keep me from e'er doing ought  
To cause another pain;  
But let me always help mankind,  
Sweet happiness, to gain.

O if thy love shall be my guide,  
How can I go astray,  
When I am listening to thy voice  
And willing to obey?  
Oh! do not let me be so weak,  
That I shall e'er resist  
The teachings which I know are thine,  
And have life's joy thus missed.

—Box 3, Moorestown, N. Jersey.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*Never do anything for mere effect.*

*Do what you ought and let come what will.*

*Everyone is the architect of his own fortune.*

*Painting the pump doesn't purify the product.*

*Character lives in a man, reputation outside of him.*

*Fame is dearly bought at the expense of conscience.*

*An enemy is the easiest of all men to kill, if you will go at him in God's way.*

*No greater crime than the loss of time.*

*Human succor is true divine service.*

*The fruits of industry must be irrigated with perspiration.*

*Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.*

*It is hard to fail but it is worse never to have tried to succeed.*

*Progress is the activity of to-day and the assurance of to-morrow.*

*It is never wrong to kill time by becoming absorbed in the present duty.*

*When praise is going up, showers of blessing are sure to be coming down.*

*It is not infidelity that I fear so much as the indifference of church members.*

*Considering what God has done will soon lead us to rejoice in what he will do.*

*You can never be square on God's book as long as you owe anybody else anything.*

*Things work by antithesis; if your discipline is too severe, you get no discipline at all.*

*Every human being in the universe has his special talent; successful men are those who have kept that talent before the world.*

*The man who is always looking for the smooth road has no reason to complain if other men drive first to the goal of success.*



# The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

## Part II.

My Dear Huldah:—

You should be here and see the sensation two people have created. We have succeeded in bringing parental authority almost to the verge of despair, brought down the indignant expostulation of friends, and utterly ignored the laws of the "Four Hundred" by the old-fashioned wedding we are to have. It is to be a home wedding, with but one attendant, whom I will name later. We have transgressed still farther on the laws of society by doing away with the wedding tour and going at once to our new home, which is furnished and waiting for us. This was not our first plan.

We had expected to take a short trip. But there has an important trial come on, and Herman is one of the counsel. It means considerable to him in more ways than one, and I confess that I am not wholly modern enough to shake off the superstition, that is, not to change a marriage date, and rather than do it prefer to give up the trip. Herman will be gone both early and late, and lest I suffer from the pangs of homesickness, I have arranged a honeymoon after my own notions. You are to be my bridesmaid, Huldah, and then spend the next two weeks with me in my new home. Now I think I see you gravely shake that smooth, wise head of yours, while a look of doubt comes into your clear eyes. Fear not, society needs a glimpse of just such faithful ones as you are and surely your friend Christine, to whom your example has taught so much that is pure and lovely and good, needs you in this the sweetest and holiest experience of her life. So you see, my dear friend, it is your duty to come. Aware of your firm adherence to that I will not ask you, will you come? but will say I will be at the station to meet the 1:30 train next Thursday, the 28th.

Lovingly yours,

Christine.

"What would you do, mother? Would you go?" Business was at high tide with Harriet Neal, and she peered intently into the great kettle of seething fruit juice before she replied. A discernor of human character would have instantly noted in her three very distinguishing traits of character, strong common sense, benevolence, and firmness; with them were their usual attributes; calmness of manner and womanly sweetness, that at once marked her as a woman to be trusted and relied on under all circumstances. A smile—half pleasure, half pride—lit up her somewhat rugged features as she glanced down at the younger fairer face, whose dark eyes were fixed upon her with an expression in which pleasure and anxiety mingled.

"Go, Huldah! Why, of course I would go. Why not? Christine Harper is a true lady and one of your best friends. It would be almost rude to refuse to go!"

"But mother, you don't understand; they are of

the wealthiest and most fashionable people in the city. They belong to the very *elite*. I don't suppose any of them ever saw any of our people. Think how conspicuous I would be, I would almost create a sensation. O dear! I wish Christine had not asked it of me."

Harriet took out some of the delicious compound into a saucer and carefully tested it before she answered one question by asking another. "Are you ashamed of your Lord, Huldah?"

The younger face flushed painfully, and there was a decided touch of indignation in the tone which replied, "O mother! what a question. No! of course I'm not."

"Then I would go. We are *in* the world not *of* it. We are to mingle with its people, but not partake of their sins. Had Christine asked you to come to some place of worldly amusement, where the only object was selfish gratification, I would say *no* at once. But there is no harm in being found at a wedding, although a place where joy and pleasure is found, yet it is a sacred place. Our Savior wishes us to be happy; he himself attended the wedding at Cana. We are not told what style of robe he wore, or that it was any different from that of the other guests. But we are told that there he manifested his Divine power to the people by performing one of his most wonderful miracles. You are one of his disciples, and, in thought, appearance and action, should be his loving representative. Go then! giving no thought to your attire, or the attention it will create, but rather that your example under all circumstances in all things be found worthy of the faith you profess."

The important event of that fashionable society which I had so long been looked forward to, was over. A celebrated divine had spoken the word that bound Herman and Christine together for better or for worse, and Herman had so far recovered his self-possession, that he was able to look about him upon the brilliant assemblage that surrounded them.

Once, long ago, he had seen a picture of Mary, the mother of our Savior. He has looked upon many of them since, but none ever impressed him with the same intense feeling as had that particular first one. Born with keen perception of beauty and purity, he had gazed long upon it, and went away with a strange emotion of awe and wonder in his heart.

A somewhat similar feeling came over him as he

looked upon the pure countenance, and into the lustrous eyes of Huldah Neal—this unknown friend of his fair bride, of whom he had heard so much but never before met. On brow, lip and cheek there was that perfect composure, that sweet simplicity, that nameless grace which adorns a life lived in harmony with its Creator; and which the world never gives to its devotees. Quietly and gracefully she performed her allotted duty, moving with perfect ease amidst the gay throng, the cynosure of admiring and wondering eyes, and adorned only with that priceless jewel, a "meek and quiet spirit."

But what gave that nameless grace? What was the reason for the plain, but becoming garb that made her stand out in startling contrast to the fashionable throng around her? What remarkable self-denial, what loving humility, what cheerful obedience must characterize a faith that will so willingly make such a self-sacrifice? What a strong, willing spirit of service must be locked away beneath that serene brow? And, as Herman, with increasing interest, eyed this puzzle he began to wish he had a key that would unlock the mystery.

Herman Branson was not unlike many of the young men of our present day. He was not an unbeliever and would have indignantly denied the charge that he had a tendency to drift that way. And yet of religion he had none, and he looked upon it very much in the light of a popular craze. Surrounded with all the advantages that education, culture and congenial environments could give, together with unlimited means, and a nature that abhorred all things that had a tendency to lower or degrade mankind, made him an unusually fine example of what nature alone can do for a man. But it was at the best an unfinished structure; it lacked something to make it a masterpiece of architecture, and Herman felt the lack. With his fine talents he seemed to have the power to grasp everything he reached out after, but still there was a dissatisfied longing, an incompleteness within himself that he could not understand.

It is true he had grown to manhood among people who bore above them the standard of Christianity. He had listened to the most learned theologians of our day, but their eloquence did not enlighten him. He sought a substance and found only a shadow. His mother was a Lutheran in belief. After the straightest of her sect walked Marcia Branson, broadminded and liberal, in the name of charity she did many good works, and yet we are obliged to say she lived for the the world and its applause. Religion embodied to her no living sacrifice; no self-denial; no earnest reaching out for the good of her fellow-men, only a set of fixed forms and obligations, in which her fathers had walked before her and in which she walked faithfully and tried to train her only son to follow in her foot-

steps. That he did not, caused her but little anxiety. She looked upon him as a piece of perfection, and what he did was right, even though it shattered her most cherished ideals.

Herman looked upon these things with very much the same thought that the Israelites must have looked upon the brazen serpent in the wilderness. What is there in that? What good can that do? How can that save? It is only for popularity and worldly esteem. What does it all amount to? He could not answer his own questions and truthfulness being an accompanying trait of a character like his, he gradually gave up trying to find an answer and slowly but surely began to drift with the rapids of Indifference and Doubt, that sweep so many souls into the sea of Lost.

Educated for the bar, his more than ordinary intellectual powers, together with the restless energy that characterized him, soon brought him abundant honor and esteem and he rapidly rose to high distinction in his chosen profession.

Not easily susceptible to the wiles of the fair sex, there had been several years of ordinary association between Christine Harper and himself before he began to feel more than an ordinary interest in her.

There was something about Christine that had always puzzled him; something that seemed to lift her far above the other young ladies of their association; something of unusual purity and strength that seemed to flow from some hidden spring, whose source he could not discover.

Christine had been raised a Presbyterian, was herself a member of that faith, but her mother can only be called a woman of the world. Fashion was her god and she a willing worshiper at his shrine. Her father was a man of the world, wholly devoted to business, and its attendant politics. Christine was so unlike either parent, with a character so earnest and truthful, so utterly indifferent to the world and its attractions, so filled with the milk of human kindness that people often wondered at the contrast.

"Really, Huldah, I think honors were about equally divided last night. You attracted quite as much, if not more attention than we did; your self-possession was admirable, and mamma is in raptures of delight about you. But then I suppose your modest ears would close were I to tell you all the complimentary things that were said about you. So just meditate upon these things you have heard while I perform the altogether new and delightful duty of seeing my lord and master off for the office."

It was at the breakfast table the morning after the wedding. Herman had an earnest desire to remain and draw out for his own satisfaction this altogether new phase of human character. It is doubtful if a true Christian character had ever before so directly crossed his pathway, and he longed to probe it to its



depths. But business cares at the courthouse were pressing and for the first time in all his experience he took them up reluctantly. All that day during the monotonous testimony that led up to the famous trial, he found his mind wandering from it all—back to the subject that was now uppermost in his mind. He was groping towards the light dimly seen in the distance.

And Huldah was a faithful disciple. Education, natural refinement, Christian environment, together with that pure faith that was once delivered to the saints, combined in her to form a character of such force and strength that by its example it had power to reach out and save, where greater will power and greater intellect would have been powerless.

As acquaintance progressed Herman drew her out more and more upon the question that was rapidly becoming of vital interest to him. Her words gave no uncertain sound. She had a ready answer for all those who inquired a "reason of the hope that was within her." There was in the deep, gray eyes as she talked, a fire and earnestness that caused Herman to mentally say, "There must be something in it after all." Into his heart crept the same earnest longing that troubled the heart of one of old, when, amazed and confounded at the plain teaching of the humble disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, the proud and powerful Agrippa cried out, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

(To be continued.)

## Luray Cavern

A. H. Rittenhouse



OF the two most noted caverns in the United States—Mammoth and Luray—the palm for beauty is generally accorded by tourists to the latter. Mammoth Cave is immense. The long route embraces a walk of fifteen miles through large galleries and yawning chasms; a ride on Echo River, where eyeless fish swim in eternal darkness, and where the ceiling descends at places almost to the surface of the water; and a most torturous exit through the Corkscrew, where one climbs up every step of the way at the risk of his neck. But beautiful formations are scarce, and while many interesting figures are met with, there are not the stalactitic and stalagmitic formations that one expects to find in a limestone cavern.

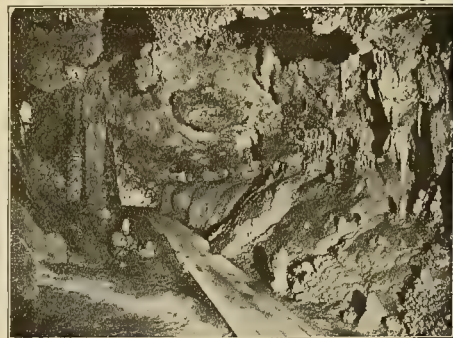
Luray Cavern, while not so large, offers to the visitor a succession of crystal beauties that hold him entranced from the time he enters until he leaves. The time spent in this cave is about one hour and the distance traveled a mile and a half, but the tourist is not aware of these facts. He is so utterly lost in the bewildering succession of beautiful galleries, sculptured figures and massive columns that he cares nothing for time and distance. Another point in which Luray excels Mammoth is that the different galleries are lighted by electricity, making the formations of permanent beauty. In Mammoth Cave the tourist is furnished with a dingy oil lantern and is dependent upon the guide's short-burning fuses to obtain the effect of the more prominent attractions.

The town of Luray is the county seat of Page county, Virginia, and is situated on the Shenandoah branch of the Norfolk and Western Railway. It has a population of about 1,100, and, of course, the chief attraction is the cavern. However, a large tannery is situated

here, and we were well repaid by the visit to it. It is one of the largest in the United States and deals entirely with sole leather.

Our party arrived at Luray on the morning of June 8, 1905, after an all night ride from Bristol, Tenn. June 8 was Memorial Day in the Southland, and we were afforded the privilege of celebrating two days of this kind. The South still honors her brave sons who fell in the lost cause.

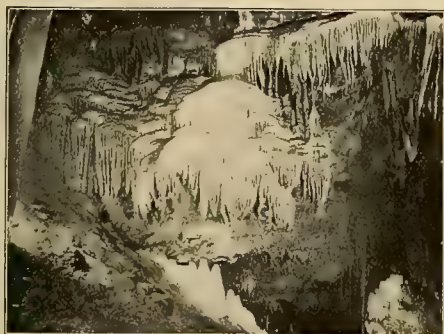
The region hereabouts had long been famous for its pits and sink-holes, and signs were plentiful that some subterranean galleries were underneath. It was on August 13, 1878, that Andrew J. Campbell and several others entered one of the sink-holes and discovered the beautiful cavern that so many tourists have since admired. Mr. Campbell and his companions said nothing as to their discovery, but quietly purchased the



Entrance Avenue.

land over the cave and then announced the existence of one of the finest limestone caverns in the world. Steps were taken to explore the cave and open it to the public. When the former owners of the land

learned what a fine thing they had disposed of, a technicality was raised, and, after several years of litigation, the sale was declared void and Mr. Campbell and his friends were deprived of the fruits of their



Titania's Veil.

labor. Mr. Campbell is still residing in Luray and several of our party had the pleasure of conversing with him.

The trip to the cave is usually made by carriage, as it is located about one mile from town. The conveyances are up-to-date and the round-trip fare is only thirty cents. A four-seated coach accommodated our party of fifteen and two horses pulled us over the mile of up-grade to Cave Hill, as the eminence is termed beneath which the cavern lies. A hotel building is located over the entrance of the cave and the situation is charming. The valley here is ten miles wide and the scenery is remarkably fine. The location is well adapted to the needs of invalids who seek here the quietness of the rural retreat and the beneficial qualities of the pure air above and beneath. In days gone by there was another hotel near the station, in the town, but it was destroyed by fire and was never rebuilt. Part of the stone tower still remains.

Cave Hill is three hundred feet above the water level and commands a fine view of the surrounding country. A long line of electric light poles extends down to the plant at the village. These poles carry the wires which furnish the electricity for lighting the cavern.

Inside the building are displayed some fine specimens of polished stalactites, etc. After admiring these and making a few purchases of souvenirs, we descended a long flight of stone steps into the basement. Then going through a low door and down some more steps we are on the floor of the cave at last. The walks of the cave are well constructed of wood and cement, the latter being largely used. The work of making the different galleries accessible to the tourists was enormous. Stone steps were carved out, and cement ones constructed where nature failed. Then the placing of the electric lights was also an enormous under-

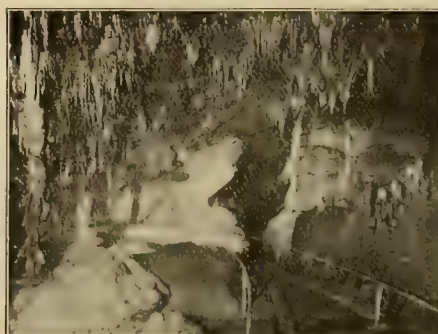
taking, but the results fully compensate for the labor and expense.

Following the guides, the tourists are led along the different avenues and the different objects of interest are pointed out. The formations are composed of carbonate of lime and iron. The walls of the cave and the stalactitic formations give forth a metallic sound when struck by the hand. However, the guide sternly commands, "Hands off," when a venturesome tourist essays to test the sounding qualities of the formations.

One of the first attractions met with is the "Natural Bridge," a formation spanning the avenue, over the tourist's head, in the shape implied by its name. Ascending a flight of steps, we come to the "Fish Market," a group of stalactites hanging from the ceiling in a straight line, and resembling exactly a row of the finny tribe. "Elfin Ramble" is a great space, the floor of which is occupied by disintegrated carbonates which were left by the whirling flood in its retreat through the cave in the early years of its formation.

The formation of stalactites and stalagmites is, of course, familiar to the readers of the Nook. The impregnated lime water drips slowly, leaving the mineral deposit behind it. The water falling on the floor of the cavern still contains some mineral, and, evaporating here, it leaves its deposit, which slowly but surely grows upward. The guide informed us that the rate of stalactitic growth in Luray was a cubic inch in one hundred and twenty years.

"Pluto's Chasm" is a depression five hundred feet long and seventy feet deep. From it rises "Specter Column," white and glistening. "Skeleton Gorge" is so named because a human skeleton is imbedded in it. The guide points out the outline, which can be dimly traced. Parts of the skeleton have been taken to the Smithsonian Institution, where experts have



Hanging Rock.

pronounced them to belong to an Indian boy. How the unfortunate youth's remains ever came where they now are is a mystery.

It is impossible to name all attractions. We must



content ourselves in noting the most important. One naturally thinks that the imagination must be drawn on to a large extent to make out the different figures as named. Such, however, is not the case. It is astonishing how well nature has done her work in modeling the different figures.

"Titania's Veil" is a very pretty formation. It hangs snow white from the roof of the cavern and resembles a delicate fabric spread out. One of the things that pleases the tourist is the "Lost Blanket." This is a very good representation of a blanket suspended by one corner from the ceiling. The folds are natural and the fiber of the cloth is plainly discerned by means of an electric light behind it. The "Knit Scarf" is another pretty representation. The "Leaning Tower" resembles the pictures one sees of the campanile of Pisa. It is formed by successive tiers of stalagmitic growth and is inclined from the perpendicular.

While walking along and inspecting the different points of interest, some charming music came to our ears. We were mystified as to its source, and at first attributed it to a piano in the hotel overhead, but on questioning our guide, he advised us to have patience and the mystery would be solved in due time. It was not long until we reached the "Cathedral," where the pipe organ is situated. This is composed of pipes of iron carbonate, which when struck with a hammer give forth musical sounds. An attendant played for us and the air was very pretty. Alongside of the organ are the "Chimes," from which sweet music can also be drawn. In the cathedral is also a beautiful image of Christ blessing little children and a formation resembling angels' wings. Near by is the "Throne Room" which contains among other things a finely-shaped chair or throne.

The "Fallen Column" comes in for its share of interest: It is an immense stalactite, which, during some upheaval of nature, was wrenched from its moorings and fell crashing to the floor of the cave. It lies with its top lower than its base. The guide informed us that this column is one million years of age, and judging from the rate of stalactite growth in other parts of the cave, one thousand years must have elapsed since it fell. The tourist vainly tries to realize what these figures mean,—until, looking up reliable information on the subject, he finds that the guide has a very vivid imagination. Good authority says that the column could not have fallen earlier than within the past one hundred years. And as to its age, it is merely a matter of conjecture.

The "Ball Room" is a fair sized chamber, in which three dances have been held and eight marriage ceremonies performed. S. M. Smith, one of the guides who accompanied our party, was married to the lady of his choice at this place. It is near this point of the cave that the lowest part is reached,—one hundred

feet below the entrance and two hundred and sixty feet below the surface.

Among some of the figures and formations of which we can simply make mention are "Saracen's Tent," "The Little Eskimo," "Crouching Lion," "Monkey," "Vessel Ashore," "Ladies' Riding Whip," "Coral Spring," "Santa Claus," "Side Saddle," "Buttermilk Falls," "Hanging Basket." These are scattered throughout the cave and are not enumerated in any particular order. "Giants' Hall" is a gallery of considerable size. "Collins' Grotto" and "Miller's Hall" are also two chambers of interest.

There is at least one lake in the cave, but the ordinary visitor is not permitted to see anything but what is laid out and easily accessible. The air of the cave remains at a uniform temperature of about 54 degrees, corresponding to Mammoth Cave and the limestone caverns of Indiana.

The wise tourist will read up on caverns and their formation before he visits them. The guides furnish but little accurate information as to the geological phase of these great wonders. They cater more to the popular taste and describe the different points of interest with success, but the inquiring visitor will do well to consult some reliable authority from which he can obtain a workable knowledge of the geological processes. The visit will be much enhanced if this is done.

*Elgin, Ill.*

### "GOD AND WE."

ON the keystone of a bridge over a little stream in a beautiful Scottish parish we have read the words, "God and We." The tale is interesting. A girl in danger of perishing in the storm, when the stream was in flood, vowed that if God would save her life and help her in the future, she would build a bridge over the dangerous chasm. Her prayer was heard. She lived to build the bridge, and to leave an endowment for the poor of the parish. The inscription on the bridge gives the secret of success. It is not "God" alone—that would mean human idleness—or "We" alone—that would mean human presumption. It is not even "We and God"—that would be human pride, but "God and We" gives the Scriptural way of success. "Fellow-workers with God," yet depending on him.—*Ex.*

THE Japanese are never able to understand how it is that, though their population is about the same as ours, they have only 21,000 paupers, while we have about 1,000,000. The difference is due to the Japanese attitude towards old age and parenthood. Most of their few paupers are children or elderly people whom earthquakes have deprived of their breadwinners. Old age is all but sacred in Japan.

## Red Clover

Mary I. Senseman



WID you ever feel like the color far-distant trees appear to be,—deep blue with a gray, dulling cast upon it? Were you ever so miserable that the sunshine hurt you like it hurt your eyes when Tommy Jones threw it into them with a five-cent looking-glass? And because the brighter the sunshine the more deeply its rays score your lazy, shrinking self, you wanted to wrap all yourself up in a shawl and cheer your misery with the company of kindred spirits,—dreariness and desolation? But it was summertime, and too hot for a shawl. So Beulah had to let the sunshine hurt her.

She was sitting on the front doorstep, trying to look away off,—away beyond the glare of the sunshine. On the upper step, behind her, a doll with a very white and pink face and a very starched dress, sat staring rigidly over its owner's shoulder. The doll, Catherine by name, had on its lap a small volume whose original binding was concealed and thriftily protected by a brown paper cover. The book contained "Poems for Children, by Jane Wilson." Both doll and book had evidently been deposited in their places by the little girl, who had then deliberately turned her back upon them.

The little girl's own dress was much bestarched and destitute alike of spot and wrinkle. Her pig-tails were glossy, her finger-nails shown clear from end to end, and, when her lips parted a little in sheer ennui, one could discern a speck of cement grafted on a white tooth.

"Beulah!" came a clear, gentle voice from inside the house. It was too sweet. It was suggestive of a candy-coated pill.

The start that thrilled the little girl was evinced by a quivering and a deeping of the shadow in her eyes. She gave her head a slight backward toss, then sat quite still, as if bracing herself to meet some hardship, and answered, "We-e-el!" in a voice that matched the eyes in expression.

"Come in. I want you a moment," continued the voice indoors.

"Ye-e-es!"

The little figure started to go promptly, but quite evidently without enthusiasm.

About halfway around the house Beulah heard the voice again. "Are you com—ing?" more sweetly than before.

"Yes, ma'am," Beulah answered, hastening a trifle.

A very tidy woman looked up from the sewing in her hands as the child entered. Her fingers showed traces of the constant use of the needle. Two or three rolls

of cloth lay on a curtained shelf, and an unfinished dress hung near a sewing-machine.

"Did you or Catherine read Miss Wilson's poems, Beulah?" inquired the seamstress, unsmilingly.

Beulah flushed guiltily and a glimmer of fear came into her dark eyes.

"We wasn't—" she began. The woman elevated her brows. "We weren't reading. I wasn't doing noth—anything," corrected Beulah, her face aflame, her eyes open wide.

Not a muscle of the woman's face moved perceptibly, but her visage somehow took on a thinner, sharper look.

"You have disappointed me. I was going to have you get me a paper of pins at the Cheap Store, but you've disobeyed me and I shall have to do without them. Now bring Catherine and the book in here and read to me."

If Beulah had been unable to peruse Miss Wilson's "Poems for Children" alone on the doorstep, how much more of healthy self she had to sacrifice in reading aloud to her guardian! She slowly stumbled through page after page, getting very little meaning and no satisfaction out of the dull stanzas.

Oh, dear! If she had only minded Mom Berch in the first place! Then she'd have got to see the clock-work horse and the picture soup-plates and the watered silk ribbons at the Cheap Store, and she'd have got to smell the chocolates there, besides a whiff of the pine-apples and a sight through other shop-windows of patent leather slippers and white parasols, and frosted cakes and roses and gold watches.

The flush gone out of the little reader's face, it showed pale and constrained. When the words were easy and she did not have to concentrate her mind too much upon them she kept groping for a solution of her feelings. She hadn't been happy when she sat on the doorstep, but she had chosen that idleness as the more bearable of two evils, for it had been well-nigh torture to sit there and read and cuddle Catherine. But Mom Berch had directed her to improve her mind with the book and to increase her affection with the doll, and Mom Berch and all big folks said it would make one happy to do right. So if it was wrong not to look at the doll and the book, why hadn't she been most miserable when she had been disobeying? And if she had gone to the Cheap Store she would not have felt like wanting the shawl to wrap herself up as she did feel now while reading the poems. Both were according to Mom Berch's directions. Why was she not unhappy about the one as about the other?



That far Beulah could go in her analysis, but to reach the keynote baffled her.

"Like a rose that's filled with dew—  
Thus should life be sweet to you.  
Sweet with joy that springs from love—  
That great gift from God above.

"Love—that lifts or or friend or foe;  
Love—that cheers where'er you go;  
Love—that does all hearts make glad.  
Give. There comes more than was had."

Beulah was very tired reading. She was glad it was time to go with Mom Berch to the kitchen to get dinner. She was glad there was going to be soup,—only there never was quite enough. Mom Berch always said too much was not best for a child; it was safest to have too little.

The soup was just right. It effaced some of Beulah's dejection and she laughed gleefully at the spook caricature Mom Berch's face presented when that lady's glass of water was accidentally set teetering. Mom Berch thought her little protegee laughed because none of the water was spilled, and, in acknowledgement extended the smile muscles of her mouth in unsmiling benignancy. But, following so hard upon the savory soup, it moistened Beulah's heart quite a bit, giving it power to receive the bright sunshine.

A tiny bird with a long beak came darting and buzzing outside the window. Both persons inside watched it closely in silence. Presently the bird flashed upward out of sight, but the soft hum of its wings was still clearly audible.

Beulah swiftly and quietly slipped from her chair and started toward the window.

"Beulah!"

The child, with mathematical obedience, returned to her place, said, in a meek tone, "May I please be excused?" and receiving permission, again left the table to see the dainty, sparkling creature. But the humming bird was gone, and the sun's rays could again but fall upon an arid little heart.

When Beulah had nearly finished her work of washing the dishes she heard voices in the room that her guardian reserved for sewing. She gave it no thought further than wonder whether it was Mrs. Counts or Emily Davis who had come to be fitted.

But a minute later there was a patter of light footfalls coming out to the kitchen and Beulah turned to see her Sunday-school teacher's little daughter, Alice Menton.

"Hello, Beulah!"

"Hello, Alice!"

"Are you done with the dishes?"

Beulah was going to ask "Why?" but just then Mom Berch's figure appeared in the doorway.

"Are you through with the dishes?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ma'am. I have to sweep up these crumbs yet."

Alice had the broom in her hands and was beginning to sweep where there appeared to be the most crumbs.

"I believe Beulah had better do that," said Mom Berch in a sweet tone that had the peculiar effect of making Alice instantly thrust the broom handle into her little friend's hands.

Beulah thoroughly prodded every near and remote corner with the broom, her little hands so low down on the handle that it was kept toppling and curving by her mite of strength.

Mom Berch had withdrawn to the sewing-room having beckoned Alice to follow her; and now Beulah hastened thither, with a nervous anxiety that would have been mistaken for eagerness but for the wondering shadows in the dark eyes.

Alice's lips were parted and she was sitting quiet as a statue, like a cord so taut that it snaps asunder at a strain added upon it by a touch.

Mom Berch explained matters very deliberately, having a feeling that high-spirited Alice's patience ought to be enhanced. Besides, she wanted Beulah to fully appreciate the afternoon's outing for such there was to be.

"Your teacher wrote me a note," said Mom Berch, "asking that you be allowed to attend Alice on a walk to the country. You are the older, Beulah"—Beulah's eighth birthday had been about three weeks before Alice's—"and that places the responsibility on you. Keep her out of all danger and—come home early. What time did your mother say you are to come back, Alice?"

"She just said, 'Come when you are tired and your basket is full of pretty things.'" Alice's voice was low and breathless from the tension that still held her.

"I don't want Beulah to stay later than four. You had better keep within either sight or sound of the steeple clock." She was silent for a minute, knitting her brows, trying to recall any other necessary injunction. Finding none, she continued to Beulah, who had been standing, ready to "go" or "come" at the word, as her guardian choose to direct: "Get your white sunbonnet."

And when the sunbonnet was tied fast beneath Beulah's chin and Alice was standing too, with a long, deep basket on her arm, the former kissed Mom Berch upon the mouth, and then the two little girls walked—heavily it seemed—across the room and out-of-doors.

On the sidewalk—how light were their footsteps! They were in the country in a trice. Then, how they tripped and sprang, and walked with arms around each other, and laughed, and chirruped bits of song.

Mom Berch, back in her sewing-room, was remembering how thoughtful she had been to impress responsibility on Beulah. "There is nothing like making

a child responsible, that brings out the best and strongest character in her," she said to herself.

"Look! Look! Beulah. Let's go in there. This is the field mamma told me of."

It was a field of clover, just burst into bloom. Pink—deep, rich pink—as the cheeks of the two little girls who gazed upon it. And the delicious sweetness of the air that made their cheeks yet richer with the redder blood or the clearer skin that glazed it or with both.

They climbed on the fence and then Beulah thought herself of something. Her face lengthened and her eyes took on the old look of famine-hunger instead of the well-nourished, health-hunger they had contained.

"We oughtn't to go into a stranger's field, Alice. Maybe—maybe—we can go to that house over there and ask—"

"Ask what?" Alice had been drinking clover with eyes and nostrils.

"Ask whose field this is and whether we may go in it."

"Why, it's my gradpa's! And mamma telephoned out to him about me. And I told your Mom Berch, Beulah!"

Alice's arm was outstretched and the next moment it was around Beulah's neck and the next, they had rolled over the fence and down upon a mass of clover. There they squirmed gleefully, until, recalled by a "Hello!" they looked up to see a gray-haired gentleman smiling down at them.

"Grandpa!" cried Alice.

And when he had climbed over the fence and kissed Alice, she said, "Here's Beulah too," and he lifted Beulah's face up even with his own and stuck his face inside her sunbonnet and *kissed her!*

The gray-haired gentleman pulled clover blossoms, and romped with the girls, and played hide-and-seek, and told them how the bee gets honey from the clover; and they went over to the big ditch and found some pretty pebbles and would have waded; but when Alice said "Let's wade," Beulah said, "Mom Berch didn't say I might." And Alice remembered, Lest thou make thy brother to offend," and was very sorry she she had come so near doing so.

The reference to Mom Berch brought something to Beulah's mind. "What time is it? I'm to be home by four."

"Twenty minutes till four," said Grandpa looking at his watch. "You can get home all right if you start right now."

Grandpa helped them scramble through the clover, lifted them over the fence, then once more thrust his face inside each sunbonnet and turned them homeward.

The basket was pretty heavy and their shoes were too, but they had to keep a fairly rapid pace anyway.

Mom Berch looked at the girls and their burden as they came into the room and counted aloud the four strokes of the clock, with the significance, she thought of commending their promptness. Beulah thought she was displeased that they had not got home before the hour, and she wanted just enough of the shawl to stop her ears.

"Here is your clover and these are your pebbles, Beulah," said Alice, taking them from the basket.

It took her two minutes or more to do it and to thank Mom Berch for having let Beulah go along, and then say good-bye; but the dressmaker didn't feel as if that was time enough to reprove Mrs. Menton's daughter.

"Beulah, throw those things away. A bouquet of red-clover and gravel to litter!"

Beulah had never seen Mom Berch's eyes snap as they did then. She quailed before them, picked up the offending articles, and hurried out of the room.

She remembered then that Alice had remarked that she always put clover blossoms in a broad dish. And Beulah rebelled. She then and there put her blossoms in the best substitute obtainable,—a tin wash basin.

"Now you may get Miss Wilson's poems and re-read that last one and explain it," Mom Berch said as Beulah came in again, speaking in a tone that she tried to keep from either its mocking sweetness or its lately preceding sharpness.

Beulah, still with the new-born spirit within her, that at first had been defiance, now was mental keenness and soon was to become the spirit of fearless righteousness, took up the little volume to master her lesson.

"Like a rose that's filled with dew—  
Thus should life be sweet to you.  
Sweet with joy that springs from love—  
That great gift from God above.

"Love—that lifts or friend or foe;  
Love—that cheers where'er you go;  
Love—that does all hearts make glad.  
Give. There comes more than was had."

She read distinctly, and the ring in her voice seemed to carry with it something that unlocked an unused place in Mom Berch's mind.

Then she began to interpret the poem, following each line with her eyes again:

"The clover smelled sweet and we played in it and the afternoon was sweet to us. There was joy and it must have been because we loved one another.

"Alice's grandpa lifted me up and kissed me. I guess he loved me. Alice cheered me when I was afraid we wouldn't dare go in the field. She must have loved me. We were all glad. We must have loved one another. And we liked each other better the longer we were there. Is playing together love, Mom Berch?"

For answer the woman dropped her tired head on her tired hands and cried. Beulah ran to her and put her arms around her. She covered the woman's hair



and temple and cheek with kisses. They were presently returned, twofold, for Mom Berch felt that there must be nothing like simple, childlike love to bring out the beautiful character of a human creature.

O Beulah, child! O children! Teach us to give you what's your due—our childlike fondling love held out to you though you go right or wrong along our code of proper living. For we ask that of him; if we step from his path, could we feel to turn ourselves again upon it if his arms were not outstretched to us?

*Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*



### BOB TAYLOR ON HOME, SWEET HOME.

SELECTED BY PAUL H. BOWMAN.

WHETHER it be the money king in his mansion with the weight of millions on his heart, or the pauper in his hut with the wolf at his door, the recollections of a happy childhood lighten the burdens of life and soothe its sufferings. The green fields and swirling streams around the old homestead where the light-hearted boy once hunted the Mollie Cottontail in the clover, and fished for suckers in the darkening eddies, or shouted and sang and tumbled in the air like a straw hat in a cyclone, are painted on his brain in colors that never fade; and the shady lanes, melodious with red-birds, amorous with doves, where he held his first sweetheart's girlish hand in his and poured out his soul in silence, bloom on and sing on in sweet dusky bowers of harmony till death stills the weary heart and hushes the sighs and storms of mortal life forever.

The man may wander to the ends of the earth and meet new faces and new friends on the way; he may rise to wealth and glory or fall in the very depths of poverty and degradation, yet the memory of paternal love and watchfulness which guarded the thoughtless boy and shielded him from harm, never cease to beckon his spirit back to the happy fireside of the past. In every word of his mother's unforgotten prayer he hears the rustle of an angel's wing. Nothing sweetens the sorrows of our riper years like the memory of happy childhood. The man who wounds the hearts of his children with frowns and cruel words, or staggers into the door of his home with curses and blows, is a murderer, a murderer of laughter and love and happiness. The woman who deserts her home for the hollow pleasures of the social world, and neglects her innocent children for any reason, is a robber unworthy of the name of mother.

The poorest laborer who turns his hovel into a place of happiness for his children is a better citizen than the richest tyrant who converts his palace into a hovel of wretchedness and fear for those whom God has committed to his care.

The monumental fool, and enemy of all that is noblest and best in life, is he who destroys the peace and joy of his own sweet home. If paradise ever descends to earth again, it must be in the sacred precincts of home.



### AUTHORS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

AUTHORS, editors and publishers all hold a very responsible position in the world, far more responsible than many of them seem to think they do, judging by the stuff some authors write, and then some editors and publishers scatter broadcast the length and breadth of the land.

Why will some authors write stuff that is not only silly but that has also a tendency to lower the moral standard of those who read their work? I have read many an article and book, that has left a bad taste in my mouth and a burning indignation in my heart against the writers of such trash and the editors that had no more conscience than to allow such trash to appear in print, trash that they know full well is not good for the hardened sinner to read, much less the young people whose minds are easily impressed by what they read.

Now I do not wish to convey the impression that I think that only religious stories should be written and published, for I do not mean that at all. Indeed, I am sorry to say that many of the religious stories are like the silly love stories; they gush too much, and therefore fall short of what they were intended to accomplish—but I do mean that all matter written and published should be of such a nature that it will instruct as well as amuse.

One can forgive the writers of the silly love stories when one reflects that if those writers were in love they would probably act just as silly as their brain people do. But the writers of those brilliant stories,—stories that attract, repel and disgust some readers, and have bad influence on others,—one has nothing but condemnation for those writers.

The writers of those brilliant but unwholesome stories should cleanse their minds of impurities, and not try to fill other minds with the same sordid ideas of life. Let the stories be strong, brilliant and stirring, but for your own sake and the sake of your readers let them have a high moral standard.

I know that many authors and publishers will point to the fact that those stories mostly have a meteor-like existence, and they bring in large returns; and also that many people like to read such matter, which is the truth in some respects, but does it pay the author and publisher to have it marked down to their credit?

And now right here I want to point out another

fact: If you give swine sour slop to eat and a mud puddle to wallow in, they will eat the slop and wallow in the mud, but if you give them corn and clean water to eat and drink and grass to run in, they will soon be cleaner hogs in taste and habits. And if nothing but clean stories is written and published, those morbid-minded readers will soon lose their taste for decayed fruit and enjoy what is pure and wholesome, and the authors and publishers will also enjoy the respect of all classes of readers.

Every author, editor and publisher should remember that in a way they are educators, not only of the present readers, but of those to come, and that they owe it as a duty to themselves and the public that what they write, and what they publish, should be a credit to themselves and a benefit to the human race in some way. If they have been given a brilliant talent, let them use it to raise the standard of the reading public to a higher plane, not to lower it. Let all of their work be a credit to them, and all editors and publishers should sternly turn down any work that they would not wish their own children to read.

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



#### MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

ADELAIDE MCKEE KOONS.



HO does not know the potency of musical strains to awake in our minds recollections of the past, to paint for us pictures of persons and scenes that have once been familiar and dear to us? Watch that knot of old soldiers standing on the street corner, exchanging data about their various infirmities. Suddenly, up the street comes the local band, playing a martial air. Hark, the shrilling fife, the throbbing beat of the drum—then watch the effect upon the old veterans. They straighten up, their expressions brighten, into their eyes comes a look of tender recollection. For them the scene has changed. They are back once more, living over the events of war times, living over the days when life flowed full and freely in their veins, not as now, a feeble, faltering sluggish current, waning day by day. More potent than black art or hypnotism has been the spell cast over them by music—the shrilling of a fife and the throbbing beat of a drum has recreated for them with wonderful vividness scenes long past and growing dim even in their tenacious memories.

I have often idly speculated on the power of music, any music, whether good or bad, grand or meretricious, to awaken in my mind recollections that have no relation to the present surroundings in which I find myself. Why should "Hiawatha" always make me see again a dingy schoolroom, far away, and seated at

the piano, the figure of a dear boy sweetheart with dreamy eyes and sensitive mouth, playing the battered instrument with delicate, artistic touch? He has long since been severed from my life by a thousand differences of circumstance and condition, yet how it all comes back to me with "Hiawatha." I know why well enough. It is because when that particular piece of music was raging over this land like an epidemic, severe though not necessarily fatal, it was that dear boy sweetheart, Jerry, who played it for me day after day on the old school piano in that far western town where I was loafing through a post-graduate course in order to mitigate my loneliness. I have heard it countless times since then, and always that one picture comes before my eyes—indissolubly linked with its throbbing measures in my mind forever.

I never had the pleasure of hearing Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home," yet never do I hear that melody but there rises in my mind the picture of a fair and gracious woman, holding a vast audience in silent thrall, while she sings that song to them. I see their upturned faces, their looks of rapture, almost of prayer, and I wonder what thought of home that homely strain calls up in the heart of each—a thousand recollections, from Bedouin's tent to marble halls, yet all alike, for each is "home" to some one.

"Dixie" always brings before me the pathetic recollection of an old man, with brown, wrinkled skin, beady black eyes and snowy poll, standing before an audience and trying to wring from his old violin once more the merry tune he created, before his poor old fingers grew too stiff and his arm too frail to wield the bow—for he is Dan Emmett, and that scarcely recognizable jumble of notes he plays is "Dixie"—and he is very old and feeble—let no one dare to laugh at him.

A street organist under my window plays "Forgotten," a tender little love song, and instantly I am back once more on board a Union Pacific train, enjoying the easy acquaintanceship of a crowd of jolly tourists, and a handsome blonde Jewess, with "adventuress" written all over her, is telling us that we ought to hear Eugene Cowles' "Forgotten," for it is all the rage, and she bids her daughter sing it for us. Long afterward I bought the piece, for the sake of that haunting memory, more than for the sake of the song. Have we not all done the like, often and often?

A boy used to come sauntering home at night, and stopping on the corner above the house, would sing a few popular airs, always winding up with "Good Night, Ladies," as a signal that the concert was over. He had a voice that the angels might have envied, had he been able to keep out of it that betraying hoarseness that dissipation brings. He's dead now and forgotten—and it is better so. He was one of those who were more sinned against than sinning—I wonder does he lend his voice now to the angels—when they sing



the songs he loved? Do they condone his faults as we did, for the sake of his virtues and his voice?

Sometimes, in church, when the beautiful Episcopal service reaches the "Te Deum," and the choir chants the words, "We praise Thee, Oh Lord," there comes over me a memory so poignant and so precious that the present is blotted out and I see another choir, with familiar faces, standing there and singing the selfsame words. Among them I see one, handsome, magnificently built, wearing his white vestments. He always sang as a tenor solo the part beginning, "Thine adorable, true and only Son," and always, before he sang, he looked at me. It was our covenant. I went to church for that. It was then I liked him best—it was then that he was most worthy of my liking. I do not know where he is now, or if I shall ever see him again, but I would give much, before the light of youth fades from his brown eyes, and his beautiful voice is gone, if he would stand and look at me once more, and sing those golden words again.

And so, indefinitely, I might weave an endless chain of "I remembers," all linked together upon a strand of melodies—memories and melodies that entered into my life once upon a time, so heedlessly and unthinkingly, and that now, for all my thinking, I can never forget.

*Mt. Vernon, Ohio.*

### THE MAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID OF UNPOPULARITY.

THROUGH the coming ages of the history of republics, Lincoln's Gettysburg address will remain the noblest expression of the greatest political ideal the world has ever known. If "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall perish from the earth," that utterance will still be held among the classics of dead systems, and students will sadly trace the decline of freedom from its departure from the teachings of that great political mind, through all its wanderings in the sinuous paths of folly and wrong, to its final death. Edward Everett wrote to him, "I would be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of that occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes.

A man whose law college was a wood-pile and a borrowed copy of Blackstone would be expected to weave some practical ideas into his legal development. We are not surprised to find him later saving his client's life by showing that a witness could not clearly perceive by the light of the moon events which occurred two hours before the moon rose, and winning his case by a simple reference to a calendar.

"Go to Lincoln," said a lawyer to whom a man had come with a case that did not seem desirable to the view of an ambitious attorney. "I do not dare to take your case. It would hurt me in politics. But

you go to Lincoln; he is not afraid of any unpopular case." Lincoln was never afraid of any case except a dishonest one.

In his struggles through the many obstacles that obstructed his pathway, Lincoln had learned to make things go, and he had small patience with things that lagged. "I wish," he said, "that McCellan would go at the enemy with something, I don't care what. He is an admirable engine, but he seems to have a special talent for a stationary engine."

An incomparable leader of men, while McCellan and Grant could lead and direct the operations of one hundred thousand men in the field, Lincoln alone could hold in hand the vast turbulent electorate of eighteen northern States.

Walt Whitman said, "None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep, though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there." There was something there that neither brush nor camera could catch, but a woman who went to him to beg for the life of her son, who had been condemned by court-martial reached the central element that all artists' devices had sought in vain. Going out from his presence with a heart full of joy for the success of her petition, she proceeded in silence for a time then exclaimed, in a sudden burst of conviction, "I knew that it was not true!" "Knew what was not true?" asked her escort. "They told me that he had an ugly looking face. He has the most beautiful face I ever saw." She had found the hidden motive of the man's face—sympathy.—*Mrs. General Pickett, in May Lippincott's.*

### MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

IN the educational work of the mission forces there are two classes of people to be considered. At home we have the Christian, indifferent and ignorant concerning the condition of the heathen world. In the non-Christian lands we have the ignorant concerning Jesus. These are under the power of caste and in the clutches of custom.

We shall consider the literature that is to educate and interest the Christians of the home land.

There are two ways of receiving this intelligence: The one is in person, by the living voice; the other is through literature. The living voice seems to be the most effectual for immediate results. It inspires to a more definite and conclusive idea. But since we cannot have the missionary with us each week, to remind us of the work and deepen our interest, we must call on another method to broaden our views.

The ignorance among church members as to mission work is little less than appalling. Because of this ignorance the church is lacking both motive and zeal to carry out her appointed task. All must agree that no such

plan can be carried out with the ignorance of the condition of the world; the progress of Christian work in world-wide movements and the small number that are really interested in the preaching of the Gospel. Many will be satisfied with a very limited knowledge of Dhamtari, India, as though it were the whole foreign field.

The ignorance is not due to scarcity of reading matter, but the material is not found where we do our reading. There have been a number of articles in our church papers on this subject. Many of them we find have not been read by most of our readers, because they were too long. Others did not get the papers.

The ideal method might be to have a mission-study class in each congregation. There is no reason why we should not have a thorough knowledge of the field Jesus commanded us to occupy. A sufficient knowledge will not be acquired by hearing one mission talk or reading a few lines once a year, or perchance once a month. We need systematic study; that which brings the subject before us each week.

Since, for various reasons, we cannot have a study class in each congregation, would it not be a good plan to have some one make himself responsible for a certain amount of material of this kind for each issue of our church papers? Missionary magazines might be suggested but there are objections to this plan. But we should make more effort to get facts before our people. The study of the Bible and the field ought to go together.—*The Gospel Witness*.



#### THE FOREMOST PERSONALITY IN THE DUMA.

ALADYIN! Odd name. Odd individuality. Molten lead is less fiery than he under stress; cooled lead less stolid when he is at rest. The Duma bristles with personalities; no congressional body more. The venerable, the striking, the warrior-like, the statesman-like, the plain people in homespun whose very simplicity is a distinction—all are there. Only one stands uniquely apart,—Aladyin. The Westerner casts one glance at him and murmurs, "Walking delegate." He is just that type. But this is a type new to Russia. Verily, he is the first.

"Who are the most striking personalities in the Duma?" I asked of four representative men. Each one of the four named Aladyin first! Yet he is not distinguished, not prepossessing, not unusual. Indeed, he is essentially commonplace, but largely and intensely commonplace. He is the average man emphasized,—his hopes, his ambitions, his weaknesses, his failings, are all inherently mediocre and *bourgeois*. But he burns with that commonplace hope; he would be a glad martyr to that middle-class ambition; he betrays his weaknesses in his step and in his dull eye; he trips repeatedly over those ordinary failings that a cleverer

man would avoid. Of reserve he has little. Of force he has much. He is fearless to foolhardiness, and outspoken beyond all courtesy. In other words, he is a simple, honest man. The analysis of personality is a fatuous thing, and one may easily go astray by elusive leads which promise what they do not reveal. Aladyin has many traits of character that are tangible. But none explains the man. He is this, and that, and the other thing—all obviously—and yet the man remains an enigma. Interests center in him because of these paradoxical qualities.—From "*Aladyin, Russia's First Walking Delegate*," by Kellogg Durland, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for August.



#### A "BAND OF MERCY" GIRL.

A COAL cart was delivering an order in Clinton Place the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily loaded cart to the spot desired, and then became obstinate. The driver began to beat the animal, and this quickly collected a crowd. He was a big fellow, with a fierce look in his eyes, and the onlookers were chary about interfering, knowing what would follow. "I pity the horse, but don't want to get into a row," remarked one.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle him," put in a young man with a long neck, "but about the time I get him down, along would come a policeman and arrest us both."

The driver was beating the horse, and nothing was being done about it, when a little girl about eight years old approached and said,—

"Please, mister."

"Well, what do you want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll get all the little children around here and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the man-hole and let you rest while we are doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in a defiant way, but, meeting with only pleasant looks, he began to give in, and after a moment he smiled and said,

"Maybe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day. There goes the whip, and perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart, a dozen hands helped to push, and the old horse had the cart to the spot with one effort.—*Selected*.



#### TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow! 'Tis the blessed vision day  
Of each unresting and immortal soul.  
Then doth the vanquished think to win the goal.  
Then hopes the blind for a delivery ray.  
And patiently the prisoner waits reprieve.  
To-day we think the good that we would do  
To-morrow, and deceive ourselves anew."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## SERVANT.



ANYONE who has made a study of the history of words has no doubt been struck by the discovery that many of our words have degenerated in meaning as they have come down to us. Perhaps a few have come to stand in a better place than they held originally, but the majority that have changed at all, have descended, and where once they were sought out to fill respectable places, now they are selected for the contemptible.

Among the words that have degenerated is the one that stands at the head of this article. Its degeneracy, however, has not come about through the same cause as that which has brought so many into ill repute. It dates from time immemorial, and is based on the principle enunciated by Christ when he said, "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God," the reverse of which is likewise true as he brought out in his teachings.

It is rooted in the very nature of the world that it should despise the things that are most highly esteemed by God, and that therefore the servant should be contemptible in its sight, since Christ makes him the greatest of all. But why such an idea should be carried over into the church and so generally adopted into its life is a thing beyond the comprehension of the truly consecrated child of God. Nay, more, I am sure it is one of the stumbling-blocks in the way of some who stand outside and look, and vainly, too, sometimes, for the difference between the church and the world.

A great deal is said about the mother who works and slaves (they say "slaves" because it so well expresses their contempt for such work) for her children,—actually wearing herself out thus, when she might be improving her mind and enjoying herself! What a depraved idea of the highest service! What, Mr. World, would you have her do, how would you

have her employ herself? Why is the word mother one of the sweetest of the English language? Is it not because of this very self-sacrificing service? Think you that she deems it slaving when she is *allowed* to work for those she loves best? And suppose she wears out a few years before the allotted three score and ten, is it not better that it should be because of such service than that it should be due to some of the excesses that cut off those who give themselves up to the demands of society?

And the minister of the Gospel comes in for a great deal of sympathy, too,—well, not sympathy, exactly, pity, rather,—I mean ministers of the old-time self-sacrificing sort. They are even censured by some because of their lack of interest in *business*, evidenced by their absorption in the Master's work, in ministering to others, and their contentment with a life destitute of any luxury or ease,—a real servant! And what would you have him be? Is not all the dignity and honor of that office due to just such service? Suppose we let the world rule the lives of all our ministers for one generation in respect to the word service, and what would the office amount to?

Let us help elevate these words to their original position by following out in our own lives that course by which, according to the Master's idea, the least shall become the chief of all.



## THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

Now that the attention of the American people has been drawn to Rio Janeiro, South America, because of the Pan-American Conference in session in that city, we may well make it the occasion for a better acquaintance with this great metropolis of our sister republic as well as the republic itself.

Our superficial knowledge of our neighbors to the south seems hardly consistent with our almost universal knowledge of the peoples and other countries of the earth. However, we are especially attracted by intense activity and progressiveness, and we have been so taken up with ourselves and some other nations because of this that we have not realized that these same neighbors have become very wide-awake and very active, too.

Their opportunities for the activities of wide-awakeness are almost unknown to us who think mainly of our own wealth when speaking of vast areas and undeveloped resources. The following facts have been taken from two extensive articles in *The Review of Reviews*.

The United States of Brazil is larger than our own United States, not including Alaska. Its capital, Rio Janeiro, has a population exceeding eight hundred thousand and is growing as fast as any place in the United States excepting New York and Chicago. The one thing that most of us know of Rio Janeiro is that

it is situated on a magnificent harbor or bay. San Francisco, Sidney, Cape Town, Gibraltar, Hong Kong and New York have excellent harbors but that of Rio Janeiro is in a class by itself, unrivaled by the others. Nature has done much to make this harbor, and the people not only realize it, but seek to improve what nature has given them by constructing docks, concrete basins, warehouses and piers that will hold the sailing vessels of the world.

Our idea of the city steaming with continued torrid heat is a mistaken one. The mountains rising directly above it furnish refreshing breezes easily brought in reach of the inhabitants; besides, it is thirteen hundred miles south of the equator, or in the same position as Havana relative to it, and therefore has different seasons.

Among the Latin-American towns Rio Janeiro is an exception in the variety of its streets, architecture and scenes. "The architectural wonder is the great Carioca aqueduct, which stands to-day as strong, solid and enduring as when built one hundred and fifty years ago. Its style and finish remind one of the old Roman aqueducts, and it looks as if it would last as long in the future as they have lasted in the past. By this means, and by new systems Rio Janeiro is now supplied with an abundance of the purest water.

"The Botanical Garden is the show place of Rio Janeiro proper. The student of nature's varied productiveness can here satisfy his admiration of beautiful, exquisite, and rare flora, while the layman never tires of the charm of the plants, flowers, shrubs and trees. We have nothing in the United States to compare with it, and I have met many American and European botanists who have traveled to Rio Janeiro for no other purpose than to pursue their researches in its attractive limits."

In size and in the possibilities of her resources the country of Brazil has but one rival in the western hemisphere,—our own country. Its area is 3,280,000 square miles, "approximately, five-sixths of the whole of Europe or almost one hundred times the size of the mother country"—Portugal. Compared with Australia, Brazil could cover it and have a surplus area greater than that of Texas. In the way of population, however, Brazil has little to boast of, the total being only 16,000,000, a density of less than five to the square mile or the same as that of our South Dakota. This population is made up of three races, the aborigines, the Europeans, and the negroes, which together furnish grounds for a race problem more or less serious.

While we may have looked upon Brazil as a lowland, in reality fully three-fourths of her area have an altitude of more than five hundred feet. The country is divided into twenty-one states, but the division is so unequal that three of these, in the western part, are equal in area to the remaining eighteen, while the latter

contain more than ninety-six per cent of the total population.

The exports from the region drained by the Amazon are Brazil nuts, cacao, sarsaparilla, gums and other forest products mostly of a medicinal nature. The four hundred and forty-one varieties of cabinet woods and dyewoods exhibited at the Chicago Exposition from this country are comparatively unknown to commerce. Rich diamond and gold mines are located in Minas Geraes. The northwestern states are the home of the sugar cane. Brazil's main source of wealth is the coffee crops. Her exports in 1904 amounted to \$191,500,000, of which coffee formed more than one half, or \$96,000,000.

"In taking an unprejudiced view of the entire country, it is apparent that real progress is being made. Sorely handicapped, as she is, by the heterogeneousness of her population, and embarrassed by her very size and unwieldiness, Brazil is by no means blind to the problems that confront her, nor is she without strength to attempt her tasks, and a reasonable confidence is what lies ahead."



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

WHO does not know the potency of musical strains to awake in our minds recollections of the past, to paint for us pictures of persons and scenes that have once been familiar and dear to us?—*Adelaide McKee Koons.*



EVERY author, editor and publisher should remember that in a way they are educators, not only of the present readers, but of those to come.—*Maggie M. Winesburg.*



THE man may wander to the ends of the earth and meet new faces and new friends on the way; he may rise to wealth and glory or fall into the very depths of poverty and degradation, yet the memory of paternal love and watchfulness never cease to beckon his spirit back to the happy fireside of the past.—*Selected.*



THE sky wore a robe of softest blue, while here and there tiny clouds were resting like pearls upon its fair bosom. The timber-clad hills, with their far-reaching vistas, reared their lofty heads into its azure depths.—*Oma Karn.*



If we step from this path, could we feel to turn ourselves again upon it if His arms were not outstretched to us?—*Mary I. Semseman.*



Oh! if thy love shall be my guide,  
How can I go astray.  
When I am listening to thy voice,  
And willing to obey?

Martha Shepard Lippincott.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

VALPARAISO, South America, is now suffering a repetition of the horrors of San Francisco, due to the earthquake. Valparaiso and vicinity was visited by an earthquake Aug. 16, resulting in the total destruction of sixty per cent of the city. A conservative estimate of the dead, places the number at 2,000. A number of towns and villages in the interior were almost wholly destroyed. News from the stricken city Aug. 21 stated that the shocks still continued. Not a single structure had escaped damage. The only illumination at night is that furnished by the burning buildings. It is claimed, however, that the greatest destruction was caused by the earthquake, and not by the fire, as in San Francisco.

THE government of Cuba has just lately discovered some plots made against it and especially against President Palma. At this writing the trouble has assumed the form of an open revolt and several engagements have taken place between the rebels and the rural guard.

BEGINNING the middle of August, the Treasury Department has made purchases of silver bullion for subsidiary coinage, and Director of the Mint Roberts says that the growth of the country's business requires that over \$5,000,000 of small coins be put in circulation each year. It is estimated that 100,000 ounces of silver a week for a long time to come will be needed. It is preferred to buy in small quantities so as not to disturb the silver market.

A RESOLUTION was introduced in the Pan-American congress, at Rio Janeiro, calling upon all countries there represented to send delegates to The Hague peace conference instructed to make every effort for the adoption of a general arbitration convention. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

THE laws recently enacted in France and Canada aim at a more general recognition of Sunday, at least as a day of rest. In France it is made a rule for all commercial and industrial establishments to close for this weekly day of rest, and when in any case such closing would be prejudicial to the interests of the public, the law requires that an equal amount of rest

be accorded to all workers on some other day, or by shifts in rotation. Canada's new Sunday law is far more drastic. All trading or remunerated service is forbidden, except in works of actual necessity or mercy. Railroads may not run excursions or handle any traffic which can be attended to on any other day. But, most remarkable of all, there are to be no Sunday newspapers, either published at home or imported from abroad. All public amusements are banished. Heavy penalties for violations are to be imposed on employers and corporations, as well as on employes.

THE decided shortage in the cotton crop in Egypt is attributed by the natives to the great Assuan dam that was constructed to aid the production. They say that the dam holds back the sediment that used to go down the river to enrich the land. The engineers in charge of the dam say the shortage has nothing to do with the dam, that the water is only stored in the clear season so that the sediment goes down as usual.

WHILE at a clambake a Utica, N. Y., man found a pearl in a clam shell. It weighs four and one-eighth carats, is without flaw, and is said to be worth \$1,000.

THE California fruit exchange says that the cooling of fruit before shipping tends to increase its keeping power, and to make it possible to pick much riper fruit for shipment than in the past. The agricultural department is conducting a series of experiments along this line, and says that there are great advantages in pre-cooling fruits before their shipment. The theory of the new departure is that heat radiates from the center of the fruit, and if it be packed into the car warm, incipient decay sets in before it cools. Fruit companies in California shipping fruit weekly to London find that by pre-cooling it gets there in perfect condition two weeks afterward.

MICE are employed as signals on submarine boats. Should there be the least leakage of naphtha, the mice give warning by incessant squeaks, as they have a dislike for the odor of naphtha. In the British navy an allowance is made for feeding the mice on the submarines.

THE report of the geological survey that the black sands of the Douglas Creek, Wyo., section has paying deposits of gold has caused a rush of miners to that district. Chief Day of the survey says that some of the sand pays \$780 a ton and it can be worked at 15 cents a ton, as the sand has only to be washed. It is said that thousands of acres can be worked by the placer or washing process at very little cost.

THE director of the Field Museum in Chicago reports a remarkable bird's nest that has come into his hands. It is an American yellow warbler's, and is the result of that bird's trying to avoid hatching the eggs of the young cow-bird, which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds to be hatched by them. The nest consists of four stories and the floor of each successive story seems to represent the yellow warbler's determination not to sit on the eggs of the cow-bird. Eggs of both birds were found in the three lower stories. It seems that as fast as the yellow warbler would find a cow-bird's egg in its nest it would arch over the old and build a new nest above until four had been constructed.

THE effect of the Pope's encyclical and his defiance of the separation law, as reflected in the French press, indicates that a bitter religious war must now be fought to the finish. Some papers even suggest the possibility of civil war. Others say that the Pope has insulted the French nation. Still others ridicule the Pope's resistance.

A PERIOD of comparative calmness appears to have followed the recent reign of terrorism at St. Petersburg and other cities of Russia. It approaches a tacit armistice between the contending parties. The various mutinies in army and navy have been utterly crushed and their leaders executed. The new Douma elections are to be held in November. Despite the attempt on the life of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch August 10, when, during his review of the soldiers, a volley of bullets was fired at him by the first battalion of the Imperial Guard, Czar Nicholas went, Aug. 14, to review the troops at Krasnoye-Selo, accompanied by his family and the court.

SOME harps have been discovered in Egyptian tombs the strings of which, in several instances, were intact, and gave forth distinct sounds after an estimated silence of 2,000 years.

NOTE has frequently been made of the remarkable sustaining power of cane sugar. A South American mountain climber writes in a recent book that he had found it the finest heat-producing, muscle-nourishing

food in the world. For men who exercise much, such as soldiers and athletes, he claims that a plentiful supply of sugar is better than meat rations. He used a quarter of a pound a day to the man in his party and was inclined to think nearly a half pound of the cane sugar could be used. Another mountain climber says that on one expedition, which was a feat of endurance, brown sugar formed an important part of the party's rations. He says that they existed almost entirely on it in all their climbs.

PROFESSOR HENRY E. ARMSTRONG, the distinguished London scientist, has joined Lord Kelvin in a protest against the proposition submitted to the British Association that the production of helium from radium has established the fact of the evolution of one element into others. Professor Armstrong says that no one has yet handled radium in sufficient quantities to be able to say precisely what it is. He admits that helium can be obtained from radium, but points out that this is no proof that the former is not merely contained in the latter. He remarks that scientists in the radium school "appear to have cast caution to the winds and to have substituted pure imagination for it."

THE twelfth annual Bible conference at Winona Lake, Ind., began Aug. 19. More than 2,000 ministers of every Protestant denomination in the country were present. More were expected later.

THE Kansas Agricultural Department reports the State's yield of winter wheat to be more than 91,000,000 bushels. With the spring wheat the total will exceed 100,000,000 bushels, or the greatest crop in the history of Kansas. The indicated corn crop is 200,000,000.

THE two federal grand juries which have been investigating the rebate charges against the Standard Oil company convened Aug. 20, to make their reports. It is said that at least five indictments will be returned by one of the bodies, and that each will be on from ten to twenty counts. Every effort will be made to so frame the indictments that they cannot be quashed on technicalities.

POPE PIUS X is very bitter in his denunciation of the French law for the separation of church and state. He says its makers have sought not separation but oppression. He urges the bishops to adopt all means within the law to organize their forces, assuring them of the papal cooperation and support. However, he counsels against violence and says firmness will give better results.





### THE MOTHER.



OME there be that sow the seed and reap  
the golden grain;

And some there be that buy and sell, and  
find therein their gain;

And some do build with skillful craft, and  
some with curious art

Do paint or carve, and some do sing. So each doth do  
his part.

And some there be—most blessed these—to deeds of  
mercy given;

And some do heal the sick, and some do lead the way  
to heaven;

But holiest task of all is thine, O mother, with thy child!

For thee and him all workers toil, all craftsmen carve  
and build.

Make pure thy heart, O mother-saint, that pure, thy sons  
may be;

Make strong thy soul, with courage strong, that he  
may learn of thee;

Make true thy word, thine act, thy thought, that truth  
may make him free;

And pour thy noble life for his! So safe our land shall  
be.

—Selected.



### COST OF LIVING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

GRACE HILEMAN MILLER.

WE have received a number of inquiries as to the cost of living here from people who would like to make Southern California their home. The general verdict is that it is much higher than east of the Rockies. This is true in a measure, and yet it depends considerably on the management.

Owing to the mildness of the climate, the fuel problem is an easy one. Many people have but one stove (cook stove) in their houses. Of course, on cold, rainy days they "live in the kitchen." Wood, coal and distillate (made from Los Angeles crude petroleum; it is cheaper than wood) are burned in these. Coal oil stoves are largely used for heating dining rooms, parlors, offices, etc. Coal sells from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per ton; cord wood from \$7.00 to \$12.00 per cord; gasoline, 90 cents to \$1.25 per five-gallon can; coal oil, from 50 cents to \$1.40 per five-gallon can.

Following are prices of some groceries, fruits, meats, etc.: California flour from \$1.25 to \$1.45 per 50 pound sack; Pillsbury (Minnesota) flour, \$1.90 (was \$2.20 this time last year) per 50 pound sack; butter, from

18 to 40 cents per pound; eggs, from 15 to 40 cents a dozen; cane sugar, \$5.85 per 100 pounds (price may change one way or the other any day); tea, 50 to 75 cents a pound; and coffee, 15 to 40 cents; Irish potatoes, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per 100 pounds; and sweet potatoes, \$1.50 to \$2.50; string beans, 3 to 5 cents a pound; tomatoes, 2 to 5 cents per pound; and peas, 3 to 5 cents; celery 5 cents a bunch; sweet corn, 10 to 15 cents a dozen, and cucumbers, 10 cents; apples, 3 to 5 cents a pound; quinces, plums and peaches, 2 to 3 cents; pears and grapes, 2 to 5 cents; watermelons, 3½ to 25 cents each; cantaloupes, 2 to 15 cents each; lemons, 5 to 15 cents a dozen, and oranges, 10 to 15 cents; blackberries, 3 to 6 cents per pound box; strawberries, 5 to 10 cents, and raspberries, 10 to 15 cents; beef, round steak, 12½ cents per pound; chuck, 10 cents; rib, 15 cents; sirloin, 17½ cents; porterhouse, 20 cents; tenderloin, 18 cents; rib roast, 15 cents; leg of mutton, 12½ cents; shoulder, 10 cents; chops, 15 cents; lamb, 15 to 20 cents; veal, 10 to 12½ cents; roast pork, 10 to 12½ cents; chicken, 20 cents a pound dressed, or 60 cents to \$1.00 apiece alive; ducks, 75 to 83 cents each; turkeys, 18 to 27 cents a pound (live weight), and rabbits, 20 cents each; cured ham, 15 and 16 cents a pound; bacon, 17 and 18 cents.

Lumber averages from \$21.00 to \$23.00 per thousand for rough pine and \$22.00 to \$30.00 for rough redwood. The former is generally used for building and the latter for interior finish. Houses may be built at from \$250.00 to \$400.00 per room on cottage style.

Dry goods sell for about the same here as they do in the East. Butter and eggs both reach their maximum price just before the rains set in. Very few housekeepers bake their bread, but buy it at the rate of 5 cents for a pound loaf or 6 for 25 cents.

Lordsburg, Calif.



### DRYING CORN AND BEANS.

THE old way was to boil, then shred the corn from the cob and dry. Try this way, which a reader recommends: If possible, have your corn ready the night before, or have some one to husk and silk while you prepare the corn. After it has been husked and the silks drawn off, cut the grains down; do not cut too close to the cob, and scrape the rest; have a hot oven ready, put the corn in bread pans and let it cook until, when stirred with a spoon, no milk will show.

Keep well stirred while cooking so it will not burn. Have a stretcher ready, and scatter your corn on it. Now, while this has been cooking, you can prepare another panful and slip it into the oven as soon as the first panful is out. In this way one can dry all the corn an ordinary family will use. By this process, the milk is cooked to the corn and does not dry up in little particles.

To make a stretcher, take any long strip of cloth, and tack the cloth along the edges on either side to boards or strips of lumber and nail a piece across the ends—something like a quilting frame. Stretch the cloth as tight as possible without tearing it. A 100-pound weight flour sack makes a convenient size for handling.

Wax beans, dried in the following manner, are fine: Prepare the beans as for cooking, and boil in clear water until tender; then drain off the water, place the beans on a stretcher and dry. Use the same water to cook your next batch of beans in, when cooking to dry.

After corn and beans have dried, they should be put into a heavy paper sack of some kind, as insects cannot get through the heavy paper as they can through cloth. In drying corn and beans, select them while young and tender, using only perfect ones, and have fresh to start on.—*The Commoner*.



#### BOTTLES USED AS JARS.

SATURATE a thick woolen string with kerosene or turpentine and twist it tightly and smoothly around a large bottle just below the slope of the neck. Fill the bottle with water and set it in a basin of water that will cover the glass nearly to the string. Touch a lighted match to the string and the blaze will quickly fly around the bottle, severing its top smoothly. Tip it over in the water if the top does not crack off at once. Thus you will have a nice little jar for jellies.



WHEN the eyes have a burning sensation, bathe them with hot water to which a little witch hazel has been added. If the whites of the eyes are yellow and the pupils dull, it shows that the general health needs attention.



FRESH fruits, such as the apple, pear and plum, when taken without sugar, diminish, rather than increase, the acidity of the stomach. The vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.



#### GOLDENROD.

As nature lifts her gates from week to week  
New beauties rise, its wondrous power to speak;  
And now, clad in her glory as of old,  
The goldenrod uplifts her crowns of gold.

—J. W. Waits.

#### A RESTFUL DRINK.

ONE of the best drinks for a tired person is bran water. It is prepared as follows: Stir one teacupful of clean, sweet bran into a quart of water, let it stand for six hours, or even longer, stirring occasionally. When ready, pour off and add ice, or drink without, as preferred or convenient. A little lemon juice will add to the flavor, and it will be found to possess wonderful resting qualities. There will be no disagreeable "aftermath" to drinks of this kind.



#### CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 4.

DURING July the weather was extremely dry, and after coming from the office I spent a good part of every evening watering the vegetable and flower garden. Perhaps you wonder why I didn't carry out the hose, turn on the water and go off and let it do the work alone. Well, we haven't any hose—garden hose,—to be real frank, the size of our garden wouldn't justify the expense of one together with the water tax, and we haven't reached the point where we can buy things without considering the cost. So I carried the water and used a sprinkling can.

Strange, what different ideas we have of pleasure! Now, there is my neighbor, he spends his evenings on the front porch, smoking a pipe or cigar, and thinks I am downright silly to be nosing among cabbages when I might be enjoying myself as he is! And I think,—well, just between you and me, I wonder why an intelligent man will bemuddle his brain with the fumes of a burning, poisonous weed and bedim his vision with the smoke curling from it when the greatest powers of both are needed fully to enjoy the wonderful things of nature,—even those revealed in a backyard garden sopt. But "it takes all kinds of people to make a world,"—anyhow we have them all, as some one has aptly added.

But I have wandered from my text. I meant to talk about the weather—dry weather. A great deal depends on one's previous preparation for it as to how well the growing things will endure it. First, if you have a light soil, plant deep; then, and I might say continuously, cultivate. Of course, I do not mean that you should wade out and rake around in the mud, but as soon as the ground works up fine after a rain one may improve the time by stirring it thoroughly.

I had always heard that cultivation was good for growing vegetables, but I used to think it was a sort of second-hand argument that my parents made use of to get me to hoe down the weeds. Observation and experience in recent years have convinced me that the argument will stand on its own merits. Never let a crust form on the surface of the soil. When the



ground has been well cultivated and you anticipate a dry spell, a mulching of lawn clippings and such like will do much toward retaining the moisture. In watering the cucumber and squash vines this season, I made use of a suggestion I once read of,—that of setting a tin can in the center of each hill and pouring the water into it. I made one or two small holes in the bottom of the can and set it in the ground about two inches.



#### KEEP OR GIVE.

"WHAT beautiful flowers!" exclaimed the new preacher's wife, making her first call on Mrs. Lofty. The bay-window was full of blossoming plants, their fragrance filling the room.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lofty complacently, "my plants have blossomed all winter, and I enjoy the flowers so much that I never cut them till they begin to fade.

"A very good idea," replied Mrs. Preacher.

Her next call was on Mrs. Lovely, and she, too, had a window full of healthy looking plants, but quite bare of bloom.

"How thrifty your plants are!" remarked Mrs. Preacher, "and I see they are full of buds, so you will have flowers soon."

"They have bloomed more or less all winter," replied Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Preacher next called on a sick child, and by his bedside stood a coarse pitcher full of great bunches of geraniums making a bright spot in the dingy room.

"See what a great bouquet Mrs. Lovely sent me!" cried the boy. "Wasn't she good?"

By the cot of a poor woman dying of consumption stood a bunch of heliotrope blossoms, filling the room with sweetness.

"It has been so kind of Mrs. Lovely to bring me flowers when I hardly knew her at all," said the sick woman feebly. "And she always brings fragrant flowers, because she knows I like them so much.

A laboring man lying helpless with a broken leg called Mrs. Preacher's attention to the roses on his stand.

"Mrs. Lovely has sent me roses every few days since I have laid here," he said, "and it's master kind of her to do it for a rough feller like me. I told her, the first ones she brought, that there was no flower I loved like roses, and, I vow! she must a stripped her bushes for me. Lots of folks has winders full of flowers for their own selves, but I've noticed you never see many flowers in Mrs. Lovely's winders."

Mrs. Preacher passed Mrs. Lofty's gay window on her way home, with hardly a glance, but the green window-full at Mrs. Lovely's appealed to her strongly, now that she knew why it was lacking in flowers.—*Mattie W. Baker.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

### WHERE THE CHILDREN HIDE.

It was raining out of doors.

Grandmother, who had just arrived from California, had gone to her room. Mother was busy with the baby.

"I wonder what we can do now?" said Tommy, disconsolately.

"We've played most everything already," sighed Ruth.

"We don't want to make any noise," said thoughtful Dorothea. "We haven't very many grandmothers. We must be 'just as good' to the few we have."

"She come such a long ways," added Rob.

"I know what we can do," said Florence, happily. "It's just a 'sit-still game,' and we can have just oceans of fun." Four pairs of very bright eyes turned on Florence.

"You always do think of the nicest things," said Tommy.

"We'll just hide," and Florence laughed at the very idea.

"We'll make a noise hiding. We can't help but—"

"O! but we can help," said Florence. "We're just going to hide 'in our minds' you know."

"I don't see," said Rob.

"Blindy!" said Florence, and she was almost laughing. "It's like this: We'll let Ruth hide first; she's the smallest. You just think of some place you'd like to hide if you—why, if you could."

"You hide first, Florence. Then we'll all see how."

Florence thought a moment. "I'm hid."

"Somewhere in the room?" asked Dorothea.

"Yes, somewhere, in something in the room, but in a place I really couldn't hide, only in my mind."

"Why, that's jolly!" said Tommy. "There are no end of places you could hide that way. Is it in the clock?"

"No," laughed Florence, softly.

"The book shelf?" "The lamp?" "The sewing machine drawer?" "The match safe?" "The stove pipe?" These followed fast upon each other. Florence only gave a negative shake of her head.

"I think it's in the teakettle spout," said Ruth, who had not spoken.

"How did you ever guess it?" asked Florence.

"Why, I just thought I'd like to hide there myself, among the steam fairies, and find out some of their secrets."

"I haven't found out very many yet," said Florence.

"You've found something better," said Tommy. "You've found the best game, and you're always finding good things."

"It's your turn, Ruth. You guessed the place, so now you can hide."

The guessing went on. All seemingly possible and impossible places were suggested.

"I believe she's hid in Florence's mind. She wants to find out how she thinks of things," said Dorothea.

"That's right!" exclaimed Ruth, gleefully. "I didn't find out much."

"You will in time," said Florence. "The world, the books, everything is full of lovely things to learn."

Rob in Tommy's ear, and Tommy in the fire, without getting burned.

Suddenly, Ruth looked at the door. There stood grandmother and mother. They were looking very happy.

"What makes you all so still?" asked grandmother.

"We're playing hide-and-seek," said Ruth.

"In our minds," added Rob. He told how it was played.

"It's a nice game," said grandmother. "I have some things in my trunk to show you."

Off ran the children. Grandmother "almost kept up." "I'm sure I did in my mind," she laughed.

"That's quicker than anything else," said Florence.

"Mind is a great racer," said grandmother. "The more you use it the faster it goes. I hope you'll all win some 'mind' races."—*Youth's Companion*.

## The Rural Sanctum

### THE CLOVER.

SOME sing of the lily, and daisy, and rose,  
And the pansies and pinks that the summertime  
throws

In the green, grassy lap or the medder that lays  
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;  
But what is the lily and all of the rest  
Of the flowers, to a man with a heart in his breast,  
That was dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew  
Of the sweet clover blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eye on a clover field now,  
Er fool round a stable, er climb in the mow,  
But my childhood comes back just as clear and as plain  
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;  
And I wander away in a barefooted dream  
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam  
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love  
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weeping above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part  
Of the sacredest sorrows and joys of my heart;  
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow  
And thank the good God as I'm thanking him now;  
And I pray to him still for the strength when I die,  
To go out in the clover and tell it good-bye;  
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,  
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### ABOUT AS FOOLISH.

HUNTING up substitutes for giving are as foolish as stopping up the pores with varnish to keep from sweating. If you do not believe that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive, it is because you have never tried it.

### OREGON NOTES.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.



URING the months of July and August the great wheat harvest is on at the ranches found on the western slope of the Blue Mountains. It is the dry season and no fear of rain. Dozens of men and boys of the villages strap their blankets together and perhaps walk to the ranch several miles up in the mountains, stopping at the houses along the way for a handout if they had not reached their destination by mealtime.

The Oregon ranchman's wife has no dread of the drudgery of the harvest time, for the men carry their blankets and sleep in the open air wherever the thresher is located and along with the machine is moved a cook-house on wheels where meals are provided for the men. A good cook is paid fifteen dollars per week and the harvest lasts from six to eight weeks.

The thresher is usually located near the center of the field and the wheat is cut with a machine called a header which is pushed by a team of six or eight horses, owing to the width of the swath cut. It takes the head with about six inches of the straw and elevates it into racks on wagons that are driven alongside of the machine. These racks are fashioned like the feed racks of the Indiana farmer, only wider and there is a net arrangement of ropes inside, which, when the grain is hauled to the thresher, is fastened to a rope in a pulley to which a horse is hitched, and the whole load is turned over on a platform from where it is fed into the separator.

The grain is measured into large gunny sacks which



are sewed and then they are stacked together and left in the field until the owner has time to market his crop. The straw is sometimes used on the public highway to keep down the dust which gets very deep at this time of the year and being so much alkaline is very disagreeable. The separators are run by horse power.

Such is the way most of the threshing is done on ranches of from three to five hundred acres each, but there is one ranch in that region of thirty-five hundred acres. The owner of the ranch has his harvesting done with the Combine, a machine that cuts and threshes the grain at the same time. This machine is operated by five men. One who drives a team of thirty-two horses, five rows, six abreast and two in the lead, and it was quite a sight to see how dexterously the lines were handled.

Another man elevated the grain from the header into the separator and two men sacked and sewed up the grain. Four or five sacks were dumped from a platform at a time. The fifth man rode upon the top of the separator to see that the other four did their work right. All of the men were shaded either by a large umbrella or canvas arrangement on the machine.

The men did not seem to be working hard but the poor horses had to take the hot sun's rays. It quite often happened that some horses in the middle of the team dropped dead from heat.

Now to those not knowing, it would seem strange that it is safe to leave such large piles of wheat lying out in the field, but every one in Oregon is honest (it is said) and there is no fear of any theft; but there is one danger and that is of fire when everything is so very dry.

One day at noon when a ranchman and his family with some folks from "down east" were sitting at the noonday meal the phone rang and it was a call for help. Some man living at the foot of the mountain had set out fire and not confining itself to his trash pile it began to climb the mountain. The field of wheat on the plateau at the top had just been threshed and the fire would surely burn the whole harvest if it were not extinguished or arrested in some way; so the neighbors responded hurriedly to the call. The dinner party spoken of was watching below.

The fire ran up the mountain and was met at the top by a band of men, who looked like mere children. The beating of the fire seemed of no avail and at the rate it was traveling it would soon reach the wheat. But there were some men with horses who were hurriedly getting ready to plow around the wheat. After making furrows enough that the fire could not leap the plowed ground, another blaze was set and fire was made to fight fire. It was several days before the fire burned itself out.

During the earlier part of the season the farmer

has been busy preparing the land for his next year's crop and when the threshing is over the seeding begins.  
*Idaville, Ind.*



### THE IDEAL HIRED MAN.

[Extracts from an address delivered by H. P. Nicholson before the Winneshiek County, Iowa, Farmers' Institute.]

THAT there is such a person as the ideal hired man will not admit of a doubt, although there may be some who will question the fact. Now there being such a person, the question is raised, must he be found, or can he be made, and, if so, how? He is a person who has already been found, and as a rule is found stopping for a considerable length of time in one and the same place. As a rule he is not a very migrating sort of a person, but, on the contrary, is one who is seldom out of a job, and one whose help is much sought after. In the first place, the hired man has much to do in making himself, so if the hired man is not an ideal one, he has himself mostly to blame. Many opportunities present themselves, which, if he is watchful, careful, and on the alert to improve, will contribute much to his benefit.

The ideal hired man will be considerate of the rights of his employer. He will be honest, and never idle away the time that belongs to his employer, for it is just as wrong to steal his time as it would be to steal his cash, and he will be just as careful of the property of his employer as though it belonged to himself.

The hired man must be a born farmer to reach ideal conditions. We often say of those who succeed in certain lines, that they are a born machinist or a specialist in whatever their calling may be, so why not say born farmers. Unpleasant surroundings have driven many an ideal farm hand to a less lucrative occupation, and one for which he has no liking, consequently, he never attains success.

But at the same time the duty of the employer must not be lost sight of. The employer must be just with his help; he should treat them as he should like to be treated were he in their places. While particular and observant, he should avoid being too exacting. If ever out of patience concerning their way of doing anything, or on account of some mistake made, it is best to think twice before speaking once. Always be prompt in payment of dues for labor performed. Strive as hard to please the hired man as you would have him strive to please you. Better consult one another in regard to work rather than be overbearing in your commands. In planning your work treat the hired man as though you had confidence in his judgment. By pursuing this course you will do much toward making the ideal hired man. It is a good place to exemplify the principle of reciprocity. The employment of farming is the most honorable in the

world, and is one in which pride and pleasure should be taken far more than it is to-day. But the world moves, and the day will come when to be a famer will be to have reached the height of earthly possibilities. Then learn, ideal hired man, to labor and to wait.



#### FROM A SIX-ACRE FARM.

G. W. BAKER, who owns four acres of land in the northern suburb of Gaffney, last year rented two acres from a neighbor and went to work, and from these six acres, after supplying his rather large family bountifully from his farm, he sold from one and two-thirds acres 340 bushels of sweet potatoes for \$272. From two acres of land in cotton he sold \$98 worth, and from his snap bean patch he sold \$35 worth of beans, making a total of \$415 in cash received for the surplus product made on this small farm.

Besides the above, Mr. Baker made fifty bushels of corn and killed five hundred pounds of pork, which he grew at home and fattened with the products of his farm. During last year Mr. Baker worked much away from home. Among other things, he earned enough to pay for a one-horse wagon and a mule, with which he made his crop. We had often heard about Mr. Baker's crop, and a few days ago we asked him about it. The above facts were obtained from him, and no one who knows him will doubt any statement he makes about his work or anything else. —*Cherokee News.*



#### WHAT ARE THE SUDRAS?

Of the laboring class of India, Charles Edward Russell, in the June instalment of "Soldiers of the Common Good," in *Everybody's Magazine*, has written this powerful description:

"You may see thousands of Sudras in any Indian city, and when you have observed them well, you will burn with ineffable rage against the whole Hindu system. Those strange brow men, thin and sinewy, wearing a dirty rag about the head, a dirty rag about the loins, that you see ramming macadam in the streets of Bombay are Sudras; those men with the vacant, pathetic, listless faces, that never speak a word as they work; never exchange a glance, never heed a passer-by, never look up, never for an instant turn their gaze upon the blue sky, or the flaming sunset, or a flashing bird or a gorgeous carriage in the street, or the soldiers marching by with blaring band; the human machines, the downward-gazing, mechanical contrivances, the men that have no consciousness of man's existence except to ram macadam all day and at night creep into their filthy lairs in the mud and slime of lonely

corners, they are Sudras, they are the laboring class of India. No man can look upon them without deep horror and pity beyond all words. That such things should have the shapes and bones and hands and eyes and mouths of men seems to lower every beholder in his own estimation and to fill him with awe and vague alarms. If these things can be men, how far then is any man from the other beasts that climb and chatter in the forest?"



#### OUR ANNUAL FRUIT CROP.

THE annual fruit crop of the United States has a value of \$132,000,000. The orchard fruits produced each year have a value of \$84,000,000, small fruits \$25,000,000, grapes \$14,000,000, and citrus fruits, grown principally in California and Florida, \$8,549,000. The seven great fruit-growing States in the order of production are California, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. Michigan has more peach trees than any other state. Chicago's receipts by water of Michigan fruits last year were very heavy, but this year they are still heavier. The receipts for one Wednesday and Thursday from St. Joseph alone amounted to 300,000 packages, principally of peaches. Peaches also come by rail from nearly ever peach-producing State of the West and South, and the turnover of apples in South Water street increases from year to year. Illinois leads all the Western States in apples, with an annual product of 9,200,000 bushels, Michigan coming next with 8,951,000 bushels, and Indiana third with 8,620,000 bushels. The apple crop of the country, which in 1900 was 175,397,000 bushels, has increased with the extension of orchards in the West. Both in perishable and other fruits Chicago is to-day the greatest fruit market in the world.



#### FARM NOTES.

BRAN is certainly excellent for poultry and one point in the favor of it is that it contains a much larger proportion of lime than any other cheap food derived from grain, and, as the shells of eggs are composed of lime, it is essential that food rich in lime should be provided. It may be urged that the use of oyster shells will provide lime, but it will be found that it is the lime in the food that is most serviceable, because it is the form that can be better digested and assimilated than carbonate of lime. Clover is also rich in lime, and when a mash of cut clover and bran is given to the fowls they will need no oyster shells or other mineral matter as a source from which to provide lime for the shells of the eggs.—*Witness.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Angel Footprints.

Every little kindness,  
Every deed of love,  
Every little action,  
Prompted from above,  
E'en a cup of water  
In his great name given—  
These are angels' footprints  
Leading up to heaven.

Every little sacrifice  
Made for others' weal,  
Every wounded brother  
That we strive to heal,  
E'en a word of kindness  
To misfortune given—  
All are angel footprints  
Leading up to heaven.

—Catholic Messenger.

A large manufacturing concern in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South:

"Dear Sir—Plees sen me yore caterlog of electrical bat-treys.  
Yores truely,

"P. S.—You need not sen it. I have changed my mind."  
—Harper's Magazine.

The woman who is nursing a sick husband thinks she is doing her duty when she wakes him up to rearrange his pillow.

Every individual in this world influences some one person, and the greater we make ourselves the greater we make some one else.—March Ladies' Home Journal.

### Slow Also in Death.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying. Recently a well-known naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find, four years later, that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long supposed to be dead. Several specimens of another collection were revived in a similar manner after they had lain in a drawer for some fifteen years. These had not been glued to a card, but had been left lying loose, and, though frequently handled, had shown no signs of life. They were thrown into tepid water with the idea of cleaning out the shells, but to the surprise of the owner the snails were found creeping about the basin when he returned to complete the task.—Selected.

### Parson's Joke.

A well-known Chicago clergyman who is a widower and the father of two charming grown daughters is also something of a wag. During his vacation this summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters:

"Have just married a widow with six children. Will be home to-morrow."

The next day he arrived alone and found his daughters in tears.

"W-where is the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eye, "I married her to, another man."

### IN THE DEPTHS.

[The following is a copy of a letter received by a Hindoo father asking for the hand of his daughter. It was sent to us by Dr. Yereman, of Bulsar, India.—Ed.]

Dear Sir:

It is with a flattering penmanship that I write to have communication with you, about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to pass a secret passion has been firing my bosom internally for loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love knot that is being constructed in my within side, but the humid lamp of affection, trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love sickened heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. During the region of rightness my intellectual cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude after my beloved consort, nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has besieged my now degenerated constitution. My educational capabilities have abandoned me and here I now cling to those lovely long tresses of your much coveted daughter like a marine-ship wrecked on the rock of love. As to my scholastic calibre I was recently ejected from the Calcutta University. I am now masticating. I am of a lofty and original lineage and of independent incomes and hoping that having debated this proposition to your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle.

Your dutiful Son-in-law.

We notice numerous gifts to schools, charities, etc., credited to "Anon." He must be a generous man and we wish he would send us his address, as we would like to approach him for a small temporary loan.—Pathfinder.

"My husband, Bridget," said her mistress, proudly, "is a colonel in the militia.

"I t'ought as much, ma'am," said Bridget; "sure, it's th' foiné malicious look he has, ma'am!"

We like to see the right prevail,  
Whatever may betide.  
The reason is that all of us  
Are always on that side.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

When a man wants to administer a crushing rebuke to his wife he gets out a needle and thread and begins to sew a button on his shirt.

## Neff's Corner

There are two classes of people I want to speak to this week—

First: The Doctors.

Second: Common Folks.

I have been thinking there might be a doctor somewhere among the Brethren who would be interested in a sanitarium project in New Mexico. Thousands of people are annually flocking to this country for the improvement of their health. All intelligent physicians know about the magnificent climate of southern New Mexico. Of course many (indeed nearly all) invalids who come need the advice and attendance of a physician and the accommodations which a sanitarium would afford. There ought to be such an institution here controlled by the Brethren. It would be made to pay well financially and could be made a means of doing much good. Anyone who would consider such a thing as an individual enterprise, or who would like to help organize a stock company and take charge of such an institution, will please write to me.

Now to those who are not doctors. Many in the Brotherhood are thinking of spending the coming winter in a warm climate. I want such to consider the Pecos Valley. Our southern latitude and high altitude combine to make a healthful and delightful winter climate. If you want board in a hotel or good private family, if you want to rent a house large or small, furnished or unfurnished, no matter indeed what you want, I may be able to help you. Your stay here, even if it be only for a winter will strengthen our church work and otherwise help us. Then if you come one winter, you will probably stay; and that of course would please us best of all. Do not hesitate to write and ask questions. Address,

JAMES M. NEFF,  
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

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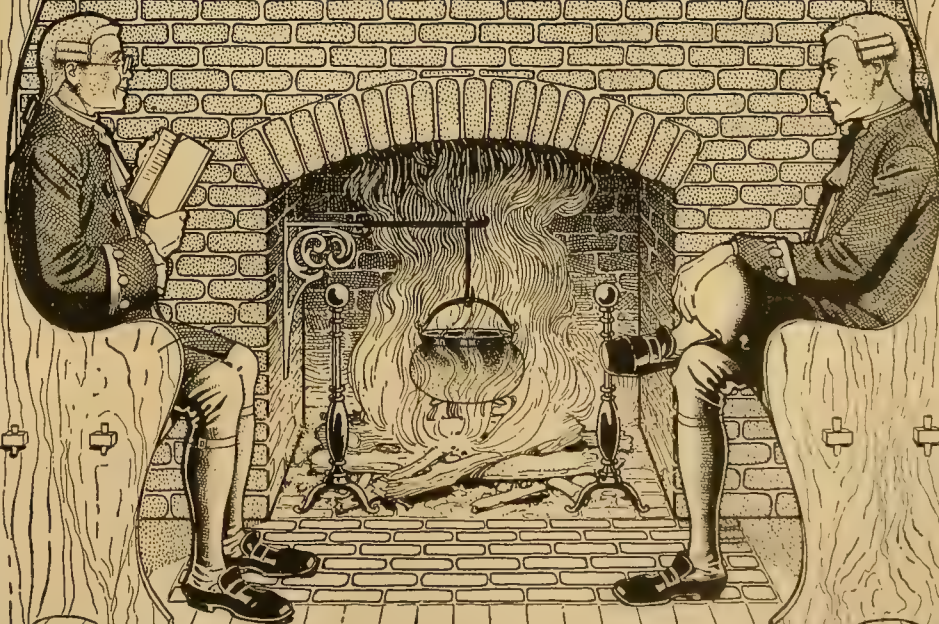
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THE PULLING DOWN OF STRONGHOLDS.—  
Oma Karn.

AUNT MANDY, M. D.—Lois Thomas.

THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.—Richard  
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A BHIL FUNERAL.—Sadie J. Miller.



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# Report of Butte Valley Excursion.

Butte Valley, Siskiyou Co., Cal., Aug. 21, 1906.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we, the undersigned members of the excursion party that left Chicago for Butte Valley, Cal., Aug. 14th, to investigate and report upon the merits of the land and the statements made in the printed literature of the California Butte Valley Land Company, do hereby submit the following:

We found Butte Valley all that was claimed for it by the Company, and, as evidence of faith, we have bought land for ourselves and all the friends who requested us to represent them.

The railroad is not yet completed to the valley on account of scarcity of labor resulting from the great demand for labor in rebuilding San Francisco, but this is a matter of only a few months. The Company's representative met us at Sacramento and accompanied us through, making all arrangements for our comfort, and extending every courtesy.

We spent two days examining the lands, farms, orchards and farm products. We dug wells in many places and found water within seven feet, pure and inexhaustible. We found the timber consisting of yellow pine, cedar and fir of the very best and in great quantity, extending nearly around the whole valley.

We are enthusiastic in our views concerning this locality, but not more than is fully warranted by its settlement and development: and would be glad to answer personal inquiries concerning the same.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1906.

No. 36.

## The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

### Part III.



YEAR has slipped away into the past since we took our last look at Herman and Christine Branson. It has been a year of perfect happiness to these two hearts that are all in all to each other. Time's relentless hand has touched them but lightly. There is perhaps a deeper light in

Herman's dark eyes or a more thoughtful air about him, but we still see the same easy, careless grace as of old, and he looks every inch a prosperous gentleman as we look at him, as he sits at his own board, in his elegant home and looking across at the fair face opposite him, asks the teasing question, "Well, I suppose you were successful in finding a new cook?"

A little older looks Christine's fair, sweet face. A trifle more serious, a bit more matronly in manners and form. At times there is a bright shadow in the blue eyes as if of some hidden longing shyly peeping out. It puzzles Herman who cannot fathom its source. And yet to all appearances Christine is as happy and contented as a woman can well be, and the happy light of reciprocated love chases away this slight shadow, as she answers lightly, "Is it the merits or demerits of the repast before you that give rise to your query?"

"Neither one, the repast is fit for a king. It is the unusually excited or delighted expression that your countenance wears that arouses my curiosity."

"Thank you, sir. And now as you have seen fit to inquire into my individual kingdom, will you likewise allow me the same privilege? Will you be very busy the last of the week?"

Ah, the mystery deepens. Perhaps it would be best to do a little cross-questioning and find from whence the sudden anxiety about business cares arises. "Pshaw!" he added, as Christine brought forth a letter and began to scan its closely written pages, "Its plain enough now. I might have known the fair Huldah was in it. Let's hear what she has to say!"

My dear Christine:

I shall adopt the same plan followed by another person once upon a time, and instead of asking, will you come? will say that we shall expect yourself and husband next Saturday, the 16th. Our love feast is at the brick church the evening of the same day. I feel sure it will add impetus to any desire you have to come, when I tell you that your favorite minister, David Myers, has promised to be with us. He has not lost

any of the power and eloquence of former days, so you know what a rich treat will be in store for you. Father and mother are united in the desire to see you again, and to make Mr. Branson's acquaintance, while John bids me tell you that, since going to college, he has developed into such a swell that you will feel impressed with the idea of taking him back as your coachman.

Hoping to greet you next Saturday, I remain

Your true friend,

Huldah.

"We can go can't we Herman?"

### INTERROGATION.

There are more things in heaven than earth can use

Just to be had for the asking. Choose!  
Shall we spend our substance to no avail,  
Or let the unfoldings of God prevail?  
There are wonders revealed and high thoughts given

When the sons of earth commune with heaven.  
Evil grows hateful and trial, grand,  
To whom it is given to understand.  
Inspiring Love surrounds us all;  
Angel voices forever call.

Shall we walk, unblest, through this shrouded scene

Or lift our heads to the light serene?

—Annie Stevens Perkins.



"Go? Of course we'll go," replied Herman, heartily. "Who could refuse such a winning invitation? There is nothing pressing at the office just now, and Clark will take my place for a couple of days, and a breath of country air will do us both good. Besides, I long to know more of this peculiar people and their wonderful faith, so make your preparations to go on the early train and that will place us there at noon."

Saturday came. It was one of those still days that sometimes comes late in the autumn, after the rich glories of the summer are past,—after the trees have yielded up their fruits, and their foliage is touched and beautified by the great artist, Nature; after the summer's rich offering has been garnered in and calmness and peace seem to reign over everything. The sky wore a robe of the softest blue, while here and there, tiny clouds were resting like pearls upon its fair bosom. The timber-clad hills, with their far-reaching vista, reared their lofty heads into its azure depths. Over all rested a soft haze, altogether robing Nature with a loveliness indescribable. And Herman with the true artist eye drank it all in, along with great draughts of the pure country air, as they sped rapidly onward. Like Christine, he took at once to these quiet dignified people that met them at the end of their journey with such true-hearted hospitality.

Stranger, more beautiful, more awe-inspiring than all the beauties of nature combined, was the scene that presented itself to his untaught eyes, during the afternoon and evening of that ever-memorable day. No songs were ever any sweeter, no words more inspiring, than those he heard, as he looked with awe and wonder upon that assembly of God's children, engaged in the sacred ordinances of his house, carrying out in deed and in truth the command of him who said, "I have given you an example, If ye love me keep my commandments."

Here the scales dropped from Herman's eyes, and his understanding was enhanced as he, for the first time, was made to realize that he had been bought with a great price. Here for the first time it was made clear to him the great sacrifice that was made that we might live; the reason for the last supper and the Savior's loving humility when he washed his disciples' feet; the broken bread, mute emblem of the anguished body that was so soon to suffer on Calvary's rugged brow; the shed blood that flowed so freely that our sins might be washed away. Here he caught a glimpse of the glories of an inheritance "that fadeth not away." Here this mystery of faith became plain to him.

"It was beautiful, wasn't it, Herman? What do you think about it anyway, I am longing to know?"

Husband and wife had retired to their room for the night, the very same room in which we found Christine and Huldah two years before and where Huldah had talked upon the subject of their peculiar

religious views. There was a note of intense feeling in Christine's voice as she spoke. The seed dropped so long ago had grown and flourished, and its fibers had twined about her until it was the force that dominated her life, and was the hidden spring, whose source had so often puzzled the husband.

"Beautiful! More than beautiful," replied Herman. "One feels something deeper than mere admiration for a faith like that. Truly, as their minister said, he who has been there has 'sat in heavenly places.' I am anxious for the morrow to come, I wonder what we will hear."

The morrow came and Herman Branson heard the Word in all its purity. "The same came for to bear witness of the Light, that all men, through him, might live." With powerful earnestness and intense zeal did the faithful soldier of the cross endeavor to bring home to the hearts of his hearers this message of redeeming grace, and caused one at least to realize the fact that if these things were true, then he had been sitting in great darkness. "And whither I go, and the way ye know," was the theme of the evening discourse. The words sank deep into Herman's heart. His mind was in a confusion of doubt and wonder over these strange things. It appeared very plain and yet, "how could he know the way when it was not clear to him?"

He went back to his city home, but amidst all its noise and turmoil, on the busy street, in the crowded courtroom, in his quiet home, in the halls of social pleasure, these words rang continually in his ear, "The way ye know. The way ye know."

(To be Continued.)



### THE MORMON TABERNACLE ORGAN.

MARGARET BIXLER.



FEW weeks ago I sat in the famed Mormon tabernacle of Salt Lake City, Utah, observing the peculiar construction of the building and listening in wonderment to the marvelous tonal quality of the great pipe organ. I take pleasure in giving to the Nook family some of the information I obtained pertaining to the building and instrument.

The construction of the tabernacle began in 1865 and was completed in 1870. It was designed by Brigham Young. Although he did not live to see it finished, his architectural scheme was closely followed. It is one hundred and fifty feet wide, two hundred and fifty feet long, eighty feet high, with a roof which consists of a single wooden arch. Wooden pins take the place of nails in the entire building, many of them being covered with rawhide.

It is claimed that the acoustic properties of this building are unequaled by any other structure in

America. Our guide seated us about two hundred feet from the first platform railing where one of the officials stood, and dropped a common-sized pin upon the floor, the sound of which we heard distinctly. No doubt these acoustic advantages largely enhance the popularity of the organ and yet it is a wonderful instrument, especially when we take into consideration the time and place of its construction. It was built under the direction of Josef Ridges over thirty years ago, and mostly from native materials. About four years ago new mechanism was placed in the instrument, and the organ revoiced according to modern schools.

The front towers have an altitude of forty-eight feet, and the dimensions of the organ are thirty by thirty-three feet. It has one hundred and ten stops and accessories, and contains a total of over five thousand pipes, ranging in length from one-fourth inch to thirty-two feet. It includes within itself five complete organs, and is capable of thousands of tonal varieties. The organ is blown by a ten-horse power electric motor, and two gangs of feeders furnish five thousand cubic feet of air a minute when it is being played full. The organist is seated twenty feet from the instrument,

which places him well among the choir, which, at present, has an enrollment of five hundred and fifty singers.

When touched by the hands of a master musician there is no shade or tint of tone that this almost human-voiced instrument will not produce. Many eminent critics regard this instrument as the *ne plus ultra* in organ building.

While enjoying my favorite number of the program, "The Lost Chord," by Sullivan, I thought of these words:

"He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er  
The organ-keys of some cathedral pile,  
Flooding with music, vault, and nave and aisle,  
Though on his ear falls but a thunderous roar,—  
In the composer's lofty motive free,  
Knows well that all the temple vast and dim  
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm and hymn,  
Tuned to the changeless laws of harmony.  
So, he who on these changing chords of life,  
With firm, sweet touch, plays the great Master's score  
Of truth, and love, and duty evermore,  
Knows too, that far beyond this roar and strife,  
Though he may never hear, in the true time,  
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime."

## AUNT MANDY, M. D.

Lois L. Thomas



EMMY, hurry now an' bring in the wash. The rain'll be here in a minute, an' they'll get dampened for sure, then."

"Oh, ma! Them old clothes; they're more bother'n they're worth. 'Spect I'll have to get'm in, though. Here, Billy, come an' pen up these here turkeys.

They're all here, now, but if you don't hurry you'll get a nice little ramble over the farm. Shoo there."

Billy came on an exaggerated gallop, partly real anxiety and partly a bluff. In his ten years Billy had learned that even if you don't want to do a thing you had better act as if you did, and had put it into practice with a vengeance. But these summer showers had surely a purpose in their frequency. Now to-day, for instance, he had run in those idiotic turkeys at least half a dozen times.

"I say, Em, can't you help a fellow? I never seen such a set of animals. Now, Em, it ain't like I didn't try; just see how hard I'm a tryin'. I hope to goodness we never raise any more turkeys. You don't darst to wink an eyelid without'n they go plum crazy."

Emma flung the stiff clothes from the line into the basket, rattling the pins into a sack at the same time. "Bill Smith, if I was you, now, I'd never say a word. You've got things easy. You just tend them turkeys, now, an' keep still."

"Here, Bill, come an' feed the horses. Give old Snap a good feed, an' get a hustle on you, too. Now don't stand an' gap, get to work."

Lawrence, in his position of big brother, was very apt to flaunt his superiority on every occasion, and Billy came in for his full share of the torture. "What the girls won't take, I've got to," he complained to old Snap, as Lawrence left for the house. "He thinks he's some. Just wait till I get big."

"Willy, now you help Emma with the dishes. Eunice and me want to go to prayer meetin', and it's gettin' late already."

"Did you get in the kindlin', young man? Don't you forget that. We want to get around early in the mornin'. No, ma, I'm too tired to go to meetin', I'll go to bed, instead. Now, you youngsters hurry up with your work, an' don't get too loud about it, either."

Eunice and her mother hurried off. The father and Lawrence remained for a moment, discussing to-morrow's routine, then went to bed. Emma cleared the table and prepared the dish water in silence. That done,



Aunt Mandy.



she sat down in the middle of the floor and commenced to cry.

"An' I say, Em, it ain't no use cryin', that won't help nuthin'."

Emma managed a few heavy sobs and commenced a recital of her woes. What with the dishwashing and other odds and ends, she was ready to die. None of the other girls had to do like she did. Ma just knowed she wanted to go to-night and made her stay to home on purpose. "An' these here ole dishes, that's the worst of all. Ever' day an' ever' day, an' all the time."

Of course, Billy knew she was wrong. He was the one who was ill used. So he commenced a lengthy list, but Emma cut him off.

"Oh, *you*, my gracious, if I didn't have any more than you," and so on. Between them they finished the dishes, each strong in the belief of their wrongs.

They were a respectable, well-to-do family. Careful sometimes to a fault. The farm showed the best of treatment, the house was neatness itself. But somehow the spirit of discontent ruled in the minds of the children. A childish fault, indeed, but threatening to hurt them for life. Sometimes mother wondered that the children showed such a disinclination for work, but her hands were always too busy to permit her mind to wander far from her work. Only Eunice was troubled. At her return from a year at school the situation showed up clearly to her sensitive mind, and succeeding days were filled with thoughts of it.

"I can't see why it should be, I know many children are that way, but there must be some cause. At any rate it isn't necessary. Dear me, if I keep on I shall be grey-headed over this matter. I will have to stop."

Easier said than done. All summer she carried the weight of worry, and harvest time found her without a plan of any kind. Otherwise, home was perfect. What a pleasure to walk through the orchards, to sit by the creek, or watch the floating clouds through the long afternoons. It was very pleasant, too, to help mother, when Emma and Billy weren't close, their talk was a constant reminder of her trouble. "Well," she said at last, "I'll have to talk to Aunt Mandy about it, I think. It would have to be very bad indeed if she couldn't suggest a plan."

Aunt Mandy and her chronic habit of advise were features of the neighborhood; a laughing matter, and a joke. But at the very bottom of things, somehow, she always found a way out of every difficulty. "Oh, yes, I'll talk to Aunt Mandy."

Aunt Mandy, busily paring apples, nodded at intervals all through the story. "Yah, yah," and made her hands fly swiftly in unison with her mind while her merry eyes twinkled from beginning to end. Hard work had in no wise dimmed or dulled her natural manner, which was not the usual rather stolid one common to the German housewife among those not of her own tongue. She always forgot she was not speaking German, and put into her language and expression the emphasis the German demanded at her hands, so that her conversation, once she was well started, was entertaining as well as instructive.

"So you see, Aunt Mandy, we really have to have



"Billy came on an exaggerated gallop."

a change. I can't see how it ever happened to exist at all; but it can't go on."

"Yah, yah," said Aunt Mandy, with another series of nods; "Das iss so, jhust so. And in dat vay pe ober mit. Vell, now, you jhust lissen to vat I tells you. Das kinder haf not enough dings on der mind. Dey haf do much space in de—dis part of de hett. You jhust feel heem upp, and den—yah, you hass idt den."

She proceeded to dilate, despite Eunice's remonstrances that the children had evidently too much to do already. At last she had to give it up, as the energetic old lady had used her hands as well as head and feet to emphasize her remarks, helped with the apples until they were finished.

"I don't see what is to be done! Aunt Mandy must

be mistaken, for once," she mused as she walked home. "Why, poor little souls, they are on the verge of despair now. Well, I'll just be as 'sugarified' as possible and maybe some will rub off on them. Poor mother, what a relief it would be to her, if things were different."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, Eunice, how did it ever happen? Why, you can't walk for ever so long. Do you 'pose it ull be a month? An' now you won't get to go to that picnic, an' your Sunday-school class is all a-goin'. My, don't you feel bad?"

Emma's remarks, although sincere and sorrowful, were not just as soothing as they might have been. It cost her quite an effort, under such circumstances, to be "sugarified." A sprained ankle was irritating enough of itself, without anything else.

"If I was you, after this," expounded Lawrence, "I'd let those little rascals do their own work. You hadn't any call to trot out after the turkeys, that's Bill's work."

Billy, from his position by the door, looked around guiltily. He felt just that way about it, too, and his tender little heart was touched by the sight of Eunice lying so still and pale on the couch. But Lawrence had no business to talk that way. Now, if it had been Lawrence, he really believed he'd have been rather glad. Anyhow, he could have kept out of his way, then.

"I don't see, Eunice, how I am ever goin' to get along without your help, an' wait on you, too. The work is all on hand, now, an' has to be done."

Eunice glanced over at Emma and Billy as they stood looking at her. "Now, ma, I wonder if I haven't some relatives who would see that I didn't starve, and so on, and be brave enough to help you, too?"

Billy's face wore a wide grin, not a sarcastical one. Oh, no, Eunice was a good sort of person to have 'round. Most generally she couldn't eat all the candy which Sunday evening usually found on the parlor table, and Billy had a very sweet tooth. Emma was not prejudiced either way, just now, and so was calmly quiescent.

So it was arranged. Eunice, from her quiet position beheld the whole affair. Quietly and slowly, but surely, the longed for change was taking place. She rather dreaded the time when she would be around again. The necessity for quiet and help would be gone. But she would not see it, no, for she would start for school as soon as she was able. But mother would.

She looked at the little group as they waited at the station, and wondered if they would forget.

Mother reported things well all along until near Christmas, when she did not mention the matter. In a panic, Eunice wrote for news. And the answer came back, "All's well." There were a few hieroglyphic-

looking lines from Billy, which Eunice finally resolved into:

Hello, Eunice. We are all well and hope you are the same. I work hard ever' day and so does Em. And say, Lawrence has got over his jawin' so much. He let me ride the colt last night. Aunt Mandy was up here the other day and somehow she just rubbered at me and Em all the time, and she kept a wiggling her head and saying "Yah, yah" right along. Say, Eunice, when you coming back? I wish you'd come back pretty soon. That there candy of Jim's was the best ever, and I'd like some more. Yours truly, Billy.

Evidently the cure still held good, thanks to Aunt Mandy, and the grit for a sprained ankle.

Harrod, Ohio.

\* \* \*

### THE GROUND SQUIRREL'S HOME.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.



UNDER the gnarled roots of an old oak that stood in the corner of the old rail fence, which enclosed the barn lot, a ground squirrel made his home one summer. On one side the roots twisted around and over each other in such a manner that an opening was left at the base of the tree which afforded him an entrance without the labor of digging it. On the other side he dug down about four feet from this entrance, thus making a back as well as a front door to his house. Every day he was to be seen scurrying along the zigzag fence until it seemed that the old gray rails must feel the patter of his soft feet and the brush of his bushy tail.

All through the summer and fall he gathered nuts from the hickory tree in the lane, corn from the field and corn crib, grass seeds from the meadow, while the oak that sheltered his home was the main source of his supplies. This food he stored under ground, among the roots of the tree, in such quantities that there was no danger of famine though the coming winter might be long and cold. Every ground squirrel or chipmunk, provides his own private underground larder, to which to repair whenever he feels the need of a meal. As though to prevent the least chance of the supply being ended too soon, its store always contains more food than the little owner can possibly eat.

When our little friend had secured all the provisions he needed, he carried leaves and soft grasses to his house and by the time the November winds began to thicken with snowflakes, he was curled up safe and warm in his nest, where he slept away a large part of the winter, waking up at intervals to stretch his limbs and to eat of the good food he spent so much time in gathering.

When the warm noonday sun of March shone in his doorway, he ventured to look out occasionally to sniff



the fresh air, and to warm himself in the sunshine. As the air became warmer he ventured further and further from home until one day he met another chipmunk who had come out to sun herself. They soon became acquainted, and our young friend brought his new acquaintance to live with him under the old oak tree.

For several weeks they lived happily together, and then the soft south winds and the songs of the birds, the croaking of the frogs and the fragrance of the flowers wooed him to the woods, where he would wait for the little wife to come later with the family of young ones, which was expected. These little ones came in May when the violets were in bloom at the foot of the oak and the birds nesting in its branches. The four baby squirrels were old enough to follow their father to the woods in a few weeks. For some time they frequently returned to their old home, and such merry times they had scampering in and out among the roots of the old tree and along the rails, sitting upright on their haunches munching acorns, cherry seeds or any other kind of seeds they could find. We were sorry when the family failed to return after having been in the woods a few weeks. They had evidently found a home more to their liking.

The ground squirrel is the most beautiful member of the squirrel family, unless it be the flying squirrel. He is sometimes called the "painted squirrel." His back is a gray-brown, while on the sides are two almost white stripes, each bordered with black and a black line extends the length of his back. Two short, white stripes separated by a black one are above and below each eye.

Unlike other squirrels, the chipmunk is furnished with large cheek-pouches in which he carries his food; and he carries a surprising quantity at a time. To anyone beholding for the first time a chipmunk carrying its provision home it is a most ludicrous object; its cheeks being so puffed out by their burden that it looks as though it were suffering from a very bad attack of toothache on both sides of its mouth.

The ground squirrel has many enemies and he has to be quick to escape the clutches of the hawk, the owl and the mink; and even the house cat enjoys a meal occasionally of chipmunk. His greatest enemy, however, is the weasel. This sly creature follows him into his burrow where he kills the squirrel, and if there are any babies they share the same fate.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



"WHEN we lie down in our grave it will be but a little while until we shall hear our Father call us in the morning."



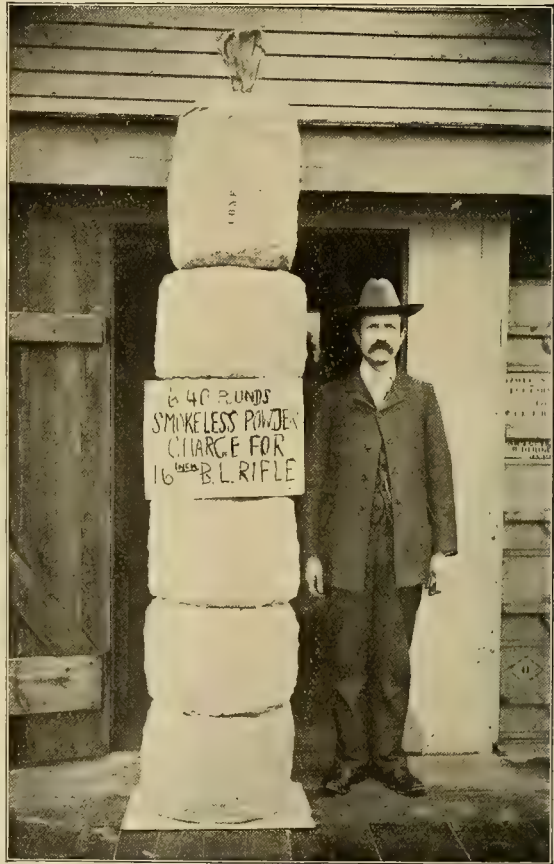
"DUTIES performed should reward the heart as well as the pocketbook."

## THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

RICHARD SEIDEL.



T Sandy Hook is the biggest gun in the world. It may not be generally known, but the United States surpasses all other nations in the manufacture of the most stupendous ordnance. The weapon referred to is twenty yards long and weighs one hundred tons. The projectile discharged by this monster is sixteen inches in diameter



and five feet long and weighs a ton and a quarter. The charge of smokeless powder is of one thousand pounds weight, and when the projectile leaves the muzzle it is traveling at the rate of 2,300 feet a second. The cost of each shot fired, at the lowest estimate, is \$1,500.

The gun has been discharged eight times. It is calculated that it can be fired three hundred times before it will become so worn that it will be necessary to reline the bore, after which it will be good for three hundred more rounds before another relining.

In order to make these prodigious guns strong

enough to withstand the powder pressure, which is as high as 40,000 pounds to the square inch, they are built of successive layers of hoops, each shrunk on the layer underneath. In this monarch there are four such layers.

Special machinery had to be constructed for handling this great amount of steel. From the beginning of the work until the final inspection was nearly three

handle such a colossal gun. It and all similar cannon are for harbor and coast defense. Nor does it seem possible ever to construct a battleship powerful enough to withstand the terrific impact of one of the solid shots. The strongest ironclad ever launched would be shattered and sunk by a single missile that went home, and any ship approaching from the sea would have to steam four-fifths across the zone of fatal dan-



This gun is not mounted on its proper service carriage, but is resting on a wooden cradle made of oak, 12x12. Underneath the cradle are twenty-four twelve-inch rollers, in order to allow the gun to run from and in battery, to check the recoil, which is enormous. So far only one "16" gun has been made, but no service carriage has been provided for it, as it is considered too expensive by Uncle Sam. The gun at present is used only for experimental firing. Should the country desire the manufacture of more "16" guns, work could be started at once, as all the plans and machinery pertaining to it are in readiness at the Watervliet arsenal.

years, and the approximate cost was \$150,000. The gun was made at Watervliet Arsenal, near Albany. Its great length and weight prevented the use of the railway in its transportation, so a great wrecking lighter received it at the wharf of Watervliet from a specially constructed steel car, whence it was floated to the Proving Ground at Sandy Hook.

This piece of ordnance has not been mounted, and because of its unprecedented length and weight it will never be possible to secure an elevation greater than fifteen degrees. It is well known that forty-five degrees give a projectile its greatest range. As it is, however, this ton and a quarter of solid metal, driven by a full charge of smokeless gunpowder, will describe an arc thirty miles in length, the highest point of which will be more than three miles above the surface of the land or sea. Starting from Sandy Hook in quest of a hostile battleship, it would not catch sight of the vessel until it had climbed well up into the sky.

It is impossible, of course, for any ship to carry and

ger to itself before drawing nigh enough to give effect to its own fire.

*Fort Hancock, N. J.*



#### A BHIL FUNERAL.

SADIE J. MILLER.



DEATH came to one of our villagers on Tuesday evening about seven o'clock. In harmony with the usual customs of heathen practice the pan and drum were beaten all night. One reason for so doing is, by the noise, to inform relatives who may and usually do live, in the near-by villages.

This music (?) is distinguished from the wedding drumming by the absence of the horn.

A grown daughter, three small children and a wife are left to mourn the death of a father and husband. Wednesday morning I went to the house, thinking per-



haps I might be able to help in some way. My time of going happened to be the same as that of the women. Nearly all our village women were there. This also is the custom. After the person is dead a certain length of time the women all go to such places. They sat near looking very sincere and talked little. The daughter sat on the cot on which her dead father lay. She staid by his head and wept loudly, talking most of the time. Here are some of the things she said: "Oh, what will I do, my father is gone? He who was kind and merciful. He who carried me when I was a child. He who trusted and confided in me. He on whom I had cast so much love. Now I am without a father. O dear, what will I do!"

The wife sat opposite the daughter on the other side of the deceased. She carried on much as did the daughter, though in more of a subdued tone. I staid about an hour and when I was ready to go most of the women had gone, too. They were there some time, however, before I had arrived.

About twelve o'clock Wednesday, the beating of the drum called the people together and they went to dispose of the dead. The wife and daughter were again seated at the same place, going through the same ordeal. I say ordeal because the more they weep and wail the more are they supposed to have loved the departed one. Is this not too often true among our own people who are so far above the heathen? I fear it is.

Soon the men came with the clothes which were to be put on the corpse. They were white thin muslin. Next he was carried outside the house and again put on the cot. They have no boxes or coffins, but all are disposed of on the same cot upon which they died. It often happens, however, that they have no beds or cots. But this one had a cot. A red cap was put on him and red coloring matter was rubbed over his face. The women with an offering of popcorn passed by the corpse to the foot and each one threw over him this offering.

Four men carried the corpse and away they went to the burning-ground, first the men following and afterwards the women. I went with the women. The wife and daughter walked under the corpse weeping all the way. As we came near the spot the men scattered out in every direction and after we were there only a short time they came in one great procession, each one carrying on his head a bunch of wood gathered for the burning.

While the men set the wood in order, the wife and daughter sat as before, by the head of the corpse. All the other women sat near by and with great wailing appeared to be mourning also. In the meantime, the drummers were busily engaged with the beating and such a hubbub I never heard on such a solemn occasion!

"Ready," cried someone. The pallbearers at once went to carry the corpse to place it on the wood. But the wife and daughter persisted in staying where they were. With a few beats and harsh slang phrases they were cast aside and the four men with the near relatives following, carried the corpse seven times around the wood and placed it on top. This done, the wife and mother climbed to the top also and sat there with the same persistency.

Next thing in order, the oldest man of the village took some liquor and pretended he was feeding the dead man, meanwhile many brought an oblation in the form of cigars and placed it beside the corpse. They have a superstitious idea that in some way, some time, he will make use of it and be made happy. Several coins also were put in his mouth. More wood was placed on top, and several men jumped up and down on it to settle it. The fire was then kindled. Two axes that had been used in chopping the wood were taken and as if to throw them in the fire, landed on the other side. From that side they were likewise thrown back, then picked up and one used to chop a piece of wood that was about to burn. The other was taken and used to chop a piece off the vessel in which the liquor had been.

By this time the wood and body were well burning. The women all left and sat under a tree looking toward the burning place.

Bro. Ublo, Dulo and myself were the only Christians present. Ublo came to me and said, "Mamma, would it be all right for Dulo and me to pray here for this departed man?" I assured him that it would be a good thing, and there in the midst of all the noise and among their heathen relatives they, in all modesty, removed their hats, kneeled on the ground, and prayed. It was a picture worth seeing. Could there have been more of a contrast? Ublo helped arrange the wood and in fact everything that was civil he helped do, showing that he believed in the brotherhood of man so long as it was carried on civilly.

The women went to the creek where everyone bathed. So also did the men go, but to another place farther down. This is also their custom.

These people being poor, they would not consent to give the only goat they owned for a feast, so the feast was not held. Evening came and most of the village men who drink went to the burning ground and in honor of the departed one drank to their hearts' content.

On my way home from the burning ground Dulo was with me. He said, "Mamma, a man asked me if we did not weep when our friends died and I told him we do not. What, can weeping bring back the dead?" I asked. "No," said the man, "but this is our custom, you see." "But," said Dulo, "we feel as heart-broken as you, but we manifest it in a quiet way and

thus believe that God's anger is not kindled as it must be against you for such as you do."

The way the women gather and can be of help to each other is all right, and so what I could see that was helpful I praised them for and left the rest unsaid. How I wished that instead of all going to the place and weeping as they only pretended to do just before the burning takes place, they might quietly be in prayer. Shall we not pray to this end, that some day as time rolls on they may see the advantage and beauty of living the life of peace and soberness?



#### AFTER BIG GAME.

J. S. FLORY.



HERE is nothing along temporal lines that seems to leave such vivid impressions upon the tablet of one's memory as the pursuit of the wild game of our western forests. The following circumstance occurred in my life experience some time along in the seventies while I was a resident of Colorado.

I would occasionally take an outing in the mountains of Colorado and Wyoming. Learning that grizzly bear and elk were plenty in the mountains west of North Park a hunting party was organized to look after some of the big game of this region. While it is true I had not lost any grizzly bear, yet primarily the purpose in my mind was to hunt on the trail of those savage monsters of the forest. I had in a measure tired of the sport of hunting the wild buffalo of the plains and aspired "for greater worlds to conquer."

One afternoon found us camped in a grassy glade where horse pasture was good and towering mountains all about us. It was agreed each nimrod should make a tour of the woods about us, each in a different direction with the purpose in view to kill some game as a bait for bear, for where game has been killed and left, the bear will as a rule be found next morning before day—it being their time of hunting prey.

Well equipped with a fine repeating rifle, I set out down the side of the ridge. I had not gone more than a half mile when the fierce peculiar whistle of an elk startled me. Soon I beheld a band of elk fleeing at full speed down the glade below me. I followed on down the ridge to a high point overlooking a beautiful lake in which the elk were wading around near the edge. I had a commanding view of the band—somewhere near a score of them. Soon they came out and as they passed to my left through the tall timber there was an opening through which I could see them pass. I was not slow in bringing my artillery in range to bombard the column as they passed. Not knowing from where I

was what success I was having I descended the hill and found three fine carcasses lying on the flat.

It was now nearing dusk and after taking a fine round from one of the hams of an elk, I started for camp. I soon found out I had missed the proper course and was traveling down on the wrong side of the mountain. I concluded to take a short cut across the spur to camp. It was decided that if either party should get lost they should make it known by firing a salute and the campers would answer by the same sign. Darkness had overtaken me before I arrived at the top of the ridge. Timber was lying so thick on the ground that traveling was difficult. I was beginning to calculate I would likely have to pass the night alone on the mountain; however, I concluded to give the agreed signal. As I pulled the trigger, from some cause the breech-loading gun discharged the charge of powder backwards into my eyes. To express my feelings of pain, words fail me. The empty shell became lodged in the chamber so that I could not withdraw it. In desperation I toiled on, crossed the summit, and stumbled on for camp, which I finally found, and with the use of cold water got relief for my eyes.

Notwithstanding the mishap I, with the rest, was up early and went to where the elk carcasses lay. No bear for us. Our time was limited, so we came out after having loaded our pack-horses with a fine lot of delicious meat.

On our way in one of the party had killed a fine large black-tail deer and hung it on a tree. We found that during the night a bear had feasted off the carcass. Another was killed before we left the last mountain ridge. It was decided no more should be killed as we were unable to take more game with us.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



Too many fail in business because they want to pluck the fruits of the tree without cultivating the tree. They look only to results without making sure of the means by which the results are to be brought about. It is sometimes easier to scale the garden wall and cull another's roses than it is to grow roses of our own; but it is far more risky and it is downright theft. True success is the flower that blooms on the bush of toil, even though the labor of its cultivation be ugly and disagreeable. Look well to your gardens and the flowers will take care of themselves. We should conquer the enemy's country as far as we march into it. Master your business or your business will master you.—*The United Presbyterian.*



Don't watch the clock too closely. Work over time if the interest of your employer demands it. It's a sure way to promotion.



One always has time enough if one will apply it well.



# THE - QUIET - HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

"BLESSED is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

Time and again Christ declared by what authority he spoke and acted. "I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which hath sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say." "I must work the works of him that sent me." And all his works and words are touched with the seal of this authority, so that we do know that he came from God by the blessedness of his ministry. Does our work as his professed followers bear the same mark? Are our words and works a blessing,—an uplifting power in the lives of others and reacting upon ourselves to our own salvation?

"The common things we may possess,  
The little we may do,  
God may be pleased to own and bless,  
If we be brave and true."

The triumphal procession that gathered that day on the Judean hills is still on the march. Their loyalty has not waned and their ardor has not cooled. And out from the throats of the millions that now make up the procession there rise the same glad hosannas that greeted the ears of the Lord on that first day of his public recognition. And the procession is still growing. Additions are made to it daily and by faith we see the day when its ranks shall cover the earth and the song of victory, the song of Moses and the Lamb, shall echo and reëcho through the courts of heaven.

Dear reader, are you one of the procession, and do you join in the triumphal song? Or are you holding your peace and letting the very stones outdo you in witnessing for him?

"He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,  
With his blessedness immortal and complete.  
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,  
I listen for the coming of his feet."



A CONTENTED heart is an even sea in the midst of all storms. It is like a tree in autumn, which secures its life when it has lost its leaves. When worthy Mr. Heron lay upon his deathbed, his wife with great concern, asked him what was to become of her and her large family; he answered, "Peace, sweet heart; that God who feeds the ravens will not starve the Herons."  
—Rev. William Secker.



"WE often see farthest into the divine when we look through other eyes than our own."

## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

What means this eager, anxious throng  
Which moves with busy haste along—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
In accents hushed the throng reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Who is this Jesus? Why should he  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has he skill  
To move the multitude at will?  
Again the stirring tones reply,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus, 'tis he who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe.  
And burdened ones, where'er he came,  
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame,  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again he comes from place to place,  
His holy footsteps we can trace,  
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay;  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden come;  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home,  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept his proffered grace,  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh;  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

—Selected.



## WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

ANNA STUTZMAN.



VERY word or act of ours is the expression of a thought. Pascal says, "The whole dignity of man is in thought," and that "his whole duty is to think correctly." How important then that we learn to think aright; unless we do, we must conclude that life will be a failure.

A very necessary condition to make life bring forth all its possibilities is health, and is not health dependent upon thought?

Every function, every organ in our body is greatly influenced by the nature of our thoughts. The individual with the optimistic mind usually is the person with a healthy body.

The person who meets you with his load of kind-

ness, cheerfulness, unselfishness and nobility is decidedly a person who has been thinking these attributes or how else would he have attained them? Likewise the being who has the ungrateful spirit; who is selfish and ill-tempered, has attained these attributes by thought; but were his thoughts right?

It is not an easy matter to conquer wrong thinking, but it is done by constant watchfulness, earnestness and persistence. Wrong thinking, whatever its nature, leaves indelible scars on both body and mind.

The business man who thinks wrongly will have wrong ideas. He will form wrong conceptions of the right use of his business and in the long run his life and business both will be a failure.

A man who wants to do his best must keep himself in good mental trim. If he would achieve the highest success he must be a correct thinker.

A man cannot think discord and bring harmonious conditions into his business. Many a once prosperous man has gone down in financial ruin because he had not learned to control his thoughts. He gave way to the blues, to worry, discontent and to other of the attributes of the wrong thinker.

We can conquer our moods; we can think correctly.

It is impossible for us to become what we wish to be while we hold the opposite thought. The only way to overcome evil conditions and to upbuild is to constantly think happy, helpful, optimistic thoughts. By way of illustration, when a doctor is called to prescribe for anyone who has swallowed poison, he immediately administers an antidote. So, when we are suffering from wrong thinking, it is because we have been poisoned by vicious thoughts, and the only way in which we can get relief or cure ourselves is by taking an antidote in the shape of right thinking.

If a lamp should explode and the oil catch fire, we would not think of trying to put out the flames by pouring on more oil, we would instead, pour on some chemical extinguisher, which would immediately put out the fire. The same may be applied to the thinker. To rid yourself of an evil thought, think a good one. Surround yourself with happy thoughts and in a few minutes you will be surprised to see how all the ghosts of blackness and gloom, all thoughts which have worried and haunted you, have gone out of sight.

We must master our thoughts or be *their* slaves. Do you think to some purpose or do you merely dream?

In thought we compare things with each other, to notice wherein they agree and differ, and to classify them according to these agreements and differences.

Many do not realize that thought begins at a very early stage in life, but if we stop and reflect for a few minutes we must conclude that even a very small child thinks. How important then that the individual should early in life learn to have control of thought.

It is fortunate that thought has no rigid boundary lines; were the opposite true, were thought conclusions not subject to change, man could never have advanced from barbarism to civilization. None of the great reformers would have arisen. A fortunate thing, for the person who has thought wrongly, may, change and have a better thought.

Hundreds of men, young and old, cheat themselves with the thought that they would do this or that desirable thing, if they only had time. The truth is that an earnest purpose finds time or makes it.

The difference between our thought and an ordinary tool is that we must do something with it. We cannot lay it down and say we shall strike no blow. We must think, and every thought is a blow that forges a part of our life. Let us therefore resolutely determine to turn thought to good use, to the best use and then stiffen our will to carry out that determination.

*Conway, Kans.*



#### PRAYER GEMS.

TAKE a few moments, even in the busy hours, to wait on God.

The whole secret of a Christian life is waiting upon God in a secret place.

Prayer will prevail, when we prepare the way for it.

Perhaps nothing proves so certainly how we are related to the unseen world as our prayers.

Jesus teaches us how to pray and how to get our answers.

"Believe that ye have received and ye shall have." Between the "have received" in heaven, and the "shall have" of earth, "believe." Believing, praise and prayer are the link.

Think not the fruit of your prayers depends on the length of them.—*Unidentified.*



#### TRUE HAPPINESS.

TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendships and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Joseph Addison.*



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## OFF TO SCHOOL.



THE commotion that is now going on in the homes all over our land reminds one of the commotion the poet speaks of as taking place in nature in the spring of the year. In this case it is a preparation for further development, and in that of nature it was likewise in anticipation of growth. From

the timid six-year-old, with his exaggerated ideas of school, and especially of the school-teacher, to the nearly grown youth, with his patronizing, know-it-all airs, there is in the breast of each the same undefinable stir, and the rosy dreams of the future seem almost within the grasp.

Out from the poor man's cottage, from the home of the well-to-do, and from the stately mansion they come. And though class distinction with its unreasonable claims may have wormed its way even into the public school, after all, at the fountain of knowledge all must come on the plane determined by their own eagerness and endeavor. Ah, what a sight it is! There is a catch in one's breath and a mighty heart-throb sends the blood pulsing along as one looks on that great army,—let us call it the army of hope. Now they are in camp, spending their time in daily drill, but next year, next month, yes, even to-morrow, some of them may be needed to fill up the ranks of the army now in the field, where the fighting is hard and unending and where the victory is to the one who was most faithful in the drill.

While we have been looking at this army of hope, let us not forget the homes from which these new recruits have walked away so proudly. Our sympathy is keenly alive to the suffering of the mother who bids her boy good-bye as he goes away to bloody battles, but who shall say that the hopes and the fears, yea, the anguish, of the mother is less keen who bids good-bye for the first time to her six-year-old who all his life has been so jealously guarded within the safe bounda-

ries of the home? To be sure, he is going only a few blocks away, but ah, those few blocks may be the beginning of a journey that will lead the traveler far beyond the reach of the influences of the parental roof-tree, though he return to it every night. For the first schoolday marks an important dividing line in the life of a child. At its passage the mother finds that the foes with which she has hitherto contended in guarding the welfare of her child were puny indeed compared to the mighty ones of the world that now grapple with her to gain possession of him.

A great deal is said these days about the unprecedented advantages enjoyed alike by children in public schools and youths in college, but it is to be feared that they do not realize all the responsibilities of this condition. Many of you need not be told that these unusual advantages call for unusual attainments, for your brains are well-nigh bursting with stored-up knowledge. You are indeed enjoying these advantages. But, remember, it is not enough that you simply enjoy these blessings as the epicure enjoys his meals, prepared by others. You, too, must toil, must plan, must sacrifice, or you will miss the deepest enjoyments of life and its highest usefulness. Along with the stored-up knowledge there must be the reserve force of character which can be secured only through a self-sacrificing life and a sense of one's responsibility as a part of the plan of the Infinite.

Go on, then, and may the land of the free and the home of the brave nourish and cherish you as one of her own and not as a parasite that would get all and give nothing. Go on, then, and may your buoyant spirits and your optimistic views of life stand you in good stead when the battle is on and the enemy of right seems about to prevail. The benediction of God is upon you and the destiny of the world is in your hands.



## CONFIDENCE IN OUR FELLOW-MAN.

USUALLY it is thought that optimism consists in looking on the bright side of *things* only, ignoring the fact that it must include as well looking on the bright side or good side of *people*—the greatest means in the working out of things. And so when a young man or woman is advised to look on the bright side, and at the same time told to be on the lookout for all sorts of rogues, he is given two lines of procedure leading in opposite directions.

The advice would be more wholesome if the latter part were left off entirely. Let our young people start out by considering that everybody is just as honest, upright, and sincere as they themselves are in their best moments. If closer acquaintance sometimes shows that they have placed their estimate too high, and for that reason must change their course, let them confine their changed attitude to that particular case,

and draw no conclusions to be applied afterward to mankind in general.

One may "get bit," as they say, by following such a course, but he had better get bit every time rather than develop that uncharitable, suspicious nature which characterizes the one who is so wise (?) as never to be guilty of such weakness. What! and lose all one's money? Well, yes, if the bite is of that nature. There are worse things in this world than losing money, and one of them is lack of confidence in our fellow-man.

I do not mean by the foregoing that you are to get out your pocketbook every time you see a man coming that has the appearance of wanting to sell you something. Use some time and a whole lot of judgment and common sense in making *any* transaction, and these will serve you better than a mind made hard and bitter by suspecting that the other fellow is not doing the fair thing.

Do you know that it is possible to make of men rascals just by treating them as such? And even if you do not accomplish that unfortunate thing, there is one thing sure, you are bound to make one of yourself in time by such an attitude toward others. And I verily believe that many of the men found guilty nowadays of doing business dishonestly came to this end in this very way. In the struggle for gain they believed that everybody else was trying to take advantage, and they ended by being adept themselves in crooked work.

But there are many other ways besides those connected with a business transaction in which one may work great harm to others, as well as himself, by this lack of confidence. The world becomes peopled with a despicable class and one's nature is bound to grow hard and cynical and pessimistic. And it does not stop with one's relations in this world, after awhile God himself is accused of injustice,—distrust of man leads to distrust of the Creator of man.



#### "OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB."

THOSE of us who believe that the world is growing better find one great reason for this belief in the present attitude of people in general toward all dumb animals. Not many years ago every man was a law unto himself as to his treatment of the domestic animals he owned. Now he has the laws of the land to interpret their needs and their feelings for him when his own feelings are too coarse to help him in the matter.

Our interest in the welfare of dumb animals is not confined to those used directly by man, but even the inhabitants of the wilds and the birds of the air have a strong ally in man, the one who was given dominion over them. We are glad for this condition and hope

that this worthy cause may continue to be supported by the noble men and women of the land.

Mercy is a grace that carries with it a twofold blessing. It blesses the one who gives as well as the one who receives. And while this work has been done especially for the sake of our dumb animals may we not look upon it as a great force in the hastening of that time when "the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and a little child shall lead them"?



#### NOTICE!

BELIEVING that we may be able to accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have decided to open a "want and exchange" column on the next to the last page of the INGLENOOK, the column this week occupied by Snapshots.

The rates will be twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line will be charged for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether. Lines will average about nine words each.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

How often we walk in heavy-laden silence, side by side with those who are nearest and dearest to us, when to hold sweet converse together would so lighten the heavy burden!—*Oma Karn.*



SHALL we not pray to this end, that some day, as time rolls on, they may see the advantage and beauty of living the life of peace and soberness?—*Sadie J. Miller.*



EVERY function, every organ in our body is greatly influenced by the nature of our thoughts. The individual with the optimistic mind usually is the person with a healthy body.—*Anna Stutzman.*



"So, he who on these changing chords of life,  
With firm, sweet touch plays the great Master's score  
Of truth, and love, and duty evermore,  
Knows too, that far beyond this roar and strife,  
Though he may never hear, in the true time,  
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime."

—*Marguerite Bixler.*



'Tis true, farming requires much hard labor and exertion, but is not that the purpose of life? Who is it that will not sacrifice much pleasure to accomplish a difficult task?—*John E. Dotterer.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED feature of the trouble in Cuba seems to lend additional seriousness to the situation. There seem to be grave differences between President Palma and Vice President Mendez Capote. The latter is suspected of having considered with Senator Alfredo Zayas, president of the liberal party, the question of whether peace could not be restored by Palma's withdrawal from the presidency by permitting Mendez Capote to succeed him. The anxiety of President Palma to extend every possible opportunity for peace without bloodshed has led to consideration by the president and his cabinet of a project decreeing a thirty-day amnesty period, during which the insurrectionists are invited to lay down their arms.

THE Chilean government has drawn up and presented a project for the reconstruction of Valparaiso. Customs duties will be suspended for eighteen months on construction material. President Riesco has replied to an offer of the European banking firm of Rothschild to help sufferers from the earthquake, saying he hopes Chilean resources will be sufficient for this purpose.

AUGUST 25 an unsuccessful attempt was made on the life of Premier Stolypin, of Russia, in which thirty-two other persons were killed and nearly fifty injured. August 26 Gen. Min, commander of the Semiovsky Guard regiment, who suppressed the riots at Moscow last December, was assassinated by a young girl, almost under the shadow of the Czar's palace. A military dictatorship again is discussed, the grand dukes urging the Czar to authorize the plan.

JAPAN has entered into a compact with the Diamond Match company to form an international trust in matches on the two continents. An English match concern, dominated by Bryant and May, will be taken into the combine. Negotiations for the formation of the trust have been in progress since the Russo-Japanese war.

A RECENT magazine article states that no perfume is so strong as the long famous attar of roses, made in Bulgaria, where 4,000 pounds of roses make but one of the attar. No glass stopper, however tight-fitting, will hold in the odor of this perfume and it has to be hermetically sealed in a jar. It is said that one

may ride through the Bulgarian rose fields for two days, covering 40 miles a day, and feast his eyes on thousands of acres of damask blooms stretching away on every side, and beneath the perfume of millions of waving flowers. When the wind is blowing gently it is said that the scent of the roses is borne 50 miles.

It is estimated that this year's crop of sugar beets in the State of Colorado will be worth \$10,000,000, or a gain of \$2,000,000. Farmers say it beats wheat and corn. There are more than 2,000 helpers in the field harvesting the beet crop, and the wage total will reach \$1,500,000 during the next three months.

AN electric alarm bell began to ring in London a few nights ago and the police could give no explanation until the ringing bell was examined. It was found that a spider had spun its web from the bell to the battery, thus establishing a circuit that caused the bell to ring until the web was broken.

A FRENCH physician claims to have found that the sunflower is valuable in curing patients of fever. A Russian doctor also bears out this statement by saying that he used a coloring matter made from sunflowers that cured many cases of malarial fever. In Russia the peasants believe in its curative properties, and when sick with fever sleep on sunflower beds. The Russians also value this flower for the oil extracted, as it makes a delicate edible. They also roast the seeds and eat them as we do peanuts. They are said to have mills for turning out sunflower oil and cultivate some 700,000 acres of sunflower land.

AUGUST 27 the czar, by ukase, transferred 4,000,000 acres of crown appanage lands to the Peasants' bank. The bank will sell the land to peasants on thirty-three or sixty years' time. The details are yet to be arranged. It is announced that the transfer of 10,000,000 additional acres of land will be made before long.

A DISPATCH from Teheran says the situation in Persia is becoming critical. The entire organization of the state is collapsing, the provinces are in a state of anarchy and the treasury is empty. Insurrections occur daily and are spreading fast.

THE strenuous life of to-day is dealt with in an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It says that Dr. Osler's statement that a man at 60 is practically useless is true of most men, but would not be if every busy man would have some hobby to which to devote his spare time, thus giving himself mental and physical relief from the everyday strain. Sunday, it says, is the day for rest and recreation, but is, perhaps, the most neglected. "To cease from labor," it declares, "every seventh day is essential to the health and well-being of man. He will do better work and live longer."

RECENTLY the officers of the revenue cutter, *Perry*, visited the new peak which a few weeks ago sprang up on Fire island, one of a group of the Aleutian chain of islands, about sixty miles west of the town of Unalaska, Alaska. The new peak rises from the water to a height of about seven hundred feet, and in shape greatly resembles a monster beehive with a base about nine hundred feet in diameter. From the numerous crevices columns of steam and gases rise, forming a cloud which can be seen for thirty miles. The officers of the cutter being the first to visit the peak, they have named it "Perry Peak."

THOUSANDS of land and immigrant agents throughout the west will be deprived of passes on western railroads by the provisions of the new rate bill. The railroads interpret the statute as meaning that the issue of transportation to these agents is discriminatory.

A DETAILED statement of the indebtedness of Zion City, the community founded by Alexander Dowie, shows a total of nearly \$5,000,000. The Zionists now propose to alleviate matters by issuing six per cent bonds for eighteen years.

WITHIN the last decade the number of hospitals for insane has more than doubled, says the Census Bureau, and the number of inmates has increased from 74,000 in 1890 to over 150,000 in 1904. It also appears that the rate of increase is higher for men than for women, and higher for the labor and servant classes than for others.

THE wealthy sometimes grow weary of their wealth and revert to what nature intended all of us should do—work. Two Illinois young men, sons of Chicago bank presidents, have gone to solid work. One is on a farm at \$20 dollars a month and spends his time pitching hay, weeding gardens, and milking cows. The other grew tired of automobiles and is a cook's assistant in a summer club at Lake Geneva, Ill. Another young man in Wisconsin, who recently fell

heir to a million dollars, is a farm hand at Fon du Lac. "I like it first rate," he says, "and after putting in ten hours working I eat enough to make my employer look as if he were losing money on me. Back to nature is good enough for me—for the summer, at least."

A TRENCH-DIGGING machine which is meeting with success is a comparatively simple affair, consisting of a large wheel having on its circumference some digging buckets fastened at regular intervals. A traction engine pushes the machine slowly along, turning the digging wheel, and the trench is dug. In tough clay the digger is said to cut seven feet deep and advance two feet a minute. It is accurate in execution and has the advantage over hand labor in time.

IT is reported from the State of Washington that, following exhaustive experiments on the famous black sand of the ocean beach at Hoquiam, a plant will now be constructed for the manufacture of steel direct from the sand. Recently steel was produced from this sand in no more than 2½ hours.

THE young man who is reared in great luxury with endless pocket money, says the New York *Evening Post*, labors under a great disadvantage, morally, and it is always a special credit to him and his tutors, if he turns out well. It points out that the spoiling of sons is peculiarly a habit of the newly rich. "Where money has longer been in the family," it says, "the possession of a few millions does not constitute an irresistible temptation to rush out and make a swine of one's self. But the sudden fortunes of the past few years of blessed prosperity have confessedly turned out a crowd of rapid and worthless and helplessly rich young men."

PROF. BREASTED, the Chicago university Egyptologist who recently returned from Egypt, says that after making explorations in the Nile valley and comparing the astronomical dates of the old and middle kingdoms of Egypt, he found the oldest fixed date in history to be 4241 B. C. In that year, he says, the calendar was established, the year beginning on what would now be July 19. Consequently, he says, the calendar now in use was 6147 years old last month.

WHAT is said to be a rich find in copper is reported from Utah from the promontory which extends from the north into the Great Salt Lake. It is said a great copper ore ledge, 15 to 50 feet wide, projects 10 to 15 feet above the ground for 300 feet. Boulders from this ledge assay 40 per cent copper and the ledge averages 5 per cent.





## SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.



MOTHERS, so weary, discouraged,  
Worn out with the cares of the day,  
You often grow cross and impatient,  
Complain of the noise and the play;  
For the day brings so many vexations,

So many things going amiss;  
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,  
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,  
The dear little hands find new mischief

To try you from morn till night,  
But think of the desolate mothers  
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,  
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,  
The silence will hurt you far more;  
You will long for the sweet children's voices,  
For a sweet, childish face at the door;  
And to press a child's face to your bosom,  
You'd give all the world for just this;  
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

—Selected.



## THE SHY GIRL.

ARE you a shy, stay-at-home girl? Custom and circumstances do much for the boy, and also for the bread-winning girl in the way of helping to a knowledge of their own individualities.

But life is different with the young woman who stays at home. To her much more depends on the kind of mother she has for guide and companion. One hears so much about self-reliant girls these days that one is apt to overlook the existence of an opposite type—the painfully shy girl. This class is much more numerous than is generally supposed.

Mere shyness should not be confounded with modesty or a sense of decorum. The latter is womanly, serene, dignified. The former, when it persists in women of mature years, is more like a nervous disease. Afflicted by it, the victim lives in a flutter of perplexities; a change in the daily routine of her life brings her misgivings and heart flutterings. She blushes painfully on the least provocation, her voice falters if she finds herself speaking to an audience of three or four more than her own family.

Such women are commonly good members of society, and well respected by their acquaintances, but they never reach the highest point of their womanhood or do the good they might otherwise accomplish.

The natural backwardness of may stay-at-home girls is often rendered habitual by their unthinking mothers. The mother is, perhaps, a good talker, and she takes the entertainment of the visitors too much upon her own shoulders. When she accompanies her daughter out it is the same.

We have repeatedly noticed that in families where the mother was a fluent talker, the boys and girls were quite awkward in the use of words. This should not be. Home training like this is disastrous for a girl naturally timid and shrinking.

Sometimes one of these dependent young creatures is greatly helped by being sent out of the immediate family circle to visit near relatives for a time.

Such girls do not often have many friends outside their own relations, but a sympathetic aunt or cousin with tact enough to conceal the fact of her sympathy may often coöperate with her mother to advantage.—*Weekly Welcome.*



## HELPFUL HINTS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

ADALINE HOFF BEERY.

WHEN paring apples, quarter them first, then core, and lastly pare. That is, if you do not have a paring machine. And do not say, "peel apples," or "peel potatoes." When the skin of a fruit or vegetable is removed by cutting, it is *paring*; if by pulling off, as a banana or an orange, it is *peeling*.



In canning fruit, have your glass jar standing on the back of the stove in scalding hot water, in which you have just rolled it. Have your rubber and cap in the water also. Put on a heavy new rubber, or two if they are light weight or old ones. Fill the jar brimful, having the fruit just at boiling point, screw on the hot cap as much as the heat will let you, lift out the jar on a cloth or board, and screw up tight. It is this sterilizing everything that insures the fruit from spoiling. Tomatoes keep in glass jars as well as berries.



THE nicest way to can raspberries is like this: Have the jar, rings, and cap hot, as described above, drop

raw berries in till about one-third full, fill to the same level with fresh boiling water from the teakettle, add another third of berries and boiling water, and then fill the jar to overflowing in like manner. Screw on cap. The berries will reach farther than by cooking them in a kettle, and they remain whole, and keep just as well. The reason I do not fill the jar full of berries before pouring on the water is because the hot water will cool somewhat in its descent into the jar by coming in contact with so many cool berries. I can grapes the same way.

IN preparing rhubarb for use, wash it, but do not peel it. To can, cut the stems into lengths as for cooking, fill up a clean cold jar with pieces, shaking down several times, then pour fresh, cold water over until the jar overflows. Have the rubbers adjusted beforehand, screw on the top at once, wipe the jar, carry it to the cellar, and the job is done. The intense acid of the rhubarb preserves it.

THERE is beauty in a highly polished stove, but it represents a good deal of time and labor, which I, for one, feel like saving. I wipe off the top of my range and the hearth with a wet cloth every day. Then, if anything runs over, it is more easily cleaned, and the bottom of the pans and teakettle can be kept clean also. In moving a nickel teakettle over the stove, do not slide it, but lift it. It saves wear.

HAVE three dish-cloths; one for washing the dishes, one for wiping them, and the third for wiping the teakettle, stove, etc. When the dishes are done, get clean, warm water in the pan, put in the drying cloth first by itself and rinse it, then the washing cloth. Shake out these two and hang outdoors to dry if there is sunshine, or on a three-arm towel-rack near the stove. Take the third cloth to wipe the pan, the table, and the edge of the sink. In getting a meal, and it is necessary to wipe out something in which food is to be put, I like to know that cloths number one and two at least are perfectly clean. Put the drying-cloth in the laundry every week. An essay might be written on dishwashing, for there are ways galore in which this despised task is done. I like to wash dishes if I can do it in the right way.

WHEN I feel too lazy to take down the stove-pipe and carry it out to beat out the soot, I simply burn it out by lighting a lot of old papers and sticking them in the bottom of the pipe while the stove is yet hot. The current of warm air carries the flame up, and it cleans out the whole passage. I have heard of some people's houses catching fire from overheated stoves, but I never overheat mine, and my house never caught

fire, so I recommend this way to other people similarly indisposed to exertion and black hands and faces. I might add that there is a safety top attached to the upper part of the chimney.

A FEW years ago I had my kitchen table covered with zinc, and it has proved very satisfactory. A hot pan or skillet may be set on it without harm. It outlasts oilcloth many times. When dirt gets on which cannot be wiped off readily with a wet cloth, pour a little kerosene on a dry rag, and go all over it. It licks it clean. Wipe again with a clean dry rag.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*

#### CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 5.

DID you ever try raising from seed plants that only a professional is supposed to know how to raise? Well, we have, and while our experience has been limited to only a few varieties, I am going to tell you about it and perhaps you will have the courage to try some too, and will not then be under the necessity of paying twenty-five cents apiece to the man behind the counter for some of the choice hot-house plants. More than this, in my judgment, you will learn much of the nature of the plant by raising it from seed and be better able to take care of it at maturity, and besides, your sense of ownership will be many fold greater than that felt toward the bought plant.

My first experience was with primrose seed. In the first trial I sowed the seed in a tin can and set the can under a tree in the yard. Sometimes the soil suffered for water and sometimes a storm, coming up while I was away, watered it so copiously that it almost floated away. In spite of all neglect, I raised two strong plants that gave me much pleasure. The next time I went somewhat according to directions, sowed the seed in a shallow box and kept it in sight all day in the office window. This time there were more plants than I could well take care of and I gave away several.

Last year I tried cinerarias and abutilons. The cineraria seed germinates very quickly, and I had more plants than I could manage. I kept four, and the pleasure we derived from their bright blossoms was worth many times the cost of the seeds. The care of them I considered a pleasure also, so it was not counted in the cost. The abutilon seed was somewhat slow to germinate and the seed was not good,—at least I laid it to the quality of the seed when I got only one plant. However, considering that the packet of seed cost only three cents and that I sowed only part of it, I am not discouraged in that line.

This year I am trying geranium seed. I sowed part of a packet in March, and now (Aug. 15) I have six fine plants, one in bud. I am very anxious to see how



they will turn out in the quality of blossoms. The seed was raised on a big geranium farm in California.

Shallow vessels are best for seeds. Aim to have such a combination of soils as will not bake or harden easily, and have it well pulverized. Before the plants are up I usually spread a couple of thicknesses of muslin over the top of the soil and sprinkle the water on this till the soil is wet enough. Let the tiny plantlets get the third or fourth leaf and then transplant to small pots, or small baking powder cans, etc., will do.



#### SELECTED RECIPES.

**BAKED PEARS.**—Select large, evenly shaped fruit, wipe with damp cloth and leave the stems on. Place them in a granite or earthenware baking-dish and pour around them two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and a cupful of boiling water, cover with another dish and bake slowly until tender, basting occasionally. Do not disturb them until perfectly cold, then arrange in a glass dish with the liquor poured around. Serve for luncheon with cream and sugar.



**CANNING TOMATOES.**—If you wish your canned tomatoes to keep perfectly just fill your cans up to the neck, then finish filling with melted butter or paraffine wax before screwing on the cover. I prefer the butter, as that does not need to be taken off, when using the tomatoes.



**PEACH FOAM.**—Pare and stone six soft, mellow peaches, cut them into slices, put them in an agate pan over the fire in one pint of water; rub two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch in a little cold water and add to the boiling peaches; while these are cooking have soaking half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water; add to the peaches one cupful of granulated sugar, take from the fire, add the juice of half a good-sized lemon; with a silver spoon cut the peaches very fine, then add the gelatine; turn into a pan and stand the pan into another of ice water and stir until the mixture begins to congeal, then stir in carefully one cupful of whipped cream or the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. By adding a little more cornstarch the gelatine may be omitted.



**PEACH COBBLER.**—Line a deep baking dish with thick, rich pastry; pare and slice ripe, juicy peaches, sweeten with sugar and season, if liked, with a little cassia or almond extract, though it is good without either. Stew slightly, and put into the lined dish. Cover with a crust of puff paste cut half an inch thick; bake until a nice brown, in a moderate oven. Just before serving, the top crust may be broken and mixed with the fruit. May be served hot or cold, with cream sauce, whipped cream, or hard sauce.

**STUFFED PEPPERS.**—Take a dozen green peppers (the large, sweet kind) and cut the stems from the tops; take out the seeds and scoop the insides out well; take one cupful of finely-chopped, boiled beef tongue, mix with a cupful of stale bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one small onion minced, and three tablespoonfuls of stewed tomatoes. Mix thoroughly, and fill the peppers with the mixture, place in a baking pan, stem side up, pour over two cupfuls of stock and set in a moderate oven one hour, to bake. When done, take up very carefully and serve with brown sauce.



#### OPEN WINDOWS TO REDUCE COAL BILL.

"WHAT—windows open with the thermometer at zero?" exclaimed a friend one cold winter day as she stepped into my sitting-room, through which the air from two windows was freshly blowing. "You must have an exceptionally good furnace," she continued. "We keep ours running at full speed this cold weather, and yet we cannot keep warm. But I never think of opening windows."

Here she gave such a decided shiver that I thought it advisable to close mine before explaining my reason for the cool atmosphere.

"And do you never open your windows in winter?" I asked.

"Never, except on sweeping days, and then I caution Kate to close them as soon as possible."

"I don't wonder you cannot keep warm," I said.

"You don't mean to say that you open your windows to heat your house!" she exclaimed.

"That is one of my reasons," I replied, smiling at her astonishment.

Lest she should think I had suddenly taken leave of my senses I hastened to explain.

"Do you not know that it is impossible to heat dead air?" I asked.

"Dead—air?"

Evidently I was not making things any more intelligible. Hygiene had not been introduced into her brain.

"It is impossible in cold weather to properly heat a room in which the same air has been allowed to remain day after day. We are inhaling poison into our lungs whenever we breathe the same air over and over again. Three times a day, in cold weather, the windows all over my house are opened, and a draught of air allowed to circulate freely. The result has been we seldom have colds, the rooms heat quickly, headaches are unknown, and our coal bill I know for a fact to be less than that of any of our neighbors. Do you feel cold now?" I questioned.

"No, indeed, I am delightfully warm," was the reply.

"And yet it is scarcely three minutes since I closed the windows; so you see fresh air heats very quickly."

My friend's face was full of interest. When she rose to go she remarked:

"I think I'll go home and change the air in my house, and then see if I can heat it."

A few days after I chanced to meet Mrs. Brown on the street, and she said:

"I am so glad I found your windows open when I called on you Friday. I have profited by your example, and expect to save a ton or two of coal. Our furnace heats the house finely now, and all I've done to bring about this state of affairs has been to open windows."—*Ladies' World*.

To cause free circulation of air is not the only reason why windows should be opened for a time in order to get warm. Air that is deficient in oxygen does not promote combustion in the lungs and consequently does not maintain the heat of the body effectively. People often feel chilly in the close room, not because the room is cold, but because there is a lack of oxygen in their lungs.—*Weekly Witness*.



"TEN per cent of the average day-laborer's income will furnish him with more good books than he can find time to read. It will give him a daily newspaper, a church paper and a first-class monthly magazine. Many a business man spends more in cigars annually than would purchase an up-to-date encyclopedia."

## Read this to the Little Ones

### TWO KINDS OF COMFORTERS.

"To think I must stay here all this afternoon and mother not at home with me! And it's such a fine day! And I wanted to go over to the corners to see the parade go by and I can't. Oh, dear!"

Bertie's voice was as doleful as his face, by which you will guess it was very doleful indeed.

His brother, James, came in. Bertie looked forlornly at him.

"My head aches terribly," he said.

"Well," said James, "I'm sorry you can't go with us over to the corners. But, of course, you know it's your own fault." Bertie gave a little grunt.

"It doesn't do any good to tell me that," he said.

"But it's so. You went out after the rain and got your feet soaking wet, and then kept on your wet shoes all the evening so mother wouldn't know. That's how you got your bad cold. And you must see that your having to stay in is a punishment. But I'm sorry you have to stay in. I'll bring you some nuts, and I'll tell you all about it when I come back."

Bertie turned in his chair with tears in his eyes as James went away. It was all so, but it did not help

things at all to be told so. James had seemed to think it would.

The door opened again, and another face peeped in. It belonged to his little cousin, Elsie. Elsie was not much older than he was, but she was his favorite cousin.

"Do you feel very bad?" she said.

"Dread—ful," said Bertie, trying hard not to cry before a girl.

"Too bad! I knew you couldn't go 'way over to the corners, but I hoped you could come down by the creek with us and sail boats."

"I can't go out of this room."

"Well, I'll tell the girls—" She ran away so quickly that Bertie could not hear the rest she said.

He settled himself back in his seat, wondering how he could get through the long afternoon. How dismal it was to be all alone! Tears came again, but he wiped them away quickly as he again heard the cheery voice at the door.

"I'm back. Shall I read to you, or can you paste pictures?"

"Oh, Elsie! Aren't you going with the girls?"

"No. I'm going to stay with you. Once I had to stay alone when I was sick, and I know what it is."

It was so good to have her that he found himself able to paste pictures. Then she read to him till he fell asleep.

Don't you think Elsie's way was the best? She might have told her cousin, as James did, that it was his own fault, and then gone off to enjoy herself. But instead, she gave up her play and gave herself to help her cousin. That is Christ's own way.—*Sunbeam*.



### A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

He hunted through the library,

He looked behind the door,

He searched where baby keeps his toys

Upon the nursery floor;

He called the cook and Mary,

He asked mamma to look,

And tried to coax his sister May

To leave her last new book.

He couldn't find it anywhere;

He thought "some horrid tramp"

Had walked in through the open gate

And stolen it—the scamp!

It might be Ruff had taken it

And hidden it away;

Or else, perhaps, he'd torn it up

And swallowed it for play.

And then mamma came down the stairs,

Looked through the cupboard door,

And there it hung upon its peg,

As it had hung before.

And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,

Surprise was in his face;

He couldn't find his cap because—

'Twas in its proper place.



## The Rural Sanctum

### THE LITTLE FARMHOUSE.

It stands afar midst happy, sunlit fields,  
A little farmhouse, brown and old,  
With ancient, ivy-covered, buttressed walls,  
And straw-thatched roof of gold;  
And I a wanderer from the dusty town,  
Grown weary of its heavy ways,  
Wistful, from off the hot, white road, look down  
And long for the old days.

For there the nights were blessed with quiet sleep,  
The days were filled with happy cares,  
And there the skies seemed ever blue, and there  
Was time for peace and prayers;  
While youth and laughter, joy and hope, and love  
Sang in my heart a happy song.  
Ah me! a song that's hushed forevermore,  
The crowded streets among.

And now I stand and gaze, with heavy heart,  
Across dear fields in longing sore,  
To where another woman, happier far,  
Looks from the low half-door.  
Oh, little farmhouse, old and brown, and sweet,  
I wake when all the world's at rest  
And think of you, and long for the old peace  
And the untroubled breast!

—Pall Mall Gazette.



### WRITTEN CONTRACTS.

S. Z. SHARP.

ONE of the most fruitful sources of discord, ill feeling, and enmity, often ending in lawsuits, is the loose way of making contracts in regard to business matters, not putting the contract in writing. After awhile, the parties differ in regard to what the contract was, hard feelings are aroused and often the matter ends in a vexatious lawsuit. Had the contract in the beginning been put into writing, all trouble would have been avoided.

A short time ago a neighbor sold a farm on which he had a renter with the understanding that the renter would vacate the farm before possession was given to the purchaser. When the time arrived to transfer the property, the renter refused to leave and the seller of the farm could not prove that he must and there was trouble.

Another party obtained permission to pass through his neighbor's farm on his way to town on condition that he clear the land for a lane. When the lane was cleared, the owner of the lane refused a passage through his land and the man who cleared the lane had to go miles around to reach town, besides losing

time in clearing land for a lane. A written contract would have saved the trouble.

One person sold a cow to his neighbor on credit for thirty dollars. When the time came for making payment, there was a misunderstanding in regard to the terms of sale. A lawsuit followed and the costs are said to have been over a hundred dollars, besides the enmity engendered between neighbors and their friends, all because the terms of contract were not put into writing. So the world goes.

Every young person should learn to write a contract and always make one when he enters into an agreement with another party, no matter how small the consideration. The habit in a lifetime may save him hundreds of dollars besides much worry.

A contract should have the date of making it, the names and addresses of the contracting parties, designated as the first party and second party. Then should follow a statement what the first party is to do and be sure you name the consideration, after which should be stated what should be done by the second party, closing the contract by a clause something like this: "In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals." Then both sign it. It is best to write a contract in duplicate and each party preserve a copy.

It would be a great benefit to young people to have them taught in public schools how to write contracts and other legal forms. Where this cannot be done, it is well for both old and young to buy a book giving all kinds of legal forms and practice writing them. It is cheaper than lawsuits and may save much worry and vexation of spirit.

*Fruita, Colo.*



### THE DIGNITY OF FARMING.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

TO-DAY during the great rush of business of the twentieth century, young men, in choosing an occupation in life, are tempted to reject the farm, and enter some situation which, in their eyes, will afford them more pleasure and require less labor. What will be the outcome of such a choice? What folly rests in hunting all pleasure in life?

Someone says, "The farm gives us all work and little recompense." My aim is to prove that it is the most desirable and fruitful occupation mankind can accept. 'Tis true, farming requires much hard labor and exertion, but is not that the purpose of life? Who is it that will not sacrifice much pleasure to accomplish

a difficult task? For what are you living? Is there not more happiness in pursuit than in possession? And, in order that that pursuit may be made pleasing, it must be sought with all our energy. The farm affords an abundance of opportunities to utilize our physical and mental faculties to acquire some worthy possession.

Again, the farm is the garden of pleasure. It affords the opportunity to roam to and fro over the beautiful lawn, and to scale the vineclad hills, gathering the first ripened fruits, and breathing the glowing atmosphere in a grand and healthy spirit. All these blessings are we permitted to enjoy, far away from the hot and busy street.

"The farm is the place of toil and the place of ease,  
'Tis the place of warfare and the place of peace,  
The place where trials oft do come,  
And the center of a happy home.  
'Tis the land where the streams of milk and honey flow,  
And the land where richest flowers grow.  
It forms a solitude and a retreat,  
To shun the dark and weary street."

Someone says, "On the farm we have no opportunity to exercise our mental faculties, to dive into the deep fountains of knowledge." But let me impress you with the fact that there is no other occupation that offers a better chance for mental drill. The lawyer may have the chance to drink his cupful of the laws of our land; the doctor may study the body thoroughly; yet both of these men may be miserably poor in other educational branches. But, the farmer, the follower of the plow, has a multitude of studies needed for his occupation. He should be a good botanist, he should be a good zoölogist and he should understand sociology to become able to deal with his fellow-man. Such branches has he a good chance to study during the leisure of the evening when away from the noisy city.

He has the privilege, while at other work, to comprehend the rich lessons which nature offers. In the city we may be able to study art, but, as far as God is above man, so far is nature superior to art. Man, after long toil and expense, can cover the dome of the National Library with gold, and can erect a monument piercing the sky in honor of the father of his country, but can he drop a little acorn into the ground, and cause it to spring up spontaneously and develop into the mighty oak, the forest's pride? This nature is doing continually.

Think of the rich fruits which the farm bears. It is the life of the people. The food, eaten to sustain life, and the clothing, worn for the protection of our bodies, are all products of the farm. Are these things not essential?

Where do all the eminent men of a nation arise? Is it from the slums of our large cities? After careful observation, we find that the great mass of men that

fill high positions, and do noble work for the nation have been reared and trained on the farm. That is sufficient to prove that the influence of farm life is high and ennobling.

O, young man, before entering upon city life think of the great combat you must have with the Prince of Darkness. He is stationed everywhere in the city. Here is the bar-room, there is the card table; across the street rings the dice box. Are you able to resist these temptations? They have ruined many of your brethren, and only those possessing strong and mighty will powers to conquer temptation should ever think of entering upon city life.

As the farmer is the richest blessing a nation has, he should be treated as such, but, in the majority of cases, he is compelled to occupy the rear seat in the train. He is trampled under foot by the great financial trusts of our large cities. They give him what they desire for his hard earned produce, and charge him what they please for what he receives from them. Is such work justice? Uncle Sam, after planting the banner of freedom on all the noticeable hills, and after painting the Statue of Justice upon all thy courthouses, wilt thou allow the chief corner-stone of thy mighty structure to be trampled under the feet of the great financial men? Think the matter over.

Oh! farmer to the plow do cling,  
And thou shalt richest treasures bring.  
Thy name shall hold the loudest praise  
When thy head thou shalt cease to raise.

Thy opportunity is complete  
For thou canst the city dude defeat.  
His life may be of the fullest leisure  
But thine will be of far greater pleasure.

When the evening of life shall roll around,  
When thy head shall bend toward the ground,  
Thou canst fold thy hands neath the setting sun,  
And say, "My victory is won."

My close of life is now so sweet  
For I have given mankind both bread and meat,  
And now I close my life in ease,  
Not in health and vigor, but in peace and bliss."

Union Bridge, Md.



#### THE VALUE OF THE TOAD.

THERE comes to our table a valuable pamphlet by A. H. Kirkland, M. S., Assistant Entomologist of our Mass. Gypsy Moth Committee, which for the benefit of farmers and others tells how the toad is a wonderfully useful creature, about 80 per cent of its food being of insects and other animals directly injurious to crops or in other ways obnoxious to man.

We well remember when in Paris many years ago to have seen in shop windows collections of toads for sale, to be used in house kitchens and elsewhere for the destruction of insects.—*Our Dumb Animals.*



### A MITRE BOX THAT FOLDS.

THE mitre box is a very important adjunct to the kit of the carpenter who makes any pretension to doing fine work. The workman who has been compelled to constantly shift his base of action has, however, found the box a very awkward article to handle, and often succumbs to the temptation to lighten his burden by leaving it out, even at the sacrifice of fine workmanship.

A folding mitre box has been offered recently to the trade. It is said to have all the features of the more elaborate implements of greater size. When it is set up for work a very large variety of performances may be accomplished with it, such as compound angles on jack rafters, double and triple angles on stair balusters, stair raisers, eave troughs and dovetails of different kinds.

When it is desired to put the box away it is folded in a perfectly flat shape, which lends itself to easy disposition in the carpenter's box or bag. With its portability in view, the manufacturers have exercised some ingenuity in the construction of the box to save material and weight.—*Philadelphia North American*.



### EVERY MAN BEHIND HIS OWN GUN.

THERE is no man living but who can do some one thing as it should be done—right. Perfect, so far as it is within man's power to do it perfect, and the man who goes at his work with such intentions has decided right then and there that he will be somebody, that he will rise above the mediocre, that he will come out from the surging mass and be a master, that he will succeed. But in order to do this one thing right, one must do that one thing and nothing else. Marconi said, "A man should become so thoroughly saturated with his own work that all other things sink into insignificance." Keeping everlastingly at a thing brings success. "This one thing I do," said Saint Paul.

In the first place every man should get behind his own gun. He can operate it better than anyone else and better than he could use some one else's. Every man should study himself and his inclinations. Placing a man at some work that he has no love for, is like putting a square peg in a round hole—it won't go far. Then when you get behind your right gun, stay behind it and use it. Don't be running over to another fellow's gun to see if you would like his better. Just believe that the other fellow's gun is for him, and your gun is for you, and just keep handling it until you can use it as well as it can be used. Go at it with that determination. Don't say, "I will see what I can do at it." You don't know what you can do at it, and there might be something that won't just seem so easy, and you become discouraged and think you'll try a gun that works easier; but remember, that anything that

requires an effort is not easy, and that it is not the fault of your gun if you become lukewarm and despondent, but it is your fault in not adjusting yourself to the working of *your* gun.

Master your gun, don't let your gun master you. Marshall Field and Jay Gould both said that they owed their success to knowing every detail of their business; and while they could not be behind their guns themselves every time a shot was fired, they understood how it ought to be fired. Don't be discouraged if you don't hit the mark every time. Many successful men spent years of the early part of their life in struggles. In fact, it was a struggle all the way through. There is no "royal road to success." It is paved with obstacles, and it is the number of these obstacles that you overcome that marks the accuracy of your marksmanship. If you know all about your gun, what it is made of, how it is made, what power and weight it has, and always know how to use it, you can just make sure that you will hit the mark, you will do what you aim to do, you will be a success. It may take years of hard fighting, but you will get there. It has been proved in the lives of men.—*Spare Moments*.



### JAPANESE SILK BILL.

"THE pleasant business of exporting Japanese silk may be denied to foreigners in future," says Charles Edward Russell in "Soldiers of the Common Good," in the August *Everybody's*.

"Silk is one of the greatest interests of Japan. Control of the silk industry is vested in the Silk Guild. Control of the Silk Guild is vested in the government. Much silk spinning and weaving is done in Japanese households. But no one may sell raw silk until it has been offered to the Silk Guild. That is law.

"Many foreign houses are engaged in exporting Japanese silk. In years gone by their profits have been exceedingly fair to look upon. Japan is pleasant for residence. The houses did well and their representatives were happy. But the Japanese government desires to have its agreeable business for the Japanese. So it drew a bill providing for government inspection (at the exporter's cost) of all silk intended for export. The exact operations of this bill are too intricate to explain here, but in a general way it would reveal to the government inspectors the secret of the foreign exporters' business. Some features of the bill seemed to bear harshly upon the small producers. An adverse agitation was begun and so managed that it secured the bill's defeat in the House. But no well-informed person seems to doubt that in some form it will come up again and will pass."



"THE fireside is always warmer when there is someone to sit by our side."

## THE VALUE OF OBSTACLES.

DID you ever notice a tree that had grown in the shelter of other trees which surrounded it thickly on every side? And did you observe how tall and sickly it looked with few branches and leaves? If you were to dig up the roots of such a tree you would find them short and sickly looking, too. They would not spread far in any direction.

Now, contrast such a tree to a large old oak which stands out in the open field exposed to every wind that blows, to the full force of every storm, unshielded from the sun's rays or the winter's cold. Note the sturdy out-reaching of its branches. Its every aspect speaks of strength and rugged endurance. Its roots run far and deep. Nothing short of a cyclone could ever tear it from its foundation.

Now, the difference between the oak and the tree that has grown in the shelter is largely the difference between obstacles met and overcome and the lack of obstacles.

*Obstacles strengthen the mental, moral and physical fibres of a man if he does not allow them to keep him down.—Selected.*

## MOMENT BY MOMENT.

Living with Jesus, a new life divine;  
Dying with Jesus, by death reckoned mine;  
Looking to Jesus, till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

Never a trial that he is not there;  
Never a burden that he doth not bear;  
Never a sorrow that he doth not share;  
Moment by moment I'm under his care.

Never a heartache, and never a groan;  
Never a tear-drop and never a moan;  
Never a danger but there on the throne;  
Moment by moment he thinks of his own.

Never a weakness that he doth not feel;  
Never a sickness that he cannot heal;  
Moment by moment in woe or in weal,  
Jesus, my Savior, abides with me still.

Moment by moment, I'm kept in his love;  
Moment by moment, I've life from above;  
Looking to Jesus till glory doth shine;  
Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

—Selected.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*No wrong by wrong is righted.*

*A miser is known by the money he keeps.*

*It is more to inspire than to teach from books.*

*Formal religion and ignorance go hand in hand.*

*Do the duty which lies next door to thee.*

*To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.*

*When you find one sharp as a needle he is all eye and no head.*

*Truth makes men gentle. Theory makes them bigoted.*

*It is wiser and costs less to save children than to punish criminals.*

*A man's appetite for flattery is seldom commensurate with his ability to get it.*

*When you don't know what else to do, do something to make somebody happy.*

*If you are sure you are trying to do right you can count on the help of God.*

*If there is any better way to teach virtue than to practice it, I do not know it.*

*The devil never gets along very well with a man who is a good friend to Jesus.*

*Almost anything can be preserved in alcohol except health, happiness and money.*

*To know to write correctly is nothing—you must know something worth recording.*

*A man of genius conceives things; a man of talent carries them forward to completion.*

*No man can do right while his heart is wrong. It doesn't do much good to whitewash the house while everybody inside is down with the smallpox.*

*Do not govern your life, which is entirely individual to yourself, by another's outlook. Perhaps, he could not accomplish what you have in mind; neither could you accomplish the task he sets for himself.*

*It isn't the smoke of a man's own chimney that smuts his house. He knows things about himself ten times worse than anyone ever said. It's the stray flake of soot from over the way that he's afraid'll smirch him.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

"And you say the senators are all rogues?" "Most of them, yes," answered the magazine expert on morals. "Prove it." "I don't have to prove it, I get space rates for just saying it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

It is said that "the United States ought to pay its president enough to put him beyond the reach of money worries." True; and the president owes it to the United States to live in such a fashion that he will not get into money worries.—New Bedford Standard.

### LAY HOLD.

If in this world you wish to win,  
And rise above the common chump,  
Take off your coat and pitch right in;  
Don't wait; lay hold, hang on and hump.

Don't wait until the iron's hot,  
But make it hot by muscle;  
Don't wait for wealth, your father's got,  
Take off your coat and hustle.  
—Opportunity.

We know innumerable things that were not known a hundred years ago. But thousands of years ago some men and nations had learned the art of living happily, which we have forgotten or neglected.

—Christian Register.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
We don't wonder what you are;  
We have got your record straight,  
You are Oklahoma state.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants me to spend the summer on his farm.

Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood?

Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.

### LAID IT ON THE FROG.

James Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, was discussing a rather antiquated kind of farming, recently. "It is as about as profitable and logical," he said, "as the weather reading of a Connecticut farm hand I used to know. This farm hand claimed that he could read the weather infallibly. On a walk with me one afternoon a frog croaked and he said:

"We will have clear weather for twenty-four hours. When a frog croaks in the afternoon you may be sure of twenty-four hours of sunshine." We walked on, and in twenty minutes or so a heavy shower came up, and we were both drenched to the skin.

"You are a fine weather prophet," said I, as we hurried homeward through the downpour. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, well," said the farm hand, "the frog lied. It's to blame, not me. Am I responsible for the morals of that particular frog?"

### Unostentatious.

Our magnates show their riches many  
When in a foreign clime,  
But none of them make much display  
Around taxpaying time.

### GOOD REASON FOR NOT KNOWING.

'Squire Smathers (a bit volcanically)—How shall we curb the growing rapacity of the trusts and combines? How, I ask you, shall we redeem the nation from the polluting clutches of the grafter, the boodler, and the demagog, and preserve the spotless escutcheon handed down to us by Washington and the framers of the Declaration of Independence?

The old codger (cheerfully)—I don't know, and, truth to tell I haven't the slightest idee. Ye see, I haven't attended a single high school commencement this year.

—Puck.

"Are you going to get the automobile which the doctor ordered for your wife?"

"Can't afford it, but we have almost the real thing. She puts on a pair of gasoline-cleaned gloves, takes a long ride on the front seat of a trolley car, and walks back."—Life.

Sleep well, eat well and forget well. It may be hard to do at first, but life will be pleasanter, and your disposition sweeter.—Pittsburg Gazette.

It is said the art of whistling will soon be counted among the lost unless there is a revival of the cheery spirit that seems to be forsaking men. Nobody whistles as he works in these strenuous days. He has too much on his mind to pucker his lips in a whistle. Nor does he hum or sing to himself, for that matter. Life is, if not downright sad, too busy for that joyous and unconscious expression of contentment.—Boston Herald.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin—  
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,  
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,  
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Well, Drs. Brown and Smith are going to operate up on old Gotrox."

"Is the operation necessary?"

"Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

His Wife—John, dear, the doctor says I need a change of climate.

Her Husband—All right. The weather bureau says it will be colder to-morrow.

## Neff's Corner

Now a word please, about the Pecos Valley, of New Mexico, as a place for the investment of capital. I am sure there is any amount of money invested in the East that could be much more profitably invested here. How would eight to twenty per cent net annual income on your investment strike you? I know of investments here that are beating twenty per cent considerably. Rate of interest charged on loans here, even on deferred payments on real estate purchases, is ten and twelve per cent. I know of no country where farm properties bring better returns on the investment. Rents are high and town properties, both residence and business, bring returns four times what they bring in many places. Moreover, the country is rapidly developing, property values are advancing and the increase in this direction alone is well worth the consideration of those looking for investments.

If you would like to make a loan, taking as security first mortgage on good real estate, or if interested in a farm or city property investment, I might be able to give you information that would be valuable to you. You see I figure that if you become financially interested in New Mexico, you will think more about us down here, perhaps come and see us sometime, then you will tell your brother who is considering a change of location about New Mexico, and in some round about way it may help the Brethren's mission in New Mexico. At any rate, if any business should result from this announcement, we shall hope that it will do you good and nobody harm. I shall take pleasure in trying to get reliable information for you on any subject about which you may write me. Address all letters to,

JAMES M. NEFF,  
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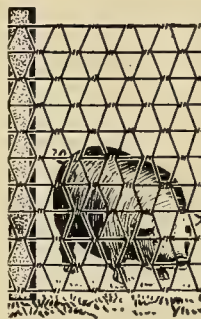
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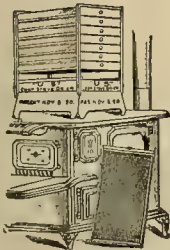
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# The Shepherd and the Princess

DURING the middle of the 19th century there reigned over one of the kingdoms of the German Empire a prince who was so beloved by his people that they gave him the surname "The Just." He was ready at all times to listen to his humblest subject and like Harun Al Raschid the Calif in the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights, he traveled incognito through the land to find out the real wants of his people. He was, apparently, a happy monarch; his kingdom was at peace with all its neighbors; commerce and manufacturing flourished, the golden grain waved in the summer-breeze and the luscious grapes ripened on the vine. Still, a dark shadow clouded the serene features of the King, indicating that a deep sorrow weighed on his heart. He had only two children, a promising boy, heir to the throne, and a daughter whom he loved more than anything on earth, as she was the exact image of his dead and lamented Queen.

The boy was robust and healthy, but the princess seemed to carry in her breast the deadly seed of disease which had carried her mother to an early grave. The King spared no pains to save the life of his favorite child. The best medical authorities of the whole land were consulted, but all seemed in vain. The Princess was gradually fading away like a frail flower and the whole land shared the sorrow and anxiety of its sovereign.

At the same time there lived, far from the busy throng and buzz of the court, on the rugged plateau of one of the mountain ranges, which traverse the kingdom, a shepherd, who was renowned for miles around for his skill in bone-setting and healing and his knowledge of medical herbs and roots and their uses.

He brought about some miraculous cures of people who had been under treatment with learned doctors for years and who had given up all hope. This aroused the ire of the medical fraternity and they besought the authorities to forbid shepherd Hans to treat the sick on penalty of imprisonment. The matter came to the ears of the King; he ordered a thorough investigation and as the report was favorable to shepherd Hans, he gave orders not to interfere with the old man, saying, "Let him do good in his own simple way." Time passed slowly along and the end of Princess Katherine was daily expected.

It was a bright Sunday morn in Autumn. The church bells all over the land summoned the people to the House of God to unite their prayers with those of their King for poor Princess Katherine as she was said to be dying. The old shepherd stood by the roadway, leaning on his shepherd's staff and exchanging greetings with the sturdy farmers and their families as they ascended from the valley below to the house of worship. A determined expression settled on his

rugged features as he heard the frequent expressions of pity, "Poor Princess Katherine," and he murmured to himself, "I must—I can save her!"

Three days later, he stood fearlessly in the audience chamber of the castle, requesting a hearing of his monarch. "My King," said shepherd Hans, bowing before his majesty, "I come here before you with the conviction that I can save the life of our Princess, nay more, that I can make her well again if you will let me treat her according to my methods. You may take my life if I fail. See, I am an old man, my years are nearly spent. During my life out in God's free nature, I have learned many a valuable secret which all your learned doctors cannot understand." The king looked at the old shepherd long and steadily; then said, "Follow me," and led the way to the sick chamber. There reposed under silken covers a pale maiden whose large lustrous eyes looked wonderingly at the strange visitor. The father neared the bedside and spoke long and earnestly to the child. A faint smile hovered over the features of the sick girl, as she looked at the sturdy man in shepherd's garb.

A storm of indignation arose among the court physicians when it became known that the King had decided to put the treatment of Princess Katherine in the hands of the old shepherd and a committee was selected to lay a protest before the monarch. The King listened silently to the harangue of the learned men, then he looked up and said earnestly, "With due reverence to you, gentlemen, I have decided, and my decision stands. You have declared that the case of the Princess is past hope. My daughter is in the hands of the Almighty and He may perhaps work a miracle through the hands of one of His humblest servants and save my child."

The faith of the monarch was rewarded. Shepherd Hans was given permission to administer his herbal remedies, the princess fell into a quiet slumber and from that moment her recovery progressed. When the joyous Christmas-bells proclaimed the anniversary of the Birth of the Savior, she was able to join in the court festivities. The princess lived for many years and became the spouse of one of the sons of the house of Romanof.

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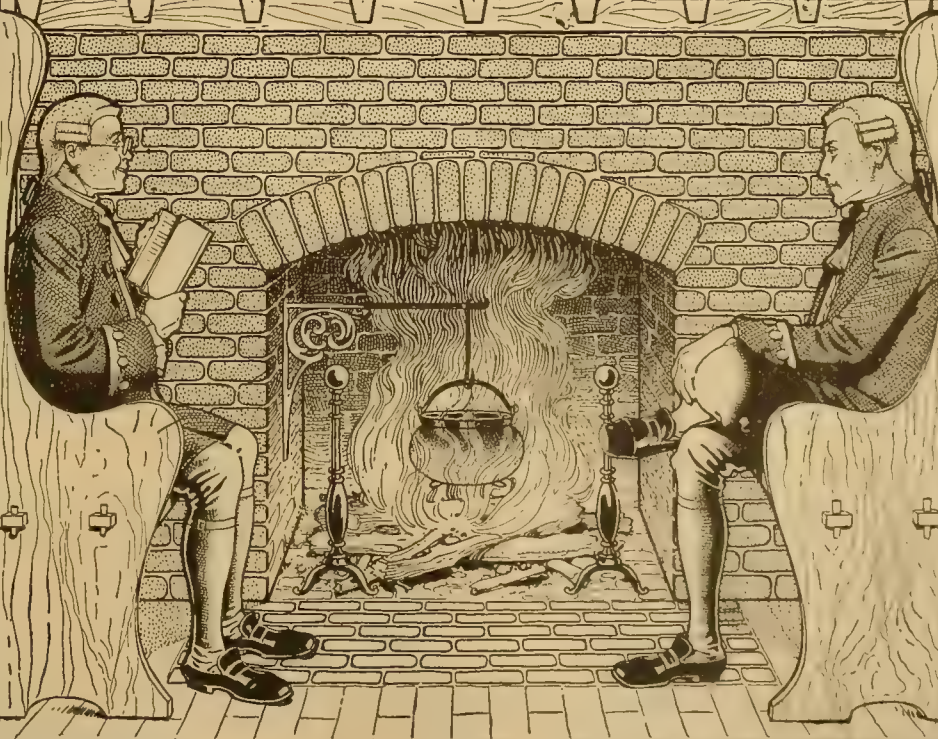
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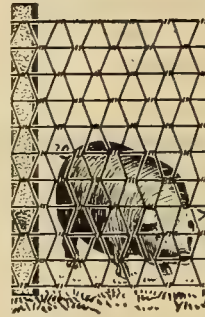
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# THE INGLENOOK

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## God's Kin

There is no summit you may not attain,  
No purpose which you may not yet achieve,  
If you will wait serenely and believe  
Each seeming loss is but a step towards gain.  
Between the mountain tops lie vale and plain;  
Let nothing make you question, doubt or grieve;  
Give only good, and good alone receive;  
And as you welcome joy, so welcome pain.

That which you most desire awaits your word:  
Throw wide the door and bid it enter in,  
Speak, and the strong vibrations shall be stirred,  
Speak, and above earth's loud, unmeaning din  
Your silent declarations shall be heard.  
All things are possible to God's own kin.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

### Part IV.



AY, old man, open up here! I've knocked at least four times and failed to get an answer. There are some country people out here determined to see you and I can't keep them out any longer."

Clark, the junior member of the Branson and Clark's law firm, deliberately opened the door and walked into the private sanctum of the senior member. "For pity sake, man!" he exclaimed, "what does ail you here of late? Are you sick?"

Herman, who was so deeply engrossed that he had not heard the knocking, turned in considerable confusion at the sound of his partner's voice, at the same time hastily thrusting a little black book under a pile of manuscript. "Not at all, Clark," he replied; "my time has been engaged, but I'm ready for them now. Send them in."

It was a heaven-sent thought that had come into Herman Branson's mind a few days before. It was now six weeks since he had learned of "the way." It had been a time of such anxiety, such unrest, such doubts and fears as he had never known before. The Spirit was knocking loudly at his heart, and would not let him rest by day or by night. Unknown even to Christine, the warfare went on. She wondered some-

times at his abstracted manner, his strange reticence. He evaded her anxious question, "What is troubling you, Herman?" and went on fighting single-handed, unconscious of the fact that the gentle spirit of his wife had already passed through the same trial and was daily yet secretly drinking from the Living Fountain of Truth, and earnestly praying that he too might be brought to a knowledge of its healing balm.

How often we walk in heavy-laden silence, side by side with those who are nearest and dearest to us, when to hold sweet converse together would so lighten the heavy burden!

In his dire extremity Herman turned to the Word itself for light, the only true guide that could lead him out of this wilderness in which he was wandering. It did not take long for his fine mind to grasp its sacred truth. Eagerly he laid hold of that precious promise to a seeking soul, "Seek and ye shall find." Earnestly he sought for this hidden treasure, the words of the promise spurring him on with feverish energy, and ringing in his ears, as he talked to his importunate clients and dismissed them one by one.

It was an hour until time to close. Herman locked the door, and taking the Bible from its hiding place, again took up the search. The longer he read and the longer he sought, the more fully he became convinced that the way he had heard of was the only



true way. The only way where true peace and happiness can be found. The only way of joyful progress and triumphant termination, and that obedience to its commands was the only way to eternal life. And Satan looked on in amazement and then cowered in fear and trembling, as this mighty stronghold of his went down upon his knees, prostrate, torn and shattered by the powerful blows of the mighty Sword of the Spirit, while up to heaven went a cry, the earnest cry of a sin-sick soul in its sore need.

Herman arose from his knees comforted. A sweet peace had soothed his troubled spirit. Like one of old, the first question that came into his mind was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Like another young man he had great possessions. He had much of the world's leaven clinging to him that he instinctively felt must be put away. And his profession for which he had worked so hard, and by which he hoped to rise to power and prominence, must that be given up too? Again came the whisper, "You must, it will be incompatible with the faith you profess. His Word forbids going to law. But Christine, the child of luxury, could he ask her to make such a sacrifice as this would mean?" Satan gathered himself up and began to smile wisely as Herman began to entangle himself in these creature comforts, and to look very sorrowful.

With a troubled sigh he crushed down the question. "Is this all necessary?" that was rising in his mind and glanced again at the Word lying open upon the desk and read, "Everyone that hath forsaken houses or lands for my name's sake shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life." And again, "Not as the world gives, give I unto you. Let not you heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." With the earnest cry, "Lord, help me," the most powerful cry that can ascend to the ever-listening ear, Herman closed the Bible, locked the office and started for his car. "I wish—I wish," he thought, as he stood outside in the biting wind, "that I could see and hear David Myers just now."

"Well, if this isn't a lucky piece then I never found one! How are you, Branson?" Herman, whose mind was so confused that he was almost insensible to material objects, was trying to find standing room in the crowded car, when he felt his hand taken in a friendly grasp, and John Neal's clear, hearty voice fell on his ear.

"Why, Neal, how are you? Glad to see you! Come right down to the house! Christine will be delighted to see you. Folks all well at home?" And happy in the joy that a kindred spirit gives, Herman wrung John's hand with a force that made the young giant wince.

"Yes, all right this morning. I would like to see Christine, but can't this time. Came on business for

father and must be back by to-morrow morning. I've got a commission for you folks. If you haven't planned otherwise, you are to come down and spend the Christmas holidays with us. Here's something that will tell you the rest." And John fell to fumbling in his pockets and finally produced a dainty-looking missive. "From Huldah," he said. "Here's my jumping-off place. Mind we'll look for you next Saturday."

"How nice!" exclaimed Christine as she read the warm-hearted note this wily little "fisher of men" had written, "to spend an old-fashioned Christmas in that dear old-fashioned farmhouse, and to attend the meeting and to hear and see David Myers. Of course we'll go, Herman!"

"Certainly, I have no objections, if you have not planned otherwise." And Herman adroitly hid under this seeming indifference the longing anxiety to be once more under the instruction that would help him on "the way."

If Herman needed any more knowledge of "the way" he found it during the week that followed. He was convinced. The last doubt had fled from his mind, and he longed to come out before the world and choose the side on which he would serve. But the sacrifice he would have to make, from a worldly standpoint, was great, and he shrank with strange timidity at the thought of telling Christine. Time after time he resolved to tell her, but every time his courage failed and the words were left unspoken. Satan was making one last feeble hold upon his fallen stronghold, and Herman, suffering intense mental anguish, was still unconscious of the fact that in her heart the gentle wife had already made the good choice and long been willing to cast their all upon the altar.

It was Saturday evening. The last night of their stay. Husband and wife were alone as they ascended the steps to the church door. Huldah, who felt that the crisis had come, had wisely found an errand to detain her elsewhere. The congregation were singing, and "Why not to-night?" was ascending up to heaven in waves of melody. Christine slipped her hand through her husband's arm, all the pent-up longing of two years' time sounding in her voice as she said, "Oh, Herman, can't we?" And the angels that sang ever around the Great Throne burst into one mighty song of joy and thanksgiving, as Herman pressed the hand of his wife closer to his side and said, "Yes, Christine, we can."

(To be Continued.)



HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free.  
And all are slaves besides.—*Cowper*.



HE is happiest of whom the world says least, good  
or bad.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

## The Wagon Traveler's Culinary

James M. Neff



IN the matter of cooking and eating, as one travels by wagon, there are some things funny, some annoying and some eminently satisfactory. In this, as in other phases of road life, we have found a considerable variety of experiences. We have found that the little oil stove is not so satisfactory for outdoor cooking, as it requires no considerable breeze to carry the heat away or put out the blaze entirely. A little trench in the ground just wide enough so that the skillet or kettle will reach from side to side and sit above it, or, where they can be found, two flat, straight-edged rocks, between which to build the fire has proved the most practical sort of stove for us.

Of course, this arrangement is not without its objections. In the first place, it is a little hard on the cook's back. In the next place, the close contact with mother earth into which this brings the victuals and the whole cooking arrangement, makes the cook and the whole party feel a little sensitive until they get used to that sort of thing. This, however, is only a matter of sentiment, and after one has become inured by experience to the sterner side of road life, this last can hardly be considered an objection. Of course, when the wind blows, we are likely to get some bits of flying grass in the coffee and a little ashes in the gravy, but even these things we become so accustomed to that they seem to add a flavor to the meal that we really enjoy. Then, too, if the cook has been used to having all the pots and skillets and cups and pans bright and immaculate, both inside and out, it is a little funny to note her remarks as she discovers that everything she uses about the camp fire is getting black outside, with a strong tendency to take on the same color inside, too. But this, likewise is a matter that she complains less and less about as the days go by. The fact is, a black pot is like a sin,—it seems to gradually grow less black as you look at it again and again.

Then again the question of what to eat becomes at times almost serious. When it comes to replenishing the larder it is often not so much a question of what we shall get as what we can get. Here in the South light bread is not to be found in the country, and indeed there are many small towns in which you cannot buy bread. A camp fire does pretty well to cook and fry by, but not so well for baking. Moreover, the slow process of yeast rising makes it somewhat unsuitable for use on the road. When the cook "sets" her yeast, places it in the provision box in the wagon and has it jerked and bumped over a rocky road for half a day,—well, sometimes it works and sometimes it

doesn't. Several times when the bread question has become real serious we have found a lady who would bake biscuits for us at so much per dozen. In size, quality and price we have found these to be sometimes up and sometimes down. And frequently when down in size and quality, they are up in price. When out on the plains the question of fuel sometimes becomes serious. We must then pick up every little stick along the road, watch for every loose splinter on the fence posts, and even with these precautions a few times we have had to resort to "cow chips" or dry weeds. In



The Spot near which We Cooked Rice in the Hollow Stump.



the mountains we find plenty of fuel and when we get to the high elevations where some fire is necessary for comfort evenings and mornings even in July and August, we learn how to appreciate so insignificant a thing as a stick of wood and find much satisfaction in sitting about a bright camp fire.

One day recently we were slowly and laboriously climbing the eastern slope of the Sacramento Mountains. It had rained a shower and grass and ground were wet and the mountain side up which our road was winding was so steep that we had to drive quite a distance before we found a level spot large enough to enable us to drive out to one side of the road to camp for dinner. At last we turned the ponies up the hillside and by a faithful pull they brought us to a gravelly spot near enough level for the wagon to stand on. Here we slipped on our rubbers and got out for a meal which we thought we would prepare and eat with considerable discomfort. But I had shot two squirrels in the morning, we had a few sticks of dry, "fat" pine in the wagon, and our appetites and the wherewith we had for their satisfaction soon enabled us to forget our surroundings and we passed a really pleasant dinner hour after all.

That evening we expected to reach the summit and the famous summer-resort town of Cloudcroft, and there we expected to be able to buy bread for supper, for the stewed squirrel and gravy had called for almost the last bit of bread at dinner. But as we climbed the mountain that afternoon we took the wrong road and when it came time to camp for the night we were lost, and driving out among the rocks by the roadside we built a fire in the hollow stump near the tree which you see in the illustration, and having no bread, we cooked a kettle of rice and even without bread had a supper that we enjoyed. But the picture does not do justice to the wild desolation of the mountain top, nor does that far-off canyon which it shows give you an idea of the ups and downs of the rocky road over which we traveled as we descended the western slope of the mountains a few days later.

The next morning after we cooked the rice in the hollow stump we found our way by a winding mountain road to the town, and having replenished our larder we were soon pleasantly encamped in the woods near the point shown in the next illustration. That day while at dinner a little shower chased wife and

children into the wagon and, with a piece of bread in one hand and a skillet of gravy in the other I scampered to a near-by spreading pine for shelter. We have several times been threatened with a shower that we thought would put out our fire and drive us in with a meal half cooked, but, as much as we have been out, we have never had an experience quite so unpleasant.



A Scene Near Our Camp in Cloudcroft, New Mexico.

But I must yet mention one especially satisfactory phase of this out-door life, and that is our appetites. O, to see us eat! At home I seldom enjoy rice, cold biscuits or black coffee; but it all goes when we are out on the road, and that too with a rush and a relish.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*



NONE can gainsay the power of the press, but the press should be truthful and fair to both sides in any controversy.—*John D. Rockefeller.*

## THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

WALTON F. STOVER.

## In Two Parts. Part One.

CONSUMPTION has long been known as the "white plague" because of its vast harvest of death. It destroys about five thousand people every year in Indiana alone. There are more females that die of this disease than males, the rate being five to three. Each year there are over twelve hundred homes made fatherless or motherless and in a great many more children are carried away by this harvest of death.

The most deaths from consumption occur during the months of March and so on in the following order: April, December, May, June and January, July, February and September, November, August and October. As respects ages, the greatest number of deaths occur between the ages of 20 and 25, decreasing as follows: 25 to 30, 20 to 35, 15 to 20, 33 to 40, and then gradually until the period of old age.

The following paragraph is quoted from the Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health: "Consumption is a preventable disease. Why don't we prevent and stop this havoc? If this awful result was caused by one hundred lions loose in the State, we would stop business, stop all work, give all of our time, and, regardless of expense, kill them. This prompt and energetic action would be because we understood the situation; and so, when we as thoroughly understand that the consumption slaughter can be stopped by sanitary science, we will enlist it, the expense will not be counted and there will be no rest in the warfare."

Because there is frequently more than one death from consumption in the same family there is a widespread belief that it is an inherited disease, and also because one's ancestors may have had it. This belief is erroneous. The disease is not inherited, but what is almost as unfortunate, the predisposition is inherited: the conditions of the system that invites the lodgment and nurture of the *tubercle bacillus* is inherited. However, there is no one who is absolutely immune from this disease throughout his whole lifetime, but the one who is born with this predisposition has the greater battle to fight to keep off the *tubercle bacillus*. He may contract the disease as soon as he comes in contact with it.

Consumption is a house disease. When the consumptive coughs and expectorates he throws off millions of these germs in his sputum. When this dries the germs become mixed with the dust and readily float about the room and soon inoculate the whole house. No one can breathe in this house without getting some of these germs into his system. If the soil is right they will remain and multiply rapidly, and

soon gain such a hold that a great battle is necessary to remove them if at all.

As long as the house is not thoroughly disinfected by the best scientific method, the germs will remain and endanger the rest of the family or anyone who may happen to be within for any length of time. Everything that has directly come in touch with these germs should be burned. The consumptive should use paper cups, which are inexpensive, in which to expectorate, and which should then be burned. As long as the sputum is not allowed to become dry, there is not much danger of the germs getting into another's system. Hence, these cups should be burned before any particle has time to dry. After all, the best method of prevention is that of *isolation*. It has been noticed frequently that where a well member of a consumptive family isolates himself from his family, and always takes proper care of himself, he rarely contracts the disease. Then, to keep consumption away one must stay away from it. If it were a case of smallpox, scarlet fever, or certain other diseases, the home would be quarantined, but consumption never, just ignore the laws of sanitation as much in this case as you please! Such is the usual doctrine.

As before stated, when the sputum which is charged with the *tubercle bacillus* becomes dry it is soon mixed with the dust and is at once breathed, when this is set in motion through sweeping or otherwise. In other words, these germs become a part of the dust. When breathed by one who is predisposed—the soil in the system being prepared to receive these germs and cultivate them—the disease is at some time contracted. It may not be at once, but may be years afterwards. Besides the predisposition, which, as before stated, may have been inherited, it may be the result of some previous disease, depraved habits, want, hardships, or worrying over great sorrow. Almost anything that lowers vitality and tends to keeping it lowered prepares the soil for the germs of consumption.

In all our homes, schoolhouses, churches, theatres, stores, offices, factories, etc., it is almost impossible to keep down the dust, and where spitting occurs, the great danger lies. When the rays of sunlight chance to enter a room (which unfortunately seldom happens) a great cloud of dust may be observed after sweeping. Let everything be very quiet and even the dropping of a book or pencil will set up sufficient commotion to make the dust noticeable. This dust may not necessarily be breathed to enter the system: it may settle on something that will later come in contact with the nostrils or lips. The writer has heard—although the report may not be true—that occasionally a housekeeper is found who leaves the dining table uncovered while sweeping or maybe the safe or cupboard open. Sometimes the water pail is left uncovered while the broom waves frantically from floor



to ceiling. After this dust settles the housekeeper proceeds to "dust" the furniture, but what of the water? What great chances of disease from drinking this dusty water or eating this dusty food! It cannot all be attributed to the use of black pepper.

*Linton, Ind.*



#### BUILDING UP OF A RUSSIAN CITIZENSHIP.

THERE are short-sighted people who are now speaking of Russia as a factor that can be almost wholly neglected in international affairs, because of loss of military prestige consequent upon the success of Japan. But the wiser student of the situation knows that this defeat was the best thing that could have happened to Russia, and that the time had arrived when Russia's future required domestic reforms that would build up—in the political and economic sense—a Russian nationality capable of making the most of its human and material resources. Since the outbreak of the war with Japan there has been awakened in Russia the wholly new power of public opinion that finds expression in newspapers and in popular assemblies. For the first time in Russia's history, people are talking openly with one another about the problems of the country. And all this is destined to make Russia far more powerful in the future than she has ever been in the past, with the difference that her future power will be beneficent rather than militant and aggressive. There is something very cheering in this Russian situation for those who believe in the progress of right and of justice in the world. It is well to remember that the Czars and their ministers have often, if not always, intended to govern for the well-being of the people as a whole. And it is not worth while to hold individuals responsible for the undue persistence of a vicious and outgrown system. There is bound to come a time when nations, like individuals, will insist upon freedom from arbitrary authority. From this time forth the Russian people will insist upon having a large part in their own government. Meantime, the adjustment of conflicting interests will make friction and trouble for an indefinite period.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for August.*



#### UNCLE SAM'S MONEY FACTORY.

THE new mint at Philadelphia is a huge white structure, with massive pillars and lofty steps leading to the main entrance. As you enter the hall and look about, you are first struck with the beautiful mosaic work of the ceiling. This cost \$52,000, and is surpassed only by that in the congressional library at Washington. Visitors are requested on entering to wait in a small anteroom until about a dozen people have assembled, when a guide takes the whole party around and explains everything fully.

FIRST there is the melting room where all the metal is melted, and next to this the rolling room, where it is rolled and re-rolled until of the proper thickness. There were some strips of gold there about twelve inches long, which had been put through the roller thirty-two times before the proper thickness was reached. Each of these strips, the guide said, was worth \$100 in \$10 gold pieces.

IN the coining room, adjoining this room, the floor is perforated, so that all the waste metal left from the strips, after they have been through the coining machines, goes through the holes onto a solid floor beneath, and at night the upper one is taken up and the pieces of metal are swept together and brought back to the melting room. The small particles of metal, which are washed from the coins after they are cut, are also saved, for when they sink to the bottom of the vessel in which the coins are washed, they are filtered, and then brought to be remelted. All imperfect coins are also melted over again, so, you see, there is comparatively little waste of metal.

ALL of the men and women who are employed in the mint are obliged to wait at night until all the money that has been coined that day is weighed and counted before they can go home. In this way a theft can be quickly detected, and generally placed. Every bit of machinery in all the rooms is run by electricity, which doubtless accounts for the cleanliness throughout the workrooms.—*James Jones.*



#### PROVIDENCE SPRING.

O. H. KIMMEL.



EVER, as a people, speak with pride of the rich mineral springs, the hot springs, and springs of other kinds that exist in many parts of our country, but I wonder how many of us stop to think of what is perhaps the most wonderful spring in the modern world?

WE have read how Moses smote the rock and water burst forth that his people might drink. We have read of the many miracles that have been wrought when our race was young, but how many of us realize that here in our country exists a spot where divine providence seems to have turned its hand to help a suffering people?

THE story of the sufferings of the prisoners in the Andersonville prison during the great civil war is fresh on every mind; how the boys suffered from hunger and thirst, and how they actually died from hunger or perished from thirst. We have been told how they would dig wells with broken canteens, or any improvised implement in order that they might relieve their sufferings. As this condition existed and grew worse as

the war continued, and the water in the creek running through the prison became very offensive and unwholesome from the refuse and from the pollution caused from dead bodies in the water, and it was almost impossible to secure water enough from the wells, a strange thing evidently happened!

In a dry portion of the grounds, just a few yards inside of the "dead line," from beneath a pine stump a sparkling stream of water suddenly burst forth. The prisoners in astonishment went to it and relieved their thirst, and henceforth the prison was blessed with good



water. It was christened "Providence Spring," and is so known to-day. Anyone visiting the old prison cannot help seeing the spring, as it is now very beautifully arranged. Surely it is as wonderful as was the bursting of the spring from the rock which Moses smote, and can we deny that the prayers of fathers and mothers whose aching hearts went out for their boys in blue did smite the "rock" at Andersonville, and that in answer to these supplications the divine Architect sent forth the sparkling water?

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

## UNCLE IZAR'S JOKE.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.



UNCLE Izar and Aunt Mandy Brown were as jolly an old couple as one could find in a month's travel. Aunt Mandy was rosy round and plump, while Uncle Izar was tall, lean and lank. This couple had no children, but they had a host of nephews and nieces, for not only their blood-a-kin called them Aunt and Uncle, but every one else in their immediate neighborhood did also.

Aunt Mandy laughed at everything while Uncle Izar's humor was dry and crisp, but oh! how he loved a practical joke, he would chuckle over one all day and half of the night, and he also dearly loved to tease Aunt Mandy, which he did with vengeance, especially about her bulldog.

Sometimes Uncle Izar would be late in getting home from town, and at those times Aunt Mandy's special bodyguard, was a small Scotch terrier, which she always took in the house with her, and Uncle Izar called the terrier Aunt Mandy's bulldog.

Aunt Mandy bore the teasing patiently, but she stoutly declared that between the repeating rifle and Bulcher, the terrier, a tramp or burglar would get a hot reception.

One Saturday night Uncle Izar went to town as usual, but the business he went to attend to being deferred, he started home earlier than ordinarily.

As Uncle Izar drew near his home, he was just puckering up his mouth to whistle as was his wont, to let Aunt Mandy know he was coming, when an idea flashed into his mind; Aunt Mandy would not be expecting him

home this early, and he would just play tramp, and see what Aunt Mandy and her bulldog would do.

Uncle Izar laughed outright as he pictured the fright of his wife and her pet, and then he noiselessly approached the house. He could see the light glinting out through the shutters of the living room, and he knew that Aunt Mandy was in there, either knitting or dozing before the fire, and he stole softly upon the porch. Then when near the door he made some pretty heavy steps, and tried the door. Then he heard a movement in the room and Aunt Mandy's



voice asked in a sharp tone, "Who's there?"

Uncle Izar had no intention just then of telling her who was there, so next he fumbled at the shutters, and then came Aunt Mandy's voice sternly, "Who ever you are, I'll give you a fair warning that if you don't leave this instant you will get hurt. Ben, let the bulldog loose."

Then Uncle Izar heard Aunt Mandy moving about in the room and he also heard Bulcher growling, and then he thought that he would carry the joke a little further yet, and he would beat a retreat as though he was badly frightened, so he ran to the end of the porch and jumped off, and started rapidly down the path leading to the highway. But he had not taken a dozen steps before he heard a growl, and a rush behind him, and then a snapping and a snarling around his legs. Then Uncle Izar had to jump and run, too, to keep Bulcher from sinking his sharp teeth into his legs.

In the midst of a frantic scramble to get away from the sharp teeth of the terrier, Uncle Izar heard a bang, bang, and zip, zip, went two bullets through the skirt of his second best coat; and as if encouraged by that, the terrier lunged forward and got a large mouthful out of the rear of one leg of Uncle Izar's second best pants.

"Great snakes," mumbled Uncle Izar as he planted a well-directed kick, against the terrier's ribs and sent him rolling and yelping on the ground. Then Uncle Izar's long legs fairly flew with the plucky terrier close behind him, until he reached the gate which he leaped like a schoolboy and shook off his enemy.

Out on the highway Uncle Izar ran a short distance, and then he plumped down on the ground. His knees felt weak and he was pretty near out of breath.

"Great snakes" muttered Uncle Izar as he mopped the top of his bald head, "great snakes," but Mandy and her bulldog is as wicked as a hornet's nest. Now I call that a pretty close shave; and Uncle Izar hunted for the holes Aunt Mandy's bullets had made through the skirts of his coat. After Uncle Izar had ascertained the amount of damage he had received he chuckled a little and muttered dryly, "I reckon I'll have to tear them holes on the barbed wire fence; it'll never do now to let Mandy know the amount of damage she has done;" and Uncle Izar proceeded straightway to get entangled on the barbs of the wire fence, and when he got through, a piece was torn clear out where the bullet holes had been, and, numerous other small rents had appeared in his coat and pants.

Uncle Izar staid out fully two hours longer, and then he went home gaily whistling.

"Gracious, Izar" ejaculated Aunt Mandy, when she viewed her husband's damaged apparel, "You look like a ragman, I reckon you hain't been a fighting."

"I was a fighting a barbed-wire fence. Brother Wade is sick and you know just what a pesky barbed-wire fence there is around the pasture field on this side of his house," replied Uncle Izar carelessly, as he took off his coat and hung it up.

"Yes, and there was a tramp here awhile ago," said Aunt Mandy, with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Did you kill him?" asked Uncle Izar.

"We made him travel pretty lively," returned Aunt Mandy.

But Uncle Izar never knew whether Aunt Mandy believed the barbed-wire fence story or not, but he did notice that after she tried to patch that coat she always smiled whenever she saw him with it on. When he tore out the pieces containing the bullet holes, he forgot that bullets sometimes left streaks on the cloth.

And it was also a noticeable fact that after that night whenever Uncle Izar joked Aunt Mandy about her bulldog she always brought up the story of the burglar and how Bulcher made him run.

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



#### NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THOMAS FEGLEY.



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE was born at Ajaccio, island of Corsica, August 15, 1769. He was the descendant of one of the Bonapartes, who, in the fifteenth century emigrated there from Genoa, Italy. As far back as the thirteenth century Italian records show that Bonapartes lived at four places in Italy: Florence, San Miniato, Sarzano and Genoa. He started to a military school when he was ten years old. When sixteen years old he was commissioned sub-lieutenant in the French Artillery.

When the French Revolution broke out he sided against the government, and finally managed to get the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery, 1793. In February, 1794, he was given the rank of Brigadier-General in the Artillery. In October, 1795, while the convention that governed France was sitting in session, it was attacked by the National Guard, but was routed by a terrible cannonade of artillery, directed by Napoleon. For this service he was appointed commander of the army of the Interior.

He married Josephine Beauharnais, March 9, 1796. A few days before this he was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and soon had to start out with his half-starved, half-clothed army of 36,000 men to fight the allied Austrian army of 75,000. He went as far as Milan, being successful in every battle, and left destruction and havoc on all sides. Then, after horrible fighting, and when within eight days'

march of Vienna, the capital, Austria was obliged to make a peace treaty with Napoleon, October 17, 1797, by which it gave up to France the Netherlands, Lombardy and some other small territories.

Napoleon went back to France with his army and was greatly praised by the directors, who governed France. They thought of sending him to invade England, but changed their minds, and sent him an army May 19, 1798, to invade Egypt. The French became masters of Egypt, which belonged to Turkey, by gaining the battle of the Pyramids. But the English got into difficulties with France, and Turkey declared war. So Napoleon was obliged to leave Egypt. He marched with his army into Syria, where there was some hard fighting. He was obliged to retreat to Egypt, where he finally left his army, and on August 23, 1799, sailed to Paris. He then helped to overthrow the French Directory, and for his services was made First Consul, which means that he was ruler of France.

In 1800 he managed to have another war with Austria, in which he was successful. In 1802 a treaty of peace was made between France and England. In 1801 he made the famous Concordat with Pope Pius VII, a sort of union between church and state, which had been making a great deal of trouble in France for the last year or more. He also helped to make a set of laws to govern France, called the Code Napoleon. In 1803 war broke out again with England. The same year he sold the Louisiana territory in North America to the United States. He cared nothing for that country, but he hated England, and wanted money.

May 18, 1804, Napoleon became Emperor of France. May 26, 1805, he was crowned King of Italy. In 1805 he whipped the combined armies of England, Russia, Austria and Sweden, in Austria. In 1806 he crowned his brother Joseph king of Italy, and another brother, Louis, was made king of Holland. The same year he began fighting the Russians and Prussians, and the next year began on the Spanish and Portuguese. In 1808 he again managed to fight Austria. December 16 he divorced his wife and in less than three months married Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria. Then he made certain commercial rules, which finally led to his ruin—the Berlin Decrees. In May, 1812, Napoleon declared war against Russia, and with an army of 500,000 men, composed of French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, Poles and Swiss, marched into Russia, and reached Moscow. Then he had to retreat, and by the time he had crossed the Beresina River, November 27, he had 25,000 men, so great had been the result of death, disease and capture.

In the spring of 1813 he marched into Germany to fight with 350,000 men. He was obliged to retreat after a few battles, and when he had recrossed the Rhine, he had only about 70,000 men. Europe was beginning to get enough of Napoleon. It was dis-

covered that he could be defeated in battle; even France was getting tired of him. In January, 1814, he was given a chance with 300,000 men to drive Prussia and her allies out of France, but after a hard battle they entered Paris, and on the 4th of April Napoleon resigned as emperor, but was allowed to keep the title, and was sent to live on the Island of Elba, with an income of 6,000,000 francs to be paid by the French government.

Early in 1815 he escaped from the island and went back to France; the army went back to him in a body, and on reaching Paris he assumed the office of emperor. With 125,000 men he started out to fight the English and Prussians on the Belgian frontier, June 15. On the 18th was fought the battle of Waterloo, and Napoleon was finally and completely ruined and defeated. France had not called him back from Elba. He was called by a faction, and on his return to Paris the House of Representatives demanded that he abdicate and leave the country forever. He intended going to the United States, but the allies would not consent to these things, and July 15 Napoleon surrendered himself. The British government confined him for life on the island of St. Helena, in the Atlantic Ocean, one thousand miles from the African coast, October 16, 1815, where he died May 5, 1821. In 1840 his remains were taken to France and reburied.

From being a poor, obscure Corsican peasant Napoleon Bonaparte became, by his audacious maneuvering and skill, the greatest military despot of Europe and of modern times. A man without any principle, he had high ideals. His whole life was one of selfishness. In these days he would be called a political pirate. He cared for nothing, for nobody except for his own interests. He was anything and everything for the glory of Napoleon, and he died a prisoner in the end. The world can get along without such people as Napoleon Bonaparte.

*Bryan, Ohio.*



#### INSPIRATION OF BIOGRAPHIES.

THE great lesson of biography is to show what man can be and do at his best. A noble life put fairly on record acts like an inspiration to others. It exhibits what life is capable of being made. It refreshes our spirit, encourages our hopes, gives us new strength and courage and faith—faith in others as well as in ourselves. It stimulates our aspirations, rouses us to action, and incites us to become copartners with them in their work. To live with such men in their biographies, and to be inspired by their example, is to live with the best of men, and to mix in the best of company.—*Smiles.*



No one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself.—*Emerson.*



# THE - QUIET - HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.—Mark 12: 17.

The relations of our civil life are such that the things we owe our rulers are so binding that we cannot even fulfill all our duty to God without fulfilling these to the letter.

These words of Christ come to us with special force when we consider the pliability of some people's consciences when transacting business with the government under whose beneficent laws they "enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" will not allow of the misplacing of a penny.

And it is not only in the coin of the realm that we must pay our dues to the government; by precept and example we must show our respect for its laws. We must be able to analyze and understand, to some extent, the rank socialism that is being preached on all sides, and cast aside that which even hints at treason against a government which has few, if any, equals.

"And unto God the things that are God's." The things that are God's embrace all of good that we owe anyone else, or even ourselves. Neighborliness, kindness, charity, self-restraint, honesty, diligence in business,—all these are things we owe to God as his children. And besides and above these things, we owe him reverence and praise. In a great measure this may be shown by loving obedience to his commands, but along with every act of service there must be the reaching out of our very being to him, that our lives may be conformed more and more to the life of his Son, and we ourselves be truly his as we were designed to be.



## LO! IT IS NIGH THERE.

THE surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things that have lain nearest us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer, but simpler than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as if it were far away from them, as if they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger of mishap guarded against before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it

come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stop to pick it up, lo! it is shining beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle.—*Phillips Brooks.*



## DUTY.

Straight and firm mark out the furrow,  
Drop therein the golden grain;  
Do thy task, and rise to-morrow,  
Ready to begin again.  
One day like another passing,  
Acts and deeds of little show,  
Garnered seeds may be amassing,  
Whence the harvest fields shall grow.

Bravely, then the ploughshare driving,  
Faint not, nor withdraw thy hand;  
Duties done by earnest striving  
Leave their traces o'er the land.  
Hard the labor, few the pleasures,  
Dull the task no others share;  
But each step that duty measures  
Leadeth up a golden stair.

Sing, then, in the early morning,  
Going forth to work alone;  
Sing at evening, home returning,  
Counting up the day's work done.  
Light the footsteps ever wending  
Duty's worn and dusty ways;  
Light the heart itself expending,  
Dead to thought of human praise.

Dead to self, intensely living,  
In the noble throbs that move  
Hearts which weary not in giving  
Life for life, and love for love.  
Love of souls and love of duty,  
Fear of falsehood, hate of wrong—  
These shall clothe thy life with beauty  
Worthy of the poet's song.

—Selected.



RELIGION, love and music: Are they not the triple expression of one fact,—the need of expansion, the need of touching with their own infinite the infinite beyond them, which is the fiber of all noble souls? These three forms of poesy end in God, who can alone unwind the knot to earthly emotion.—*Balzac.*



As a rule people are hardest on those sins which they themselves are freest from.

## THE SOLID ROCK.

NAN REESE.

THIS is the story of Mr. and Mrs. Bird and what happened to them and why.

When spring came they looked about for a place to build, and found on the low branch of an apple tree at the kitchen door, an old clothespin sack. So they flew back and forth with bits of paper and string, weaving a cosy little home in the old sack. Then they moved in and began such happy housekeeping. True, they were a very busy family, for the three little birds were like all the other little birds to-day, feathered and unfeathered, usually hungry. Mrs. Bird was kept busy in the house and Mr. Bird did the providing. However, as the birds grew a little larger, she too would venture forth, though she never went so far nor stayed so long.

One day while both the old birds were gone the little ones peeped forth and looked down; how pretty and bright the world must have seemed to those little birds that May day! Someone saw those little heads; someone with soft velvet feet and long claws. It was the work of only an instant to spring to the low branch and destroy those little morsels; and when Mr. and Mrs. Bird came home the nest was empty and the destroyer gone. Perhaps they knew what became of the little ones, for soon after that the little nest was deserted. No other birds ever moved in.

The nest of the birds in the low insecure branch represents the kind of a home so many are building to-day. They are like the man of olden times who built his house upon the sands and the winds and waters descended. The cat represents the spirit of evil, which is ever about us, waiting and watching for its prey.

The little story is only written to show you that there is but one home to build, a home with Christ Jesus, upon that solid rock against which the storms of life may not prevail. Be not afraid, the rock is strong and will bear you up. But remember the sands, the glittering sands, and know that to build there is destruction and death. O, that we might all forsake the sands and climb to safety on that rock! Before it is too late, let us all find the rock of safety. Dear friends, where have you built your house?

*Kansas City, Kans.*

## FORGIVENESS.

No duty is more emphatically enjoined by our Savior than that of forgiveness. In the prayer that he taught us to pray, the plea for our own forgiveness is based on the exercise of this duty by us toward other. Furthermore, it is the only petition in that comprehensive prayer on which any comment is made by the Lord. "For," says he, "if ye forgive men their tres-

passes, your heavenly Father will forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will you heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." In view of this, how dare anyone offer this petition with enmity in his heart, and what a fearful imprecation does he call down on himself by doing so! Only if we forgive shall we be forgiven.

Also, forgiveness is a prerequisite of successful prayer. Jesus says: "And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any." It is in immediate connection with this that the assurance is given that the answer to prayer, in a sense, anticipates the petition itself. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

"How many times must I forgive?" asked Peter. "Until seven times?" doubtless thinking it a great stretch of magnanimity on his part to propose seven times as a limit. But what a rebuke did he receive when Jesus replied, "I say unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." Practically without limit.

"If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him, and if he repent forgive him, and if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, 'I repent,' thou shalt forgive him." How difficult it is for poor, unregenerate human nature to appreciate this admonition; and how much more difficult even to approach the practical observance of it! But how Christlike it is, and how blessed! Like the "quality of mercy that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven on the place beneath, it is twice blessed, it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes." And like the exercise of most Christian duties, the reflex benefit to the doer is far greater than that conferred on any other, as God's blessing exceeds any that we can bestow. This is especially true in the matter of forgiveness, in that the call for its exercise on our part is so faint and infrequent in comparison with our need of forgiveness at the hands of God.—*N. H. Christian Advocate.*

## NEED OF AFFLICTION.

"THERE is a time appointed for weakness and sickness, when we shall have to glorify God by suffering, and not by earnest activity. There is no single point in which we can hope to escape from the sharp arrows of affliction; out of our few days there is not one secure from sorrow. Beloved reader, set not your affections upon things of earth, but seek those things which are above, for *here* the moth devoureth, and the thief breaketh through, but *there* all joys are perpetual and eternal. The path of trouble is the way home. Lord, make this thought a pillow for many a weary head!"



# THE INGLENOOK

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## NEIGHBORLINESS.



In a sense we are creatures of circumstances, made over again and again by the iron hand of customs that are forced upon us whether we will or no. Often we give voice to our objections in a long wail of complaints, but that is as far as most of us go. When, however, a strong-minded, strong-willed person objects to the conditions to the extent of outright rebellion, the rest of us are likely at first to consider him a crank. But if his rebellion enables him to stand free of the objectionable things and make it possible for others to do the same, he is counted a reformer.

Most of us have heard our parents and grandparents lament over the present social conditions in the matter of neighborliness, and while distance may lend enchantment in their case, it will not account for all the difference, as our own experiences will testify. The things once termed the *common civilities* have come to be *uncommon luxuries*.

This state of affairs is due largely to the progress, inventions and commercialism of the present time. The more mechanical aids a worker has the more independent he becomes, and this, coupled with the spirit that looks at everything through the circumference of a dollar, gives us our present condition.

To be sure, one of these modern inventions, the telephone, doubtless, helps to keep alive a certain neighborly feeling, but this same telephone, in its construction and workings, illustrates very well the long-distance nature of our neighborliness. We may chat pleasantly over the 'phone about trivial matters, and may keep posted on the neighborhood doings by means of it and the newspaper, but how often is the housewife at a loss to know to whom she may go for a heart-to-heart talk over some of the trying things of life, or to whom she may go for a favor; and the husband is in doubt as to whether he is expected to

offer pay to a neighbor for a little lift with some work.

As already stated, these things are the result of the present customs and circumstances. Men and women nowadays have implanted in their hearts the same feelings of charity and helpfulness that were so plainly evidenced in the lives of those who lived two generations ago. They are not active principles now because our life makes no special call for them, and we have not had a sufficient number of reformers to save us from a condition which all must admit is not ideal.

The force of circumstances is pretty hard to resist, but a certain amount of will power can master it; and in this matter of our social relations we need to assert our wills wherein the force of circumstances would interfere with a full and free exemplification of the graces of neighborly helpfulness, charity and hospitality.



## "HOW THE AMERICAN WAGE-EARNER SPENDS HIS INCOME."

Our superficial glimpse in the lives of our neighbors in particular, and working people in general all over the country has caused us to wonder not a little as to what the average cost of the various things considered necessities, or unavoidable, really is.

"How much goes for food? How much for clothing? How much for shelter? How much for amusements? How much for whiskey and tobacco? How much for religion and charity? How much for sickness and death; and how much left over?"

In order to be able to answer these questions for his own satisfaction, and to be able to make comparisons when the twenty-first century begins, Uncle Sam sent out special agents in the first year of this century, 1901, to find out just how the millions of wage-earners were spending their incomes.

The inquiries were made by families and included only those in which the head was "a wage-worker or salaried man earning not over \$1,200 during the year." When the work was finished it was found that the families averaged almost exactly five and one-third persons, and the incomes averaged \$823.19. We are indebted to an article in the September number of *Everybody's Magazine* for the figures here given.

The average cost of food was found to be \$326.90 per family (of 5.31 persons) and all other expenses \$441.64, leaving an average overplus of \$58.65 at the end of the year. \$107.91 of the \$441.64 was spent for clothing, "a little more than one-eighth of the total income, while the food bill is a little over three-eighths." It therefore "takes a little over half of the total income to provide food and clothing."

Other items of this \$441.64 are rent, \$99.53; fuel, and light, \$40.34, the light bill alone being \$8.15;

furniture and utensils, \$26.28; liquor and tobacco, \$23.36, a little over half of it for liquor; sickness and death, \$20.52; religion and charity, \$9.99; amusements and vacations, \$12.30; labor and organization fees, \$8.99; books and newspapers, \$8.38; insurance, likely including life and fire, \$20.99; other purposes, \$45.15.

Where families own their homes, or are paying for them, there is, of course, no rent bill. In the place of this there is an item of \$18.92 as payment of taxes and on mortgages.

These figures may be of value to us in enabling us to see just where we stand in the matter of living expenses. If the sum of our bills, compared with this average, is greater, we must be counted extravagant; and if less, we may be considered economical. However, the true measure of our standing in this respect cannot, after all, be determined by what others do. It must be gauged by what is spent for things necessary to health and comfort and what goes for things unnecessary. Our complex life has brought with it so many apparent "needs" that if we are not careful we will be admitting some very unnecessary, even harmful, extravagances in that guise.

In the list of bills given above many of us will agree that there are several which will not appear among the expenses of a Christian household. Whether we have admitted other things, harmful from the fact that they do no one any good, is a matter that we ought to consider seriously. We are only stewards of the funds that come to us, whether as wages or inheritance, and while we may spend a large part of it as we please, the nature of our existence, and our Christian profession, will lead us to spend it in a way that will be pleasing to the Lord as well.



#### "MAN MADE THE TOWN."

THE saying is familiar, "God made the country, man made the town." How very true this is will come to one with great force if he will meditate upon it a little. Each place bears the mark of its maker in characters not to be mistaken.

"When the beautiful flowers are kissing the breeze  
In the sun-flooded dells so fair,  
I hear the birds in the swaying trees,  
And they 'wake in my heart sweet memories,  
And I know that God is there."

On the one hand there is order, symmetry, beauty, peace, perfection. On the other hand there is confusion, incongruity, strife; and whatever approach is made toward beauty is made only when there is an effort to imitate the Great Architect.

In view of these marks of difference one need not wonder that there is a difference in the influence of the

two places. The one woos to gentle, charitable thoughts and meditation upon the goodness of the Maker. But if we would carry a noble purpose to the end under the influence of the other we must have it firmly implanted in our hearts before we enter the current, for it gives us only the incentive to do or die without respect to the nature of our doing. It is like the influence of martial music; our whole being is fired with the determination to carry out the cause that is dear to us, though it never leads us to stop and analyze the cause.

But while the town shows many marks of imperfection, due to its maker, its maker remains there with his work and he himself is the handiwork of God. Despite the confusion and strife and lack of beauty, this alone is sufficient to draw us there if we have any desire to help in the redemptive work of the Great Architect. We cannot leave the town to its ways, for in it and of it is that which has cost the blood of the Son of God.

"I said, But the skies are black;  
There is nothing but noise and din;  
And he wept as he sent me back;  
There is more, said he, there is sin."



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

"CLARK said he admired a religion that would stand out by itself, and thought it would be the only kind that would stand fast some of these days when it is goin' to be pretty hot for some of us fellows."—*Oma Karn.*



THE fact is, a black pot is like a sin,—it seems to gradually grow less black as you look at it again and again.—*James M. Neff.*



Love of souls and love of duty,  
Fear of falsehood, hate of wrong—  
These shall clothe thy life with beauty  
Worthy of the poet's song.

—Selected.



THE nest of the birds in the low, insecure branch represents the kind of a home so many are building to-day.—*Nan Reese.*



MANY a child goes astray not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because the home lacks sunshine.—*Selected.*



THERE is everything in nature to influence us toward the pure and the good, if we will only stop to consider and think on these things.—*Susie M. Hout.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE révolt in Cuba has not yet been suppressed. Sept. 3 President Palma repeated a statement previously made that he would make no concessions whatever to the rebels beyond the offer of pardon already extended. The president has not considered American intervention, believing that the government is able to put an end to the insurrection without assistance.

DR. ALBERT HURD, for fifty-five years professor in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., and father-in-law of S. S. McClure, publisher of *McClure's Magazine*, died Sept. 2, aged eighty-three years. Dr. Hurd was one of the best known educators in the west, and the semi-centennial of his connection with Knox College was made the occasion of a great celebration five years ago. Dr. Hurd was a native of Canada. He attended Middlebury college, Vermont, graduating in 1850 and afterwards took a course in science under Agassiz.

A LIVE stock commission war began Sept. 3 when the Coöperative Live Stock company, incorporated at Denver in July, began business. The company, it is stated, will reduce the commission on sheep and hogs \$2 a carload and will boycott the exchange commission men at Chicago and St. Joseph.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Bookman* thinks that one of the best studies to offset socialistic tendencies is a return to the study of classics in the schools. He says that of all the substitutes for these studies the most popular and in some cases most pernicious is economics. "To a very considerable degree," he declares, "the present peril of socialism and other eccentricities of political creed is due to the fact that many young men are crammed with economical theory (whether orthodox or not) when their minds have not been weighted with the study of human nature in its larger aspects." For this reason he thinks the very thoroughness of training in economics is a danger. The antidote is the study of classics, he claims, which trains and enlarges the imagination and helps form the character. The student of the classics, he says, has not the taste that fluctuates with the passing whims of the hour, "for his imagination is schooled to contemplate things in long duration. He loses his facile admirations and acquires judgment. To be trained in the classics is to graft the faculty of age on the elasticity

of youth. The flimsy arguments of fanatics and charlatans break on such a man without effect, for he knows the realities of human nature, knows what is permanent and what is ephemeral."

SINCE the last big earthquake on the western coast of South America, some remarkable changes in the oil fields of Texas have been noticed, which are attributed to the seismic disturbances. New subterranean channels have been opened and the wells one hundred miles from the coast are not expected to last long. Also the quality of oil has changed in some places, a very light oil having replaced the crude.

"CORNSTALK ARMOR" does not sound as though it would offer much protection against 13-inch guns, and yet it serves a great purpose on some of the battle-ships. The stalks are dried for six months and then the pith is extracted and treated with chemicals which make it fireproof, after which it is compressed to one-sixteenth of its original bulk. It is then cut into blocks six inches square. Six feet thick behind the armor plate this cellulose, as it is called, is packed, and when a shell penetrates the outer armor, the water that comes in causes the cellulose to swell and fill the hole, thus offering protection against water until repairs can be made.

A REMARKABLE case of grafting is mentioned by the *American Fruit and Nut Journal*. An Oregon farmer secured all the kinds of peaches, plums and prunes that he could and grafted them onto a healthy apple tree. Then he grafted some branches from nut trees on until he had 23 varieties of fruits and nuts all on the same tree. They are reported as being in healthy condition.

ANOTHER substitution of cement for wood is said to be in shingling houses. The cement shingles are little heavier than slate and are strengthened by metal skeletons that terminate in loops by which the shingle is nailed on. While they cost a little more these shingles are said to be cheaper than any other covering material, as moisture instead of setting up a decay only causes the properly mixed cement to grow harder, so that the shingles are practically indestructible, it is said.

At Peoria, Ill., one of the leading whiskey manufacturing centers, it is said that the Standard Oil Company has decided to buy all the big distilleries in the United States in order to meet the conditions under the free alcohol law. The Standard's experts find that although alcohol will not be a serious competitor of gasoline, nevertheless it can be used in the manufacture of mercerized cotton and will be a profitable product to control.

ON and after October 1, the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg will charge only two cents a mile within the State of Ohio. Travelers from that State upon crossing the line will be charged with a higher rate, and tickets from points out of Ohio will be figured at the two cent rate only at the Ohio line. On the same day the Baltimore and Ohio and the Western Maryland announce that they would issue 1000-mile transferable tickets for \$20 good for any number of persons.

JUDGE GAYNOR of Brooklyn as reported by the Albany *Argus* says concerning insurance reform and the election of Paul Morton ex-secretary of navy, to the presidency of one of the big life insurance companies at \$80,000 a year: "The governor of the bank of England, the greatest money institution in the world, gets only \$10,000 a year, the president of the bank of France, which comes next, \$7,500, and the president of the Imperial German bank, \$7,500. But in the name of reform, we call a stranger and pay him \$80,000 a year out of widows' and orphans' funds."

THE Postoffice Department has decided to test at Baltimore the use of automobiles in the collection of mail. If successful, this system will be extended to all the larger cities. Two automobiles have been constructed which are capable of doing the work of four horse-drawn vehicles.

A COMMITTEE for the improvement of the industrial conditions for the negro of New York has been organized for the purpose of getting at the facts and securing for the negroes of the metropolis a better chance in matter of employment. A number of prominent negroes, as well as leading charity workers, are on the committee. There is a negro population of 70,000 within the city of New York. The aim is to develop among them a wide spread co-operative movement.

DR. JULIAN P. THOMAS, the New York amateur aeronaut, appears to have added another score to his record of scientific achievement by the application of a new steering device in his recent night voyage on the balloon Nirvana from New York city to Oakland

Valley, N. Y. He had adjusted a bicycle frame and pedals to the basket, so that by pedaling he could revolve a propeller at different angles. He found that he could steer before the wind at any desired slant, and that he could raise or lower the balloon without throwing out ballast. This device worked well, however, only up to a height of five hundred feet, as beyond that height the rarefied air made the work of pedaling too exhaustive upon Dr. Thomas' lungs. During the voyage he tested another new device for determining the direction in a fog by setting loose a number of toy balloons.

A BOSTON druggist owns the largest thermometer in the world. It is 20 feet high, and the figures can be read a block distant. The glass tube is 16 feet long, ten having been made before a perfect one was secured. The instrument is said to be very accurate and registers from 35 degrees below zero to 115 above.

THE Pennsylvania railroad, carrying out an idea in the construction of railway mail cars which has been gaining in importance for several years, has decided to put into operation on its lines all-steel, non-combustible postal cars to lessen the danger to the clerks from wrecks. The cars will be 70 feet long.

CLOSE on the heels of President Roosevelt's official indorsement of the reformed spelling favored by the Simplified Spelling Board, it was announced that the Rev. Dr. Walter W. Skeat, the noted Anglo-Saxon scholar, of Cambridge, England, and Dr. James A. Murray, editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, had joined the ranks of spelling reform. Andrew Carnegie, whose money endowed the work of the board, expressed "delight, but not surprise" at the President's attitude, and thought that this would settle the adoption of spelling reform by the majority of the English speaking races. The Spelling Board has received a great mass of inquiries for lists and primers of the new spelling rules. Nevertheless, the press of England and largely of this country has ridiculed unmercifully the President's action. President Eliot, of Harvard, said the new style did not appeal to him and that he thought it would be a long time before it would become popular. John Wanamaker has adopted the new spelling for his advertising, and likewise S. Plant & Co., of Newark, and the editors of a number of trade papers. Professor Matthews calls attention to the fact that the board does not attempt such radical changes as newspaper articles would imply, as they have gone no further than the three hundred words listed. Also to the fact that Editor Smith, of the Century Dictionary, Editor Funk of the Standard, and the editor of Webster's are all members of the Simplified Spelling Board.





### QUITE TOO SWEEPING.



HERE once was a woman so woefully neat  
That she swept her whole family into the street.

She lectured on tidiness, day after day,  
Till her children ran off to the neighbors to play.

And sometimes, the "lord of the manor" would roam  
From his beautiful house which was never a home;  
'Twas a splendid expression, of beauty and art,  
But it did not possess home's one requisite, heart.  
But this woman worked on with her brush and her broom,  
With her servants she battled through room after room.  
She waxed and she polished her beautiful floors  
Till her friends hardly ventured inside of her doors.  
Her carpets, so velvety one would refuse  
To walk on, until he had dusted his shoes;  
Her chairs all so tidied, without and within,  
That to sit on them seemed little less than a sin.

Her children had toys which they never could spread  
O'er immaculate floors; nor could cookies or bread  
Be eaten where crumbs might be scattered about,  
For her house was like "wax-work" within and without.  
Of dust just the least little innocent bit  
Would bring on something akin to a fit.  
And a tidy or picture a trifle awry  
Could never escape her most diligent eye.  
Her children grew up and they hurried away  
As soon as they could, scarcely caring to stay  
Where brooms were a-whisking; they sighed for a rest,  
Still neat, but inviting a spirit of rest.  
And the day when the last of her little ones left,  
And the home of their smiles was forever bereft,  
She said, while for dust she still searched up and down,  
"They know I'm the finest housekeeper in town."

—Nixon Waterman, in *Good Housekeeping*.



"Be generous with your flowers. Don't you know that there are those to whom the gift of a single blossom would bring pleasure! Don't let a visitor leave your garden without some of the beautiful flowers which it contains. Even sacrifice some of your choicest ones occasionally; it will be good for the plants and for you too. What is the use of having a garden if you do not share the pleasure with those less fortunate?"



"THE woman who prides herself on not knowing how to keep house, how to bake bread, or how to cook a meal, is an object of both pity and contempt."

### THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

SUSIE M. HOUT.



HERE are two kinds of influence, voluntary and involuntary. The one we purpose to wield, the other we wield all unconsciously.

There are some people in the world who claim that they exert no influence, that they neither make the world better or worse by their living in it. This is a false assertion. God never intended us to live in this world without wielding an influence. We are not constituted that way. "Man is a social being," and in our mingling and commingling with each other, we exert an influence more powerful than most people imagine. No man liveth to himself, is the Divine decree.

Do you see that monster engine as it draws its load of freight into the railroad yards? You look with admiration and you say, "There is an illustration of power put in operation by the ingenuity of man." But the power of steam and what it can accomplish is an inferior illustration of the great power of influence and what can be accomplished by it, either for good or evil. Do you remember that that monster engine, with its load of freight, would never have made its rapid transit across the continent if there had been no fire beneath the boiler?

Do you see that mighty river moving placidly along, flowing through different States, affording a means of navigation and travel, beautifying the country, and refreshing the earth and its many inhabitants? Do you think it would be the mighty river if it were not for the many streams that flow into it, many of them very obscure at their sources, rising perhaps away up among the mountains? But where would the river be without them? Is it not the great and constant inflow that causes the river to be a blessing?

And so when we consider the meaning of the word influence, we find from the etymology of the word "in" and "fluere," meaning "to flow in upon." So our lives can be made either a blessing or an evil, according as we allow ourselves to be influenced by those things that we daily come in contact with. We can choose to be influenced by the good and disregard the evil. There is everything in nature to influence us toward the pure and good, if we will only stop

to consider and think on these things. Someone has said, "When we study nature we are thinking God's thoughts after him." Certainly this has a benign influence.

We may consider the life of a good man, one who has made a success of life, and has been of value to the world. Do you not know that away back, perhaps beyond our vision, there has been a powerful influence at work? It may have been the influence of godly parents; it may have been a faithful teacher, or the reading of a good book when the mind was most receptive. It may have been a word of encouragement and warning at a time when most needed that influenced that man to live for the betterment of himself and fellow-man. While each of us exerts an influence either for good or evil, how important then that we watch and strive daily to influence those with whom we come in contact, to a better life.

If we were to ask who wields the greatest influence in the world to-day, we would not expect to be told that our honored president wields the greatest influence although we admit that his influence is great. Neither is it any religious or political leader, or the ruler of any foreign country. But the almost unanimous verdict would be the mothers of our land. The mother is queen of her realm. She rules over a kingdom more desirable than King Edward's.

If the mothers and fathers of this country would rise up and say that they would influence their children against strong drink, if they would do this by precept and example, it would not be many years until this fair land would be rid of this blighting curse. Parents have been too lax along this line. If they have raised the warning voice, their example has not always been what it ought to have been. The social cup has been allowed too free a place in the home. If we could only realize it, our example carries a far greater influence than our words.

Oh the influence of a mother, who can estimate it? It will live through long years. Although her words of love and warning, her pleading and tears may be repulsed and scoffed at by the thoughtless son or daughter, still those words and tears will haunt them, and all the giddy rounds of pleasure and dissipation cannot eradicate them from their lives.

It is useless to rear universities and endow them with a bountiful munificence unless the children are influenced aright. Childhood is the foundation on which life is built. If we would have noble manhood and womanhood, we must surround the children and youth with an untainted atmosphere.

How important, then, that the home influence should be the very best. That there temperance, honesty, modesty, virtue and all the great principles and Christian graces should be practiced and taught. When we remember that there is so much of sin and vice

on every hand to meet the young outside of the home fireside, home should be made attractive and a desirable place to be that the young may be influenced to it rather than away from it. It has been truthfully said, "Home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every human being receives his best moral training, or his worst, for it is there that he imbibes those precepts that endure through manhood and cease only with life."

The power of influence cannot be estimated. Nations have been influenced by a subtle force all unconsciously. It is said that Rome was a strong and mighty nation until her women became corrupt. The influence of corrupt womanhood the downfall of Rome! You may say the nation was corrupt at the head, that her rulers and law-givers were drunken, immoral and dissipated. But who molded her law-givers and rulers? Did not the women of Rome do this? The sanctity of the home was destroyed. Women became corrupt and we see the results.

Do not the mothers of our land have the rearing of our youth at a most influential age? They are molding the characters of our future presidents and law-makers. They are preparing leaders for church and state. It is within their power to make this country better or worse through the coming years.

It is within the power of everyone to increase their influence for good, if they only will. How strong are the influences that associates exert over each other. How we are influenced by those we honor and respect. How often does the thoughtless young lady throw a baneful influence over her gentleman associate. How by word or look she could draw him from temptation toward that which is pure and good. How often she leads him into temptation, and is perhaps the first one to hold the sparkling wine glass to his lips. This is a sad condition and enough to make the very heavens weep. But it is only too often enacted in the drama of real life.

If the young women of this land would pledge themselves not to associate with a young man who tampers with tobacco or strong drink, it would not be long until there would be a radical reformation along these lines. O, young woman, say not that you have no influence, but study how best you may use it in the betterment of humanity and the uplifting of fallen mankind. Wait not until the gravest pledges have been made. Lest then you find your influence of little effect at so late an hour. Young women, I say unto you, arise, and use this wonderful power which you possess. Use it in the rearing of your children. Influence them by precept and example to a godly and useful life. Use it in your selection of associates and select only the pure and noble, those with clean hands and good habits. And see that your own life is a heavenly benediction to those around you.



"If our life shines the one next to it must shine. It is the infection of cheerfulness."

*Sharpsburg, Md.*



### THE AMERICAN QUEEN.

Dedicated to the American President by our Californian poet, Joaquin Miller.

The queenliest woman, bravest, best  
Of all sweet things beneath the sun?  
I say the queenliest is the one—  
Seek north or south or east or west—  
Who loves to fold the little flock  
And hear the cradle rock and rock.  
I say the purest woman, best  
Beneath our forty stars, is she  
Who loves her spouse most ardently  
And rocks the cradle oftenest—  
Who rocks and sings and rocks and then,  
When birds are nesting, rocks again.



### CLEARANCE GIFTS.

TWICE a year as we pass through the city shops we are confronted by great gaping placards: Clearance sale in white goods, clearance sale in shoes, in household furnishings, etc. The merchant is getting rid of his old stock to make room for new, putting it at a reduced figure so that it comes within the reach of those in moderate circumstances, thus benefiting himself and his patrons.

Does not this custom suggest a plan that might be followed advantageously in our own homes? Might not we also have clearance times twice a year and help others and ourselves?

At the spring and fall housecleanings there are always articles in good condition, but no longer in use, that are relegated to the cellar or store-room for moth and rust to corrupt.

How much better if the carpet that is too shabby for the sitting room and not needed elsewhere were sent to Mrs. Brown, whose floors are all bare. How much more sensible if the bit of china or the picture, or the ornament that is out of date, instead of being banished to the top shelf of a closet, should find a new owner, or if the garment that is half-worn should go to clothe one who needs it!

Extravagance is a vice, but hoarding comes little behind it. It will do us good, morally and physically, if once in a while we go among our household goods and make "clearance gifts."—*Exchange.*



### A WISE MOTHER SAYS

THAT we should keep up a standard of principles, for our children are watchful judges.

That what are trifles to us are often mountains to our children; and that we should respect their feelings.

That we should bear in mind that we are largely responsible for our children's faults, and be patient with them.

That if you say "NO" you should mean "NO." Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold it.

That we should take an interest in our children's amusements, for mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

That we should be honest with the children in small things as well as great, and if we cannot tell them what they wish to know, we should say so, rather than deceive them.

That we should interest our boys and girls in physiology, and when they are sick, try to make them comprehend how the complaint arose, and how it may be avoided in the future.

That many a child goes astray not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because the home lacks sunshine; that a child needs smiles as much as flowers need the sunbeams.

That as long as it is possible we should kiss the children good-night after they are in bed. They will enjoy it, even after they profess to having outgrown it, and it will keep them close and loving.

That children look little beyond the present moment. That if a thing pleases they are quick to see it; that if home is a place where faces are sour, and words are harsh and fault-finding, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—*Philadelphia Record.*



### FOR STOMACH TROUBLE.

A HELPFUL thing to me has been the use of olive oil for stomach trouble. Three years ago I could seldom eat any supper, and many victuals I dared not taste. I began using the oil after meals, at first only a small dose, increasing until I took a teaspoonful at a time; after using it about three months the unpleasant taste ceased and I could drink from the bottle. In three months more, all sign of stomach trouble was gone.—*Mrs. Jennie Ruley.*



### REMOVING STAINS.

Now that grass is in its glory and children will sit and play on it, mothers may like to know that wood alcohol will remove grass stains and not harm the most delicate colors.

Wood alcohol will also remove white marks from varnished furniture.

Skim milk will take fresh ink out of a carpet. Sop up the ink with a soft rag; pour a little milk on the spot, sop up that, pour on more and sop it up, proceeding in this manner until the spot disappears.—*Selected.*

## CANNED CORN AND TOMATOES.

BOIL two dozen ears of green corn until the kernels are tender. Remove from the fire, and while still hot, cut the corn from the cob with a sharp knife. Peel two dozen ripe tomatoes and chop into small bits. Mix the corn and tomatoes together, salt to taste, and put over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle. Bring to a hard boil, cook for a minute, and pour at once into quart jars. Seal immediately.—*Selected.*



## TO REMOVE MILDEW.

I USED to think that mildew could not be removed from cloth, but I had a fine linen tablecloth badly mildewed by being laid away damp in hot weather. By dipping the tablecloth in clear water and hanging it dripping on the clothesline in the sun and repeating the operation as soon as it was dry, in one week the mildew had all disappeared and the tablecloth was as white as snow. I have removed grape and plum stains and all kinds of stains from white cloth in the same way. Iron rust can be removed by soaking the article rusted in sour milk, real sour buttermilk or clabber.—*Vick's Magazine.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

## THE WIND.

He slams the door too soon by half,  
And pinches my fingers with just a laugh,  
And tosses my hat in the red peartree;  
He's a rough old fellow, and he teases me.

He tumbles my hair and blows dust in my face,  
Then snatches my hat and dares me to race;  
And when I have run till my cheeks are like fire,  
He hangs that old hat on a telephone wire.

But we're pretty good friends, the wind and I;  
Nobody but him can make my kite fly,  
And he never gets tired of pulling away  
At the string as long as I want to play.

He catches the sail of my gay "Anna Belle,"  
And sends her across the pond right well;  
He shakes all the nuts for us down from the trees,  
And waves our fort flag with his best little breeze.

—*Selected.*



## A STORY ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

FREDDIE is a bright little boy six years old. He goes with his papa and mamma every summer to stay a few months at a nice place in the country. In front of the house, near the fence, stands a large elm tree, which is the home of many little squirrels.

One day Freddie got his papa to build him a small shelf on the tree, about four feet from the ground, so that he could put nuts on it to feed the squirrels.

At first the little fellows were very shy, and would not come near the shelf, but sat on the branches of the tree; and we fancied that we heard them saying to each other, "Do you think that little boy would hurt us if we should run down and take one of those nuts?"

But after a while, they came down, one by one, took the nuts, and went scampering up to the top branches; and in a few minutes down came the empty shells.

They grew so tame before the summer was over, that if we put anything on their shelf, and took a seat a few steps away, they would come down quite boldly, and get their breakfast.

One day we put a small ear of sweet-corn on the shelf. Pretty soon a little squirrel came after it; but it was too heavy for him; so he sat down on the shelf, as though quite at home, ate off about half of the kernels of corn, to make his burden lighter, and, after trying many times, finally got it up to his hiding-place.

Presently we saw all the squirrels running to that tree, and we thought he might be having a squirrel party in his best parlor.

There was a large pond not very far away; and we often saw the squirrels go from tree to tree, jump a fence here and there, and run down behind a stone wall to the pond to get a drink, and then run home again.

If they had only known as much as some squirrels that we read about, what a nice sail they might have had by jumping on a piece of wood, and putting their bushy tails up in the air for a sail!

As we sit in our warm rooms in winter, we often wonder what the little fellows are doing, and if they are eating the nuts they stored away during the summer. But we often see them skipping about on bright sunny days, so we know they are in good health.—*Selected.*





## The Rural Sanctum

### THE TRUE HERO.

HERE'S to the man that dares to tell  
The truth in the face of fears,  
And hopes for heaven, yet finds no hell  
In the dread of approaching years;  
Who draws no curtain before the fact  
Of his knowledge of men and things,  
But leads the faltering pilgrim back  
With the love that charity brings.

"Here's to the man of weight and worth,  
That lives in the lives of others,  
Broad and strong in heart and girth,  
And true to the weal of his brothers;  
That yields a line of knowledge tried,  
Free from all taunt and pain,  
And never bars the brightness out  
From the shade of effort's lane." —Selected.

### THE KANSAS CYCLONE.

F. H. CRUMPACKER.

WELL, the *Kansas* cyclone is just like any other cyclone. Many of us who live in the territory where the cyclone often passes have a kind of fluttering in the neighborhood of the heart when a storm is approaching.

Most of these storms travel from southwest to northeast and have rates varying so much that it is rather difficult to say anything about their speed. If they come up in the day time, and most of them do, and one sees them coming, he can stand a good chance to dodge them.

The storm seldom, if ever, is seen, unless there has been hail in the district where the cyclone formed. The direct cause of the cyclone seems to be a coming together of hot and cold air. As the cyclone begins its course it takes the shape of a funnel and the wind in there blows in a spiral shape.

There is a vacuum in the center of the funnel and if the funnel strikes a building center, the building simply explodes because the pressure has been removed suddenly from the outside of the walls, while inside the pressure is the same. This is the way to account for the fact that people are often left sitting on the floor of their houses unharmed when the building is all gone. This can hardly be described unless you see the actual occurrence.

Now Kansas is not the only place where the destroying influence of the cyclone is felt, but occasionally it occurs in our neighboring States.

The people of Kansas, however, do not fear these

so much any more, but have come to believe that they are in keeping with the rest of the push and vim that is found here.

*McPherson, Kans.*

[How the *Kansas* people do love Kansas, even to making excuses for the terrible cyclone! Surely our sister States will not keep silent now on the merits or advantages of their country.—Ed.]

\* \* \*

### THE FAMILY HORSE.

I was driving happily along the shady country road, when passing near a stable, close to the highway, I heard moans and cries of distress; and turning my horse up to the lot fence found a man, woman and two children weeping bitterly over a large black horse, which lay dead, a few yards from the stable door.

"I notice you have had the misfortune to lose your horse," I commented, thinking it childish to show such grief over a dead animal.

"Yes, sir, died a few minutes ago," sobbed the man, endeavoring to repress his grief, as he walked toward me. "You think it weak and foolish, no doubt, for us to show such sorrow," he went on; "but maybe you won't when you understand."

"I purchased that horse twelve years ago, in the spring before I married that fall. Me and Mary there, my wife, had many enjoyable rides behind him that never-to-be-forgotten summer, and he shared our pleasures, our sorrows and our secrets. Then when Mary became my wife and I brought her home, it was behind old Ben, which we loved dearly. Every day during crop time, for the last dozen years, he has performed his work nobly; and many's the time he has carried us nutting, on a fishing spree, to a picnic or some other frolic, seemingly happy in our enjoyment. And when Katie, our oldest child, died, and we carried her to the cemetery, he pulled us there; and he appeared to know what the trip was for, and, with bowed head went slowly and sadly along, as he had never done before nor since. Yes, sir, we all loved kind, gentle old Ben. He has been with us ever since that memorable October evening when I brought Mary here, from her father's across the creek; and he seemed more like one of the family than a willing, docile slave."

I could not reply, but as I drove off the farmer saw by the tears in my eyes that I understood.—Selected.

\* \* \*

THERE is no fear for any child who is frank with his father and mother.—*Ruskin*.

## TREES FOR SHADE.

THE lack of shade about the average farm home is never more apparent than during the hot months, when it is most needed. This fall will be a good time to supply the need. A great many farm buildings are entirely destitute of shade; around many of the others the only trees are fruit trees, which, while better than none, are objectionable for the chief reason that they are short-lived; just as they get of sufficient size to furnish shade they are apt to break down from an over abundance of fruit, or succumb to insect enemies, and become at best unsightly.

Cedars, pines and other evergreen trees are valuable and attractive if planted for wind-breaks at a suitable distance from the house, but poor for shade trees, as grass will not grow under them, and many varieties drop cones freely, which are a menace to the life of the lawn-mower. There are many quick-growing, fine-foliaged trees that grow to good size and last for years, and under which a soft carpet of grass will grow luxuriantly. Many nut-trees are valuable for both shade and for nuts, and from their early blossoming in the spring, until the leaves fall in winter, they are beautiful. The nuts may be planted where the tree is to stand, and, although some of them are slow-growing, they more than repay in the length of life and usefulness.

Information as to sorts suitable for different regions, how to plant and care for them until well started, can be had by addressing the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for printed matter touching upon the subject. Farmers do not avail themselves of this printed matter nearly as freely as they should. Write for the monthly list of publications; it will be furnished you each month, free, and from it you can supply yourself with much information at little or no cost.—*Exchange*.



## THE LARGEST PECAN GROVE.

VISITORS to Charleston, S. C., sometimes drive out into the country to inspect the noted pecan grove of Major John S. Horlbeck. It is believed to be the largest of its kind in the world.

Major Horlbeck has now 600 acres of nut-bearing trees. The main grove consists of 550 acres. In one lot are 10,000 trees which are just beginning to return a good yield on the money invested in the enterprise, although they are now fifteen years old.

The American public has developed a considerable taste for the pecan nut, and fine ones bring a good price. Major Horlbeck concluded many years ago that there was money in raising these nuts, and his present splendid grove is evidence of the faith that is in him.

Last season he shipped ten tons of fine nuts in one lot and found ready demand for them at excellent prices.

The South Carolina pecan has a delightful flavor, reaches a good size and the tree flourishes in that soil like a native.

A great deal of patience is required to await the development of a pecan grove, as many trees grow more rapidly than others.

When the pecan trees come into bearing, however, they are sure producers, and a well-kept grove of this size is said to be almost as certain and generous in its revenue as a gold mine.

In the nursery, last spring, some shoots a few inches high bore grafts that were in blossom. Last season a little twig in the nursery bore two well-formed nuts, but the kernels did not mature.

The pecan is a peculiar tree in that it refuses to furnish and bear nuts if the shade from another tree falls upon it.

When it is planted near another tree it will do nothing in the way of fruiting until it has gradually lifted itself into unobstructed sunlight.

It is believed that much of the worthless second growth of forests in eastern South Carolina could be converted into pecan groves and made to pay a handsome revenue. —*Philadelphia North American*.



## HENS OF KANSAS.

NIGHTINGALES, larks, swans, and such poetic fowl have been hailed and hymned until the world is very weary of them. Where is the robust American bard who will write high with joyous pen the harmless, necessary hen? Why do our children read about those fabulous geese of the Roman capitol? The hens of Kansas are worthier subjects. Here is one year's work of them: \$7,226,111 worth of eggs, which, as a Kansas economist does well to remind the world, is interest at five percent on \$144,522,220. To say nothing of "broilers" and other by-products. Kansas hens make more money for Kansas than do her sheep, wool, barley, flax, fruit, sorghum, oats, potatoes. The hen should be the bird of Kansas as the eagle is the bird of freedom.—"*With the Procession*," *Everybody's Magazine*.



To remain at the head of a nation it is necessary to to know how to lead it, to be the soul and the mind to guide the fingers.—*Balzac*.



PARTIES should not attempt to win by partisanship, but because they stand for something that is good for the people.—*Gov. Folk, of Missouri*.



### FROM MANY COUNTRIES.

APRICOTS are indigenous to the plains of America. Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans.

Capers originally grew wild in Greece and Northern Africa.

The walnut is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China.

The clover is a native of the Malacca Islands, as is also the nutmeg.

Vinegar is derived from two French words, *vin* and *agre*, sour wine.

Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century.

Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean.

Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain.

The tomato is a native of South America, and it takes its name from a Portuguese word.—*The Press*.



### THE CONTENTED HERD BOY.

GERMAN literature contains many beautiful pieces. Here is one:

In a flowery dell, a herd-boy kept his sheep; and because his heart was joyous he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why should I not be?" he answered. "Our king is not richer than I."

"Indeed?" said the king; "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun 'in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world; I have food and clothing, too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy.—*Texas Christian Advocate*.



### BACKWARD CHILDREN HELPED.

ONE of the most interesting institutions in Springfield, the "City of Special Schools," described by Marion Melius in the September *Everybody's*, is thus pictured:

"When it was first announced that a school was to

be started for peculiar or feeble-minded children, there was a storm of protest. It was hailed as a 'dunce school,' and parents declared indignantly that it would be a crying shame to send a boy or girl to such a place. The educational authorities did not insist that any child should be sent to this special school, but they quietly began work with a few pupils. Shortly these children proved so much happier in the room set apart for them, where they were not bullied by the bright, normal children, and benefited so noticeably by the individual attention given them, that all prejudice against the school vanished; and parents, are now gladly sending there such children as fall far below the intellectual average, whose presence in the regular schoolroom is a burden to themselves and to their teachers. Boys predominate; not more than two girls have ever attended in one year."



### ODD POCKETS.

POCKETS of some kind seem to be really necessary, for all sorts of people seem to find it impossible to get along without carrying things about with them; so when a pocket is not provided by the dressmaker or the tailor, it must be provided in some other manner.

An Indian girl once came to the door of a cabin in the hills of the State of Washington with berries for sale. The woman to whom she offered them wanted them very much, as fruit was scarce in the mining country. Seeing the girl's difficulty in speaking, she did not try to talk to her except in a sort of sign language, which anyone could understand. She held out a fifty-cent piece, and shook her head in sign that she had no smaller change; for she knew that the berries were worth about twenty-five cents.

Instantly the girl put down her berries, and opening her mouth dropped from it a handful of nickels, dimes, quarters, and a silver dollar. Then she looked up, and laughed at the amazed expression on her customer's face, as she handed over the berries and twenty-five cents in change.

Quite as unusual pockets are those of the Chinamen of Honolulu. These men carry vegetables, fish and other household necessities in two baskets suspended from a pole, which is balanced across one shoulder. It is the custom to buy many of the family supplies from these peddlers, who go from house to house, and when it is necessary for one of them to produce a nickel or a dime in change he calmly takes it out of his ear.—*Selected*.



WAR is simply a question of which side can kill the most men on the other side. What silly asses we are to keep it up.—*Gen. Harrison Gray Otis*.

## SNAPSHOTS.

*Everyone is the architect of his own fortune.*

*Hope pushed to the other side is cowardice.*

*Oratory and statesmanship are often strangers.*

*All trains for heaven start now. Are you on board?*

*The newspaper of the future will be issued to-morrow.*

*To repeat an unkind truth is just as bad as to invent a lie.*

*Science discovers an occasional truth and originates many errors.*

*Make the failures of the past year help you to success next year.*

*As soon as you are willing for God to rule, the devil will leave you.*

*The poorest preacher is the one who does not practice what he preaches.*

*The greatest reason for hating sin is that it caused the death of Christ.*

*The world is looking for brains. It will pay a good round price for them.*

*Many a man who thinks he is smart outwits himself in trying to outwit others.*

*Speak to-day what you think is true, and contradict it all to-morrow if necessary.*

*No man should run for office whose character will not stand the witnessbox test.*

*The first thing to do when you want a revival, is to bring all the tithes into the storehouse.*

*There is but one way to win, and that is to do your best and speak ill of no one, not even as a matter of truth.*

*A good many people think there ought to be more fasting and prayer but they want somebody else to do it.*

*All the devil's troops in a community can't prevent the coming of a revival, but the smallest kind of a church fuss will.*

*Perhaps one of the hardest places in which to be a real sweet Christian is when you get into an argument with a bull-headed man.*

*If Christ were always really and truly preached there would probably never be a service in which he would not be accepted by some one.*

*There ain't no use tryin' to spell the communion of saints in the 'postles' creed with the initials of one's religious denomination, no matter how big it is.*

*Fooling away time is a sin at all times, but when one has but half an hour a week to mold a young life for Christ, "fooling away" is a blood red crime.*

*These cold-natured people are infringing on the rights of the dead. So long as we are alive it is our duty as well as our privilege to be warm—in our hearts at least.*

*Talent without courage amounts to nothing. The stature of a lion with the heart of a mouse is a bad combination. Lofty courage is becoming a man or woman and is indispensable to success.*

*The great orator always shows a dash of indifference for the opinions of his auditors; and the great writer is he who loses self-consciousness and who writes himself down as he is for at the last analysis all literature is a confession.*

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

---

WANTED—To correspond with an elderly sister in the church who desires to get a pleasant home in Southern California with members, where she could make herself useful in helping to care for an invalid sister who is not entirely bedfast. For particulars address A. B., care *Inglebrook*, enclosing stamp.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Wise Little Bees.

"Ah, the wise little bees! they know how to live,  
Each one in peace with his neighbor;  
For though they dwell in a narrow hive,  
They never seem too thick to thrive,  
Nor so many they spoil their labor.

"And well may they sing a pleasant tune,  
Since their life has such completeness;  
Their hay is made in the sun of June,  
And every moon is a honeymoon,  
And home a home of sweetness.

"The golden belts they wear each day  
Are lighter than belts of money;  
And making work pleasant as play,  
The stings of life they give away,  
And only keep the honey.

"They are teaching lessons, good and true,  
To each idle drone and beauty,  
And, my youthful friends, if any of you  
Should think (though, of course, you never do)  
Of love, and home, and duty—

"And yet it often happens, you know,  
True to the very letter,  
That youths and maidens, when they grow,  
Swarm off from the dear old hive and go  
To another, for worse or better!

"So you'd better learn that this life of ours  
Is not all show and glitter,  
And skilfully use your noblest powers  
To suck the sweets from its poison flowers,  
And leave behind the bitter.

"But wherever you stay, or wherever you roam,  
In the days while you live in clover,  
You should gather your honey and bring it home,  
Because the winter will surely come,  
When the summer of life is over."

—Pebble.

### Facts and Figures from Many Lands.

There are said to be 10,000,000 migratory sheep in Spain, which travel on occasions as much as two hundred miles from the plains to the mountains. They are known as transhumantes, and their march, resting places, and behavior are regulated by special regulations dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one may travel the same route as the sheep, which have the right to graze on all open and common land on the way.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

In Alaska is found a kind of fish that makes a capital candle when it is dried. The tail of the fish is stuck into the crack of a wooden table to hold it upright, and its nose is lighted. It gives a good, steady light of three candlepower, and considerable heat, and will burn for about three hours.

The changing rose is a plant to the cultivation of which the Japanese devote much attention. It produces a tiny, but beautifully formed flower. On being taken suddenly out of a dark place into a sunny room, it slowly assumes a pale pink hue, which gradually grows in intensity until it becomes of the deepest red shade. The color vanishes again at night, or when the rose is replaced in a dark room.

No land animal is known to have naturally poisonous flesh. There are, however, several fish whose flesh is deadly.

Gibraltar is the smallest British possession. It measures less than two square miles. Canada is the biggest, with 3,746,000 square miles.

Over sixty miles of tunnel have been cut out of the rock of Gibraltar.

No nation in the world owns so much absolutely useless territory as the British. Banks Land, Prince Albert Land, Victoria and Baffin Land, with hundreds of other Arctic islands and lands, are at present quite useless.

In the island of Minora, one of the Philippines, the humming birds are pugnacious little creatures. A hunting party had a novel experience with them. One of the huntsmen wandered off from his comrades, but soon his screams were heard. Thousands of humming birds had attacked him and wounded him in hundreds of spots on his face and neck. When rescued he was streaming with blood.

### Mark Twain's Wit.

A friend of the humorist tells a story of the days when Mark Twain was a pilot on the Mississippi which, it is thought, has never before been published.

One day Mr. Clemens missed his boat. Instead of inventing an excuse, he reported to his superior officer as follows:

"My boat left at 7:20. I arrived at the wharf at 7:35 and could not catch it."

During the holidays a book store had a placard in the window which bore the legend in large letters: "Charles Dickens works all this week for \$2.50." A coal miner passing by remarked: "That's the trouble with a lot of these fool guys, they work for any old thing, and that keeps wages down. Think of that stiff working in there all week for only \$2.50." The placard was possibly misleading, especially to a man who had never heard of the great novelist.

### Couldn't See Him.

An Ohio man tells of the sad case of a young fellow, the son of a wealthy Toledo manufacturer, who against his father's wishes, insisted upon going to Chicago to make his way, whereas the parent desired that the son train himself in the Toledo business house.

At first the lad did very well in the large city, but it was not very long before he was making urgent appeals to his father for financial assistance. To these the old gentleman, who had himself been trained in a hard school, turned a deaf ear.

Finally, the desperate boy wired his father in these words: "You won't see me starve, will you?" The old man's reply came in the form of the following telegram: "No, not at this distance."

Then the boy decided to return to Toledo and go to work for the old man.

## Neff's Corner

On my return from the mountains I learned that Eld. Jacob Wyne and Bro. Isaac Shively of near Cerro Gordo, Ill., had been here in the Valley and each bought 160 acres of land near Dexter and expect to be located here before winter sets in. Their land lies in some of the finest country in New Mexico. It runs right up to a fine schoolhouse where the Brethren have been holding services. There are a number of members at Dexter already and they are much pleased to have these brethren join them from Illinois.

Bro. Shively paid \$42.50 for land equal in producing power to land which in Illinois sells for \$150 per acre, and if I am able to correctly foresee, this land will be marketable at \$150 in less than three years. Why, one of his neighbors cut two crops of alfalfa hay from his land this season and is now harvesting \$50 worth of seed per acre, and besides will have use of the pasture from now till January 1 and from March 1 to May 1. Now does this sound like the talk of a land agent? But I am not a land agent. I haven't an acre of land to sell. I am simply telling you what I honestly think about it and what I know about it. If this is not a land of opportunity for the profitable investment of capital, I don't know where you would find it. They say more Cerro Gordo people are coming down to see about it this month, and they are still coming from many other parts. We'd be glad to have you come. At any rate, let us hear from you if you would like further information. Address,

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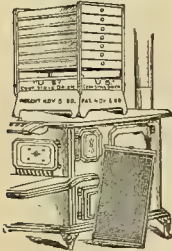
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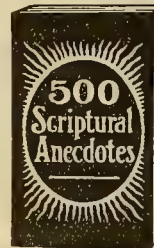
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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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**ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.**



# VERIFIED BY TIME

## Two Interesting Letters from Father and Son

AFTER an intermission of ten years, a subject of absorbing interest is again revived. A father and son



both write. On the 19th of February, 1895, a little over eleven years ago, a letter was received from a Mr. Theodor Schubert, of Wald, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, which letter is given in full below. In this letter, Mr. Schubert calls attention to the remarkable cure of his son, Paul, from a terrible skin affliction which covered his entire body and which had baffled

the skill of many eminent physicians of Europe.

Now, ten years later, under date of Feb. 13, 1905, a letter is received from Mr. Paul Schubert, the son referred to in the father's letter, wherein he gratefully acknowledges in person the cure effected by DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. He is now a young man of twenty-eight years and states that there is no trace of the terrible ailment with which he suffered for so many years as a youth; that the last vestige of it disappeared entirely, and that next to God he owes the restoration of his health to DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER.

### THE FATHER'S LETTER.

Wald, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, Feb. 9, 1895.  
Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Very Esteemed Sir:—My eldest son, Paul, eighteen years of age, had been suffering with a terrible skin disease, extending all over his body, ever since his early childhood, and he was consequently, at times, especially during the winter, a very miserable and pitiable being.

We had been doctoring for him a great deal, regardless of expense; even professors, who were specialists in the treatment of skin diseases, were consulted, but to no avail. In the latter part of the year 1892, I was personally informed by Mr. Jacob Knecht, a farmer in Bodenacker, Gyrenbad, that he had a remedy which might cure my poor Paul. Mr. Knecht, whom I knew to be a Christian and trustworthy, was able to win my confidence at once, and I commenced a trial.

Bottle after bottle of the Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer and Dr. Peter's Oleum was used. Months after months passed; no change in the condition of our dear Paul. Such a terrible breaking out of the disease took place, especially at the joints, that it was almost impossible for Paul to move himself.

I ordered him to bed for an indefinite length of time, in order that his body might have a uniform warmth which could but be favorable to the breaking out of the disease. At the same time I saw to it that nourishing food was taken, and that the daily airing of the room and thorough cleaning of the bedclothes were not omitted. The breaking out of the disease was increasing. Paul was hardly recognizable. His hair fell out and I was reproached by near relatives for sending Paul to the grave, as they said that, by ignoring all professional help, an accounting and severe punishment awaited me.

I, however, had confidence and persevered. The eruption began to form into scales which by and by fell off, so that I could throw away a dustpanful thereof daily. Underneath the scales a reddened skin appeared which by and by began to look white, clean and fresh.

His confinement to the bed lasted about six weeks, and thirteen bottles of the Vitalizer and seven of the Oleum were used. Paul is now cured, with the exception of a single spot about the size of a hand on his abdomen.

Is not that a miracle? Soli Deo Gloria!

Mr. Knecht has no medicine on hand at present, and besides that, at the beginning of last month, all at once, he returned to America, and his wife sent me word that they are expecting a new supply from Dr. Peter Fahrney and that they had remitted for same some time ago.

I am awaiting its arrival, and requesting other sufferers, to whom I have recommended your medicine, to be patient. Four bottles have been ordered from me.

With the aid of God, I try to make known your remedies on all occasions. I think they are in favor with God and mankind. Respectfully and humbly,

Theodor Schubert.

### THE SON'S LETTER.

(Written Ten Years Later.)

Wald, Canton Zurich, Switzerland, Feb. 13, 1905.

Dear Doctor Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

About ten years ago I used your Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer and with the most remarkable of results, as was testified to by my father, Theodor Schubert, in a letter which he sent you in February, 1895.

To-day I happened to meet Mr. Knecht of Bodenacker, the man of whom we obtained your Blood Vitalizer at that time. When he learned who I was, he naturally inquired as to the state of my health, and for that reason I thought I would write to you and tell you that I have seen no trace of that terrible ailment which I was afflicted with for so many years. I used no other medicine than your Blood Vitalizer after the doctors gave me up, so that, next to God, I have your Blood Vitalizer to thank for my complete restoration to health.

I shall and always do make known your remedy to the people at every opportunity, as it is my earnest desire that other sufferers shall be made acquainted with its wonderful powers. With deepest esteem, I remain

Yours very truly,

Paul Schubert.

Who can read such letters and note the circumstances under which they were written without feeling the conviction that there must be something to it—something in this remedy above the ordinary! "I have seen no trace of the ailment since," says Mr. Schubert. No, the Blood Vitalizer not only cures, but eliminates every vestige of disease-germ poison from the system, so that there can be no recurrence of the disease.

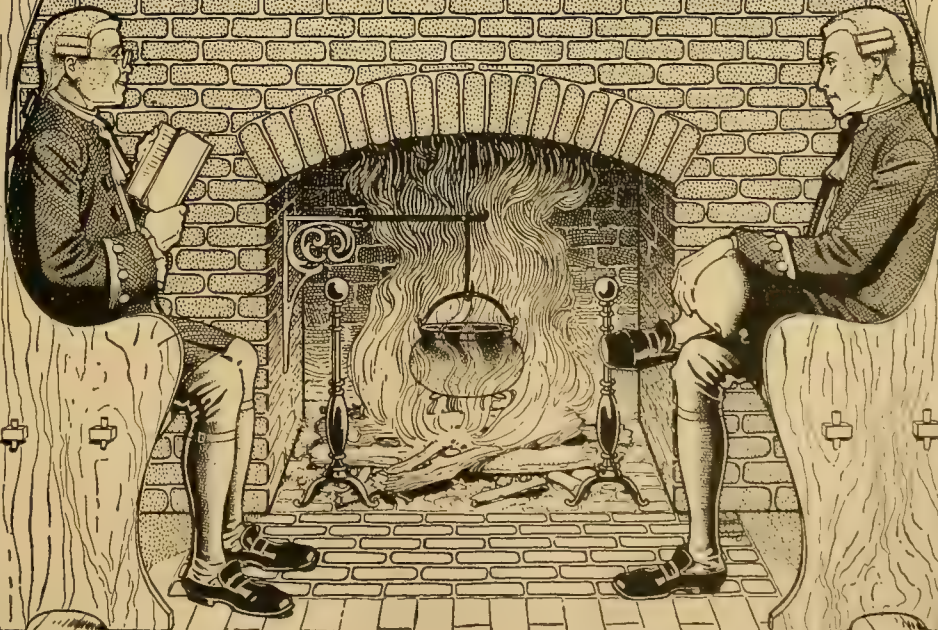
DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is put up for a specific purpose—the cure of sick people. It had its birth over a century ago in those early days when rugged honesty was the rule rather than the exception and has been handed down unchanged as a heritage from generation to generation. It occupies a place in the field of medicine distinctly its own and is not placed on sale in drug stores. It is supplied direct to the people through specially appointed agents—friends and neighbors whom you know and trust. For further particulars address,

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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

We will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting gifts of gold and frankincense.—*Ruskin.*



DEXTER F. TUTTLE, CHG.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

September 18, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 38. Vol. VIII



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crop, and

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AR FACTORIES IN THE  
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VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado,  
which are owned and operated by  
parties who made their money in the  
manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts  
are now out for

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ERECTED IN 1906.**

to be owned by the same parties.  
Farmers can do most of the labor  
themselves without hiring any help  
except during the thinning season,  
and the sugar factories are always  
willing and glad to furnish additional  
laborers during the thinning season,  
advancing the money to pay their  
wages, taking it out of the returns  
from the sugar beet crop.

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Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Nebraska.

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\$40.00 per Acre.**



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Colonization Agt. Union Pacific R. R.,  
OMAHA, NEBR.



# Snyder's Analysis

---

In the several excursions to the Butte Valley, California, many of the land seekers have taken some of the soil to the different Agricultural Colleges, as many as five in number, and have all been very well satisfied with the reports of the different institutions, but here is the best one yet, and the one that will appeal to the tiller of the soil:

Selma, California, Sept. 4th, 1906.

Mr. J. P. Massie,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir:--The quart of soil I brought home with me from Butte Valley I put in a can, watered it, planted corn and barley in it. This morning, five days after planting, the corn and barley are two inches high--good enough for Butte Valley soil. Please give me the date of your next excursion to the valley as there are two parties here very anxious to purchase some Butte Valley land.

Yours respectfully,


DAVID SNYDER.

Elder Snyder thinks that the "proof of the pudding is the eating of it." Many of our Eastern friends that have bought land there will be gratified to learn that the soil is so fertile and responds so readily to the demands of the farmer.

For date of the next excursion, write Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

Yours very truly,

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,**  
504 Union Trust Building. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**





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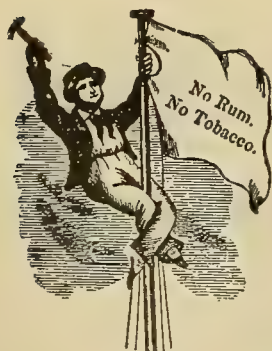
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Brawntaws will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

Brawntaws are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntaws are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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Style B.

Style C.

Style B.—The forehead of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet, \$2.40. For making only, 85 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ¾ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.23, depending on quality.



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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1906.

No. 38

## Be Good

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol  
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,

To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel  
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.

## The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

### Part V.



I, there, Cliff! Wait a minute, can't ye?  
Lem'me put a bug in your ear. Say, watch  
your corners and be spry, for the old man's  
on a regular rantin', rarin', high tear!"

"Needn't tell me any more, Rile, if  
that's all it is. I just met the old gent;  
spoke real civil to him, but sure! I thought  
he'd snap my head off afore I could get out of his way.  
Wonder what's crossed his road again? I s'pose it's  
because young Vetter lit out yesterday and took ten  
dollars with him. It 'most kills the old man to lose  
a cent."

"Tain't nothin' of the kind, you sleepy head,  
wher've you been that you ain't heard the news? The  
hill toppers are all torn to pieces about it. D'ye re-  
member that girl that was down here with the old  
man's daughter just after she married young Bran-  
son? She was as pretty as a picture, and had the fine  
fixin's inside of her head instead of on it, but mebbe  
you weren't here that day?"

"Well, I guess I was here, didn't I show them all  
about down here? That girl, Rile, was an angel, if  
there ever was one here in this country. You ought  
to have heard how nicely she thanked me and hoped  
she could do something for me some time. Think of  
your great ladies telling the likes of me that! What  
about her, Rile?"

"Well, hold your tongue a minute, bub, and I'll

tell you. You didn't think any more of that young  
lady than I did. She was the real stuff, she was. It  
'pears like she belongs to some queer sort of religion  
that don't go in for fixin's and fast goin's on. 'Pears  
like they think there is something greater to be done  
in the world than to try to make yourself look more  
stylish than anybody else, or just to see how good a  
time you can have. Reckon that was why she was  
dressed so pretty. She lives out East somewhere,  
where there is a whole lot more of them. Branson  
and his wife seem to think the world and all of her,  
and they've been goin' down there and stayin' a week  
at a time, and last week they didn't do a thing but go  
and join the queer lot. And now Branson thinks it  
is against some of their rules, or something, he feels,—  
I couldn't quite get the hang of it—to keep on with his  
lawin' business, and hasn't done a thing but gone and  
give it up. Well, mebbe you don't think the old man  
didn't fly into ten thousand pieces when he heard it.  
I walked down behind Clark and Robinson—the big  
guns that were with Branson—and I just kept my  
ears open and listened. They said it was just awful  
the way he did carry on. Branson was down at the  
office settling up matters, when the old man, who had  
been out of town and just heard the news, flopped in  
like a Dakota blizzard and just stormed. Cursed  
Branson to his face, and dared him or his wife to come  
to his house as long as they held to such crazy notions.  
Both of them said they were surprised to see the way



Branson took it all. You know what a high and mighty piece of business he always was. Well, he took the old man's jaw as meek as a lamb, yet left them feeling that he was the best man of all. It 'pears like he is going to take Professor Benton's place down at the East school. That is good pay, but land! It won't pay like his lawin' business. Why, he was the best lawyer in the city. Must be a powerful sort of feeling that will make a man give up so much."

"Sure it must, Rile. I can't see a bit of sense in it, either. Don't the crazy loon know that he's gone and thrown himself away? Why, he'd have been in Congress in another five years!"

"'Peared so to me too till I heard Clark and Robinson talk. Robinson called him a great name for being so green, but Clark said he admired a religion that would stand out by itself, and thought it would be the only kind that would stand fast some of these days when it is goin' to be pretty hot for some of us fellows. I wonder now if Branson's wife will dress like that young girl did. My! won't old Mrs. Harper—Listen! There comes the old man! Clear out." And the errand boy and the elevator boy, in the great Dry-goods House of Harper & Co., disappeared as if by magic, just as Stephen Harper, his face convulsed with rage, strode angrily into the store room.

He went into the little private office and locked the door, and then strode up and down like a caged lion. The stern temper for which he was noted was aroused to its greatest fury. He was not only angry, he was amazed and confounded, he had been defied and disgraced by his own children. These two upon whom he had expected to lavish all his immense wealth; of whose brilliant prospects he was so proud; whom he fondly expected to see as social and political leaders, had destroyed it all by this unheard-of, idiotic notion they had taken up with. "It shall not be. They must give it up. I will see!" and Stephen Harper struck the desk with his clenched fist with such force that Rile, who happened to be within hearing distance, declared confidentially to Cliff that "he really believed the elevator jumped three feet."

Herman Branson returned home after the morning scene with a heavy heart. It had cost him a terrible struggle to give up his profession, and he was unprepared for the violent opposition of his father-in-law. He had always before been fortunate enough to avoid coming in contact with his iron will. He and Christine had talked on the subject, and they fully expected some opposition, some tears and some coldness. We have caught a glimpse of Marcia Branson's broad-minded, liberal way of thinking. Herman judged all parents by her, and therefore was not expecting the unreasonable ferocity he had just witnessed.

A heavy sigh, not of regret, but of resignation, escaped his lips as he opened the door and passed into

his beautiful home. But no bright, happy face met him with eager looks and loving words of welcome. The dinner stood cooling on the table and the usually cheerful looking dining room looked dreary and cheerless. It was very plain that the mistress was absent. Everything showed a lack of her master touch. Herman felt a strange foreboding at his heart as this new mystery confronted him, made all the more so by the maid's odd look and action, as she said, "I reckon Mrs. Branson is somewhere in the house."

He started in search of her, and at last found her, his strong-minded, energetic Christine, prostrated on the floor, writhing in the agony of uncontrollable grief. To his horrified question, "What has happened, Christine?" she could make no intelligible reply. He set about applying restoratives and finally soothed her into a more quiet state of mind. A reason for this unusual state of affairs had dawned upon his mind. Had his father-in-law fulfilled his threat of the morning? Would he so persecute his only child that he would drive her from his heart and home?"

It was even so. Christine had been home. While she felt timid and strange in this new relationship she showed to the world, yet no thought of the reception she would meet with from her stern and angry father had ever crossed her innocent mind. She was happy in that joy which only those who have dropped the shackles of sin, and risen to walk in newness of life, can know and feel.

Stephen Harper had returned home in a rage impossible to describe. There was a stormy scene between husband and wife. While Margaret Harper was crushed and humiliated beyond all expression by her daughter's action, yet mother-love, that mighty power, second only to the Divine love itself, rose in arms at the thought of casting off her child. But who could withstand Stephen Harper's mad rage? The mother pleaded in vain, and finally became hysterical. It was of no avail. Christine was met at the door by her determined parent and sternly ordered never to set foot there again. In vain did she plead for just a few words with her mother; Stephen shut the door in her face, and broken-hearted, in unutterable anguish, Christine turned away, while no ray of light appeared to pierce the dark cloud that had so suddenly settled around her.

(To be Continued.)



Most of the platinum supply comes from Russia, and as the disturbances in that country have limited the output, the price has advanced rapidly until it is 50 per cent above what it was last year. Consequently this has given a rise to prices in industries with which platinum is allied, such as diamond jewelry, artificial teeth and certain articles in the photographic and chemical lines.

## Some Things We Saw and Learned

James M. Neff



WE had just come down from Cloudcroft on the summit of the Sacramento mountain, and in a distance of fifteen miles had descended four thousand feet. The difference in the temperature was very noticeable. Our first camp was by the roadside, near an irrigation ditch. The ponies had been unhitched and fed and dinner was preparing when the little girl in breathless fright came running from the bridge, where she had been playing. When she became sufficiently composed to regain her speech, she said she had seen a snake. I took only a few steps from the wagon in the direction from which

amount of water for irrigation is received from La Luz cañon and this makes possible the beautifully shaded streets, their magnificent park and a number of orchards in and immediately about the town, which are laden with the finest of apples, pears, peaches and prunes, and these things are appreciated all the more since the country all about is an unbroken desert. Even the lower mountain slopes, for eight or ten miles up, are quite bare of grass or valuable timber. These slopes present a wild profusion of precipitous rocks, mesquite and black brush, with here and there a flourishing cactus.

Otero county has an area of 6,850 square miles, or



A Common Street Scene in Alamogordo, New Mexico.

she came, when I saw a large black diamond rattler lying in the road. He had received but one stroke with a stick when he set up a threatening rattle, which continued until with the axe I had severed his head from his body.

We were now in Otero county, New Mexico, and it is about this county that we can state some facts that will probably be of interest to the reader.

Alamogordo is the county town, located at an elevation of 4,312 feet, and with a population of 3,500. Here are located the shops of the Rock Island railroad. They have a good courthouse, a college, an institute for the blind and one of the prettiest little parks (a mile long and six hundred feet wide) in New Mexico. The town is eight years old and until within the last two years depended almost wholly upon the railroad interests for its support. A limited

4,384,000 acres, with a total population of only 8,000. Outside of Alamogordo and a few small villages, there is perhaps not one settler to 1,000 acres. Included in this county is the greater portion of the Sacramento Valley, in the eastern portion of which Alamogordo is situated. This valley is forty miles wide and two hundred and fifty miles long, and is tributary to the Rio Grande Valley. It has the Sacramento and Sierra Blanca mountains to the east and the San Andreas mountains to the west; and the landscape is grand and picturesque.

During the rainy season here, which covers July, August and part of September, the rains fall in pour-down torrents on these mountains, and having no fallen leaves or other vegetation to hold it in check, it goes thundering down the rocky slopes into the valley, which is so great in extent and whose surface



is so porous and sandy that the water soon sinks away, not being sufficient in quantity to produce a river or covering a sufficient period to be valuable for vegetation. And so it occurs that here is a vast

drifted hither and thither by the winds like snow. This may have been thrown up ages ago by some volcanic action, but just how it came to be there or when, or why, no human being except the geologist knows, and if I were to venture a guess I would say he doesn't know.



Otero County Courthouse and Bird's Eye View of Alamogordo, N. M.  
Sacramento Mountains in the Background.

valley without a river or other conditions that render it suitable as a habitation of man.

Of the 4,384,000 acres in Otero county, a considerable notch has been cut out and withdrawn from the public domain as a part of the Mescalero Indian reservation, and notwithstanding this fact, there are nearly 4,000,000 acres of vacant public land in the county. Within the last two years some effort has been made to promote agricultural interests and a considerable number of homestead entries have been filed, and some of the entrymen have made actual settlement and their "shacks" now dot the eastern border of the valley along the railroad. But with no water except what they may pump from wells with windmills or gasoline engines, one wonders how they will subsist. We have been speaking of the Pecos Valley as a desert, but as compared with the Sacramento Valley, it is a paradise for cattle and sheep, and with our artesian wells, a land flowing with milk and honey.

There is perhaps more than five hundred square miles of the Sacramento Valley covered with what is called "the white sands." It is an erosion of gypsum rock reduced to about the constituency of flour and is

dens and orchards prove that the soil and temperature are right, and that water alone is necessary to enable man to make the desert blossom like a garden. The remote possibility of the government taking hold of the matter and constructing reservoirs for the storage for irrigation of the water of the melting snows of spring and the mountain rains of summer is talked of by some. The scheme appears practicable indeed,



Depot and Eating House, Alamogordo, N. M., Looking from one of the Finest Parks in New Mexico.

and it may be that human ingenuity will one day wonderfully change the face of things in the Sacramento Valley.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*

## THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.

WALTON F. STOVER.

## In Two Parts. Part Two.

In the prevention of consumption there are at least three other things almost as important as isolation. They are fresh air, sunshine and keeping up resistance. Let it be remarked here that the last three elements cost absolutely nothing and in them alone is a *cure* for consumption possible. Unfortunately, there is no effort made by the well or sick to have plenty of fresh air or sunshine, but often too much of an effort is made in the wrong way in keeping up resistance. It seems almost too unreasonable to be true that of the two greatest elements that are conducive to life, health and happiness, we are the most afraid—fresh air and sunshine. It appears that our dwelling houses are built on a plan expressly to keep out these two things. Fortunately, during the summer season, the heat compels us to open some of the rooms, and furthermore, we live out of doors more than. Bear in mind that the rooms are open not because of our wishes, but because of the heat. But in the winter, when the air is cooler and thus more easily breathed, we close up our houses, stuff the broken window panes and door cracks, and build a big fire to consume the stray oxygen that chances to get in. It is stated by the best authorities that every person must have two hundred and twenty gallons of fresh air every minute. The Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health gives these figures as having been proven by scientific experiment and further says: "Supply yourself with less if you dare and you will as surely answer for it as you live." Breathing a little impure air may be only a little injurious, but if this is kept up every day and every night the system gradually gives way to consumption or pneumonia, or to some disease we did not think of. The only sign of attempting to ventilate the dwelling-house is in building it with transoms over the doors, and in the more modern patterns they are left out entirely. What next! Even in those dwellings that have transoms the same are often found to be nailed in, and having no sign of ever being opened. However, a transom can not let in enough fresh air, even in the winter season, to prevent consumption, pneumonia, etc., because it cannot let in two hundred and twenty gallons per minute to very many in one sleeping room. The sleeping room must have as much fresh air as though the sleeper were out of doors. The germs of consumption, pneumonia, etc., cannot live in the presence of the oxygen which the pure, fresh air affords. Sleeping rooms should have at least two outside windows. The upper sash of one should be entirely down and the lower sash of one should be entirely up. "Oh," says one, "such would freeze a person." No, indeed, it will not. The writer cannot recall a

single case where a person froze from breathing pure, fresh air. It is not intended that the sleeper freeze or even get cold. He must simply wear warmer garments and put on heavier bedclothing. Thus he will be just as warm as if he were in a sleeping room where fire is kept. "Why," says one, "I have always slept in the winter time in a tightly closed room in which I kept a fire." You are wrong my friend, you have not *always* slept that way, just for the past few years only. "How are you this morning?" I asked him one winter day. "O, very well," he replied, "except a 'bad cold.'" So it is with the warm-room sleeper or the close-room sleeper; if it is not a "bad cold" or headache, it is something worse.

Many people are afraid of a draft, especially in the sleeping room. This is nonsense. Does a draft injure anyone when he is out driving? No, not in the least. If one is sweating or is the least bit hot when he retires it would not be well to be in a draft, but it is not often that one is apt to be sweating on a winter night. It is true that the consumptive sweats at intervals. This is due to internal heat. This burning up or "consuming" inside is where consumption gets its name. The patient or the well person must be comfortably clothed, then the fresh, cold air will not in the least be injurious.

We said in the beginning that more females die of consumption than do males. This is principally due to the fact that the former stay indoors more than the latter. Everybody, sick or well, must be out of doors as much as possible, and the whole house must be kept pure with outdoor air. Even in summer time in passing along the street one will observe many dwellings closed. There is a great fear of outside "clean" dust (no objection to "broom dust") and a horror for sunshine. The germs of consumption and such diseases cannot live in sunshine. Then why invite them by shutting out the bright sunshine, that sunshine which all vegetation begs for? Is there a fear that the costly carpets will fade and the rare furniture will warp? If so, let them go if they must, but spare human life! An awful thing as regards health is the planting of shade trees so near the dwelling that they shut out the sunshine. Another cause for disease, though not so common, is the planting of vines around the verandas and windows. They not only shut out the sunshine, but tend to dampen the rooms, which breeds disease. Flowers are necessary to the sick room, but must not be permitted to grow around the windows and shut out the fresh air and sunlight.

With all these precautions, no home can be kept in a sanitary condition unless the carpets and furniture are occasionally cleaned and put out in the sunshine and air for awhile. The bedding must be aired and sunned every few days. This may seem like work to some housekeepers, but to others it is a necessary pleasure.



The last element of a cure for pulmonary disease that I shall mention in this article is that of *keeping up resistance*, which will not need much of an explanation, as it embodies all of the foregoing. The system must be built up through the proper diet so that the soil which invites disease will change to a tissue that repels disease. Until a consumptive has lost one-third of his weight, he has a fighting chance. The proper food must be taken whenever he can eat at all. Fresh raw eggs in fresh wholesome milk must be taken abundantly and often whether the patient is hungry or not. Everything that is digestible and that is full of nourishment should be eaten. It is matter of getting the most nourishment with the least effort from the digestive organs. Drink abundantly of pure fresh water between meals. The body is one-thirteenth water. A well person rarely drinks enough water. Sick or well, one should drink cold or hot water on retiring and again on rising. Hot milk is the best stimulant known and hot water is next—a stimulant that is good whether you think you need it or not. Sometimes medicines are necessary to aid some organ to do its work and thus build up resistance, but never can it cure consumption directly.

The patient should learn early that he has consumption, then face it squarely, and keep up a resistance through fresh air, sunshine and digestion. There is nothing in seeking another climate, for these elements are in Indiana as well as elsewhere. Some of the most remarkable cures have been brought about by the patient sleeping on a hay stack or on a porch through winter and summer, and exercising gently each day out of doors, breathing exercises, of course, the talking the lead.

*Linton, Ind.*



#### SPARE MOMENTS.

EDITH ROOP.

If we are prompt to seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action, it is astonishing how much can be accomplished.

Abraham Lincoln is one who made use of spare moments, and we see what he accomplished; he would read and study in the fields, when not working. It is said that Stephenson studied mechanics during his spare hours at home and so prepared himself for the great work of his life—the invention of a railway locomotive—while Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another. Indeed, it is said that an hour profitably employed every day for ten years will make an ignorant man well informed.

Time is acknowledged by all to be very precious, yet how often do we find ourselves idling it away as

though it were of little or no value. When we become accustomed to fling away time it requires perseverance to change the habit. Perseverance is a very important factor in success. Indeed, without this little can be accomplished.

We are all building a structure called character. The kind of character we have depends upon how we use our time. We add to this structure every day. We are given but a moment at a time; thus we see that all depends upon how we use this present moment as to the kind of character we form.

Often these spare moments, which might be spent in encouraging and helping others, are wasted in finding fault. Perhaps they could be more profitably spent in finding our own mistakes or looking for good qualities in others. Every one is anxious to have success in that which he may undertake to do. Sometimes we hear the remark "good luck" when someone has succeeded well, or "bad luck," when someone has failed in his undertaking. What has made this "good luck," or "bad luck"? One of the main factors was the making use of the spare moments.

Moments are indeed little things, yet trifles are not to be despised. "Moments are the golden sands of time." When we fail to make use of the spare moments we allow our energy to become dull. The difference between two persons may not be so much in their talents as in their energies.

It is while idling time that bad habits are formed. Then by his influence over others an idler injures those with whom he associates. Then sit not with folded hands nor do your associates the injustice of teaching them evil habits, but push your occupation, whatever it may be. Make the calling better because of your having worked at it.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



#### DISCOURAGEMENTS.

LEONARD H. ROOT.

THERE are discouragements for everybody. Plenty of them! No matter how we are situated in life, they come to us all, and very often produce that dreadful state of mind known so well as "the blues."

What effect do we allow these unwholesome influences to have upon our lives? A great many of us are just letting ourselves be ruled by the circumstances of life, and in a great many cases are giving the tempter of souls a chance to sow more seed for his final ingathering. But we that have started in the Christian warfare should not allow Satan to get any hold upon our lives by falling into the snares he is laying for us. We should be ready to meet the trials of life with a bright, smiling countenance that those who are still away from the kingdom of light may be constrained to accept his gracious offer of pardon.

The boy who goes to school during the term and takes an examination with the hopes of promotion, and fails, is disappointed and often discouraged; but he thinks of the work he has done, and of the golden moments that have been wasted. He resolves to work more diligently the next year and by following his plans carefully is able to reach the desired goal.

Christ was made subject to all that we must endure to-day, yet was ever found faithful to his Master, and was ready at all times to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offense unto me." Just so we should dismiss all our discouragements from our minds when they come, lest in our adverse moods we are tempted too strongly.

Had Christ allowed himself to be overcome, it is evident that the plan of redemption would never have been given to us as it was. When he ascended to heaven he left us an example by the life he had lived while here on earth; and we must follow this glorious example in all things, not allowing the discouraging elements, that we come in contact with daily, to depress our desires to do "more and better work for Jesus."

*Fredonia, Kans.*



#### ONLY A PAPOOSE.

J. S. FLORY.

It was in the year 1872. We were a party of land seekers, put up for the night at Gibbon, Nebraska, on the U. P. R. R. There was a severe storm during the night and the lightning had killed one of the townspeople's milk cows.

A band of Delaware Indians were camping near by. Soon they learned of the killing of the cow and every one of them, large enough to work, was busy "jerk-ing" the flesh of the animal. That is to say, were cutting it into strips like ribbons and hanging it on the fence. Indeed, they took all the "fragments," even to entrails, that nothing be lost.

Dr. Boetler, one of our party from Maryland, made quite a discovery while we were taking in the weird scene as a pastime. Sitting up at an angle of about forty-five degrees against a picket fence was a board

about two feet in length on which was strapped a bundle of some kind. The doctor's attention was drawn to the peculiar appearance of the thing as he by close inspection noticed it heaving up and down with regular movements. He called the attention of the rest of the "crowd" to the object.

We all became curiously interested and while thus engaged one of the busy "squaws" left her work and came to where we were and pushing her way in to the object of interest, she lifted a piece of cloth off the



upper part of the bundle and lo and behold there was the round face of a sleeping baby—only a papoose. A mother's smile spread over her bronze countenance just as natural as a mother's love always does. A few nickels in the palm of her hand sent her away feeling seemingly happy over her part in the entertainment.

Only a papoose!—and yet who knows what was wrapped up in those swaddling clothes? A soul with the stamp of divinity upon it. The possibilities of a great chief or a power for good in the world if rightly directed and maintained unto the end. So were we all once "only a papoose," or little lump of clay with animation capable of development into a vessel of honor or dishonor; which shall it be?

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



THE reckless extravagance of woman's dress at the present day is little short of criminal insanity. A feverish desire to outvie one another in the manner and make of their garments appears to possess every feminine creature whose lot in life places her outside positive penury.—*Marie Corelli.*



IN Russia there is only one village school for every 12,000 persons.





### A FEW POINTERS ON WAR.

D. L. GARBER.

I PITY the nations that are not willing to submit their quarrels to the impartial judgment of their fellows, rather than to resort to the cruelties and uncertainties of war.

When I was a schoolboy it was a rather common saying, "In times of peace we must prepare for war." The better classes are now working a different scale, they have learned that in time of peace we must cultivate public sentiment high enough to make war impossible.

Two classes of people. Which side are you on? The one class is introducing military training into our schools, the other class is teaching school children that war is barbarism, and offering the scholars nice premiums for the best essays on the criminality and horrors of war, and the blessing of peace amongst mankind, by settling quarrels by peaceable arbitration.

When the world gets a little farther advanced in civilization, the weaker nations will stand the same chance as the more powerful nations of getting simple justice and equity, in settling disputes between them. This will be done by substituting arbitration in the place of war.

The world moves upward, slow but sure. Alexander the Great, after the capture of the city of Tyre, ordered two thousand of the inhabitants to be crucified, and the remainder of the population were put to death, or sold into slavery. We don't do that now.

One hundred years ago it was a common thing for two men to settle their disputes by fighting a duel. To-day if they would do that, they would stand a chance for state prison. And the next grand step upwards will be to abolish dueling between nations.

In our schools we are crystallizing public opinion for the next generation, therefore the children should all be taught the blessings of peace and the awful curse of war.

*Hart, Mich.*

### PAPER AND ITS USES IN JAPAN.

FROM the bark of trees and shrubs the Japanese make scores of papers which are far ahead of ours. The wall of the Japanese houses are wooden frames covered with thin paper, which keeps out the wind, but lets in the light, and when one compares these paper-walled "doll-houses" with the gloomy bamboo cabins of the inhabitants of the island of Java or the small-windowed huts of our forefathers, one realizes that, without glass and in a rainy climate, these ingenious people have solved in a remarkable way the problem of lighting their dwellings and, at least in a measure, of keeping out the cold.

Their oiled papers are astonishingly cheap and durable. As a cover for his load of tea when a rainstorm overtakes him, the Japanese farmer spreads over it a tough, pliable cover of oiled paper, which is almost as impervious as tarpaulin and as light as gossamer. He has doubtless carried this cover for years, neatly packed away somewhere about his cart. The "rikisha" coolies in the large cities wear rain mantles of this oiled paper, which cost less than eighteen cents, and last for a year or more with constant use. An oiled tissue paper which is as tough as writing paper can be had at the stationer's for wrapping up delicate articles. Grain and meal sacks are almost always made of bark in Japan, for it is not easily penetrated by weevils and other insects. But perhaps the most remarkable of all the papers which find a common use in Japanese households are the leather papers of which the tobacco-pouches and pipe-cases are made. They are almost as tough as French kid, so translucent that one can nearly see through them, and as pliable and soft as calfskin. The material of which they are made is as thick as cardboard, but as flexible as kid.—*The Spatula.*

### AUGUSTA STONE CHURCH.

J. M. GARBER.



ONE of the historical features of Virginia is the Augusta Stone Church, located in Augusta county, eight and one-half miles north of Staunton, on the valley pike. In the year A. D. 1740 it was built by the Indians for a fort, and was taken by the white man.

For over one hundred and sixty years, it has been used as a place of worship by the Presbyterians, it was dedicated in 1749 by Rev. John Craig, D. D., the first pastor. It was remodeled and rededicated in 1899, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is now a neat plain churchhouse. It has the same wall as the Indians built of stone, of no uniform shape or size, seemingly none larger than a man could carry. The door-frames are driven full of large nails or spikes and the window-frames are of iron.

*Mt. Sidney, Va.*

### SOME OF KAISER WILHELM'S LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS.

THE world long ago recognized the fact that whether it praised or blamed, it could not possibly ignore the German Kaiser. During the past month his versatile genius and restless energy have been manifested in three or four different directions. Noteworthy among these was his reception of King Edward of England, who crossed the channel in his royal yacht and met the Kaiser at Friedrichshof on the morning of Aug. 15.

The meeting between the two monarchs was most cordial, and although it is officially denied that any political significance attached to the visit, it is noteworthy that Sir Charles Hardinge, permanent under-secretary of the British foreign office, accompanied King Edward, and Foreign Secretary Tschirschki-und Bogendorff, the Kaiser. It is probable that the monarchs discussed the near Eastern problem, and perhaps formulated some advice to their brother ruler Czar Nicholas. A very dramatic exploit of the Kaiser's was his visit on July 18, to Aix-la-Chapelle and the opening and examination of the sarcophagus of the great Charlemagne. His majesty also (early in August) made a rather remarkable speech on Socialism in which he declared that the "red danger" was more to be feared than the "yellow peril." Then, to be sure, William II. has now the reflected glory of being a grandfather, his first grandchild, a boy, having been born to the Crown Prince Frederick William on July 4. German commercial prosperity continues and increases. Her exports mount at a faster rate than her imports. Her colonial activity spreads over a greater territory and involves greater enterprise. Unfortunately, all this brings with it some of the corruption which seems to be inevitable to great commercial prosperity. There has been a scandal in the German colonial administration, and it is reported that the Prussian minister of agriculture, Dr. von Podbeilski, has been dismissed for his connection with certain dishonest contracts made with the government for supplies to be used in the South African war against the Herreros. The Prussian "beamter" is justly famed for his integrity, but the opportunity to get rich quickly out of the inferior races has apparently proved irresistible to him. Up to the present, by the way, Germany's South African war has cost in the neighborhood of one hundred millions of dollars and the end is not yet in sight.—From "*The Progress of the World*," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September.



#### WHY THEY ARE POOR.

THEIR ideas are larger than their purses.  
 They think the world owes them a living.  
 They do not keep account of their expenditures.  
 They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.  
 They reverse the maxim, "Duty before pleasure."  
 They do not think it worth while to save nickels and dimes.

They have risked a competence in trying to get rich quick.

They allow friends to impose upon their good nature and generosity.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They do not think it worth while to put contracts or agreements in writing.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They have indorsed their friends' notes or guaranteed payment just for accommodation.

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.

They think it will be time enough to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

The only thing the daughters accomplish is to develop fondness for smart clothes and expensive jewelry.

They do not realize that one expensive habit may introduce them to a whole family of extravagant habits.

They subscribe for everything that comes along—organs, lightning rods, subscription books, pictures, bric-a-brac—anything they can pay for on the installment plan.



#### GROWN MEN IN SCHOOL.

SPRINGFIELD, the "City of Special Schools," offers a wonderful opportunity to its laboring men in the Evening Trades School which Marion Melius thus describes in the September *Everybody's*:

"It is an inspiration to visit this evening school and watch the men—for they are all skilled laborers and not untutored boys—working eagerly, almost feverishly, in the machine room, the pattern-making room, the plumbing room, the electrical laboratory, or the mechanical-drawing room, trying to perfect themselves in their particular line or, rather, to broaden out their particular knowledge. For to many men this school has meant emancipation from one monotonous machine which has been taking the life and ambition out of them, and it is rapidly making them all-around mechanics. They are striving for a more advanced education in order that they may command higher wages and possibly, in time, become a power in the manufacturing world; and they are tremendously in earnest. They never beg off to enjoy some social event, they never plead weariness—although the majority of them have been toiling eight hours for their daily bread they never wish lessons were over. On the contrary, they asked that the school be open six nights a week, and when this was denied them, pleaded that it be run from seven o'clock to twelve. But they have been obliged to boil their enthusiasm down to five nights a week, with three or four hours of work each evening."



Without capital we should be living in caves and grubbing up roots with our nails.—*Prof. Goldwin Smith.*



# THE - QUIET - HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

GRANT MAHAN.

"And they were astonished at his doctrine, for his words were with power."

It was the unusual in Christ's teaching that caused the astonishment. The cold, formal, dead teaching of the scribe was just the opposite of the warm, living and life-giving teaching of him who spoke as never man did. His word was with power, for God was in the word. That is the secret of the wondrous effect of his words, whether spoken to one person or to the thousands who had come out into desert places, forgetful of bodily needs, in order to hear him. And that is the secret of all really effectual preaching—God is in it.

The man or the woman who would be of service in the world, who would be a force for righteousness, who would help free his fellows from the chains of the devil, must in some degree be as Christ was; otherwise he will come short of the goal which he has set for himself, will suffer loss and cause others also to suffer the loss of all that is best and highest in life. Our words are without power because God is not in them. How could he be in them when he is not in us? Would you lead souls to their Savior? Learn first at his feet the lessons he would teach you. And perhaps the hardest of these is to empty one's self of self. In ourselves there is no power. Our words are but empty sounds. Lacking one thing, we lack everything and are unprofitable servants. Yet that one thing is ours for the taking.

With power? Yes, he spoke with power, for he was in close touch with the source of all power,—and there is but one source of all the power that is worth the having. That source is not a secret one, is not hidden from those who would go to it and draw from it. Rather are all invited to come to it, to share it, to get as much as possible of it; for it is inexhaustible. There is no other source like it, no other power comparable to it: one can be filled with it without robbing his brother of one particle of his rights; and the fuller one becomes of it the more helpful, the more servant he is. It is not at all like human power, but indescribably better and sweeter and stronger.

Power is what men want, what they are earnestly seeking, what they are sometimes selling their souls to obtain. But that is the power which this world gives and takes away, which is too often like the apples of Sodom to the touch. It is not the power which godly

men want; it is not the power which godly men can have very much of and still remain godly. The power they seek is like that which Christ possessed—the power to teach, to heal, to free from the bonds of the enemy. All that power was in the words of Jesus, and much of it may be in the words of his followers to-day. It is for them to say how much of it they want—their capacity to receive and use is the only limit to the supply. Would you have that power in your words? Then seek to be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Lord, may our words be with power.

## THE CARPENTER.

In the shop of Nazareth  
Pungent cedar haunts the breath.  
'Tis a low eastern room,  
Windowless, touched with gloom.  
Workman's bench and simple tools  
Line the walls. Chests and stools,  
Yoke of ox, and shaft of plow,  
Finished by the Carpenter,  
Lie about the pavement now.

In the room the Craftsman stands,  
Stands and reaches out his hands.

Let the shadows veil his face  
If you must, and dimly trace  
His workman's tunic, girt with bands  
At his waist. But his hands—  
Let the light play on them;  
Marks of toil lay on them.  
Paint with passion and with care  
Every old scar showing there  
Where a tool slipped and hurt;  
Show each callous; be alert  
For each deep line of toil.  
Show the soil  
Of the pitch; and the strength  
Grip of helve gives at length.

When night comes, and I turn  
From my shop where I earn  
Daily bread, let me see  
Those hard hands; know that he  
Shared my lot, every bit;  
Was a man, every whit.

Could I fear such a hand  
Stretched toward me? Misunderstand  
Or mistrust? Doubt that he  
Meets me full in sympathy?  
"Carpenter! hard like thine  
Is this hand—this of mine:  
I reach out, gripping thee,  
Son of man, close to me,  
Close and fast fearlessly."

—British Weekly.

## ALONE WITH NATURE.

ANNA MILLER.

THERE are times in the life of every person when he wishes to be alone. He desires to be away from the rustling, bustling scenes of human life and enjoy a few hours of perfect solitude. His inmost self prompts him to know that in communing with nature alone he is better prepared to meet the daily tasks that come to him. He can overcome the difficulties that arise much easier and live a happier, nobler and purer life.

"As the little bird sits in his door in the sun,  
 Atitl like a blossom among the leaves,  
 And lets his illumined being o'errun  
 With the deluge of summer he receives;"—

so man may sit in nature's door and pour out the longings and desires of his over-burdened soul.

Nature's secrets are always pure and true. There can be no question as to how we will be guided if we but listen to her teachings. It is by opening our souls to the outside world that we gain much information and help.

When one is careworn and seemingly overcome by the daily duties of life, a little walk among the flowers and trees or the green fields through which the crystal brook is flowing will ease one's burdens amazingly. To sit on the bank of the little creek beneath the shade of the old oak tree and muse on the free things about us will take away the discouraged thoughts that may have arisen. As Lowell says,

The eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 The soul partakes of the season's youth,  
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

To throw away for a short time the things which so easily upset our human natures and listen to the babbling brook and the songs of the birds, or watch the beautiful clouds as they float over our heads is truly comforting and uplifting. It is simply one way of talking with God. We come in touch with the Higher Power.

God's power is as plainly written in the flower or strata of the earth as in the Holy Scriptures, but requires different means of interpretation. To listen to nature's teachings helps us to see God in everything.

Should we not spend more time in communing with the little things about us, in living alone with nature? Our burdens would be lighter, our lives better and more cheerful and we be a greater help to those around us.

Many blessings that might be ours are missed for the simple reason that we do not stop long enough in

the busy hum of life to drink from nature's cup. Nature's laws are God's laws. Shall we not obey them?  
*LaPlace, Ill.*



## PASSING UNHURT THROUGH LIFE.

It is a wise saying of Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault." There is no power in the world that can really injure us. Temptation can harm us only when we let it into our heart. We cannot evade life's ills—bodily infirmities, hard toil, adversity, trial or care—but we may so meet them that instead of harming our life they will become means of grace to us. An enemy may do us cruel wrong, but if we keep our heart full of love, not growing angry, not seeking revenge, not cherishing resentment, the wrong has not hurt us.

We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in. If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from the experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindnesses, but our own wrong way of enduring them, that was the cause of the hurt.

The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving, and at peace. Then nothing amid the world's mighty forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—*Forward.*



## WHEN AND WHAT TO READ.

If you have a sordid feeling read the eighth chapter of Romans.

If your faith is weak read the last two chapters of John.

If you are tired of the world read the last two chapters of Revelation.

If you don't know how to make both ends meet read the seventeenth chapter of first Kings.

If there is sorrow in your home read the eleventh chapter of John.

If there is joy in your heart read about the latter Psalms.

If you feel lonely read the twenty-third Psalm.

If you are burdened by a sense of sin read on your knees the fifty-first Psalm.

If you want nothing but to sit at Jesus' feet and hear his voice read the fourteenth and fifteenth and sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of John.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## SURGICAL OPERATIONS.



HE science of surgery has in the last few years made such progress that things hitherto considered impossible in that profession are almost daily attempted and carried to a successful end. That dread instrument, the surgeon's knife, is little feared now, and the most nervous and

sensitive submit themselves to an operation upon the slightest occasion for it. Not only has surgeon's skill been made use of when disease has laid hold of the body and deformity marred it, but some have gone so far as to presume to improve on the work of nature, heretofore considered above human improvement.

The skill and the nerve of a surgeon are required and made use of in other lines of activity besides that of medicine. First, the schoolboy finds that his inclinations have brought together things that will not work to any advantage with his studies. He struggles along for awhile, clinging to these unnecessary appendages, in the form of various kinds of amusements and diversions, until he sees that his school-life has contracted a terrible disease, due to neglect. Then he sets his teeth and stiffens his muscles, and away go the unnecessary appendages, and his school-life begins to revive at once.

Later the nerve and skill required for this operation stand the boy in good stead when he launches out in the business world. He finds that the successful business man doesn't dare to allow even a part of his energy to go off in any line that may detract from his chief aim. So he cuts here and there until every turn he makes sweeps him on toward the goal.

While it is to be doubted whether the use of the surgeon's knife can improve in the least on the normal work of nature, the handiwork of God, there is a nature possessed by all of us which calls repeatedly for the use of this instrument. It continually puts out growths detrimental and even fatal to the Christian

life. We need not move in the dark in this work any more than any other surgeon who is thoroughly read-up in his profession. "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire." "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth." It was the following out of these directions which gave to Paul's words the ring of triumph when he said, "This one thing I do."

We are glad for the surgeon's skill and his nerve and his instrument by which he may bring relief and even prolonged life to many. We are glad that the business world is making improvement in the way of attaining desired ends. But what shall we say of the Christian world? As a whole it is able to benefit, in a measure, by the experiences of the past; but as individuals, since our natures are not mechanically constructed, we must begin at the bottom and work up by means of the grace and strength afforded us, keeping in mind the goal and the means by which every weight may be left behind. When we shall have done this self will be crucified, and we can say with Paul not only, "This one thing I do," but also "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith."



## THE SARGASSO SEA.

THOSE of our readers who studied physical geography will remember of learning of the Sargasso, a sea out in the midst of the ocean. This sea is formed by ocean currents,—the Gulf Stream and the North African. Most of us have seen in the little brook illustrations of how this body of still water is formed, where a swift current for some reason follows a circuitous course or divides and these unite again.

The name Sargasso is a corruption of the name the sea received from Columbus and the early Spanish navigators—Mar de Sarasco—on account of the quantity of seaweed that floats on its surface. Most seaweed grows from a base attachment, but that found in the Sargasso floats around loosely and still continues to propagate and flourish.

The fauna and flora of this body of water are somewhat different from that found in other parts of the ocean. An article in a recent number of the *Scientific American* tells of some discoveries of rare animal life made in the Sargasso Sea last year by H. R. H. Prince Albert, of Monaco. The following is gathered from this article.

While this sea is formed by the swift ocean currents already named, its boundaries are more or less disturbed, and the sea proper is not as large as one would at first suppose. The article referred to says its boundaries may be indicated by tracing a triangle, the three corners of which are represented by the Azores, the Canaries and Cape de Verde. He says

also that within these limits the surface of the sea is covered with so thick a coating of seaweed as to prevent vessels from sailing through it. Steamers also avoid it, whenever possible, because of the fouling of their screws and paddles by the weed.

The discoveries referred to were made during a voyage lasting sixty-four days, having for its object the study of conditions in this sea from a scientific standpoint. No less than one hundred and eighteen soundings were made up to a depth of 18,302 feet. Among the rich finds was a small cephalopod of an undoubtedly new type and species, having telescopic eyes and an extremely singular trilobial luminous organ.

A numerous but sparsely varied fauna lives amid the weed covering this sea. Mimicry is a very marked feature of the animal life found here. A remarkable feature of the whole region comprised between the tropics, the continent of Africa and the Azores, is the almost total lack of animal life on the surface of the sea. No cetaceans or marine birds were met with; flying fishes and the animal life common to the surface of all bodies of water were the sole redeeming features in a dreary and silent waste of waters.



#### A SUMMER BREEZE.

ONE summer night, long before dawn, the branches of a pine forest awoke and began a whispered conversation. Their intercourse was of the most friendly nature, and as they bent their spicy boughs to give emphasis to their statements, a little breeze was born of their whisperings, and slipping out of their embrace it was wafted away on the night air.

Its fragrance was like the very elixir of life, and as its birth was in noble surroundings, and of the most happy relations, it was destined to play an important part in the events of the day to which the great, busy world was just waking.

As if there might be lacking one particle of sweetness or freshness in its breath, the breeze first nestled in the bosom of a great rolling meadow, abloom with clover, until every atom of its being was bathed anew in a flood of fragrance resulting in a combination baffling the skill of words to describe. Then the breeze set out on its heaven-born mission.

All night a little child had tossed on his bed, his feverish brow throbbing with the waste of strength and energy. Now this position, now that was tried, as in simple faith he conjured with his nursery rhymes to bring the restfulness of sleep. For a moment he lay quiet, while the breeze stole through the open window and filled the whole room with its presence. The child turned toward it that a breath of it might not escape him, while it played with his curly locks, fanned his flushed cheek and gently wooed him to sleep.

Out on the highways the people of toil hurried forth with heads down bent and serious air bespeaking thought more serious still. But the breeze came and enveloped them in its subtle sweetness. Then the head was raised, and the nostrils spread wide, and the light of a newborn hope brightened the countenance.

At midday the laborer bent to his task, while the sun beat mercilessly upon him. Slowly he raised himself and shaded his eyes as the dancing waves of heat circled around him. Then the breeze came, still fresh and invigorating and breathing its nameless sweetness. It lifted the laborer's hat from his sweaty brow and wantonly played over his face and hair. He in turn drew in great breaths of it, braced himself with renewed energy and continued his task with a song on his lips.

And so all through the day moved the breeze, here and there, giving out its very being in its blessed ministry. At eventide it died away in the breath of a flower, but its influence is living still.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

THE germs of consumption cannot live in sunshine. Then why invite them by shutting out the bright sunshine?—*Walton F. Stover.*



'PEARS like they think there is something greater to be done in the world than to try to make yourself look more stylish than anybody else; or just to see how good a time you can have.—*Oma Karn.*



In our schools the children should all be taught the blessing of peace and the awful curse of war.—*D. L. Garber.*



It is said that an hour profitably employed every day for ten years will make an ignorant man well informed.—*Edith Roop.*



WE should be ready to meet the trials of life with a bright, smiling countenance.—*Leonard H. Root.*



NATURE's secrets are always pure and true. There is no question as to how we will be guided if we but listen to her teachings.—*Anna Miller.*



And so 'tis due, believe me,  
To the way we look at things,  
Whether we sigh and falter,  
Or whether we soar on wings!

—Selected.



MANY people think because the child is only a small bit of humanity, dependent on those around it, that it never knows a real sorrow or disappointment.—*Selected.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie fell about a year ago and wrenched her ankle. They tried in vain to have her helped by the best physicians. The father offers to make independent for life the man who will heal her. She is their only child. This is another illustration of the fact that there are some things money cannot do or hire done, and that it is not the best thing in the world. All that a man hath will he give for his life or the lives of those dear to him.



MISS MOON, of Brighton, England, publishes a magazine for the blind. It is printed with the raised letters, and is perused with the fingers. In it are found discussions of current topics. So eager are some of the blind to read it that one woman who has only one thumb with which she can read it spells out all of it. For those who are too poor to subscribe there are free copies at the circulating library for the blind. The magazine has proved a success in England, and it seems probable that in the not distant future a magazine for the blind will be published in America; and in time there may even be a daily. Such periodicals are a blessing to those deprived of what we value so highly.



At the Philadelphia mint is a collection of rare and curious coins which is gradually increasing, but not at the rate some persons would like to see. Congress has made an appropriation of three hundred dollars a year for buying coins of this kind. The Chicago Numismatic Society recently passed a resolution asking that this appropriation be increased. The United States collection now numbers between sixteen and twenty thousand coins. This is a small number when compared with the three hundred and fifty thousand at Paris, the two hundred and seventy thousand at Berlin, and the two hundred and fifty thousand in the British Museum. At Munich there is a collection of one hundred and eighty thousand coins, and one of a hundred and twenty thousand at Madrid, besides thirteen other national collections in Europe, each of which has more than twenty thousand.



MISSOURI has a ten-million-dollar apple crop this year, taking first rank as a producer of this fruit; New York comes in second, Illinois third and Michigan fourth. Missouri has twenty-five million apple trees.

THE Social Democratic party at Milwaukee, Wis., has the following before the common council: To condemn the street railway system and have the city assume control; to condemn the electric lighting plant and operate it by and for the city; to condemn the gas works and operate it by the city; to condemn the telephone company's property and operate it by the city; to establish and operate a municipal ice plant; to establish and operate a municipal slaughter house; to establish and operate a municipal wood and coal yard; to establish and operate a municipal dredge; to establish and operate a municipal plumbing establishment. There are several other things which they hope to accomplish. They have enough planned to keep them busy for some time to come; for it will take considerable effort to convince the people that all public utilities should be municipalized. Some people never will be convinced; the majority will be hard to win to this view.



OYSTERS are eaten in almost incredible numbers. At Philadelphia it is said that eight million were received in three days and that these were hardly enough to supply the demand. But the number consumed will be much larger when cold weather comes.



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY SHAW has given the national banks in which United States money is deposited some pointed advice. It is to the effect that this money is not to be used to aid those frenzied financiers of Wall Street and other like places. It is placed in the banks to help in the transactions of legitimate business, and not for gambling purposes. It seems just a little strange that the banks are given the use of the money without interest.



FOR some time South Carolina has been engaged in the liquor business; but her dispensary law has not been satisfactory to her own people, and it is possible that the people will decide against it and demand in its stead a local option law. Senator Tillman is the great defender of the dispensary law; but since his candidate for governor was defeated at the primaries, the people are likely to disregard his wishes with reference to the dispensary law. People who do not want liquor sold in a county in which they live ought to have the right to shut it out when in the majority.

UNDER the reclamation act of 1902 the government has plans for reclaiming more than a million acres, and two hundred thousand acres are now under ditch. More than four hundred skilled engineers and experts are at work, and a beginning has been made on twenty-three great enterprises in the arid land. Ten thousand men and five thousand horses are employed. President Roosevelt insists that the farm unit shall be limited to what will support one family, to avoid speculation in the lands. The purpose is to use the two hundred million dollars appropriated in providing homes for the people, and it will be well if speculation in the reclaimed land can be reduced to a minimum or cut out altogether. Land speculators too often delay the development of a section by refusing to do anything but hold the land for an increase in value. It would be well if men were required to improve the land they buy, or sell it at an early day.

FROM 1861 to 1865 the people of the South said that cotton was king, and they were not far wrong in saying so. And to-day it is king of American exports. During the last fiscal year, for the first time, the exports of cotton were valued at more than four hundred million dollars. Provisions during the year were exported to the amount of two hundred and eleven million dollars; breadstuffs, one hundred and eighty-six million dollars; iron and steel, one hundred and sixty-one million dollars. Europe is the main market for raw cotton and China for the manufactured article. As China is opened up more and more there will be a great increase in the amount used there.

THE railroad companies are said to desire to fight the private car lines, and the way is now open for them to do so. The Union Pacific railroad is reported to have ordered six thousand refrigerator cars, being determined to do away with all private cars.

THE North German Lloyd Steamship Company is on the lookout for business and thinks the time is about here when a line from Bremen to Charleston, S. C., should be established. A direct line will be established between the two points, one object being to turn to the South the workers who are needed there for the industrial development of that section. Heretofore too many of the immigrants have remained in cities where their labor was not needed, and have often been a detriment rather than a benefit.

THE scientific evidence thus far obtained goes to show that the recent earthquake shocks along the coast of Chile were of greater intensity and spread over a larger area than the California earthquake. The effects were disastrous along the Chilean coast over a

distance of thirteen hundred miles, while in California the earthquake was only four hundred miles in extent. The breadth of the Chile earthquake was in some places two hundred miles, while in California the average width of the shaken region was only fifty miles. The question that both countries are asking is whether at any time soon they are to have a similar experience.

REPORTS from Georgia say that in one county the attacks of negroes on white women have caused a revival of the Kuklux Klan, though the new organization will not bear that name. The men who formed the other organization during the days of reconstruction drove terror to the hearts of the negroes, and the object of the new organization is to overawe the ignorant blacks. Men will be allowed to go far in the defense of their homes; but there is a limit to the things they may do. And when they once start out with such a purpose as these men have they are not likely to be satisfied with the attainment of their object, but become unreasonable in the demands they make upon and the treatment they give to the despised race. The race problem is still a problem in the United States, and there seems no prospect of an immediate solution of it. One very good thing about it is that North and South are coming to have more charity for each other when this subject is under discussion. That will help much in the solution of the problem.

SEVERAL State conventions have endorsed W. J. Bryan as the Democratic candidate for president in 1908. But the congressional convention of the Second West Virginia District failed to endorse him. Some of his ideas are not pleasing to a large number in the party, and there may be a bitter fight for control in the national convention. Still, many things may happen in two years, and there may be a new issue which will unite the divided party.

THIRTY-THREE national banks were chartered during August, which brings the number up to 6,162. The capital of these banks now amounts to \$838,804,775. The outstanding circulation is \$569,852,303. The deposits amount to several times the capital.

ORDERS issued by the war department fix the enlistment strength of the army at 62,515 men. Of these, 18,165 are in the artillery corps, 24,480 are in the thirty regiments of infantry, 1,282 are in the three battalions of engineers, and 4,387 are in staff departments. The United States army is small compared with the armies of other nations, but it is larger than is needed; and the trouble with armies is that when they once begin to increase there is no telling when they will stop. We do not want to become a warlike nation.





## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



HEN I am tired and weary  
And nothing goes my way,  
I thank the Heavenly Father  
For two nights to every day.

But when, once more, I'm rested  
And all the world looks bright,  
I thank him that he sends me  
Two days to every night!  
There's the pause before the battle,  
There's the respite from the fray;  
And that is how I reckon  
Two nights to every day.  
When the sunset glow has faded,  
In a little while 'tis light!  
And that is how I reckon  
Two days to every night.

And so 'tis due, believe me,  
To the way we look at things,  
Whether we sigh and falter  
Or whether we soar on wings!

—Helen Knight Wyman, in *Good Housekeeping*.

## DISAPPOINTING CHILDREN.



NE of the most cruel and lasting wounds that are inflicted on a little child is a disappointment. Many people think because the child is only a small bit of humanity dependent on those around it, that it never knows a real sorrow or disappointment.

But I tell you that their real pleasures are in things that seem small and insignificant to older people, and being tender and unused to a hard world, they are sometimes nearly crushed by disappointments we ourselves would scarcely notice. Neither is the memory of it soon effaced, but clings to them through a life of disappointments and stands distinctly above them all as the one that cost them most pain.

Not long ago several mothers were speaking of the disappointments of childhood, and an incident one of them recalled is proof of the statement above.

Her father had a large family, and when most of the children were still small, the mother died. It was not long until the father married again, and, though his wife may have been an ordinarily good stepmother, the children were indulged in few luxuries or unnecessary, and were seldom allowed to go with the parents to town or about the neighborhood. One day they

were preparing to go to town and, as usual, the children were to remain at home. The father was impatient to be off, and wanting his shoes blackened too he said carelessly to a little girl who was standing near, that if she blackened his shoes real nicely for him, he would bring her a "pretty" from town. She was delighted with the prospect, and with willing hands and a happy heart made all possible haste to get them ready and in perfect condition for him. All the while they were gone to town she kept wondering, in glad anticipation, what the "pretty" would be, and spoke to her sister about it. But her sister, who was older and knew her father better, said discouragingly, "Oh! he won't bring you anything!" Why indeed he would! Had he not promised he would bring her something nice for blacking his shoes? She only wondered what it would be. In the evening when he came home she ran to him, in joyous expectation, for the present, and he had not thought of it from the time he made the promise until now. Words could never express her disappointment and grief; it was almost too bitter to bear! And in later years, when she was a middle-aged woman, she told her sister she had never in all her life been disappointed as she was then.

It is hard to see children mourn over disappointments, but it seems even more heartrending to see them bear up with such patient cheeriness under them, with the strength that comes only from bearing them continually. This may often be seen in towns or cities where there are many poor children, and I shall relate one incident which was told me about a year ago.

It was Christmas Eve, and as a grown schoolboy was walking towards the business part of town, he overtook a small boy he had talked with occasionally, and they walked along together. The small boy was in good spirits; it was plainly evident that something pleasant was in his mind, and he soon began telling, with childlike confidence, what he was going to get for Christmas. His papa and mamma he said had gone down town to buy the things now, and he lovingly named over the dear, boyish things they were going to bring him. He had scarcely finished speaking when they met his parents on their way home. He asked quickly if they had bought his things—naming again the precious presents. They promptly began telling him how they had to spend everything for food and clothing and when that was done there was no

money left; they were very sorry, but could not possibly help it. The boy's face fell, and without one word he turned and walked with them towards home. Oh! why had they ever promised him such things if there was uncertainty about the money holding out? The manliness that bore such disappointment without a word of complaint would surely have spared the presents without a murmur had they never been promised! His patient little face could not conceal the struggle within, and the older boy was cut to the heart to see his pain and distress.

Oh! let us be careful in our promises that we do not disappoint the children. And know that our greatest sorrows and bitterest disappointments only compare with the heartache a disappointment brings to a child.  
—*Florence Cripe.*



#### TO RESTORE OILCLOTH.

WHEN oilcloth begins to lose its shiny surface it can be improved in appearance and made to last much longer by being varnished with glue. Wash the oilcloth thoroughly and let it dry. At night, when the traffic of the day is done, go over it with a piece of flannel dipped in glue water. Choose a nice, dry day for this, and then the glue will be quite hard by morning, and the oilcloth will look like new.



#### CLEANING AN OLD CLOCK.

HAVE any of our readers a clock they value that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness? Does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seem to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one—skip no more, it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batting black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it with success.—*National Magazine.*



#### SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A GOOD cook states that the secret of her light pastry is that she adds a little lemon juice to the water when mixing.



If the upper inside edge of the pan is well greased with butter, chocolate, milk, cocoa, or anything of the kind will never boil over.



WHEN a whitewashed ceiling has become blackened apply a layer of starch and water to it with a piece of

soft flannel. Allow it to dry, then brush off lightly with a brush. The blackness will have disappeared, leaving no marks whatever.



AVOID filling kettles in the morning with the first water that comes from the tap, for it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night, and is, therefore, unwholesome. This caution is to be remembered whether the water is to be boiled or not.



IF new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard, then thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust afterward, no matter how much it is put into water. If the teapot or coffeepot is discolored on the inside, boil it for a short time in a strong solution of borax, and all its brightness will return.



THE objectionable smell of cabbage in the process of being cooked can be got rid of if a piece of bread crumb is tied in a fine muslin rag and placed in the saucepan with the water. After this has been on the fire for about fifteen minutes it should be taken out and burned.



Two or three years ago we experienced trouble with our sealing-wax, which ran down into the cans and spoiled our tomatoes. Since that time we have used putty, and have had no further trouble. The putty is bought ready mixed, and a little working with the hands is all that is necessary.



#### PLANT STAND AND BOX.

NOT every housewife can afford fancy window stands—at least not for more than one window, and often there are other windows that are pleasantly situated for flowers. A portable stand is handy for windows and one a woman can make without help. Get a box from the grocery, or make one yourself; as long as the window is broad, the depth required for the flower pots. Make it strong with extra nails at the corners and sides. Now get the legs from an old table or bedstead. Usually, these are to be found set away in garrets or woodhouses, no good for anything unless it be to help make something else. Cut the legs to the height you want the box from the floor. Nail and brace them strongly to the box, put castors in them, and you have a box you can roll around to any window each a morning or afternoon sun in winter—as well as one handy to sweep under.

When you are ready to put your potted plants into it, cover the bottom to a three or four inch depth with sand. Fit the pots into this. The sand will absorb the water, keeping the floor dry beneath. Paint the box white, on this trace across bars of green or brown.



In the distance this gives it a lattice work appearance. And, remember, it is better to water too little in winter than too much. Plants very often refuse to bloom because given too much water. The earth about them must not remain soggy.

I saw a fine effect the other day in a triple row of window pots. They were alternately painted, red, white and blue, giving the window quite a patriotic appearance, which was toned down by the green foliage of the plants.—*Selected*.



#### HE PRACTICED HIS PHILOSOPHY.

"THANK goodness for a clothesline!" exclaimed Eric Gordon, fervently, as he and his wife were putting the finishing touches on a week of packing, preparatory to moving out of their house. "That's what the Thurstons would say. Did you know they call that room they live in their 'one-room flat'? When all the chairs and tables are full, they stack things in a corner and say, 'Thank goodness for a floor!'"

"Mercy!" said the tired-looking young woman who was resting for a minute on a packing-box. "How do people live so?"

"Adaptability to circumstances and the knack of turning the humorous light on things. They have a mighty good time—all owing to their philosophy. Now isn't it better to rejoice over your thoughtfulness in forgetting to pack this clothesline than it would be to lament because we've lost that trunk-strap?" He tipped up a trunk, and proceeded to rope it stoutly as he went on: "If we can acquire the habit of being amused by things which nag most people; if we can learn to enjoy lying awake when we can't go to sleep; if we can look on the noise which disturbs us as a kind of music—"

"So easy to preach!" murmured his wife. "Eric, do you know that it's going on midnight? Mother will repent having asked us to sleep there if we don't come soon. Oh, Eric, do you know you've left out that vase on the trunk behind you?"

"Yes; I couldn't find a place where I dared pack it. I'm going to carry it in my hands."

"The idea! You think more of that vase than of everything else we own!"

"Maybe. It's our choicest possession, I guess." He glanced admiringly over his shoulder at the rare piece of glass. Then he asked, abruptly, "How am I going to cut this rope? I want to put the rest of it round that box, and John Blake has walked off with my knife."

"And everything in the house that might cut is packed and everybody in the neighborhood is asleep!"

"Don't you suppose there's any sharp-edged thing lying round?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered dubiously, and together they made a fruitless tour of the rooms.

"I might gnaw it," hazarded Gordon, humorously, picking up the rope and trying to break it. As he did so his foot slipped and one arm flew out, striking the cherished vase behind him. With a lunge he reached for it, only to give it a blow that sent it crashing into fragments on the hard tiling of the hearth.

"O, Eric!" gasped Mrs. Gordon, and waited for him to say the rest.

There was a half-minute of silence. Then, with a grim twinkle, he picked up a jagged bit of the beautiful rainbow-hued glass.

"Thank goodness for something to cut this rope with," he said, quietly, beginning to saw the clothesline apart. "There's nothing more to pack now, Dolly, and we can get right over to your mother's and have a good night's sleep."—*Youth's Companion*.



#### BLEACHING FLUID.

MANY times at "special sales," or at reduced prices, one may obtain for a little money a really good piece of goods, the only fault of which is that it is shopworn, faded in streaks, or of an unsalable color, and it will pay to get it, bleach, color to suit, or wear it white. A good bleach for cotton or linen goods is made as follows: Take one can of potash and dissolve in two gallons of water; add five cents worth of salts of tartar, two tablespoonfuls of refined borax and one pint of ammonia. Put into jugs or bottles and keep corked. Use a coffee-cupful of the fluid to a boiler two-thirds full of water, and boil the goods until white. Rinse well to free from the dye and bleaching fluid. Faded cottons may be ripped apart, washed and bleached and if not wanted white, may be dyed with one or more of the ten-cent packages of dyes. For the thrifty, economical housewife, the bleach and dye will save many dollars by utilizing faded materials, or those of undesirable color.—*Selected*.



#### BULBS FOR HOUSE CULTURE.

HYACINTHS, narcissus, freesias and Chinese sacred lilies are most beautiful window plants. They are of easy culture and do well if planted now. Use five or six-inch pots, and rich garden soil mixed with sand and well-rotted manure. Put charcoal or some small rocks or stones in the bottom of the pots, then soil and set in the bulb; put a layer of sand around it, leaving only the top uncovered.

Water, and stand in a dark cellar, or north side of a building and cover to keep out the light. Do not let the soil get dry. As soon as rooted and the tops get a start, bring to the light for a few days, but not a strong sunlight. After the buds are well started

water once a week with weak liquid manure. The Chinese sacred lily is planted in a dish of water, with pebbles around to keep from tipping over.



#### MAKING POTTING SOIL.

BEFORE the ground freezes hard, dig a few pieces of sod and rake up a barrel of leaves. Store them under cover until time to make the hot-bed, then lay the sods, grass side down, in the bottom of the pit, placing the leaves over them. The manure is then put in in the usual way, and when the pit is emptied the following summer, the sods and leaves will be rotted and in fine shape for potting soil, after being chopped fine and sifted.



To store gladioli bulbs, cut off the dead or withered flower stem, dig the bulbs, allow to lie on ground a few days to cure. Then cut off the leaves and store the bulbs in a dry place where there is no possibility of freezing. Separate the bulbs in the spring.—*John H. Smith.*



It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—*George Eliot.*

### Read this to the Little Ones

#### WILLIE'S QUESTION.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?  
That's what I want to know;  
There's loads of things I can't find out,  
But nothing bothers me so.  
Nurse puts me to bed in my little room  
And takes away the light;  
I huddle down in the blankets warm  
And shut my eyes up tight;  
Then off I go to the funniest place,  
Where everything seems queer;  
Though sometimes it is not funny at all,  
Just like the way it is here.  
There's mountains made of candy there,  
Big fields covered with flowers,  
And lovely ponies and birds and trees,  
A hundred times nicer than ours.  
Often, dear mamma, I see you there,  
And sometimes papa, too;  
And last night the baby came back from heaven,  
And played like he used to do.  
So all of this day I've been trying to think,  
O how I wish I could know  
Whereabouts that wonderful country is  
Where sleepy little boys go.

—The Independent

#### POTATO AND ITS COUSINS.

BABY LILY did not care to eat anything but potatoes. One of the first words she learned to say was "taties," and when she was placed in her high-chair, ready for breakfast, she would drum on the table with her little silver spoon and cry, "Oh, taties! taties! Oh, taties!"

"Dear me," said grandma one day, "what a good thing it is for Baby that potatoes are fit for use. I don't know what she would eat if potatoes were as poisonous as their cousins."

"Cousins, grandma, have potatoes cousins?" asked little Louise.

"To be sure they have," answered grandma, "and very terrible cousins some of them are, too. The deadly nightshade is one of them. When I was a little girl about as large as you, I ate some of the pretty, red nightshade berries, and they were so poisonous that they would have killed me if the doctor had not pumped them out of my stomach."

"Oh, grandma!" cried Louise, in a frightened voice.

"The potato has some other very dangerous cousins, that can poison by their roots, stems, leaves, flowers, fruits and seeds; and then it has cousins that supply us with food. The tomato is one of them. Its fruit is very good for food, but its leaves and stems are poisonous to some persons. The eggplant and red pepper are also cousins of the potato."

"I am glad that potatoes cannot poison us," said Louise.

"Oh, but they can!" grandma answered. "When the potato sprouts in the light, the little green shoots are very poisonous. We must always be careful to break off these shoots, for if we were to eat them they might cause our death. Animals are often made sick by eating them."

"When I was on the farm last summer, I saw Uncle Joe dig potatoes out of the ground. I used to think they grew on trees," remarked Louise.

Grandma laughed. "No," she said, "they are the roots of the plant. We call them tubers. The fruit is a little ball that must not be eaten because it is poisonous."

"Has the potato any other cousins?" asked Louise.

"There is one I have not told you of. It is the tobacco plant. The leaves are used for tobacco, and in smoking, chewing, and snuffing it men poison themselves a little every day, for tobacco contains a fearful poison."

"I will never use it," said Louise, decidedly.

"I hope not," smiled grandma.

"Me, too!" cried Baby Lily, nodding her golden head.—*Selected.*



STEADINESS of national character goes with firmness of foothold on the soil—*President David Starr Jordan.*



# The Rural Sanctum

## ONLY A COMMON BOY.

MARTIN H. MILLER.

'Twas in a home of simple charms,  
That my mother welcomed me,  
There she cradled me in her arms,  
And I sat upon her knee  
In those early days of childhood,  
When I was a mother's joy,—  
Yes, sometimes bad and sometimes good,  
I was only a common boy.

In childish glee and sport we played  
Among sweet flowers and trees.  
While sitting 'neath the cherry's shade  
We watched the busy bees  
Laden with sweets from field and wood  
Each moment they did employ,—  
Yes, sometimes bad and sometimes good,  
I was only a common boy.

I loved to sit in the morning sun  
And list to the chat'ring wren;  
To him it seemed to be such fun  
To be busier than most men,  
Warbling just as loud as he could  
His throat seemed bursting with joy,—  
Yes, sometimes bad and sometimes good,  
I was only a common boy.

With books and slate to school I'd go  
And a merry crowd were we  
As sliding down some hill of snow,  
With shout and laughter of glee  
That echoed from hilltop and wood  
Freedom from schoolroom employ,—  
Yes, sometimes bad and sometimes good,  
I was only a common boy.

'Twas farm boy chores and all such things  
That disturb the youthful mind.  
Hark! how sweetly that siren sings!  
The Future will be more kind.  
Alas! too soon 'twas understood  
That siren's songs were decoy.  
Yes, sometimes bad and sometimes good,—  
I was only a common boy.

Youthful dreams and beauty have fled,  
The cares of life come thronging fast;  
Many are numbered with the dead  
Mem'ry lingers 'round the past.  
Those bright, happy days of childhood,  
Those days, happy days of joy,—  
Still, sometimes bad and sometimes good,  
I am only a common boy.

The frosts of years begin to fall,  
The cares of life will soon be o'er,  
Soon I shall hear the Master's call;  
Loved ones will greet me on that shore  
Where he has said we always should  
Dwell in love, in peace, in joy,—  
No longer bad, but always good,  
No longer a common boy.

Laton, Cal.

## HARVESTING IRISH POTATOES.

D. Z. ANGLE.

POTATOES should be dug in this latitude from Oct. 1 to Nov. 1. We usually dig them with a spading fork and dig in the forepart of the day just what can be picked up and sacked that day. With the fork they are scattered as dug along on top of rows. Two rows may be dug at a time and the potatoes thrown in the middle between them.

Then they are left to dry and toughen for a few hours. They are then picked up in one-half bushel baskets and put into sacks, which have been placed at convenient stations along the rows. One bushel in each sack makes them most convenient to handle. Now place them on a wagon, cart or wheelbarrow and haul to market, storage house or cellar, where they may be placed in bins about a foot deep, and kept in an even temperature of about 50 degrees.

If convenient, small potatoes should be sorted from large ones and each kept in separate bins. Where one has no cellar potatoes may be buried in a pit, or placed on the ground in a heap and covered with a thick conical layer of dirt, about a foot thick all around, and then covered with corn fodder, hay, straw or coarse manure. By this method the tubers are more liable to freeze than in a good cellar, and then they can't be taken out or disturbed in severe winter weather.

For the grower who has a large acreage, in a light, pliable soil, the two-horse digger might be the best tool to use. We dislike the method of plowing out with common plow, as it usually takes as much work to scratch out and find the potatoes as it would to dig them at the start. Harrowing bruises and cuts them so they are more unsalable and liable to decay.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

\* \* \*

## WHERE ARE THE MEN?

A READER in Indiana writes us that she considers the article, "Some Big Things from a Big State," very good, and she doesn't doubt a word of it, as they have many energetic women in Indiana, too. But she wonders what the *men* in Kansas have done or can do. She has never heard anything in the way of "big things" in connection with them, and is curious to know whether they just *count* the wheat shocks while the "wimmen folks" cut and bind them.—THE EDITOR.

### A CALL TO THE FARM.

EVERY year hundreds of graduates leave college with no more idea what they are going to do in life than when they entered. Many of them drift into occupations in which the time and money expended on college profit them nothing, and some of them actually become beggars. Some of these no doubt would have found success in turning to the country and taking to the soil. But to suggest to the average graduate that he become a farmer seems to ruffle his spirit, and he considers that no "educated" man wants to follow that business.

To many persons the word "farming" brings up no picture but muddy boots and plough handles. They have no appreciation of the independence and real life of the successful farmer. But there are many educated farmers, cultured men, and no individual, we think, has greater right and opportunity for happiness. With a clear deed in his pocket and a knowledge that the soil he tills renders him independent, that he rules a little kingdom of his own, why should he not be happy? The work of planning, of developing his resources, disposing of his gains, enriching his soil, and many other issues of a similar nature are just as productive of intellectual effort as the management of any other business. Education can very materially assist in all these things, and add to the industry of the farmer and appreciation of the good that is in literature and art and you approximate the ideally situated man. The retirement that he has from the rush of the world gives him the chance for reflection that is the mainspring of every well-balanced life. With an education, whether gotten at home or college, that gives him intellectual enjoyment and progress no man is better situated for the all round development of his being, for gaining happiness and giving it to others. Farming has changed and is changing. It is being conducted on a scientific basis that appeals to good, sound intelligence.

"It will some day be found," says the New York *Herald*, "that scientific farming has attractions for the educated man and country boys who have received a college education will not all rush to the cities as they do now." Students would do well to consider farming as a life work, both from an æsthetic and financial standpoint, when attempting to decide on a vocation and, finding attractions in it, study to that end.—*The Pathfinder*.



### SEASONABLE WORK WITH POULTRY.

WHEN we are all getting things in shape for winter we must not neglect our poultry houses. Last winter when eggs were high we all resolved to get eggs another season by making the hen houses warmer. One

can make a good warm structure by the use of some rough boards if it is lined and sheathed with good paper. This will keep the hens very warm. Have a good ground floor and provide a scratching place, nests and a roost that will hold the hens without crowding. Put in plenty of windows in the south side. The building should not be high; 8 ft. in front and sloping back to about 5 ft.

If you already have a hen house do not let a rainy day pass without overhauling it and seeing that everything is in a No. 1 condition. Close all holes or sheath it again if you have not made it extra warm by so doing. Feed the hens now for rapid molting. Much depends on the molting as to the winter production of eggs. If hens have molted late and cold weather comes on before molting is completed, they will not recover so as to lay before late in winter or spring when eggs are low in price.—*Farm and Home*.



### STORING SEED CORN.

THE Iowa experiment station has for several seasons been conducting a most valuable series of experiments in seed corn selection. In a bulletin, just issued on the subject, the following good advice is given on the storing of seed corn:

1st. That it is not advisable to harvest immature corn and place in a ware room, as there is danger that the corn will begin to germinate as a result of the moisture and warmth.

2nd. That corn intended for seed should be allowed to thoroughly mature on the stalk or in the shock before husking.

3rd. That the best results are obtained when stored in a dry and thoroughly ventilated place.

4th. That cold does not injure the vitality of corn when it is thoroughly dried and kept dry, but on the other hand, if allowed to gather moisture, freezing will reduce the vitality and may destroy it entirely.

5th. That it is unwise to store seed corn in barrels or boxes, as it will gather moisture. Corn often contains a great deal of moisture, even though it appears to be thoroughly dry. This is especially true during the fall and early winter months.

The one thing that seems to be the most essential in the storing of seed corn is thorough ventilation.



### IN THE APPLE HARVEST.

It will pay to pick the fruit carefully, that it may not be bruised in any way. Even a few bruised apples may practically spoil an entire barrel of fruit. It is far better to assort to sizes, also keeping each variety separate. Use clean barrels for shipping and pack honestly.



### WHAT A HORSE DOCTOR SAYS.

SAVE every windfall sweet apple for the horses. Fed with grain, to a horse that is out of condition and thin, they will work wonders.

Begin now to use a light blanket on the road horses if you wish to keep the coats short and light.

Arrange paddocks on a sunny side of the barn for colts to run in during pleasant days next winter.

Horses are horses now, and they are worth too much to allow a colt to get a blemish on account of carelessness.

Do not leave the colts out in the early fall rains. Bring them in even if they miss a feed. It is better than being chilled.



### NOTHING SUITED HIM.

He sat at the dinner table there,  
With discontented frown.

The potatoes and steak are underdone,  
And the bread was baked too brown.  
The pie was sour, the pudding too sweet,  
And the mince meat much too fat,  
The soup was greasy, too, and salt—  
'Twas hardly fit for a cat.

"I wish you could taste the bread and pies  
I have seen my mother make;  
They were something like, and 'twould do you good  
Just to look at a slice of her cake."  
Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age,  
Just now, I'm but a beginner.  
But your mother called to see me to-day,  
And I got her to cook the dinner."

—Woman's Life.



### VIA APPIA.

THE Roman empire did many notable things during its fifteen centuries of world domination, but its greatest achievement was the building of a road. To this day the glorious Appian Way is the brightest star in its galaxy of achievements. This incomparable highway, the first and the best ever constructed, was begun by Appius Claudius 312 B. C., continued during subsequent administrations and completed about thirty years before the Christian era. It began at Rome, extended east through the territory of Latium, Campania, Basilicata and Apulia until it reached Brundisium on the Adriatic sea. Its total length was 350 miles and its general trend southeast from the great capital, in a course parallel to the Mediterranean sea. A peculiarity of the Roman road-building was their inclination to seek straight lines. Their aim was to go direct from point to point, as the crow flies. Instead of going around difficulties, even when this was possible, they seemed to prefer to cut through them rather than diverge. As to the Appian Way, the pride and boast

of every Roman for a thousand years, it was as beautiful as the most popular avenues or boulevards in any modern city and far more durable.

In fact, the strength and perfection of the ancient Roman roads have been at once the admiration and despair of every modern engineer. Efforts have been made to duplicate the Via Appia, but in vain, and though there are many superb highways in Europe there is nothing equal to the "Queen of Roads" (Regina Viarum), as it was proudly called by Statius. The Romans built their roads for all time, and some of them, still found in different parts of the ancient empire, are still in a condition to be used. Six centuries and more after Christ, according to writers of that period, the Appian Way was still in perfect repair after nine hundred years of constant and heavy use. We cannot dwell on the method of construction to which this great highway and the system of which it was the forerunner and type owned its excellence, but may say that the pavement, which was from fourteen to eighteen feet in width, besides footpaths on either side, rested on several prepared substrata, and was formed by large blocks of hard stone fitted to each other with great exactness. Horace, the celebrated poet, left us a glowing description of the Via Appia, and we like to think of the great satirist taking an airing on this magnificent boulevard in company with his friend and patron, the wealthy Mycenæ. Cicero, too, no doubt often relieved himself from the cares of state and the law by taking a spin towards Capua. Virgil, Cæsar, Augustus, Sallust, Livy and every celebrated Roman for centuries before and after Christ, made use of this proud passage from Rome to the sea.

We sometimes think the time may come when there will be a duplicate of the Appian Way in the United States. It will start on the Atlantic at some central point, cross the Alleghanies; pass over the Ohio valley, span the Mississippi on a majestic bridge, wind up the Missouri valley near the old Oregon Trail, climb the Rockies and eventually reach the Pacific. Think of such a highway, paved like a Paris boulevard and as smooth as Pennsylvania avenue, stretching three thousand miles through the finest farm land in the world. From it would radiate a system of State roads worthy of the prototype, and from these minor roads will cross every county and pass or bisect every farm in the Union. Railroads are indispensable, the trolley is convenient, but what the farmers want more than anything else is a system of general and local roads equal to the very best in construction and durability. What was done by the ancient Roman world surely can be done by the great Republic in the centuries to come, and we like to dream of the time when there will be an Appian Way through every State and a branch worthy of it through every neighborhood in the entire galaxy of States, from ocean to ocean.—*The American Farmer*.

## ON WALKING.

FEW men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. If a man tells me that he has an intense love of nature, I know, of course, that he has none. Good observers have the manners of the trees and animals, their patient good sense, and if they add words, 'tis only when words are better than silence. But a loud singer, or a story-teller, or a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog.

When Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. 'Tis one of the secrets for dodging old age; for nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will. A man in that predicament, if he stands before a mirror, or among young people, is made quite too sensible of the fact; but the forest awakes in him the same feeling it did when he was a boy, and he may draw a moral from the fact that 'tis the old trees that have all the beauty and grandeur. I admire the taste which makes the avenue to a house, were the house never so small, through a wood; besides the beauty, it has a positive effect on manners, as it disposes the mind of the inhabitant and of his guests to the deference due to each. Some English reformers thought the cattle made all this wide space necessary between house and house, and, that, if there were no cows to pasture, less land would suffice. But a cow does not need so much land as the owner's eyes require between him and his neighbor.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## "AMERICAN ACCENT TAUGHT."

ACCORDING to an English periodical the headmaster of a certain English "popular school" insists that his scholars shall "learn to speak English with the American accent and in the American style." We don't know exactly what the American style and accent are, but in the opinion of this headmaster, if he exists, they have a distinct money and business value. If a man has them, persons who hear him talk will think that he is "an American and consequently enormously rich," and do much for him; "do" him much, it might be more correct to say. On the other hand, if they know that he is an Englishman, yet they will assume from his accent and style that he has been in America, and, therefore, is shrewd, energetic and resourceful," and "far more experienced, intelligent and reasonable" than if he had had his business training in England. In short, boys that want to "get on" will acquire the American tongue. This is very ingenious and has a certain basis of sense; but American-speaking Englishmen will find that their hotel bills will be mighty large and long.—"*With the Procession,*" *Everybody's Magazine* for September.



To many people a tree is a tree, a flower a flower, and nothing more. It is only the few who appreciate the marvels in each individual tree, flower, leaf, or landscape. How many have ever really seen the miracle in a flower, even the commonest wild-flower, or ever learned to read the marvelous stories in the leaves, the plants, or the trees? How many attempt to fathom the mysteries in the country, or ever learn to read the handwriting of the Creator in the rocks, or ever look at the beautiful things of nature as the expression of God's thought?—*Success.*

## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Queer Manners, Customs and Superstitions.

In Belgium all cows over three months old are to be seen wearing earrings. Breeders are obliged to keep a record of all cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear.

In Denmark girls insure against becoming old maids.

There is a belief among the South Sea Islanders that no man can enter Paradise who has lost a limb, and for this reason a man will often die rather than to submit to amputation.

The married and the unmarried women of the United States of Colombia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the former wearing them on the right side, and the latter on the left.

The Pekin barber instead of waiting for customers

goes out to seek them. He carries his shaving apparatus and a stool with him and rings a bell to attract the attention of likely customers. The man who wishes to be shaved hails the barber, who places his stool on the ground for the customer's use, puts a bowl of water on the little stove he carries, and proceeds with his work.

Norwegians have a primitive way of breaking up old, worn-out wooden ships. They take them to exposed rocky parts of the coast, and, after anchoring them, leave the breakers of the next storm to smash them to pieces. After the storm the floating fragments are picked up and sold for firewood.

Both men and women in Lapland dress precisely alike. They wear tunics belted loosely at the waist, tight breeches, wrinkled leather stockings, and pointed shoes: their whole appearance, in short, is identical, at least to the casual observer.



The public executioner of Austria wears a pair of new white gloves every time he carries out a capital sentence.—Selected.

### The Politest Man.

The politest man has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of a doorway, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon: if you ran into me, don't mention it."

And he tore away, with redoubled speed.—Chicago Journal.

"Huh! What do you know about war? Did you ever hurl yourself into the imminent deadly breach, or seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth?"

"Well no, not exactly. Not to any noticeable extent. But I have taken home unexpected company to dinner."—Puck.

Jones—It is just impossible for me to keep a lead pencil. People are always borrowing, you know, and they always forget to return.

Brown—Why, I never have any trouble. See, I've got a whole vest pocketful of pencils.

Jones—Doesn't that prove just what I said?

Dr. Karl Muck has been selected as the head of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to succeed Director Gericke. His name is one that is in the mouths of the public just now and ought to be popular.

Literature makes life, enlarges the capacity of every man, doubles or trebles his power to feel and to do, and so fits him, not to hear more stories and find a new and more subtle pleasure every time he hears them, to become an Æolian harp giving out a new note under every soft air of style, but to be more of a man and more of a doer than he was before.—London Academy.

New Zealand has set apart two islands for the preservation of its remarkable wild birds and other animals. Thereon all hunting and trapping are forbidden.

Naturalists have discovered a wasp that uses a pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. It is believed that this is the only one of the lower animals that makes use of a mechanical instrument.

Natives in the Zambesi Valley in Africa are very fond of perfumes, and the more violent kinds are especially in great demand. They are sold in cardboard boxes containing twelve assorted bottles.

Brazilian ants make little gardens in the treetops and sow them with pineapple and other seeds. The gardens are found all sizes, from a single sprouting seed surrounded by a little earth to a densely overgrown ball as large as a man's head.

The saying that it takes "nine tailors to make a man" has nothing to do with the knights of the needle. It originated in the practice of tolling a bell thrice three times for the death of a man. Hence nine tellers made it a man. Only six were tolled for a woman.

### Stopping the Paper.

"I've stopped my paper, yes I hev:

I didn't like to do it,  
But the editor he got too smart  
And I allow he'll rue it.  
I am a man as pays his debts,  
And I won't be insulted,  
So when an editor gets smart,  
I want to be consulted.  
I took his paper 'leven years,  
An' helped him all I could, sir,  
An' when it comes to dunnin' me,  
I didn't think he would, sir,  
But that he did an' you kin bet  
It made me hot as thunder  
Says I, I'll stop that sheet, I will,  
If the cussed thing goes under!  
I hunted up the measly whelp  
An' for his cunnin' caper  
I paid him 'leven years an' quit  
Yes, sir, I've stopped his paper!"

—Manson (Ia.) Democrat.

The doctor looked his patient o'er,  
And gravely shook his head.  
"You mustn't carry so much steam;  
You need a rest," he said.  
"To burn the candle at both ends  
Will wreck your system quite;  
And now I must be off, you know,  
I'm driven day and night."  
In every walk of life, familiarity  
Makes each repudiate his own philosophy.  
The cobbler's shoes are full of holes,  
The tailor's coat is torn;  
The plumber's house is full of gas,  
The builder's full of smoke,  
The inconsistent sons of men  
Don't practice what they preach.

He—Yes, I always sleep in gloves; keeps your hands so soft.

She—Really; and do you sleep in your hat, too?—The Tatler.

### Local Color.

"Hiram, said Mrs. Cornloss, "what makes you say 'By Gosh' so much and wear your trousers in your boots?"

"I'm rehearsin," answered the farmer, "for the benefit of the summer boarders who are comin' next week. If some of us don't talk that way they won't think we're real country folks like they've been readin' about."—Washington Post.

## Neff's Corner

I am just returned again from a week's camp in an orchard and, naturally, fruit is on my mind. Now if any one doubts that the Pecos Valley is a fruit country, he should come at this season of the year and see. Peaches, Apples, Pears, Plums, Prunes, Apricots, Cherries, Grapes, and the quality the highest. One man here who is now shipping apples in car lots from a 14-acre orchard estimates that he will realize \$700 per acre from this season's crop, though fruit is plentiful and cheap in many parts of the country.

You would probably find it of interest to figure a little on this fruit proposition. You can buy the land here with ample water supply for \$75 per acre or less (the land without water for \$10 if you prefer to drill for artesian water yourself), and good nursery stock at four cents per tree. If you are not lazy you can set out the trees yourself and in four years they will be bearing. During this time the crops you can farm between the trees will bring you a good income.

But if you don't like fruit raising you can surely come and eat apples with us and enjoy it, and in the meantime you can be raising hogs and alfalfa or doing something else you like. If you want to know more, write.

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There will be other interesting features in future *Inglebrooks*, among them illustrated articles by James M. Neff, of Lake Arthur, N. Mexico, and Prof. N. J. Miller, of Rockyford, Colo.

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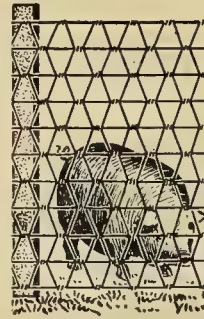
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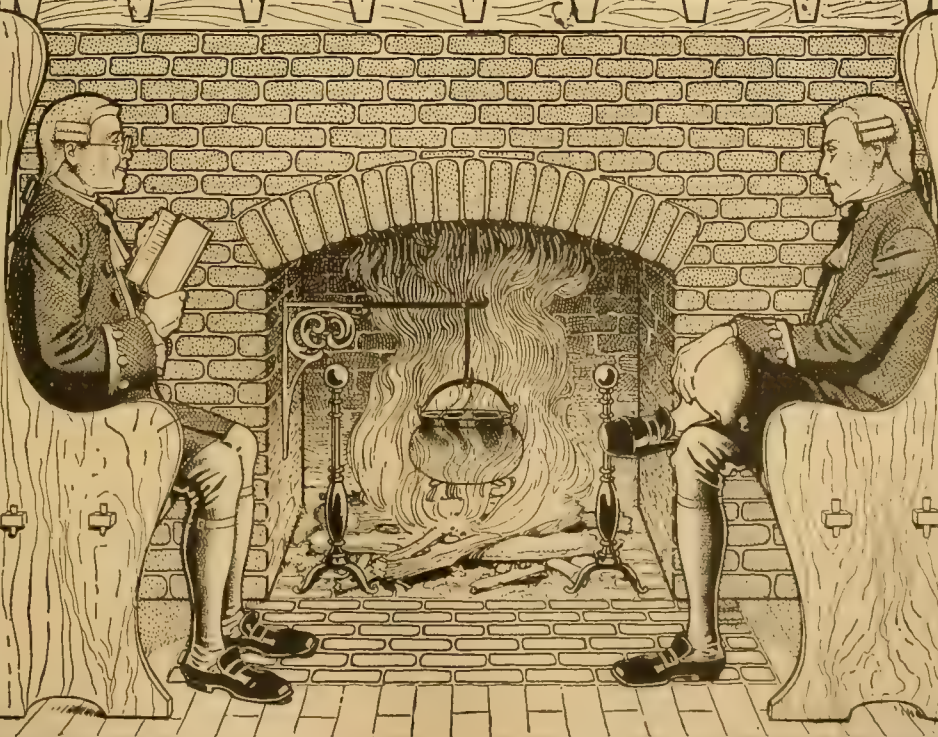
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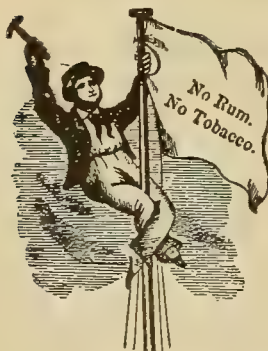
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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1906.

No. 39.

## Over the Hills

Over the hills and far away  
A little boy steals from his morning's play,  
And under the blossoming apple tree  
He lies and he dreams of the things to be;  
Of battles fought and of victories won,  
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done—  
Of the valor that he shall prove some day,  
Over the hills and far away—  
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away  
It's oh, for the toil the livelong day!  
But it mattered not to the soul aflame  
With a love for riches and power and fame!  
On, oh man! while the sun is high—

On to the certain joys that lie  
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day!  
Over the hills and far away—  
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away  
An old man lingers at close of day;  
Now that his journey is almost done,  
His battles fought and his victories won—  
The old-time honesty and truth,  
The trustfulness and the friends of youth,  
Home and mother—where are they?  
Over the hills and far away?  
Over the hills and far away!

—Eugene Field.

## The Pulling Down of Strongholds

By OMA KARN

- I. The Hidden Word.
- II. A Living Epistle.
- III. The Word Revealed.
- IV. The Sword of the Spirit.
- V. The Trial of Faith.
- VI. Faith's Reward.

### Part VI.



HERMAN was so confounded after hearing his wife's incoherent account of what had occurred that for a time he felt as if he were suspended in vacancy with nothing to fall back upon. Then came stealing across his confused brain that gentle voice that once stilled the stormy waves of Galilee, and down through all the succeeding ages of time has spoken to the faithful when the deep waters threatened to overflow them. "Tis I; be not afraid." Herman felt all at once as if he had the strength of a second Samson. His was not the faith that is built upon the sand. It was rooted and grounded upon the solid rock, and now in this hour of peril and sorrow he turned once more to the source of strength and comfort.

They were sorrowful days that followed for both husband and wife. With the exception of a few, it was the universal opinion that young Branson had made a great mistake, and the indifference and con-

tempt of their former associates was hard to bear. But they never regretted the choice they had made. The storms and the winds that swept over them did but cause the root of their faith to take deeper and deeper hold on their lives and the discipline they had passed under did but serve to temper and beautify their Christian character. After two years a more lucrative position in a distant city was offered to Herman, and after some hesitation they decided to accept it. The fact that there was at no great distance a strong body of their own faith with whom they might occasionally meet, and that they might become active workers in a mission just started in the city, influenced them all the more to go. Before going, Christine made one more effort to win her father's forgiveness. But Stephen Harper was as obdurate as ever, and the heart that had grown brave and strong through suffering found comfort in the sublime thought, "If thy father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." And counting themselves blessed that they were found worthy to suffer persecution for his



sake they went to their new home, clinging closer to the Word and the refuge they found there.

\* \* \* \*

"Say, Rile, what d'ye s'pose ails the old man? I've banged on that door about six times and can't get any answer. Whitney, the new member, is here on important business. Says he must see him right off. He's in there, for I heard him."

"Say, Rile, what d'ye s'pose ails the old man? I've ing so queer here of late that I don't know what to make of him. He 'pears to be losing his mind right along. Sure it wouldn't be any wonder if he would. They say old Mrs. Harper is about dead pining after that daughter he won't let come home. I seen her in her carriage the other day and I thought I was looking at a spook, she looked so white and scary. It's queer how the old man can be so mean. I always thought if there was a soft spot to be found in his heart it was about that daughter. 'Peared like she was the very apple of his eye. But he's just that set in having his own way that he'll sell his soul before he'll give in."

"You're right, Rile, but I can't help pitying the old gent; he does look so awful out of his eyes. And I feel real uneasy about him now. He might have a 'plectic fit. Besides, Whitney's getting on his ear. I believe I'll try again."

It is our old friends again, the errand boy and the elevator boy, now promoted to the position of cash boys. Well might they wonder at the strange change that had come over Stephen Harper. It was past human comprehension to understand it, as it had been past human power to withstand it. The arrows of God's almighty power have pierced his proud heart, and the stubborn will must yield, the proud heart must break.

Like all people, Stephen Harper had two sides to his nature, but, contrary to the usual rule, he always put the worst side out. Covered up, down deep in his stern heart had lain an intense love for his wife and child, and the casting off of that child and seeing the consequent suffering of his wife had caused far keener suffering than those about him realized. It was made all the keener by the fact that it was because his own will had been crossed, his own hopes blasted rather than the hatred of the faith his child had embraced. More than once he had been at the point of giving in to the never-ceasing cry of his heart. But self—that cruelest of despots—put itself in between and said, "I will not." And the years came and went and still the few words that could heal four bleeding hearts were left unspoken.

A few weeks before, Stephen had been summoned hastily home to find Margaret lying in an apparent dying condition, and the lashings of his guilty conscience, as day after day he hung over his wife's couch

and listened to her delirious cries for "her child, her child," shook the stronghold to its very foundation and was almost more than the strong man could bear. In that brief time he had aged and changed to such an extent that when he went back to the store his clerks looked at him in pity and wonder. This morning we find him again locked in his office, regardless of business duties, deaf to the importunate calls from without, his proud head bowed upon the desk before him, fighting again with self. Short, sharp and decisive was the battle that was fought in that inner office. The indomitable will that characterized him acted as decidedly in good as in evil. A few hours later a white-winged messenger of peace was speeding as rapidly as steam could carry it bearing to two faithful ones, who had planted their footsteps on the mount of God, up which they were slowly ascending, their eyes ever fixed on the distant "Palace of Peace," the welcome summons, "Come home!"

(THE END.)

\* \* \*

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O. H. KIMMEL.

STORIES about Abraham Lincoln are numerous and often mysterious. Many of them, however, pertain to the ingenuity of the man or to his indomitable will-power or determination. The one I have to relate is quite different from any other that I have heard, nevertheless it is quite true.

In 1840 Abraham Lincoln and John A. McClernand, Whig and Democratic presidential electors, came to Mt. Vernon to speak. The courthouse had fallen down and the church, being the only available place for people to assemble, was designated as the place to speak. However, court was in session, and McClernand occupied the noon hour (or two) in speaking to the Democrats. After he had finished, Judge Scates and Sheriff Bowman (who were both Democrats) immediately called court. This shut Lincoln out. But Mr. Kerby, who said "he was for fair play even in a dog fight," procured a large dry-goods box, placed it in the shade in front of his hotel, and invited Lincoln to mount it and speak to the crowd. This Lincoln did and the crowd listened and laughed at the old rail-splitter for another hour or two.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

\* \* \*

ARE we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.—*Patrick Henry.*

## ANTISLAVERY.

BY J. S. FLORY.

WE well remember what a stir the antislavery question made in our country when I was but a boy. At the time those who opposed slavery were reckoned as fanatics and busy-bodies about other people's business. It was looked upon as disloyalty to our government to oppose slavery because it was recognized by the government and fostered under the constitution of our growing nation. But there was an irrepressible conflict on and the question would not down. Little by little the opposition grew, it could not be otherwise, because slavery was fundamentally wrong. The right always has might in it, and the might did prevail finally, and the sin of the nation, legalized by the law, had to be wiped from the statute books.

Another slavery, a thousandfold worse, still hides within the folds of the stars and stripes, or is protected and fostered by this land of the free. The name is a misnomer when we rightly consider the slavery of our millions in bondage to King Alcohol. Our government not only fosters the dire calamity but is daily adding laws to protect it through the ballot box. It is a wrong and the right will finally prevail. Too long has the great hydra-headed monster been trifled with. Years of effort for reform have only seemingly forged the bands of slavery the tighter. But thank God, a sentiment has been cultivated in regard to its enormity of wrong, and there is a day coming no doubt that will, like a devouring flame of vengeance, destroy its power and open up the way for freedom from this powerful plague. Never can success crown the cause of temperance until our great nation shall by her acts of justice pronounce it a wrong as we did the slavery of the African bondman.

An effort has been born to start a work of the right kind, just as the pioneers of the old antislavery party did with a dependence on God, and right in it to educate and enthrone a people to demand that our government no longer legalize such wrong, such bondage or such a sin as intemperance in intoxicating drink has become. It can be done; how soon, God only knows; but the irrepressible conflict will be inaugurated and it is believed the good cause will prosper and spread over this fair land with such an impetus that all the combined powers of darkness cannot check it or prevent its final victory.

First, local organization will start the ball rolling; then county and state organizations will be born until every state will be a power to demand that our government through the highest tribunals shall pronounce the curse a wrong and when so pronounced the final overthrow will follow, and its national or political power will be crushed to earth. Fundamentally, the bondage is of a nature as really wrong as ever was hu-

man slavery and the way to the final emancipation can be reached as truly and really as the doom of slavery came. There is a coming army, not to shoot bullets but *ballots*, that will march on to a glorious victory. Be ready, ye young men of courage who dare to be in the right, and fall in line. The right is always on the side of the Lord. Where he leads be not afraid to follow.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



## AS WE LOOK AT IT.

THE latest from Paris is the recipe for a "milk bath" for the complexion. The face, it says, must be cleaned with pieces of wadding soaked in a mixture of olive oil, cognac and *eau de cologne*. Then milk is applied and after it dries the face must be rubbed with slices of raw potato or cucumbers. We are not told when it might be advisable to apply a little water. How could any woman put such an oleaginous mess as that on the features God has given her? And yet some of them will do it. We once heard of a young fellow who broke his engagement when he learned that the girl had not washed her face in water for years, but had used glycerine instead. Who could blame him? A devotee of such artificiality could not well make much of a wife for a sensible man.

We live in an artificial age. The time that some girls spend in "making up," if put to use, backed by solid common sense, would have far-reaching effects for good in one way or another. The time that it takes to paste on all this Parisian plaster spent in some healthful occupation—helping mother, for example—would develop a mental satisfaction that would not let them worry over a complexion. Plenty of exercise and a cheerful disposition will do a whole lot for the face and have a decidedly better influence on those around than worrying over looks and trying all the maudlin messes that the fashion doctors can compound. No girl should throw personal appearance to the winds—what is more repulsive than a slouchy woman?—nor should she debase her better nature by bowing to a contemptible vanity. Give nature a chance—exercise, eat pure food, sleep—and women could put the cosmetic shops out of business.

Those that devote themselves to the fashionable world, however, must lose sleep, eat unwholesome salads and ices, and do many things to cut off the beneficent course of nature and then they resort to such prescriptions as the above to make up the deficiency. Happily though the "milk bath" tendency is not by any means universal, girls have lots of common sense and most of them have other things to do; but there are some, no doubt, who will spend whole evenings in befouling their faces with disgusting grease and scraping them off with potatoes.—*The Pathfinder*.



## The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff



THE Apaches were once a powerful and warlike tribe of Indians widely scattered throughout the United States. They were the last upon the warpath and enjoyed the distinction of being the most blood-thirsty and invincible of the American red men. The Mescaleros, a band of this tribe were so named because of their great fondness for a certain plant of the flag family called *mescal*. The roots of this plant were taken up by the Indians, buried in the ground and over them a fire kept burning for three or four days. It is said that when thus prepared these roots resemble in taste candy made of cane malasses, and are not unpleasant to the white man's palate. This at present is but a small tribe of Indians, numbering, according to the census of 1905, four hundred and sixty.

The reservation upon which these Indians are settled comprises parts of Lincoln and Otero counties, Southeastern New Mexico, and embraces what, until the extensive irrigation systems in the Pecos and Rio Grande valleys began to be developed, was regarded the garden spot of the territory. A range of mountains cut in two by the cañon of a small mountain stream, the Rio Tularosa, and north of this stream called the Sierra Blancas and south of it the Sacramentos, traverses the entire reservation. Fine grass lands, excellent water, forests of grand pine, fir, cedar, juniper and pinyon timber, small, fertile, well-watered valleys and lofty mountain peaks constitute the physical feature of the reservation, which is twenty-four miles from north to south and thirty miles from east to west and contains 474,240 acres. The entire north half of the reservation, including the Nogal and White Mountain peaks, is alleged to be rich in gold and silver, while on the west line of the reservation copper is being mined. All over this section, back away from the frequented thoroughfares, bear, elk and deer abound.

The agency is located near the western boundary of the reservation between two mountains in a beautiful valley about a half mile wide, on the Rio Tularosa, a beautiful little mountain stream, at an elevation of about 6,000 feet above the sea level. During the history of the reservation all sorts of shifts have been made in the way of agency buildings. In the official report for 1880 the shanty occupied by the agent is spoken of as follows: "The government will soon have to prop it up or furnish a tent to live in, as the slabs with which it is build (set on end in the ground) are fast rotting away." In the report of the following year the agency buildings are spoken of as a collection of miserable slab shanties that must soon be abandoned.

A fine saw mill and planing plant has been installed by the government in recent years, and here lumber has been manufactured for the beautiful and commodious buildings in which the agency is now housed. They have a boys' dormitory, girls' dormitory, school building, hall, large commissary and barn, office, post office and store building and a number of neat and cozy cottages which are occupied by officers and employés. The grounds are beautifully laid out with a sparkling little lake in the midst, and the grounds and buildings are lighted with electricity.

For much of the information concerning this interesting tribe of Indians, which is to appear in subsequent chapters in these columns, I am indebted to Mr. James A. Carroll, Superintendent and Acting Indian Agent at Mescardo, and Mr. C. R. Jeffries, his chief clerk, who showed me every kindness during my stay at the agency. Both of these gentlemen went out of their way in efforts to facilitate my work of gathering data. For the photographs from which the cuts illustrating these articles were made, I am under obligations to Messrs. A. N. Blazer and H. F. Robinson, Ex-Adjutant-General of Arizona.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*



### STUDYING BUSINESS ECONOMY.

MR. HARRISON S. COLBURN, lately educational director at West Side Young Men's Christian Association, woke up one morning with a bright idea: "Why," he asked himself, "can't we teach business organization and system right here in New York, the greatest business center in America?" He sought the advice of leading business manufacturing plants in New York and other cities. They all urged the forming of a class in "business economy." It started out with a unique enrollment of forty members, whose average age was thirty-nine years. There were six presidents of companies, one vice-president, six members of firms, two superintendents, seven managers, and a miscellaneous list, including an insurance agent, a lawyer, a business systematizer, a chemist, a statistician, a bookkeeper and a clerk. These men represented thirty different and widely dissimilar lines of business, a fact which goes to show the wide applicability of the course. The lecturers were successful business men and noted specialists. The course of study was most practical and instructive. As now developed it embraces twenty-seven lectures, under the heads of executive problems and modern office methods. In executive problems the aim is to show how to make a non-paying business pay, to make still more profitable one that is already doing fairly well,

Panoramic View of the Mescalero Apache Indian Agency, Mescalero, New Mexico.



to find and stop leaks, and to apply to any business some method that has been highly fruitful in some particular business. The latest addition to the work of this class is a course in modern office methods, intended to make office men more efficient, with the consequent advancement which that implies, and to make business men in general familiar with the newest and best things in the running of an office. In connection with this course, a well-equipped modern office, having the latest furniture and accessories, is used for the purpose of actually demonstrating the best office methods of to-day.—From "Schools for the Out-of-School," by H. V. Ross, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September.



#### BE YOURSELF.

ONE should not repudiate himself. There is no surer method of discomfort and no shorter road to failure. To speak in natural tones and to act without affection; to dress in such a way as not to invite comment; to act without being hampered by artificial rules; and to live undaunted by conventionalism is not to live in vain. It is to escape much that spoils life.

Some courage is needed to be natural, and a higher kind of courage, too, than that which marches behind the safe end of a gun. That moral courage which is not intimidated by appearances nor cowed by custom is a finer article than the daring of the speculator, or the steady nerve of the soldier in physical peril. It takes bravery of the best stamp to be true to oneself.

Ridicule belittles the enterprise; expediency throws doubts upon it; circumstances embarrass and make difficult the adventure of being natural; but he who, in the face of it all, manages to be loyal to the inner voice, to keep faith with himself, and to maintain self-respect, has won the victory in a crucial battle. respect, has won the victory in a crucial battle.—James I. Vance, D. D.



#### A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

DALE E. WAGNER.



THE word ideal is one of the words in the English language which, if used properly in life, will lead to fortune, whether it be a fortune in the accumulation of the almighty dollar,—which is the lowest and easiest ideal,—or in the massing together of a literary fortune, or whether it be a fortune valued in force of character. Ideals lead intelligent and industrious men throughout life, the child, the scholar, the young man and the middle-aged.

Man is neither complete in himself, nor in his ways, nor in his ideas. Then, is it not natural that his ideals should be incomplete? He is never satisfied, but always striving, either for good or bad, and as the flood of years rolls on "new rifts in the cloud" appear.



The child sets his ideals in childish things, the scholar in scholarly things, the young man in gentlemanly things, while the mature man aims at the manly ideals. The child will have his ideal, although comparing it with the manly ideals it may seem very insignificant, and we almost say worthless; yet "we do not mount the ladder by which we rise at a single bound, but step by step."

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night."

The childish ideal creates a sensation in the child to be doing something, for human ideals, like the works of man, are not perfect, and the child begins to grow tired of his ideal, for his mind is receptive for other standards, and by and by his mental mind discovers a new field on which to build a new ideal, for we know that he who seeks diligently shall find. Does this childish ideal have any real value? Let us see. In the first place, had he not had this little ideal he would not have grown tired of it, and striven for another one better and higher. In the second place, it inculcated industry in his little mind.

In our schooldays is really when we should be careful of our ideals, for is it not then that we mould our character? And does not our destiny depend upon our ideals and character?

We must be able to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy, for there will be many "rifts in the cloud," some profitable, others unprofitable. Again, the scholarly mind is in a receptive condition for advancement. Behind and through one "rift" may seem to be a fortune, honorable and upright, but we must contemplate, study and seek advice. Yet the young person must not trust wholly to others. He must do his or her part. Again I repeat it, our destinies depend upon our ideals.

Our ideals lead to our life's profession. Then in choosing our life's work we should be of an age when we can depend upon our judgment. And has nature not provided man with the faculties by which he can tell what he is best adapted to, before it is too late to educate himself in that line? In our schooldays, then, is the time to prepare for our life's work, for no man can make his life worth while without preparation.

Besides being careful to educate ourselves in our profession, we should also be careful not to confine our energies in our studies to a narrow path, but it is the practical side we must observe. A young man, for instance, may educate himself to be a public speaker; besides knowing how to thrill his audiences with his eloquence, he should know how to overcome some of the difficulties of the average man. While his education to be well balanced must include a fundamental basis of the sciences, music, etc., yet he cannot specialize along these several lines, for he who would be-

come a great orator must leave advanced science, music, etc., alone. So our conclusion in choosing our profession is to do what our better judgment dictates.

Of the three classes of ideals mentioned, commercial, educational and moral, those by which the world judges us are essentially moral, and have for their basis character; also these are the ones that will most largely bless our country, our homes, and ourselves. But take a man with education and not character, is he a wholesome influence in his community? Yet a man with character and not education is still a standard for men to pattern after, while a man with *both* education and character could not wish for more. On the other hand, the man who is continually grasping for the almighty dollar usually lives a very selfish and miserable life. Do not understand me to say I think it is wrong to earn money; no, for without it we could scarcely get along, but where the trouble lies, some people will deprive themselves of character and education to get the dollar. Our Standard Oil magnate, John D. Rockefeller, is an example of the commercial ideal. Noah Webster, our lexicographer, was an example of the educational ideal, and while Benjamin Franklin was not wealthy, nor was he advanced in education, he stood for something better, he had force of character. Now suppose John D. Rockefeller, Noah Webster and Benjamin Franklin to be standing before us, and some one of us had a very important office to be filled, does it require a stretch of the imagination to forecast your choice? No; it would be Benjamin Franklin, who stood for *firmness, honesty and character*.

In speaking of educating ourselves to our profession, do we mean going to school and studying year after year? No, not necessarily. There are other places of learning than the schoolroom. It is true to a certain extent that we should get the basis of our education in the schoolroom, but the real basis is perseverance, industry and judgment. If a person has these he will succeed in life.

With these qualities and some ideal as a standard, we go through school. If we retain these qualities, we may hope to start in life, and start right.

When we begin our life's work we are no longer children, but men and women, students in the school of life. After our profession has been chosen just one "rift in the cloud" has been seen through, and the problem viewed against its background. Still, there are many "rifts in the cloud." We have as yet to succeed. There is where our judgment will come in use. Many "rifts in the cloud" will appear that are to be unnoticed, though there are many that are to be taken advantage of, and our great work is to tell which ones are to be used and which ones are to be discarded.

We must decide the nature of the reward that we

can see through the "rift in the cloud," and if it is profitable, we should grasp it at once as it appears, for it will appear only once, and if we do not grasp it then, probably it will be gone forever, for in our time it will soon be taken by our fellow-mate, and we are left to get along as best we can.

The secret of success may be obtained from any man who has made his life a success, and the answer we will nearly always receive will be summarized until it means that they used their judgment in selecting the profitable "rifts in the cloud."

Now we all have our time to lay away our labors, and we also have a destiny to put on record. Since we have a destiny to leave behind as an example of our character, why not leave a destiny that will at least be honorable and upright? Also when the time comes for us to lay away our labors, let us truthfully say that the secret of our success was, We discerned the profitable "rifts in the cloud."

*Morrill, Kans.*



#### MODERN BRICK-MAKING.

Q. A. HOLSOPPLE.



It was my privilege recently to visit the large brick-making and tile plant located at Versailles, Missouri. A brief description of the work done there may not be uninteresting to the readers of the INGLENOOK. At least the process was an eye-opener to one who thought he was familiar with brick-making as it is carried on in the smaller yards in Pennsylvania.

The clay is dug from the hillside, possibly a quarter of a mile away from the factory. It is loaded on small cars and drawn up to an elevation by means of a cable and drum. From here it is sent to the crushing room by gravity. The empty cars are also returned to the gravel pit by gravity. The gravel and rock is mixed with imported material to give the brick or tile the elements desired to make the best of their kind.

The crushers are of a monster type, of which the old-fashioned millstones barely furnish an idea. The bottom of the crusher is a large circular stone, which revolves by means of large bevel gearing. This looks very much like a mammoth millstone. On top of this are two large, heavy crushing wheels. These probably weigh several tons and rotate because their faces touch the top of the lower horizontal stone. The machine is started and the rock is shoveled in by a man. There are guides to conduct the lumps under the surface of the crushing wheels. When it is ground sufficiently fine, it passes through a screen at the edge of the crusher and is collected into a hopper beneath.

Large elevators carry this pulverized rock high in

the building, where it starts down through a course of screens. The coarse grain and lumps of sand are thus removed and return to the crusher to try it over again. That which passes has about the appearance of fine cornmeal. It drops into a hopper, which is the entrance to the "mixer." This has the appearance of a large sausage grinder, except that the spiral cylinder consists of flat spikes instead of being solid. Water is added by perforated pipes. This is regulated by a man who can tell what the consistency should be. At the end of this "mixer" it is forced out through an opening, which is the shape and size of the flat surface of the brick. This travels on a canvas belt till it reaches the cutter. It then slides on small rollers and flat surface into the cutter. This receives probably four feet of the clay when it automatically starts with it. The knife, which consists of wires placed the thickness of a brick apart, revolves, cutting the clay into bricks.

They keep on moving by the clay shoving from behind and are again caught on an endless belt, which travels faster than the first one. This separates the bricks and carries them as individuals down to the "stamper." This machine takes two bricks at a time, smooths them and stamps the firm's name or whatever is desired on their sides.

They are then piled on trucks ready to be taken to the kiln. This plant is run by two 100-horsepower engines placed at right angles. These monster engines are very interesting in themselves. The large balance wheels are eight feet in diameter and carry belts eighteen inches wide.

The tile machine was not in operation at the time we were there, but it is no doubt full of interest as well. A dry process brick machine completes their plant, but it also was not in operation.

*Penn Run, Pa.*



#### A SHORT TALK TO THE BOY WHO IS WILLING TO WORK.

THE world is the field of the boy who is willing to work. I believe in work, and plenty of it, as the best antidote for the blues, chronic discouragement and despair.

In the building up of any nation the young boy and the young girl play a great part if they are capable of work. The boy is to be the future citizen and father; the girl the future center of a home and a mother.

But the capacity to earn, the ability to avoid whining, the willingness to work fair and square and to strive to improve conditions, rests upon the boy. Whether he is one year old, or ten, or fifteen, and lives, the problem of producing the best that shall help the largest number of people is up to him.

How is he going to do it?

I am asked to answer the question from my own experience, and therefore what I have to say will be



based upon what I personally believe to be the truth. I would talk to the boy who has not yet left home, or the boy who has, through unfortunate circumstances, in about this way, and leave it to him to judge if my advice is not right. I would say to every boy between ten and fifteen years of age, rich or poor:

Have a purpose in life to begin with—have some one thing that you propose to do as well as, if not better than, your neighbor, assuming that he is trying to do his best. If you mean to be a farmer all your life, be the best kind of a farmer. If your ambition is to be a lawyer, be an A1 lawyer; if a preacher, preach as Christ did; if a locomotive engineer, the best on the division.

When you have determined on your purpose, work. Work hard, early and late. Hard and brainy work will never interfere with your success, but idleness, bad habits, untruths, petty envies, laziness, will always prove to be weights against progress.

Bad habits set more boys on the wrong road than any other one thing. Smoking, drinking, gambling, contracting debts, late hours, insufficient physical exercise, disobedience to parents, loitering in cheap places, are things that become habits with the boy who does not stop to think, and which after awhile master him.

I am not a believer in the goody-goody boy. I do not believe I could any more respect the boy who did not have a fault than I could the one who is constantly in the wrong. The boy who simpers and the boy who is a bully, are at heart, equal cowards—neither will do the world much good.

But the boy who will not smoke because the habit retards his growth, or is too expensive; the boy who will not drink because he has reasoned that it weakens his brain and body, and brings him into bad companionship, aside from tempting others who may be weaker than he; the boy who will not gamble because gambling in no respect resembles honest toil; the boy who will not buy what he cannot pay for outright; the boy who is in his bed at a reasonable hour, and who daily trains his body for future work, respects parents and considers himself as worth 100 cents on the dollar in all he undertakes, is not a coward. He is going at life and its purpose in the way his Creator designed him to do.

He will make mistakes—all do. He will suffer defeats—all do. He will have dark hours—all do. But he will never surrender and in his most heroic struggles he will stand out at his best—his character will then have its greatest influence in helping others. Such a boy will always work, realizing as life progresses, as we do who have gone ahead of him, that in the end the highest sum of life is represented in the total amount of good, when life ends, that you have been able to do for others.

It cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind of the boy who wishes to win real success—not the success measured by dollars alone, but by honor, respect, confidence, etc.—that in all he does he is building not alone for himself but for the humanity that surrounds him. He is helping not alone those he immediately touches, but scores whom he will never meet or know, and yet who are certain to be influenced by what he accomplishes.

An author once lived who wrote book after book on lofty subjects, but they did not seem to be popular. So one day he threw his pen aside in disgust and determined to travel. He felt his life had been wasted. Often we so misjudge our own efforts. He had been wandering from country to country for two years, when one day he came to a distant village in India and met there an Englishman who was endeavoring to teach the natives something useful out of our Western civilization. This Englishman said to him one night:

"It's funny, but your name is the same as that of a writer whose books have been a tremendous help to me in this work. I have often hoped I might meet him."

Then he brought forth in that distant land two of the volumes which this discouraged traveler had himself written. We cannot tell just where all the seed we try to sow for the right will fall and sprout—sufficient is it that we sow it.

The boy who is willing to work will always be scattering such seed, and the world will be the better for his existence. I am one of those who believe that this great republic, destined to be still greater, contains more boys willing to be companions of the truth than the other type. If I am right we need not fear for the future of our homes or the government. We need only seriously fear when we meet the boy who thinks that life can be lived without honest, clear-headed, constant work.—*Boys' World*.



#### EDUCATION AND REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

THE Russian government realizes perfectly well that it is easier to oppress uneducated people than to control an enlightened people in revolt against administrative abuses. This is the reason it has always kept the peasants,—i. e., the majority of Russians,—as far as possible from every kind of education. This policy has proved a failure, and the people become every year more civilized. Still, the government tries to continue the same course, only that it has found it necessary to break with the Duma and to assume a hypocritical pose as the true educator of Russia.

Education in Russia is confined to three classes of institutions,—so-called lowest, middle, and highest. The "lowest," or primary schools, may be di-

vided into three groups: (1) zemstvo schools, the greater number of which are in villages, although a good many are also maintained in cities; (2) governmental and municipal city schools, and (3) parish schools. Of these three types the best are the zemstvo schools, and they are maintained out of a part of the taxes which each zemstvo has the right to impose upon the population in an amount not exceeding usually seven per cent of the government taxes, and which must also cover all expenses for zemstvo hospitals, roads, etc. The number of these schools is still far below the need, but in some districts the local zemstvos have gradually erected so many of them that no child has farther than three miles to walk, and they make every effort to provide so many schools that every child in a district may become a pupil. Usually the school building consists of from one to three large rooms and is provided with a little library. The local liberal landowners take pride in giving to the schools yearly additions to the libraries, and often build, equip, and give to the zemstvo a whole school, under the condition that the donor should be the curator of the school.—From *"Education and Revolution in Russia,"* by Alexander Petrunkevich, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September.



#### WALK AS THOUGH YOU WERE SOMEBODY.

NEVER allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy; walk as though you were somebody, and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once, and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along, like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or lolling about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting intelligence offices, and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't wish to give people the impression that you are discouraged, or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power, and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest well projected in order to give a large lung capacity; he is the man who does things.

You cannot aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upward and to walk upright, not to look down or

to shamle along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.—*Success.*



#### THE TWO PATHS.

Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support, parents to help, brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and preëminent motives, to press the morning's labor and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly at work what is the motive which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of trees and hills that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is the love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that moves you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof.

But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation or avarice of wealth, it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune that you desire; but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.—*Ruskin.*



#### UMBRELLAS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

THOSE who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jones Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.



NEARLY all the insurance companies operating in Chile have decided against paying damages caused by fire during and after the earthquake which destroyed Valparaiso and did more or less damage at other places. It may be necessary to have earthquake insurance as we have cyclone insurance, for the people who live where earthquakes may come will want to insure against them.



BLESSED be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

ANYTHING that promises us the things we want most and then not only fails to give them to us but gives us instead the very things we do not want is a mocker. We need not go very far in our observations, to say nothing of actual experience, to see that strong drink of every description does this very thing. The would-be drinker not only looks upon it as a pleasant beverage, but he even goes so far as to put great faith in its curative powers over some real or fancied ailment he has. Our asylums and almshouses show, in a measure, to what extent he has been deceived.

But this consideration of the text places it far away from most of us who literally "touch not, taste not, handle not," and we may draw our self-righteous robes around us and pass on unaffected unless it is brought nearer.

There are many other people, besides the ones who use strong drink, that are deceived by it,—some of them quite prominent in church work. They are mocked when they look upon the saloon business as a means of increasing the city's funds, by way of the licenses paid in, by which additional improvements may be made. As any one may know by a little investigation, the public improvements thus secured are more than overbalanced by the additional sum required of the taxpayer for almshouses, jails, officers of the peace, etc., necessitated by the presence of the saloon. Are you, my reader, among those thus mocked? Are you sowing seed of that character? Then you must reap along with the drunkard.

"O, which would you gather to-morrow,—

The seed of contentment or woe?

The seed of forgiveness or sorrow—

The seed that will kindle life's glow?

The spirit of right and of justice

Will follow, wherever we go,

And cruel or kind, we will certainly find

That always we reap as we sow."



## CHEERFULNESS.

GRACE M. ZUMBRUM.

"Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness, its poison." The value of cheerfulness is inestimable in making a success in life. Habits are easily formed

in youth and if the habit of cheerfulness is cultivated while young, it will grow and develop all through life. The young person who is always looking at the dark side of things is going in the wrong direction. The girl who goes to her work, no matter what it is, whether home duties or school work, with an unpleasant face is not only doing herself an injury but also those who come into her presence.

Take for instance the boy who enters into everything with his whole heart and soul, no matter whether it is a hard problem or whether it is on the play ground. When study hour comes he does not wish it were play time or this or that, but he sits down and goes to work with a will. That is the right kind of boy.

If you take time to smile, how many dark lives might be brighter or how many burdens made lighter? One day as an old woman was washing the steps in a hotel, two men came up the stairs. One man, who had a very stern countenance, said in a gruff voice, "Get out of the way, old woman, what business have you here?" The woman quickly took the bucket out of the way and begged his pardon. Afterwards two more men came up the stairs. One of them when he saw the woman taking the bucket out of the way, said in a pleasant voice, "Don't bother after the bucket, I can step over it." The woman looked up, her face radiant with the pleasure the kind words had brought, and the gentleman passed on. It was a very little thing, but it had sent the warm rays of sunshine into that woman's heart and brightened her soul.

A person may be admired in his youth for his beauty but that soon decays and fades away. Cheerfulness is the trait of character which wins the approval of all. A cheerful friend is like a sunny day which sheds its brightness on all around and most of us can, as we choose, make this world either a palace or a prison.

Two boys start as clerks in a store. One is lazy and shiftless, and cannot do anything without grumbling. The other is bright and ambitious and does everything cheerfully. He works steadily onward, winning many friends as he goes and finally owns a store of his own. While this boy is going forward the other is gradually slipping backwards. He does not find success by looking on the dark side of things. It has been well said:

"It is easy enough to be pleasant;

When life moves along like a song,  
But the man worth while

Is the man with a smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."

Let us call to mind the cheery, happy, loving face of dear old grandmother whose habit of cheerfulness cultivated in youth now shines like a halo around her hoary head in her declining years. She has a treasure of literary gems or words of soothing comfort to the troubled or oppressed. All love and respect her and when the scene of her earthly life draws to a close she goes to realize that bliss of which she has had a foretaste in this life. And memories of her shed a radiance in the hearts of those who knew and loved her like the tinted glow of the western horizon long after her sun has set.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



### "THY GOD HATH COMMANDED THY STRENGTH."

"Thy God hath commanded thy strength."  
It is not thine to squander on toys of a passing age;  
Nor thine to be spent in winning a sordid earthly wage;  
Nor thine to hide in a napkin till a more convenient time,  
Thy God hath commanded thy strength,—thy strength  
in its fullness and prime.

"Thy God hath commanded thy strength,"  
It may be to deeds of glory before the world's applause;  
It may be to work and struggle in some obscurer cause;  
It may be to little doings that few or none will heed;  
Yet God hath commanded thy strength, of thy service  
the Lord hath need.

"Thy God hath commanded thy strength."  
He may summon thee to the desert, from the toiling  
world apart,  
For thy strength to rest in silence, while he shall try  
thy heart;  
Or he may call thee to shoulder some weight of sorrow  
or pain.  
'Tis thy God that commandeth thy strength,—shall he  
command in vain?

—Charlotte Burgis De Forest.



### MIND WHAT YOU READ.

A BOY returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, father."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had seen a number of trashy novels here and there about the house; and had been waiting for a fitting opportunity to speak about them. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the boy obeyed.

"And now," he said, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced the boy said: "Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chipdirt—trashy reading."

Do you see the point? The boy saw it. And no trashy reading entered that house after that timely talk.—*Young People's Paper.*



### EPITAPHS ON SOME FACES.

MANY people are walking tombstones. Written on face and form is the visible epitaph of a grace or a goodness which died and was buried in their lives. In the hard lines of a face one reads: "Here generosity departed years ago." Another countenance with its sensual heaviness tells so that all may see: "Purity came to an untimely death in me." A woman's face, in the look of pettishness or bad temper fixed there, announces: "All pleasantness departed this life when the first burdens and discouragements began to come."

Indeed, it were possible, if one chose so to do, to go through a city street as old-fashioned folks used to visit cemeteries, and spend our time reading the epitaphs written in the tombstone faces we pass there. Life was meant for life. Men must fight against making spiritual graveyards of themselves. The old command, "Therefore choose life," we must apply not only to the heavenly life of a resurrection day, but so as to urge men away from the death and burial of their souls in their bodies.

We must be guided by it so that our lives may not become cemeteries of dead hopes, dead gifts, and dead graces. Rather, in the words of the patriarchal benediction, may our lives become as "a fruitful field which the Lord hath blessed."

Hear the Word which says: "I came that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."—*Sunday School Times.*



"THE everlasting arms." I think of that whenever rest is sweet. How the whole earth and the strength of it, that is, almightiness, is beneath every tired creature, to give it rest, holding us always. No thought of God is closer than that. No human tenderness of patience is greater than that which gathers in its arms a little child and holds it, heedless of weariness.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## BACK TO THE OLD HOME.

To one who has gone away from home to do battle with the world amid strange scenes the contemplation of a return to the scenes of his childhood gives rise to emotions hard to describe. At once the mind goes back and the pictures of those early years, even up to the parting of the ways, are carefully reviewed. One does this not only because of the pleasure it brings, but in order that he may feel at home when he visits with old-time friends. He feels that they will form the link by which the remote past will be connected with the present, closing up the gap of years. There is the old home with its every feature marking some event of childhood. There are the loved ones moving about each with his peculiar characteristics. There is the road to school, across the dark woods and grassy fields, and then the playground appears teeming with familiar forms. Next the old church comes into view, its holy atmosphere enveloping each worshiper as he takes his favorite seat. How easily one slips into the old groove and the passing years seem but a dream!

But the one who has thus deceived himself finds a bitter awakening. The old home as it now appears bears little resemblance to the old home dear to his memory. He has thought of that home as a thing apart from the busy, bustling world which has been sweeping him along in its current. He finds, however, that the course of the stream has encircled it, too, and that time has laid ruthless hands upon it, spoiling it of some of its dearest treasures. Around the family board there are vacant places which a hungry heart tells him will be vacant forever. The old paths are traveled still, but the youthful forms seen there bear only faint elusive marks by which one may recognize that they are traveling in the footsteps of their fathers. One tries to account for the changed appearance of the congregation in the house of God, but he fails utterly until he has made a visit to the graveyard near by. There is the revelation of many

a mystery,—a shadow of the revelations that shall come from the same place in the last day.

Bowed forms, hoary heads and faces lined with toil and care now answer to the names of the companions of one's youth. Sorrow, that so often follows in the wake of time, has left its mark on all, and one is soon weighed down with a heart-breaking load as the life-tragedies of old friends are revealed to him. Were it not for the youthful forms, with hopeful eye and care-free ways, moving cheerfully among the ghosts of other years, he would think that the story of life was all sadness. But the life and vigor of the young and strong cannot wholly deceive him, for he knows that his experience may be repeated in their lives.

And so slowly but surely the truth dawns upon him. The things of time are of earth, earthy and must pass away. Only that endures which is a part of the Infinite. And so one feels with many who have gone before, that he is a stranger and a pilgrim here, that he is seeking "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."



## THE MEANING OF "EDUCATION" AT HAMPTON.

ANY one who is following to any extent the development of our country has his attention called again and again to the Southern States. At one time this was considered strictly an agricultural section, but now every phase of the country's endeavors is receiving attention there and the present activity is only a hint of what can and will be done in the future. Ten million of the inhabitants of those States belong to the colored race. It may be of interest to our readers to know in what measure this race is preparing to take part in the development of that part of the country.

The editor of the *Review of Reviews* has an excellent article in the September number in which he gives their understanding of the word education as illustrated by the work done at Hampton, Virginia, a school for negro young men and women. By way of introduction we will say that Hampton is the school at which Booker T. Washington received the education of which he is making such a noble use by repeating the advantages of such a school in the work at Tuskegee, Alabama. The following is taken from the above mentioned article:

Whatever may be their fate in the distant future, every one must know that for a long time to come the colored people must continue to do a large share of the hard work that goes with southern economic advancement. In any progressive region the largest item in the list of productive assets is the energy and skill of the workers; and this must be true of the south. The training of the rising generation is more

essential than anything else to the growth of the Southern States in all that is desirable by way of material progress.

Everything depends upon the right conception of what education means. If education means to create in young negroes a distaste for the practical life and work that fall properly to their lot in this generation, education is a mistake. But if one has a wider conception of education, and means by it the sort of early training that will increase the efficiency of workers and thus promote the character, security and prosperity of communities, then education is certainly no mistake, but the most desirable thing possible.

There is no institution in the world, in my judgment, which so well exemplifies the possibility of training young people through practical methods as does this institute at Hampton. Since the minds that control this institution understand that the pupils have lives of work before them, it undertakes from the very beginning to teach them how to work intelligently and efficiently, and it makes real workers, so that they may take their place in the outside world without any difficulty of adjustment.

They are instructed in all departments of southern farming, and they manage to learn a good deal about the sciences that underlie agriculture. But they learn all these things experimentally, doing plenty of hard, practical work every day while learning from their instructors. In the same manner they work in the shops of the school and learn many practical trades. The girls in the school learn everything pertaining to cooking, sewing and practical housekeeping, while also learning gardening and many other useful, every day subjects.

The reason for interest just now in the work at Hampton lies in the direct bearing of that work upon what the South hopes and means to accomplish for itself in the coming decade. In its shops and mills and on its farms, in its dairies and in its varied industrial departments, Hampton is year by year training hundreds of young negroes for fitness to participate in the work of southern development. But it is performing a more important task than the training of skilled farmers or artisans, for it is training a generation of splendid teachers, each one of whom can go out and take charge of a negro school and make that school the center for improvement in the surrounding negro community.

What Hampton means by education is the fitting of young people for the work they have to do in life, and the method it uses is that of going straight at the desired end without wasting a day. For the Hampton Institute is a life, rather than a school. Its students are at work as well as at study. They are building up habits of order and self-control and steady industry. On the farm lands of Hampton or in the varied shops,

where practical trades are both taught and worked at, the boys face all the conditions of practical toil. But they also learn that when the day's work is done it is feasible to use plenty of soap and water, and to turn the mind to other useful, interesting things.



#### A WORD TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

LIKE all publications that feel that they have a mission, the INGLENOOK desires very much that the size of its family may increase and the benefits to be derived from its pages may be shared by many not now receiving them. We feel that those of our present subscribers who are giving the paper a careful reading feel as we do in this and will do what they can to put the magazine into the homes of their neighbors and friends.

As a special inducement to those not now taking the INGLENOOK we are offering it for three months, from Oct. 1, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, for ten cents, the offer to hold good only during the first week in October. This will be an excellent opportunity for loyal Inglenookers to show the strength of their loyalty by securing the magazine's admission into many new homes in their neighborhood.

A party of people known to many of our readers is now traveling in Europe and the Bible lands and will furnish us with articles concerning their travels accompanied by illustrations. These, along with the excellent articles received from our regular contributors, ought to prove a splendid inducement to would-be subscribers.



#### WORTH REPEATING.

THE right always has might in it. . . . .  
Never can success crown the cause of temperance until our great nation shall by her acts of justice pronounce it a wrong as she did the slavery of African bondman.—*J. S. Flory.*



THE storms and winds that swept over them did but cause the root of their faith to take deeper and deeper hold on their lives and the discipline they had passed under did but serve to temper and beautify their Christian character.—*Oma Karn.*



IN our schooldays is really when we should be careful of our ideals, for is it not then that we mould our character?—*Dale E. Wagner.*



Now since I take time to rest and read I wonder why I was so long learning how much satisfaction it is in knowing what is going on in this big world of ours.—*Ida M. Helm.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

A STORM at Sioux City, Iowa, caused the loss of a million dollars worth of property. Many buildings were destroyed and also thousands of acres of corn and other grain. Twenty-five miles of railroad track was washed out.

THE investigation of the Waters-Pierce Company in Missouri brought out the fact that it really is a part of the Standard Oil Company's business, though professing to be independent, and that sometimes the dividends were as high as six hundred per cent in a year.

CAPTAIN JOHN J. PERSHING, who won fame in the Philippines, was jumped over the heads of 862 persons and made brigadier general. His bravery and efficiency met with prompt and full reward. He was jumped over 257 captains, 364 majors, 131 lieutenants-colonels and 110 colonels.

UP to Sept. 15, four thousand cars of green fruit had been sent from California to points east of the Rocky Mountains. About one-third as much more will probably be sent before the season closes. The market value of more than five thousand cars of deciduous fruit is estimated at five and a half million dollars.

SEVERAL eastern railroads have reduced rates since the new railroad law was put in effect. If the law is strictly lived up to the people will get the benefit. The number of persons traveling on passes was almost incredible. The anti-pass provision of the law is one that ought to bring relief to the men who were so often importuned for passes.

THE attendance at private schools is increasing faster than that at public schools. One reason given for this condition is the greater activity of the churches, causing children to attend parochial schools. Then in some places it is considered that the private schools are of higher social rank. Many parents are induced to send their children to private schools because of overcrowding in the public schools. They want them to go where ventilation is better and risk of disease less.

THE Illinois liquor dealers had a meeting at Galesburg last week. Many people of the city protested vigorously against an official welcome being given them by the mayor; but he refused to act as the religious people wanted him to, saying it would not be courteous to refuse to welcome them since he is mayor of the whole city and half the people want saloons.

THE condition of the landless peasants of Russia is a trying one. There are millions of them, and by putting forth their best efforts they can get but a scant living. Their cry is for land. They believe that the land belongs to those who till it, and are not disposed to pay for land if they can obtain. They are the persons whom the government has most reason to fear, for they are spreaders of revolutionary ideas.

THE fifteenth universal peace congress was inaugurated at Milan, Italy, Sept. 15. Delegates were present from all parts of the world. There seems to be more and more attention given to peace societies. The day may not be far distant when the leading governments of the world will not only talk in favor of peace, but will show by their actions that they are in earnest.

THE Department of Agriculture has sent men to Europe to study the large potato grown in many sections over there. The desire is to introduce it here for the purpose of extracting alcohol from it. It is said that enough can be grown on an acre to produce six hundred gallons, which would provide light, heat and power for a farm household for one year. After the alcohol is extracted the potatoes will be good food for stock.

BALTIMORE streets are straighter and wider than they were before the fire a little more than two and a half years ago. Recently the people of the city celebrated the complete recovery from the great fire. These fires are terrible, and yet in most instances the cities visited by them rise from the ashes more beautiful and substantial than they were before. It would no doubt require much more time for the changes to be made in the ordinary course of events. Still fires are so dreadful that we may well wish to escape them.

THE Nihilists are said to have told General Trepoff repeatedly that all his precautions were in vain and that they would kill him in his bed. He, perhaps more than any other man, was responsible for the reactionary policy in Russia. For months he knew the death that threatened him, but he did not allow the fear of it to turn him from doing what he believed to be his duty.



OF nine large cities in the United States, Chicago shows the smallest percentage of illiterates, figures showing but three and nine-tenths per cent. Baltimore has the highest percentage, seven and two-tenths. Chicago also has the smallest percentage of delinquency, one and seven-tenths. Los Angeles has the highest, eight and one-tenth. The girls are less guilty of larceny than the boys.



AT Wilkesbarre, Pa., too many postage stamps were used during the last fiscal year in transacting the business of the city. Some of the councilmen raised objections and tried to stop the leak, but with very little success. Now the comptroller states that he will honor no order for the payment of stamps unless a report is made to him of the use of the stamps and who used them. He wants every stamp accounted for. This is a good way to stop leaks of this kind.



A STATUE of President McKinley was unveiled at Columbus, Ohio, some days ago. Mrs. McKinley was not able to be present. Mrs. Longworth, daughter of President Roosevelt, was present. In their desire to see her the crowd came near crushing the life out of those near the stand on which she was. She pulled the cord and unveiled the statue prematurely, preventing many serious accidents and possibly saving some lives.



MORMON missionaries have been at work in Zion City since trouble arose there and claim to have made many converts. After going through Zion affairs thoroughly the investigators found that the liabilities are about twice as large as the assets. Dowie's health does not improve, and he is to leave for a different climate. After living in great splendor he will be fortunate if he has enough of this world's goods to keep him comfortable during the remainder of his life. He was not as wise financially as the leaders of the Latter-Day Saints.



DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH, a Jew of Chicago, after spending some time studying conditions in Russia, on his return to America said: "Whichever way the situation in Russia clears, it is bound to be to the lasting disadvantage of the Jews. If the czar finally

decides to allow a certain amount of liberty to his subjects he will undoubtedly instigate propagandas injurious to the Jews. If the revolutionists are finally successful there is no doubt that the revolutionary Russians will forget what they owe to the Jews in the moment the revolution is an accomplished fact. So it is clear to me that no matter which way the present troublesome times end in Russia, the Jews are bound to pay the fiddler in the end."



SOME of the labor unions have expressed their disapproval of boys being taught trades in the public schools, and declared their intention to try to prevent it. They probably fear the result, for if all men were skilled laborers it would be very difficult for the unions to enforce their demands. But the boys should be taught; and it is up to employers and employes to find the better way to prevent trouble. Arbitration with the golden rule as guide will prevent strikes.



QUITE often of late, persons who invested in some stock which promised big dividends have awakened to find themselves poorer but wiser. They are inclined to blame the men who sold the stock and the men who advertised it—in fact everybody but themselves. In most cases they might have known better than to invest; for any business that can clear enough money to pay back the capital stock in from one to two years to two months is not begging for money. They that make haste to become rich pierce themselves through with many sorrows.



THE attempt to compel the Poles to use the German language in the schools of German Poland is meeting with some opposition. This is especially true in religious instruction. The children in some districts refuse to say prayers in any but the Polish language. The men and women of Poland cannot forget that they were once a nation, and the hope of again becoming one burns brightly for some. But it is a forlorn hope. With Austria, Germany and Russia interested in crushing the desire for liberty, the fate of the Poles seems fixed.



THE French people have complained much about their copper coins, claiming that they are unclean. The government has decided to make a change, and beginning with December the copper coins will gradually be displaced by nickel coins, which will not soil the purse, the pocket, the hand, or the glove. Of course, it is not the common people who demand the change, but those who want to appear clean, even though they may have broken every law of God. It is the outside cleanness they want.





### A MOTHER'S CARES.



DO not think that I could bear  
My daily weight of woman's care  
If it were not for this,  
That Jesus seemeth always near,  
Unseen, but whispering in my ear,  
Some tender word of love and cheer,  
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares  
That no one knows and no one shares,  
Too small for me to tell;  
Things e'en my husband cannot see;  
Nor his dear love uplift from me  
Each hour's unnamed perplexity,  
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,  
The ending of some pleasant dream,  
Deep hidden in my breast;  
The weariness of children's noise,  
The yearning for that subtle poise,  
That turneth duties into joys,  
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,  
Are known to Jesus, each and all,  
And this thought brings me peace.  
I do not need to say one word;  
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,  
And by divine caress my Lord  
Makes all its throbbing cease.

And then upon his loving breast  
My weary head is laid at rest,  
In speechless ecstasy!  
Until it seemeth all in vain  
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain  
Should hope to drive me forth again  
From such felicity!

—Selected.

### AUNT BARBARA'S WAY.

IDA M. HELM.



UNT Barbara is a thrifty, cheerful woman. One day when I called on her she was washing the windows on the outside and I sat down on the doorstep and we chatted.

"I always like to have my windows free from dust and cobwebs," she said, "and I like to have them raised and the shutters open; I don't like a dark, damp house. If we keep poorly

ventilated and badly lighted rooms we do a great wrong to ourselves."

When she had finished, we went into the neat, wholesome room and she moved two comfortable rockers over by the door, and invited me to sit in one while she took the other.

"I have it a rule to always try to arrange my work so I can have an hour or two for rest after my noon work is finished," said she. "I always keep some good books and papers handy and while I rest I have time to keep myself informed on the current happenings of the day and to study my Sunday-school lesson. I used to begin my work in the morning and never stop till it grew dark, and night always found me too tired to study or even read much; and on Sunday morning I went to Sunday school with my lesson unprepared. And when I chanced to hear any of the questions of the day discussed I never knew what was meant and if any one asked my opinion concerning any current questions, I was forced to admit that I knew nothing about it. Now since I take time to rest and read I wonder why I was so long learning how much satisfaction it is in knowing what is going on in this big world of ours, and being able to ask and answer questions in the Sunday-school class.

"What we learn in the school of experience we are apt to remember, and I think I have learned a very good way of planning my day's work so that I can have time to rest and read."

As I walked home I thought it would be a good thing if we all could plan our work as Aunt Barbara does.



### MUTUAL CONFIDENCE IN THE HOME.

How many a mother, sorrowing over her child over-taken in some disgraceful act, exclaims, "If I'd only known Mary had ever spoken to that creature!" or "If Joe had only told me where he was going last night!"

Alas! Poor mother! But she forgets the evening, years ago, when her little child put a soft arm about her neck, and whispered, "Mamma, I want to tell you something the boys did to-day," or "Mamma, which do you think was right?" and she pushed off that arm, and said, "O! don't bother me! It's too hot to talk."

Or, perhaps, upon the confession of some childish

and drop plentifully over all bits of sweet fresh butter; then cover with a second crust and bake until done but fault, she fell into a passion of stormy denunciation and punished the child severely, when a little gentle advice and warning would have corrected the error and kept open the door of her child's soul.

We forget that we as well as our children are the offspring of the All-Father; we exaggerate our parental authority, and minimize the fraternal relation, the companionship which ought to exist between parents and children. Through fear of punishment and adverse criticism our children grow away from us, seek other confidants, evade our questions, learn to tell us lies (always the defense of a weak nature against oppression) and fall into irreparable evil.

We should respect a child's self-reserve, just as we must abstain from discussing some things before little children; but we can do much to help them to grow in honesty and clean-mindedness by encouraging them to tell us everything which interests and puzzles them.

What, however, will be the influence of that mother whose children hear her deceive her husband; who sends the maid to the door to put off an unwelcome guest or a bill collector by saying that she is not at home; who writes a lying excuse for her child's absence from school?

We ourselves must be upright as well as amiable, truthful as well as tolerant, good as well as gentle, if we hope to make our children so.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



#### PASSING OF CHILDHOOD.

"PERSONS by no means old can not fail to realize that the simple pleasures which served to make them happy in childhood are scorned by the children of the present generation," says the *Providence Journal*. This tendency, it says, is noticeable in the children's games, little girls no longer showing a special fondness for the rag doll of the doll family. More elaborate playthings are now in vogue, but it thinks it is doubtful whether the complicated mechanical toys give the children half the enjoyment the simple ones gave their parents. "The same scornful attitude is maintained by the haughty youth toward books," it continues. "He wants excitement and he insists upon having it."

On the other hand it finds that "it certainly is true that children read instructive books more than they used to do." In making information take the place of imagination in the present-day child, it finds that the whole trouble is "we have deprived them of their most precious heritage and turned them into old men and women before their time. Are we really tending toward a world without children or will the futility of the craze for 'well-informed' children be recognized in time?" it asks.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To bleach willow furniture, after washing, put in a box upside down and burn sulphur in it.

Palms are hardy as house plants, if you get the right kind. Don't over water; once every three or four days is enough.

Don't wash oilcloth or linoleum in hot soapsuds; wash them in tepid water and wipe with a cloth dampened in equal parts of cold milk and water.

Stains on matting from grease: Wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on white castile soap; let this dry in a cake and wash off with warm salt water.

To remove a bad smell from the hands, a garment or any other article, hold the same in the smoke of cornmeal sprinkled on burning coals.

A tablespoonful of vinegar added to cooking turnips, onions or other ill-smelling vegetables, will kill the smell.

To remove ink stains, use tomato juice, or wash the article in skimmed milk till clear. If these fail, use oxalic acid. Dissolve the acid in water and gently rub the spot with a cloth dipped in this water until the stain disappears. Then rinse thoroughly (be sure of this part lest the goods be eaten through), and lay in the sun.

Sweet milk is said to be as good for enameled shoes as for babies, only it needs to be applied differently. Remove all dust and dirt from the shoes, then wash the uppers thoroughly with the milk. Let them stand a minute with the milk on them, then wipe with a soft dry cloth. It is said that shoes thus treated keep their enamel bright for a long time without needing any polish or dressing.

Many people think they must have hop or potato water for making bread, but the following have given as good results: The water from either boiled barley, cornmeal, bran or sweet corn, added to yeast.—*The Epitomist*.



#### SELECTED RECIPES.

**SWEET Potato Pie.**—Boil sufficient sweet potatoes to make a pint of pulp when rubbed through a sieve; add a pint of sweet milk, a small cupful of sugar, a little salt, the beaten yolks of two eggs and, if liked, a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Bake in a shallow pan lined with rich crust. Beat the whites of two eggs with confectioner's sugar, making a meringue, put on top of the pie after it is baked and return to the oven to "set"—not to brown. Irish potatoes may be used the same way.

**Sweet Potato Pie** (southern way).—Have ready a nice crust, lining a deep pie tin. Boil the sweet potatoes until quite tender; slice into the pie-crust, sprinkle over it very little salt, a cupful of sugar, a little allspice



not too brown. If this is too dry a little of the water in which the potatoes were boiled may be added before covering.

**Potato Biscuits.**—Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of cornstarch with one cupful of flour. Boil four large potatoes in their jackets. While hot, peel and put through a press, adding two cupfuls of milk and two well-beaten eggs, and lastly the flour, and if necessary, enough more sifted flour to make a soft dough. Cut in thin, small rounds, brush over with milk, and bake in a quick oven.

**Apple Gems.**—After paring, chop four tart apples very fine, then add four tablespoonfuls of molasses, one egg well beaten, and one-third of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one teaspoonful of hot water. Add alternately one and one-half cupfuls each of fine cornmeal and sifted flour with sufficient sweet milk to make a thin batter. Stir in quickly one teaspoonful of baking powder, and drop into greased tins. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

**Onion Soup.**—Boil six young but fully grown onions in two waters, turning off the first at the end of ten minutes' boil, and replacing with fresh hot water. There should be a quart of the second water. When the onions are tender, add a cupful of dry, fine bread crumbs and cook gently for five minutes more. Pour the contents of the kettle into a colander and rub the onions and crumbs through it into the liquid in the bowl below. Return all to the fire, simmer for a minute and stir into the soup a "roux," made by heating to a bubbling cream a great spoonful of butter with one of flour in a frying pan. Have ready heated in another saucepan a cup of milk, in which you have dropped a pinch of soda. Take the boiling soup from the fire, stir in the hot milk, and pour into a heated tureen. Pass Parmesan cheese with it.

**Creamed Sweet Potatoes.**—Pare, quarter and cut in small pieces, enough sweet potatoes to make 2 quarts. Boil in salted water till nearly done, then season with salt and butter. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sweet cream, put into pudding dish and bake slowly until brown.



#### POTATO SALAD.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

Six or eight medium potatoes boiled, two onions, two hard boiled eggs, and a few celery leaves; chop all rather finely and mix with the following dressing after salting:

One egg, one-third cup good vinegar, a little sour cream if preferred, boil till thick and garnish with sliced egg, lettuce, or celery leaves.

*Franklin Grove, Ill.*

**Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.**—Bake the potatoes in the usual manner. Cut off one end and scoop out the inside. Season with butter, pepper and salt. Beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth, add to the mixture and beat all till light. Replace in the skins, close with the pieces cut off, and put into the oven to heat through. Serve hot.



#### TO PRESERVE CABBAGE.

TAKE any kind of clean barrel, wind from top to bottom with three or four thicknesses of paper, fastening the paper in place by tying twine around it. Old newspapers will answer every purpose. Place three or four thicknesses of paper in the bottom of the barrel, the head having been removed. Strip outside leaves from cabbage and wind each head with several thicknesses of paper; then pack closely in barrel. Heads of cabbage treated in this manner will keep perfectly and come out as fresh and crisp in spring as when first taken from the garden in fall. Keep the barrel of cabbage in a cool cellar during winter.



#### FREE WATER-DRINKING CURES.

A HABIT that has a direct influence in disturbing the functions and therefore in shortening life is that of insufficient water drinking. A man or woman weighing one hundred and fifty pounds contains about one hundred and fifteen pounds (or half a barrel) of water. This fluid, as blood, lymph, chyme, chyle, saliva, gastric juice, etc., is constantly flowing back and forth in the body, doing its various work, and finally passing out through skin, lungs or kidneys, laden with the body's poisons. The daily output of fluid from the body is from five to seven pounds. All the processes of life within the body go on in a watery medium. Thousands of people suffering from constipation, indigestion, kidney disorder would be relieved if they would supply to the body with the water it needs; and the body needs for its proper functioning not less than two quarts of water daily.—*Health Culture.*



#### ROOTING SLIPS.

I AM very successful in rooting slips of all kinds. Roses I find best to root where they are to grow, and half ripened wood roots best. I break off slips with a heel, place in rich soil, turn a tumbler over it—or a glass fruit jar will answer—and leave them this way for three weeks, keeping them well watered. At the end of three weeks they are usually well rooted. I then put a prop under jar and allow them to have air in this way for a week; then I remove the jar and

allow them to grow undisturbed for the rest of the summer. The hibiscus and other hard wooded plants I root in this way. I prefer rich soil to sand, as the sand dries out so quickly and the young roots are injured. Cactus slips root best in sand. Oleander and lemon verbenas slip I root in water. I hang a bottle of water on the sunny side of the house and after placing slips in, I fill in neck of bottle with cotton, so as to exclude all air.—*Selected.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

### PLENTY OF TOYS!

What made you think I have no toys,  
Or any things like other boys?  
This is my horse,—an elder tree,  
Beside the road he grew for me;

I peeled the bark in spots away.  
And so I made him dapple-gray.  
This painted broomstick is my gun,  
And with it I have lots of fun.

I ride my horse to water. There,  
I play a tiger or a bear  
May come to tear us limb from limb,  
And take my gun to shoot at him.

We have a cow with skin like silk.  
Ma takes our water pail to milk.  
And when she strains it, warm and sweet,  
I have a lot with bread to eat.

And then my pa comes home at night  
And grabs me up and hugs me tight,  
And holds and rides me on his knee,  
And we're as glad as glad can be!

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.



### UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

"Now for the surprise," said Nellie, as clouds of dust gradually obstructed her view of the team.

The entire family were invited to spend the day with Aunt Kate, who lived a few miles down the turnpike. Nellie did not like to visit Aunt Kate because her nerves were dreadfully bad. Every little noise made her frown and look cross.

With much teasing and the promise of a delightful surprise Nellie persuaded Rena to stay at home too. Rena was five years younger than Nellie and had great faith in her sister's ability to plan things.

"Where would you rather play, Rena, under the apple tree or down by the brook?"

"Under the apple tree, 'cause it's always cool and shady."

Nellie, without telling Rena what she was going to do, ran into the house. In a few minutes she returned with the scissors, a bottle of mucilage and some white and green paper.

"Do you know where I may find a smooth white

board?" Rena only shook her curls. "All right for you, Rena. I know you will help after a while."

Nellie laid the paper, scissors and mucilage down upon the grass and went to the woodshed in search of a board. She found a desirable one except for nails, which were soon withdrawn. "This," said Nellie, brushing sand off the board with her handkerchief, "will be the foundation."

Rena, soon tiring of the swing, insisted upon helping her sister. Nellie cut out several pieces of different widths and lengths from the white paper.

"Will you make me some chairs and tables, Nellie?"

"What I am going to make is built out doors. The only inside furnishing will be—Oh, I nearly forgot this is going to be a surprise!"

When the pieces were pasted together Nellie turned about a quarter of an inch all the way around the bottom, covering it with mucilage. Finding the center of the board, she stuck the flaps which she had turned. There stood the dearest house.

"How lovely!" said Rena, clapping her hands for joy. "It is just big enough for a penny doll."

Rena was pleased with the squares resembling windows cut in the sides of the house. She immediately poked her fat fore finger through each one. Then Nellie pasted the green paper over half of the squares for curtains. The little house being finished, Nellie was eager to arrange the yard. Rena went down to the brook for moss and fine gravel. While she was gone Nellie marked a walk on the board leading to the front of the house. A small piece of broken mirror laid on one side of the yard made the lake. Rena, out of breath, soon returned carrying the moss and gravel in the skirt of her apron. Dumping the contents down by her sister's side she patiently watched her beautify the yard.

"Now," said Nellie, stepping back to get a good view of her work, "the yard is still incomplete. I have forgotten trees for the dear birds." She picked twigs from the apple tree, sticking them in the moss around the lake, also the front of the house. By this time the girls were hungry. Nellie guessed by looking at the sun that it was near noon. They went into the house and found a tempting luncheon which soon disappeared. The afternoon was spent making a croquet set for the miniature yard. The mallets, stakes and balls were whittled out of soft pine, then painted with water colors. Wire taken from an old broom was shaped into arches. Just as Nellie placed the last arch the horses bounded into the yard. Both father and mother praised her skillful work.

"It is all for me," said Rena, "'cause I stayed at home."

"That is how Nellie happened to make the surprise."—*Florence Holcomb Davidson.*



## The Rural Sanctum

### THE END OF SUMMER.

DOWN by the browning meadows,  
From out the bending trees,  
The clamor and cry of the blue-jays  
Storm through the languid breeze.  
The cornfields are seas of tassel,  
And close by the cornfield's edge  
Snow-on-the-mountain and Golden-rod  
Mingle with sward and sedge.

The ruddy fruits of the orchard  
Fall ripe in the aftermath,  
And, ripe in the sun, the blackberries  
Hang lush o'er the well-worn path.  
The meadows are golden billows,  
The quail from the stubble calls;  
The iron-weed and the thistle tall  
Bloom by the old stone walls.



### PLEASANT WORDS FROM FARMER FOR MUCH-MALIGNED CROW.

SAMUEL W. QUICK, a farmer of Rynexs Corners, N. Y., has learned to have a friendly feeling for all crows, because of a devoted pet in one of the tribe.

"I do not think crows are so fond of corn as some farmers imagine," he told the writer. "The old birds feed their young on worms, bugs and insects. It is such food as they are after when they go into freshly tilled fields. In hunting for these they naturally damage the corn to a certain extent. My pet would not touch grain of any kind. I think he would have starved before eating corn.

"I shed tears when I lost that bird. I called him Jackey. I got him by climbing to the top of a tall pine tree and carrying him down in my arms. I put him in a box about two feet square, with a sieve across the front. After keeping him there about one week I let him out for a walk. Very soon he was so tame that I gave him entire freedom. He slept in the trees in summer and in the chicken house with the hens in winter.

"When hungry he would come into the house, get hold of my wife's skirt and pull and yell and flap his wings till she fed him. We gave him everything we had on our own table, excepting the grains. He was a great lover of meat of any kind. When he got a piece he would grab it as savagely as a dog, fly up in a small tree in the yard, hold the meat in one of his claws and tear off pieces with his bill, all the time making noise enough to waken the dead. He was also very fond of grasshoppers, and would spend hours some days gathering them and storing them up for hard times.

"When he got more food than he could eat at one time he would take the surplus out in the yard and hide it under some leaves; and woe to the dog or cat that would try to get what he had deposited.

"He would never hide anything while any one was watching him. If you would turn your back, or pretend not to look for a moment he would drop whatever he had, quickly putting a covering over it, and then run off about twenty feet where you could see him, and commence to dig and scratch to make you believe that he was hiding it there.

"If I started to go where he had hidden anything Jackey would try in every way in his power to lead me in the opposite direction.

"He was a great boy for taking walks. He would follow me through the fields the same as a dog, or sometimes perch on my head or shoulder. He seemed to know when Sunday came, and would bother me more then than on any other day. He wanted to keep me busy. As soon as he saw that I had nothing to do, he would get hold of my trousers and try to pull me along with him for a tramp.

"Jackey was never quiet for a moment except when asleep, and that was only in the middle of the night. He was the first man up and the last man to bed.

"A crow, as far as my observation goes, is a natural born thief. Jackey would steal anything he could get a hold of, carry it off and hide it. He was especially fond of anything bright, such as sewing materials, shears, thimbles, needles, papers of pins, silver spoons and jewelry of all sorts.

"Our barn was burned by lightning that year and this gave Jackey lots of business. He would work all day picking nails out of the ashes and carrying them off to the woods close by, where he would stack them in piles and cover them with leaves.

"One day while walking through the woods I went without knowing it to the spot where some of these nails were hidden. Just as I was about to tread on one of his precious stores, Jackey hopped down at my feet and began to pick up nails as fast as he could, carrying them away to a place of safety.

"Had Jackey lived I think I could have taught him lots of tricks, for he was very intelligent. Unfortunately my pet came to an untimely end just as he began to be most interesting. He had been fighting with the hens one day and they pulled out all the feathers in one of his wings. Later in the day he attempted to fly across a creek; fell in and was drowned."—*Selected.*

**FREIGHT CARS EQUIPPED WITH HATCHES.**

OF recent years models of boats in use on the Great Lakes have been changed in the effort to facilitate the operation of loading and unloading, with the result that, where formerly a boat was tied up at the wharf for days at a time, the same labor is now performed in a few hours. The carrying capacity of the craft for the season is greatly increased.

The changes are of such a character as to not readily be noticed by the casual observer, and they generally contemplate a redesigning of the interior construction so as to permit of the practical removal of the deck in order that the big machines used for unloading may eat their way from one end of the boat to the other with the least possible delay.

So successful has been this idea that it has been found profitable to extend a similar scheme to the construction of freight cars. Box cars are now being built with an opening at the top just like the hatch of a vessel.

This opening is ten feet wide and extends the entire width of the car. It is covered by a door which is slid aside on a cog track, and the freight can be removed from the interior of the car through this opening much more easily than through the usual side door. The latter is still provided, as well as the hatch.

A number of these cars have been constructed by an American car-building firm for the Tehuantepec Railway, of Mexico, and are now in operation on the tracks of that company. This line engages principally in an interoceanic business.—*Philadelphia North American*.

**SPECIALTY FRUIT FARMING.**

IN a recent address Hon. A. J. Lovejoy, of Illinois, gave this incident of success in fruit farming which came under his own observation. He says:

"Adjoining our farm in Winnebago county, Illinois, a young couple live on a place containing but twelve acres of tillable land, and about the same amount in pasture. It was a hard proposition to make a living unless some specialty was taken up, and two or three years after this young man concluded to make a change in his farm methods and become a specialist. He took up the growing of small fruits. Last year he received from one acre of strawberries more money than some men receive from an eighty-acre farm. I also have an acquaintance who lives in another county in this State, who owns a thirty-acre fruit farm, growing all the varieties of small fruits, as well as other kinds. This man makes more clear money than any farmers farming in a general way 500 to 1,000 acres. I know of no man who from the same effort makes more money or takes life any easier. He spends only the summer season on the farm. After the fruit crop is

marketed he goes to his home in the city, and when the cold weather of winter comes on, he with his family goes to Florida."

**THE SMALL FARMER.**

THERE is pleasure and profit in the cultivation of a small farm under a well-organized system. Some think that small areas cannot be farmed profitably, and this may be true of the system which they follow. The great secret of success in all lines lies in our ability to adapt ourselves to existing conditions rather than changing conditions to suit ourselves.

The fifty-acre farmer who cuts his land up into small fields, establishes a proper rotation of feed crops in connection with a money crop, and grows a little of everything, can have more and better stock to sell, more money for farm improvements, in the way of fencing and buildings, increased soil fertility, greater crop production per acre and increased land valuation. He also gives his mind a healthy variation, not being forced to worry over the possible loss of the year's work, as he does where nearly all depends on the success or failure of one crop. Our efforts should be toward producing more per acre both in quantity and kinds.—*Farm and Home*.

**THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.**

IN the public square of Nassau, the capital of the Bahama Islands, there is only one tree, but that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood.

It is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is usually known as a ceiba or a silk-cotton tree, but the people of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree.

Even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was smaller than it is at present.

**STUMBLING.**

THE horse that stumbles should not be whipped for the accident. He may stumble because he is badly shod. He may have a nervous disorder that occasionally causes him to lose control over one or another part of the nerves that are used in his complicated work of walking, trotting and running while pulling a load or holding it back. Whatever may be the cause of his stumbling, whipping the stumbler will do no good. The horse does not stumble for pleasure or through design. Stumbling is painful to him. Just why he should be tortured with a whip after his whole nervous and muscular system has been wrenched in a stumble and a struggle to keep his feet no one can



tell. The whipping comes after the accident. The horse does not understand that the stinging lashing is a warning to him not to stumble again. He regards it merely as an added torture.—*Farmer's Guide*.



#### A HELPFUL HOME.

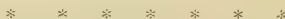
At first it was only a plan, talked of one sunny afternoon as a group of girls sat chatting together. They had been discussing their plans for the future, and presently the brown-eyed girl began to speak.

"I would like to have a home of my own some day," she said, "just a nice, cozy house; then I would lend it to other people."

"Lend it to other people,—what a queer idea," chorused her companions in surprise; "how could you do that?"

"Why, this way," she explained. "I would have a pretty sitting-room for tired mothers, a dainty dining-room in which to give pleasant little teas, and a spare room for visitors who needed a change occasionally. Yes, I have it all planned out now, even to the ones I would invite."

"Then count us among the number," remarked her friends, smiling at the novel idea, and after a little more talk the group separated.



Years passed by; they were separated in a wider sense, and in the meantime some of them had realized their wishes and some had not; but among the former was the brown-eyed girl. She had become the happy mistress of a little home, and the plan formed in her girlhood days was not forgotten. Her resources, however, were limited, for the house contained only six rooms; but to each, careful thought had been given, and though plainly furnished, they were beautiful with the true beauty of simplicity. Frequently, too, were they "lent," even as their owner had planned in former times.

Yet it was not from the circle of her intimate friends that her guests were most often chosen. The little hostess reasoned that they had comfortable homes of their own and did not need help. But there were others, so many others, whose lives seemed but a round of toil amid surroundings where beauty was unknown, even though hearts and minds craved for it.

"They have such hard lives," the little woman observed sympathetically, "and have to live in such ugly houses. Perhaps a few hours spent in another home would help them a little. I mean to try the plan, anyway."

So she set to work; and thus it came to pass that there were many pleasant gatherings in the small house on the hill. Sometimes only one guest would

be present, sometimes two; but never more than three or four at once.

Perhaps the visitor would be a weary mother who was asked to spend an afternoon in the bright sitting-room (parlor there was none) among the books and flowers. Or else two old friends would be bidden and then left for a cozy chat together. Again, the guest would be a homeless woman, a dweller in boarding houses, and for a time she would have a glimpse of real home life.

Tired workers, too, worn out in mind and body, were welcomed cordially, and for them the hostess would play sweet, restful music. She was not a skilled musician, but from her small organ she could draw forth the old, old melodies which after all are best. And thus many different people, different creeds and classes, but all one in their human needs, found a refuge in her home; and wisely she ministered unto them, carrying out her plan of simple kindness.

All, however, was done quietly, and never was there any special effort made at entertaining. She considered her own family worthy of the best she could give, and her guests fared as they did. Yet, in a small house on a small income, she helped more than those whose riches were great; and through her influence many a life was brightened, many a heart strengthened and comforted.

True, it required much unselfish effort, for her household cares were many and there were no servants to share them. But she gave herself and her home freely to the cause. She was a woman who wanted to help and who did so, realizing thus her girlhood's dream. And in its simplicity and its helpfulness, does it not offer an example many might follow?—*S. L. Harivel, in The Interior*.



#### TREATMENT OF APPENDICITIS.

[This article is part of one which appeared in the July number of *Health*. It is printed at the request of one of our readers.—Ed.]

DR. R. M. GRISWOLD, of Kensington, Conn., lately read a paper on the medicinal treatment of appendicitis before the New Britain Society of regular physicians. This paper is given in full in the May issue of *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*. I would like to quote the whole article, as it is well worth reading, but I shall be obliged to content myself with a few references.

Dr. Griswold says that appendicitis is a very common disease; is frequently not recognized at all and that more cases recover without any treatment (and unrecognized as appendicitis) than the cases that are recognized and are subject to some treatment. He does not believe that any case of appendicitis requires surgical interference until there is a plain evidence

of septic disturbance. Septic symptoms only occur after pus has been formed in the appendix and re-absorbed into the system.

Even if a case of appendicitis should be neglected and suppuration should occur and a perforation of the appendix result, the case is not necessarily fatal.

He quotes Dr. Howe, of Hartford, as saying "that probably eighty per cent of small perforations of the appendix recovered." He quotes Dr. Gibbs, of New York, as saying, "Sixteen years ago I read a paper before a medical association, in which I advocated early operations in appendicitis. I have lived to see many well defined cases recover without operations."

He quotes Dr. Flint as saying, "In inflammation of the vermiform appendix either from the products of inflammation or from fecal matter, in none of them have I seen perforation, and none have ended fatally."

He quotes Dr. Dennis as saying that "cases that are doing well at the end of thirty-six hours should be left to recover without an operation."

Dr. Griswold goes on to say from his own experience, "When I was younger, and more 'brash,' I removed two appendixes which were absolutely normal. I have no doubt that in thirty years I have seen two hundred cases which would now be classed as appendicitis, requiring the immediate use of the knife, as their only chance of survival. Few of these died, and the recoveries were not due to any superior skill in my treatment, but to the natural tendency of about 95 per cent of all cases of appendicitis to recovery."

Dr. Griswold says further—"In the past three years a record of thirty-one cases in my practice shows eight operations. Three of these operations, in my opinion, might well have been left to recover under medical means, but, yielding to the dictates of fashion, the operation was sanctioned, disclosing, in one case, a perfectly normal appendix, and, in the other two, slight catarrhal occlusion, which I am quite confident nature alone would have cared for if given a chance and a little assistance. Of the remaining twenty-three cases under medical treatment two died, neither due to appendicitis directly."

The conclusion of this doctor is that at least 95 per cent of all cases of appendicitis will recover if proper medicinal treatment is used instead of surgery.

The statements which Dr. Griswold has made in the article from which I have quoted, are statements that a great many of the older surgeons and physicians are making to-day. It is the younger doctors that try to make it appear that every case of appendicitis should be operated upon at once. It has become the fashion nowadays for the up-to-date doctor to resort to surgery on very slight provocation. If a patient has a pain in his bowels, or an enlargement, instead of trying to find out by physical diagnosis what the

trouble is, the average doctor is inclined to "cut in and see" what the matter is. Almost any doctor who has graduated since 1890, from a so-called regular college, regards a physician as an old foggy who hesitates to open the peritoneal cavity if anything is the matter in there.

Thus it has come to pass that surgeons consider it a very little thing, indeed, to enter the abdominal cavity for purposes of exploration. No doubt many of these surgeons are conscientious in doing so; they are simply following what they have been taught in college.

But a reaction is beginning to set in against this sort of thing. Even the modern doctor is coming to his senses and is acquiring a more respectful conservatism regarding his patients' rights and welfare.

There are a great many deaths in these days as the result of operations for appendicitis, and there can be no reasonable doubt that not so many people would have died from this disease if there had been no operations at all. Doubtless surgery sometimes saves a victim of appendicitis, there can be no reasonable doubt of this, but the numberless cases that are operated upon more than offset the few cases that are saved by an operation.



#### BANDAGES ALWAYS AT HAND.

How many housewives have a box or drawer devoted exclusively to linen, cotton, and wool pieces, to be used for bandages, pastes, poultices, etc., as occasion requires? Physicians tell me that not only much inconvenience, but delays with sometimes serious results, oftentimes arise simply because no one in the house knows where to find a little cloth for bandages. When a white garment is worn out, it should be washed perfectly clean, then cut up in as large pieces as may be without seams, and sorted into bundles of the same class of goods and same size pieces. A hospital surgeon tells me that partly-worn cotton should be torn into lengthwise strips as long as may be, ends lapped half an inch and sewed on a machine through the middle of the lapping. The strips should be three-fourths, one and one-fourth, two and a half, and four inches wide, rolled very tightly, and absolutely smooth on a small cylinder, pinned tightly and kept with other bandages in a place every member of the family knows. This is not only a convenience in the common accidents, but in the serious accidents requiring medical aid, often prevents serious results from loss of blood, or the delay that lets inflammation get started. This requires no outlay and but a few minutes' time.—*Lillian Wright.*



No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—*Dickens.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Ma's Calls.

When I'm out playin' some place where  
My ma can't see me, sometimes she  
Comes to our door—nen she stan's there  
And looks all 'round an' calls to me.  
If she says: "Joey, come right in,"  
I wait, an' purty soon she's gone  
Into th' house, an' nen I grin  
An' I ist keep a-playin' on.

Nen—so, when she sees I ain't come,  
She opens up th' door again  
An' looks wite a th' place I clum  
Out of th' fence to play, an' nen  
She calls: "You, Joe, come in th' house!"  
But I wait till she shuts th' door—  
I ist keep still as any mouse—  
An' nen I go an' play some more.

But nen she come out purty soon  
Again, an' looks for me some more,  
An' says: "Oh, Joey, it's bout noon.  
I called you now two times before!"  
An' I ist keep on playin'—so  
'Fore long she's at th' door again,  
But this time she says: "Come in, Joe!"  
But—I keep on a-playin' nen.

Nen after while I hear her walk  
Out on th' porch an' look for me;  
I keep wite still an' hear her talk  
An' say: "Now, where can that boy be?"  
An' nen: "You Joseph Henry Green!  
Have I got to come after you?"  
You bet I know ist what she mean—  
An' I go in 'at time—I do!

—W. D. N., in the Chicago Tribune.

"Chew your meat," is the advice given in one of the "Health Hint" columns. Since the packing-house dis-closures more people have been eschewing meat than chewing it.—Selected.

### Music.

There is music in all things if men had ears.—Byron.  
Music is the medicine of the breaking heart.—Sir A. Hunt.

Let me have music dying and I seek no more delight.—Keats.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.—Auerbach.

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—Chateaubriand.

Sweet melodies are those that are by distance made more sweet.—Wadsworth.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—Addison.

The man who hath no music in his soul, and is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.—Shakespeare.

In Russia an extensive domestic industry consists of the manufacture of wooden spoons, of which as many as 30,000,000 are made annually. They are nearly all of birch wood.

### HOW TO DO THINGS.

He that gets a good wife  
Gets riches enough and to spare;  
And he that gets an ill wife  
May make, and may still be bare.  
For a man must ask of a wife he weds,  
"Can I be rich? May I be great?"  
And he that mates with an evil wife  
He mates with an evil fate.  
Don't marry for beauty, don't marry for gold,  
And on nobody else depend:  
For your own life you choose a wife,  
And for your own home a friend."

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'"

"Why?"

"So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Sacred Heart Review.

An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Christian Register.

A man who keeps worrying about the state of his liver will almost be sure to have trouble with it eventually. Indigestion can be brought on in the same way, and a long list of other ailments.—World's Work.

"What would you do if I were to offer you work?"

"It 'ud be all right, mister," answered Meandering Mike, traveling secretary of the Unemployed union; "I kin take a joke as well as anybody."

First Landlady—I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do.

Second Landlady—Oh, I don't know. You keep them so thin that they look longer than they really are.

Numbers of experiments have been made to test the speed and destinations of corked bottles thrown into the sea at various portions of the world. The most remarkable example ever heard of was that in which a bottle traveled 6,000 miles in about two years and a half; roughly, at the rate of six and a half miles a day.

One hundred and fifty-five people are killed by accidents in the streets of London in the course of a year.

The Japanese House of Representatives consists of 300 members, elected by ballot, each member receiving a salary. Its House of Peers consists of members of the royal family, princes and marquises, counts, viscounts and barons, elected as representatives of the several orders, and persons elected for seven years by and from the fifteen highest taxpayers in each city and prefecture.

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We feel sure that the present readers of the *Inglenook* will be glad to learn that a party of travelers journeying through Europe and the Bible lands under the guidance of M. Roy Murray, of St. Joseph, Mo., will furnish us with articles concerning their travels, beginning with an early number in October. No doubt, many who are not now readers of the magazine will wish to avail themselves of this opportunity to follow the party in their wanderings.

There will be other interesting features in future *Inglenooks*, among them illustrated articles by James M. Neff, of Lake Arthur, N. Mexico, and Prof. N. J. Miller, of Rockyford, Colo.

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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

once said that he believed the Lord loved the common people best, because he made so many of them. He counted himself as one of them and felt proud of the distinction. We ought to feel the same way. While we may find our lot in life, in many instances, hard, there is much to be thankful for. There are a few things which even money cannot buy; among them is the jewel of health. Paradoxical as it may seem, a life of work and struggle is more conducive to health than one of ease and idleness. Statistics demonstrate that if the ratio of weak and shattered constitutions were as great among the masses of the people as among the idle rich, it would be simply appalling.

The man of limited means cannot afford to travel the world over in search of health,—which in most instances is but a mad chase after a “will-o’-the-wisp”—ending in bitter disappointment, but there is within his reach a remedy which will aid nature in preserving his health and which when broken down, will restore it to him. Thousands have experienced the remarkable properties of DR. PETER’S BLOOD VITALIZER in that particular. It is an old and plain household remedy and better adapted to the ills of man than anything yet discovered. With wise forethought it was not placed on the market as an article of traffic, to be hawked about by jobbers and dealers, but is supplied to the people direct by the manufacturers.

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Frisco, Okla., Jan. 20.

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Dear Sir:—I cannot do otherwise than testify to the merits of your medicines. I used to suffer terribly with rheumatism. My spine was bent out of shape and I suffered such horrible pains that I did not enjoy one single night of sleep. Whether I sat up or lay down, it was the same with the suffering. I tried all kinds of medicine, belts, electric machines, and appliances but without avail. Then I commenced to use the **Blood Vitalizer**. I first obtained a trial box and then I used ten large bottles. During this time my condition improved gradually. My back is now straight again, the rheuma-

tism has now left me and I can eat and sleep well too, but those pains, those terrible pains with which I suffered will never be forgotten.

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Yours very truly,

Deidrich Wiedeman.

## TO THE POINT.

Amy, Wisc., Dec. 15.

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Dear Sir:—Last February I bought two bottles of your **Blood Vitalizer** from your agent, Mr. A. V. Emery, and took it as directed. I have never felt better than I do now. I have had scrofula and rheumatism since I was twelve years old, and was all run down and had no appetite. I am now forty-nine but feel like a young colt and can eat nearly all I can get hold of.

Yours truly,

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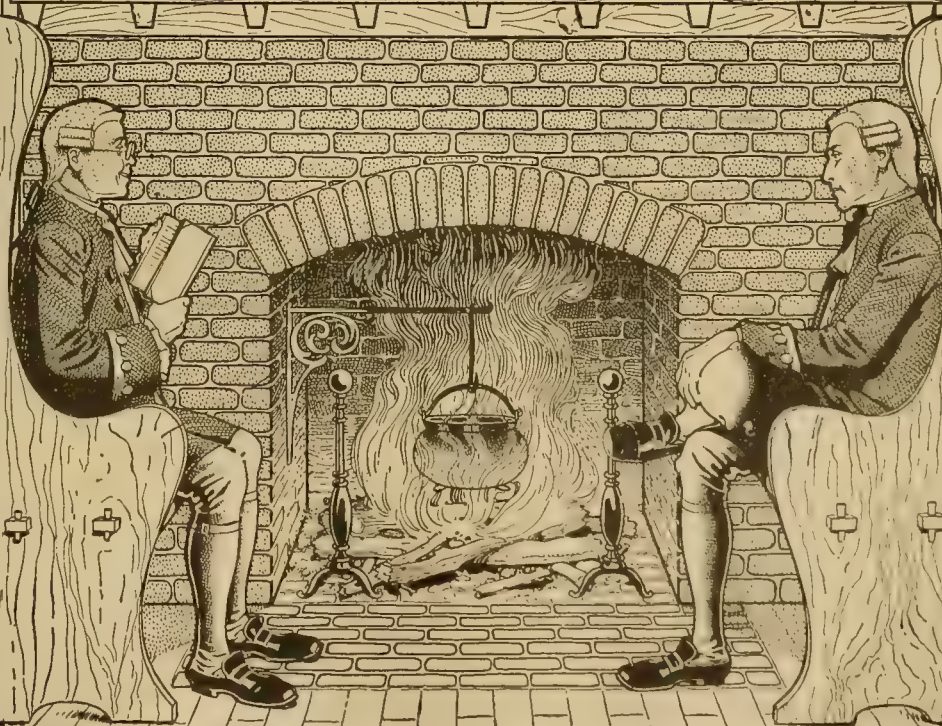
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By Our Mennonite Brother, S. P. Bowman, of 212  
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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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# THE INGLENOOK

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No. 40.

## Heralds of Autumn

Along the fencerows goldenrod  
With banners gay advances,  
Where black-eyed Susans boldly nod  
And fling coquettish glances.

The ironweed glows against the gold  
In carmine-purple patches;  
And insects' gauzy wings unfold  
Bright tints the sunlight catches.

The tiny asters, starry-eyed,  
That border dusty highways  
Or wander in and out beside  
Secluded paths and byways,  
Dressed daintily in blue or white,  
Like modest country lasses,

Lift happy faces with delight  
To greet whomever passes.

The ripened grain in golden sheaves  
Fulfill their early pledges,  
While here and there gleam yellow leaves  
On trees and garden hedges.

Half sweet, half sad, these tokens seem  
Of Autumn's coming glory,  
For with them vanishes a dream,  
And Summer's sweet old story  
Grows dearer as we turn the leaf  
To find the romance ended,  
While sighs for fading pleasures brief  
With Autumn hopes are blended.

—Marian Phelps.

## South Cheyenne Canon

N. J. Miller



ABOUT four miles south of Colorado Springs is Cheyenne Mountain, cleft by two gaping cañons, the north and the south. The latter is the more popular and opens into Straton's Park, a very attractive and restful place, and cuts through the mountain for a mile or two through

the picturesque and charming, which the tourist never forgets. This beautiful defile is quite narrow at the base, just wide enough for a driveway and a clear, rushing creek. At various places the cañon widens, forming an area large enough for a dwelling house and the necessary outbuildings, or a nice secluded retreat under tall, towering pines with scrub oak beneath. The waving flowers, small vegetation, scrub oak and conifers at the base of the cañon contrast severely with the bold, base and precipitous walls extending to dizzy heights. Withal the granite-walled chasm presents scenery that is remarkable and bold.

The first and most prominent spires the tourist reaches are the "Pillars of Hercules," one thousand feet high. Their walls seem nearly perpendicular and altogether inaccessible, yet the other day some runaway goats were driven down the slope to within about

seventy feet from the base until progress either up or down for the truant goats and pursuing boys was impossible. The boys' cry of distress brought help.



At the Foot of the Cataract.



After several trials a rope was successfully thrown to the little niche, where dusk found brute and man in a position so perilous. In the end, however, the pet goats were safely let down to the roadway beneath

forming a natural amphitheater. At the base of the falls is a little pool, very bright green because of the many small algae at the bottom. The quiet crystalline green water of the pool forms a pleasing contrast with the dashing white spray of the leaping and tumbling falls.



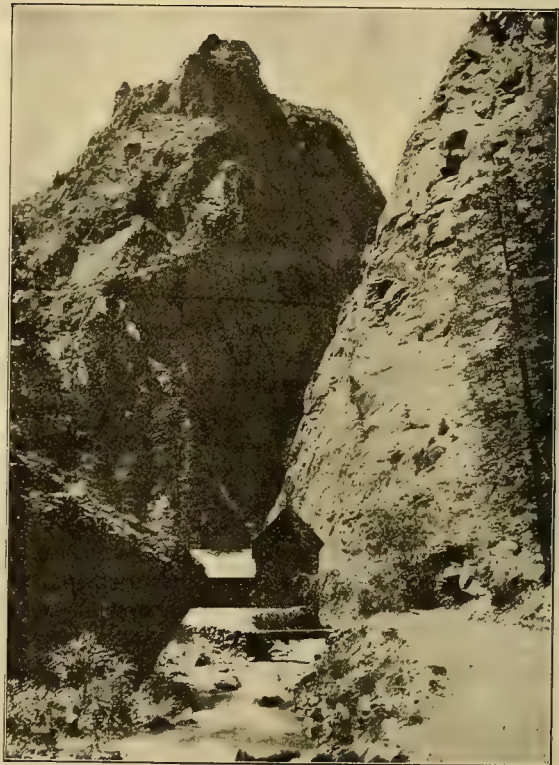
Helen Hunt Jackson's Grave.

A short distance, perhaps a mile, from the cataract is the burial-place of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the author and poet, who wrote under her *nome de plume* "H. H." Her resting place is beautifully located beneath the tall pines and marked by a heap of stones largely put there by tourists, each visitor placing a stone on her grave as a monument to the woman who pled for better and nobler treatment of our red-skinned brother. But Helen Hunt Jackson rests here no more.

and the daring boys, after securing the rope above, where it still is fastened, came over it hand over hand to a less dangerous trail.

Each spire on either side of the cañon is named after some historic figure or event. One of the highest used to be one of the favorite spots where Helen Hunt Jackson used to sit to write with charm and strength. Whether the charm of the place or the dizzy height lent any particular element to her crisp writings is a question. Be that as it may, the weathering of the granite walls is remarkable, producing formations some of which are appropriately named. One of these is a good likeness of an Indian's head and so is dubbed with that name; another the "Setting Turkey"; others: the Mexican Saddle, Setting Duck, Brokers' Shop, etc.

Seven Falls is the greatest attraction at the head of the cañon. It is a cataract comprising a series of seven falls so closely superimposed upon each other that but slight erosion would convert it into a single leap of water. It is about fifteen feet wide and the height may be relatively realized when one climbs two hundred and seventy-three steps, constructed for tourists' use, from the foot of the cataract to the top. The volume of water is not large, but forms a clear silver sheet rushing and leaping "light as a fawn, from rock to rock." At the base of the falls is a small alluvial filling, crescent in form, just large enough for the landing of the steep stairway, a rustic bridge across the creek, a few seats for the tired tourist, and an official photographer with his outfit and burrows. The whole alluvial crescent is enclosed on all sides, but one, with granite walls, seventy-five feet or more high,



"Pillars of Hercules."

Because the place lately became such a resort for picnics and balls, her husband had the remains removed to Colorado Springs.

Rockyford, Colo.

## The Power of a Strong Conviction

Uriah Fike



CONSCIOUSNESS that a better state of affairs than at present might exist comes in every man's and woman's life. This is conviction. Did it ever occur to you that everything, from the turning of your head to the espousing of the most delicate question, is the result of conviction? Let us direct our attention more particularly to the power of a strong conviction. A masterpiece was never formed but that at first there was a deep conviction of its necessity. Lowell says, "Without earnest convictions, no great or sound literature is conceivable." What is true of literature holds good elsewhere. There being no depth of conviction, there can be no firmness of action.

Convictions may be classified into permanent and temporary. If a conviction is immediately acted upon, it will become a permanent one—otherwise only temporary and it is gone, perhaps never to return.

Our convictions are not selfish. They cast a strong influence on those about us. The firmer our own convictions of the truth and the earnestness of what we wish to accomplish the greater our persuasive power will be. Who knows but that slavery might predominate in America to-day had it not been for the woman who was acquainted with the real conditions of the Black Man, and who was intensely conscious of the fact that it would bring ruin upon our nation unless destroyed. This woman was Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of the book that did more for the emancipation of the slaves than any other one thing.

A man's convictions depend largely on his environments. He will become as his associates. A man, living in an idle community, will invariably become idle himself. There is a science in living with men just as much as in the taming of serpents. Man is placed in the center of many concentric circles: First the home circle—we too often forget the value of the home circle; the way father and mother conduct themselves at home determines largely the future conduct of the children. Home is the mother of civilization; next the immediate neighbors,—the more distant people will have nearly the same opinion of him as his near neighbors. And likewise the business circle. A man's success depends greatly upon the estimation that the business world places upon him. Being placed in these conditions, he is greatly influenced one way or another. As he draws his convictions from these influences, he adds strongly to the future of the community.

Experience produces deep convictions. Let a

young man, who was reared in the city and who thinks farming is a snap and is easy, go out and run a farm for one summer. He does not know how or when to put his seed into the soil. His crops fail. He knows little of caring for an orchard; his apples are few. He knows less of caring for stock; and his pigs will not increase their *avoids*. At the end of the year, he squares up his accounts and finds he barely met his expenses and lived. He is fully convinced that the old saying contains ever so much truth, that all that glitters is not gold. He returns to the city with his self-esteem somewhat lowered; and is as deeply convinced that there is a science in farming as the Agricultural boys of any of our colleges. The youth enters life full of choicest aspirations, hungering for the highest things; but after a short, sharp conflict, he gives up the warfare and breaks faith and fealty with a deeper conviction.

A structure erected on a firm foundation will withstand the storm and tide for ages. When once the structure of a strong conviction has been built, it will stand as long as history itself. In Whittier we have one of the most striking examples of a strong conviction. With a year at an academy in Haverhill, at the age of nineteen he completes his scanty education. Having written several poems, his sister sent one without his knowledge to the *Free Press*. Thus began his political career. Through Wm. Lloyd Garrison, editor of the *Free Press*, he secured the editorship of a political journal in Boston. This threw him into the thick of the tariff discussion. He began studying the slavery question; the more he studied, the more he was convinced of its evil. He championed the unpopular cause. He was of such a character that he could not refrain from speaking out when he felt that the nation was guilty of harboring a great disaster. Would that we had more Whittiers to-day to champion the unpopular causes. We need but read his cries for freedom to clearly see his sentiments on slavery. In one of his best he says, "When the voice of freedom is calling all around us, and freedom's day is dawning upon us, we try our very best to silence it and shut it out; and when the people are awakened that they must grasp freedom when it comes, or never, need we wonder if the people learn to claim the right of free opinion? Need we wonder if, at times, they spurn the ancient yoke of your dominion?" Who but a man of a deep-hearted conviction could write such sentiment as this?

In 1809, there was born, in Kentucky, a man who was to be the destroyer of slavery. He lived and saw slavery in its most degraded state. The longer he



saw its progress the more he saw its cruelty. Thus living and seeing slavery in its real sense led him, in 1863, to sign the greatest death warrant that ever human hands issued, the death warrant to slavery.

In fact, conviction has revolutionized the world. The discovery of Columbus in 1492 opened new lines of thought for the English. To the Greeks, the idea of computing the weight of that little handful of fire floating in the heavens by day and the box of "Green Cheese" in the heavens by night was entirely foreign. The tide of years has brought such men as Kirchoff, Kepler and Langly who have turned astronomy upon its axis. Up to recent years the existence of a substance that would radiate constantly and retain its own weight was thought foolish. Here come Prof. and Mrs. Curie discovering that which has brought new phases to science. Thus we might go on with incident after incident, showing that this great power is the impelling force of the century.

These were brave and strong men; but how about Pilate, the coward? Did he have any convictions when that pure, innocent Galilean stood before him to hear the accusation of the Jewish law against him? It was a deeper conviction than any Whittier ever had that led him to wash his hands in pure water before the multitude and exclaim, "I am innocent of the

blood of this just person; see ye to it." Yet he loved the praises of Cæsar more than the praises of God; and had Christ crucified. God pity the man that must appear before the judge of all the earth with the blood of his fellow-man on his hands.

Need we wonder at the power of a strong conviction in poor, sinful man when the omniscient God himself changed his attitude toward man through conviction? Thus he swept all human beings from the face of the earth save eight. Seeing that man ought to have a better chance of escape, he robbed himself of his most precious treasure; and laid the babe in the manger only to suffer and die as a blasphemer.

If we will only follow and everlastingly stick to our honest convictions, we may become one of the greatest factors in the history of the world. Thus, by our influence, we may suppress the greatest evils lurking over this glorious land; and write our names high on the scrolls of time. And after our departure our epitaph may be: "Here lies an honored dead, one who has served well his country, and his God."

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead.  
Act,—act in the living present!  
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

*Waterloo, Iowa.*

## The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff

### Trouble with Outlaws.



As an illustration of some of the trials that years ago went to make up the life of the superintendent of an Indian agency in the southwest, I glean the following from the official report of the Mescalero agency for 1880, as it was made to the Commissioners of Indian affairs at Washington:

Chief Victoria and his band of Indians had come to the reservation from San Carlos. They had been offered a home here, and transportation from San Carlos for their families and friends had been promised. They agreed to remain as peaceable and law-abiding settlers of the reservation. It was soon learned at the agency, however, that they had suddenly and unexpectedly disappeared. They were not more than ten miles from the reservation till they began to commit depredations, and within a few days were murdering citizens in the country west of here. For two or three months Victoria and his Indians were in the mountains less than forty miles from the reservation. During this time there was very naturally a good deal of intercourse between them and the Mescalero Indians. Of course, Victoria used all his influence to induce the Mescaleros to join his forces, and his almost

uninterrupted success in his skirmishes with the military aided his efforts; and by April 1 some two hundred and fifty had left the reservation and gone to him, among them being the worst Indians belonging to this agency.

Quoting verbatim from the superintendent's report, he says: "I received a letter from Colonel Hatch, under date of March 23, in which he said: 'It is important that all the Indians, with their stock, should be at the agency as early as April 12. Troops are now on their way from Texas, and on that day I shall also be there with a large body of troops and Indians. The Indians should bring in all their stock, as I shall be forced, owing to the alliance of many of the Mescaleros with Victoria's band, to consider all Indians not at the agency, hostile.' I at once took measures to have the Indians comply with the request of Colonel Hatch, and by April 10 all the Indians that were known to be on the reservation had come in, and were near together where I had directed them to go. That afternoon I visited all of them in their camps, told them to remain where they were, and not to be afraid of the military, as they were not coming here to punish Indians who had behaved themselves and come into the agency as required.

"On April 12, Colonel Hatch and about one-thousand troops and Indian scouts arrived here. This was a larger number of troops than these Indians had ever seen, and, although they had been told that they were coming, they did not expect so many and became very much alarmed, and so secreted themselves that on the second day following I could find but one of their camps; that of Nautzila, the principal chief. And it was only after a long talk with him and the promise that I would return with him and see him safe back to his camp, that he consented to come to the agency and talk with Colonel Hatch, his father coming with him. After talking with Colonel Hatch, Nautzila became satisfied that no harm was intended

might give their arms and horses to me; that I would give each a receipt for his guns and return them after the trouble was over. On this announcement some of those on the outskirts commenced gradually to withdraw, others handed me their guns. Captain Steelhammer and I both appealed to them not to leave. Nautzila, the principal chief, went out among them and endeavored to get them to come back again. Very soon it became evident that those who had left would not return, and the troops opened fire on them. The Indians, however, did not return the fire, and none were hurt by the military.

"After this occurrence, Colonel Hatch ordered all of the Indians to be brought to the agency; as soon as



Mescalero Indian Tent by Firelight.

him, and returned to his camp and people, after releasing me from my obligation to go with him.

"That evening after his talk with Nautzila, Colonel Hatch informed me that he intended to disarm these Indians and take their stock. I said to him that if the Indians had known that, they would not have been here; that relying upon me as their friend, they had cheerfully and promptly come in when told to do so; that they had no reason to expect this, and that I would not be party to a deception of that kind. Colonel Hatch replied, 'Then I will turn my Indians loose on them,' referring to his Indian scouts. I felt it my duty to prevent this if possible, and, after further conversation, said to the colonel that I thought the Indians would surrender their guns and horses to me, to be returned after the present troubles were over. To this he readily assented.

"When the time arrived for disarming the Indians, Captain Steelhammer, myself and the interpreter, with a company of soldiers went to their camp for that purpose. I called the Indians around me, and after a brief talk told them that the commandant had orders to disarm them, but that he had consented that they

they arrived they were dismounted, placed under guard and searched for arms and ammunition and their horses corralled. In this hurried removal and the search that was made by the soldiers, the Indians lost much that was valuable to them and not contraband. The next morning the Indian horses to the number of two hundred or more were sent to Fort Stanton, and the Indians put in the corral, where the old manure was three to five inches deep. This produced so much sickness amongst them that they had soon to be removed. This was after Captain Steelhammer and I had repeatedly assured them that those who remained faithful and did as requested would be well treated, and their horses put in my hands. In addition to the animals that were sent to Fort Stanton, a good many were *confiscated* by the military."

A few of the Indians that left at the time voluntarily returned and they, with those that did not leave, were held as prisoners for some months, frequently asking, "For what are we held as prisoners?" "How long are we to be confined because others did wrong?" "Will we be paid for our horses?" and many other similar questions.



With such fearful breaches of faith upon the part of United States officers, is it any wonder that frequent complications have arisen in the relations between the government and the red men? Is it any wonder that the poor, abused Indian has again and again lost confidence in his pale-faced brother? Verily



Indian Mother and Little Ones.

upon somebody, sometime, condemnation will rest for the injustice which the innocent have suffered at their hands.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*



#### A DAY OF OUR COUNTRY.

J. H. LAWSON.

OUR beloved country is more than a hundred years old. A century has come and gone. It seems as a day; but what a day? Not one of those short sullen days of winter, but the long glorious summer day of June. Its glimmering rays fell upon the scene at Lexington, and later, on the rebel gun-barrels at Breeds Hill, and on the first Fourth of July, they shone warm upon the bell in the tower of Independence Hall as it rang out upon the air, and carried to far and near the news of a newly-born nation.

The same sun, now radiant, now obscured, shone over the battlefields of the Revolution, over the ice of the Delaware, over the ramparts at Stony Point. The

same sun looked down upon Washington's inauguration when he was first made President of the new Republic that is still worshiping her steady growth in wealth and population, while she is sending her ships into every sea, and her men are venturing into the wilds of the western territories. The sun shone more brightly in the days of the War of 1812, and saw the young nation's navy encounter the most powerful fleet in the world, and its armies with equal skill showed forth the young nation's power. It heard the arguments of Jefferson, Hamilton, Webster, and Calhoun, determining the liberties and restrictions of the constitution. It saw an era of literature begin by the achievements of the historians, the orators and the sweet pure verses of the poets. It caught the sound of machinery, the thunder of the locomotive and the first click of the telegraph. It saw the vast prairies once desolate, but now turned into the most productive sections of the country. It saw the thrift of New England flow across the Mississippi, over the Rocky Mountains, and toward the Pacific slope, expanding into a civilization of such grandeur and influence which to-day overshadow the scene from which they sprang. It saw America wrenching liberty from the hands of European tyranny and offering to the oppressed people of Europe a land where they might breathe free air, and have free institutions and local popular government, which every intelligent self-respecting people must have.

The day was very dark when the fiery tempest of the Civil War broke out and the nation mourned the slaughter of its patriots and the hardships of its children, but after all they were welcomed back into the family circle. The eventide has come, the storm is over, that long day has drawn to a close, and the dawn of a bright and glorious morning is here. We gather together and hold sweet converse with our neighbors. Our children are with us in our pleasant homes, our flocks are safe, and our fields are ripening with the harvest. We recall the day and hope that our Republic may be made even brighter and better. May it be the land of the free, the land of education and honesty, in which there shall be none deprived of the influence and sympathy of the best, and no swift or slow declension or corruption and death, no decline or fall for the future historian to write.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



#### A CHILD'S HONESTY REWARDED.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

A GENTLEMAN jumping from a trolley car in New York dropped his pocketbook and had gone some distance before he discovered his loss. Then hastily returning, he asked every passenger he met if they had found a pocketbook. He finally met a little girl of ten years, to whom he made the same enquiry.

She asked what kind of a pocketbook it was, and he described it. Then unfolding her apron, she said, "Is this it?"

"Yes, that is mine. Come into this store with me." They entered; he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers. "They are right," said he; "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each. Had they fallen into other hands, I might never have seen them again. Take, then, this note of a thousand dollars as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in the future."

"No," said the girl, "I cannot take it; I have been taught at the Sunday school not to keep what is not mine; and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home. They might suppose I had stolen it."

"Well then, my child, show me where your parents live."

The girl took him to a humble tenement. He informed the parents of the case and they told him their child had acted correctly. The gentleman told them they must take the note and he was convinced they would make good use of it from the principle they had professed. The pious parents blessed their benefactor, for such he proved. They paid debts which had disturbed their peace and the benevolent donor gave the father employment.

The little girl became the wife of a respectable tradesman of New York and has reason to rejoice that she was born of pious parents who had secured their daughter's happiness by sending her to the Sabbath school.

*Fort Hancock, New Jersey.*



#### "THE MAN BEHIND THE BAR AND THE MAN IN FRONT OF IT."

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

THE man behind the bar, and the man in front of it; one dispenses the element of all trouble, and the other one consumes it and goes out in the world and scatters evil broadcast.

There is but a very little of the crimes, poverty and degradation, that cannot be traced directly or indirectly to the fluid distributed by the men behind the bar.

Much has been said of "the man behind the gun," but men behind guns, with their leaden rain, have never worked the havoc of evil, sorrow and poverty in the world that the men behind the bar have done with the foaming glass.

From behind the bar have come most of the socialist, free love, and a host of other foolish ideas for the betterment of mankind, when all mankind needs is to make themselves better, and then there will be no need of such foolish ideas.

Yet men will think of everything else to make better

times than just what should be done. They want to cut off sprouts and lop off branches, but they don't want to destroy the tree of all misery.

If the breweries, distilleries, and all places for the making of strong drink were put out of commission, then there would be no men behind the bar, and none in front of it, and poverty would soon disappear from the country.

Men will stand before the bar until their last cent is gone and then go home with all of the devil that is in them on a rampage. At home they will bruise feelings, tramp on decency and destroy their home in general, and then when the devil departs, satisfied with his work, those men will grumble about not having any of the world's goods that God has given to every one.

Had those men and their fathers before them not stood in front of the bar, they would not now have any need to complain of the lack of comfort.

The socialist of to-day, after he has spent his all, in front of the bar, clamors in hunger for some one to divide their slice of bread and butter with him and his; and if the farmer would come to him, as he stands hobnobbing with the man behind the bar and ask him to go out in the field and help harvest the wheat to make the bread that he wants a free slice of, the socialist would not have time to work.

With breweries and distilleries in full blast, and the man behind the bar serving out the produce, socialism would be the greatest curse that could be let loose on the land. There would be no use, then, to try to fight the demon of the "still," for it would have complete sway.

Many men claim that every one should be at liberty to drink or to let it alone, and that brewers and distillers have a right to make liquor and sell it. Yet those same men if they saw one man trying to give another man a glass of poison would raise a great "hue and cry." Or if they saw a man about to commit suicide, they would be the first ones to rush in to prevent it, and then go around patting themselves on the back and boasting of how they saved a man's life. At the same time they are inviting other men to commit suicide and a host of other crimes, with their "Come in and have a drink with me."

If a man punishes his own children too severely, some one will have the humane officers after him, but he can carry beer and whiskey to his home and make all of his children groggy—hurt them soul and body—yet not a humane officer steps in to prevent him.

There are lots of people in the world that complain of the curse of intemperance, and yet if one suggest that they put it to a vote, and then put the ballot in the hands of the women, those complainers will exclaim: "Oh! the women must not vote; the voting place with its drunken men is no place for women."

I believe that if the women were given the ballot on



the liquor question, there would not be any places for the men to get drunk; and that is what the most of them are afraid of; but they hide the real cause under the plea that if the women were allowed to vote, the men might as well stay at home and keep house. I for one think that it would be far more to the credit of some men if they would stay at home and keep house than it is for them to be leaning over the bar of a saloon, while their women work in factories to make a living for themselves and children.

I believe in the sentiment, "live and let live," for I do not think that God ever meant for some people to grab all the world's goods and leave none for the rest. But I also believe in everyone trying to do his best, and not waste what he does have in carousal. All plans for the betterment of mankind will not and cannot amount to anything until the main cause of poverty and crime is swept out of existence. Rid out the breweries, distilleries, and you will rid out poverty and crime with them.

Why, oh why will men disgrace themselves the way they do, drown all of their divine nature in beer, whiskey and wine; they who were created in the image of our Lord, why will they put their Creator to shame?

*Glen Easton, W. Va.*



#### YOU ARE PAID TO WORK—NOT TO TALK.

THE "gift of gab," an expressive colloquial term for loquaciousness, is a highly dangerous accomplishment in business, unless one is engaged in an occupation where a flow of words is a necessity.

It is quite appalling what an immense amount of harm one person's tongue can accomplish, especially in the business world, and it is a pity that young people do not realize that, generally speaking, "silence is golden." Obviously, no exceptions are now being taken against talking in season; in fact, it pays to cultivate one's conversational powers. Taciturnity, gruffness, and a habit of speaking as though each word had a monetary value, is almost as disastrous as an uncurbed tongue. Scores of young people who commence business careers most auspiciously, fail lamentably because they talk too much during the time they should be at work. It is an impossibility to serve two masters, and if you are entertaining your fellow workers with an account of what "he" said, or of what somebody else wore, how can you give your best thought to your work? It takes at least two to gossip and exchange confidences, and if you maintain silence, naturally conversation with you dies out. You may not be quite so popular with your frivolous fellow workers, but your employer will note the difference and reward you accordingly.

You may legitimately indulge in laugh-making outside business hours, but don't engage with an employer to write his letters and then take his time to

entertain others. Any effort to combine work and play is distinctly demoralizing.

A very serious evil springing from loquaciousness is the fault, often a crime, of telling the business affairs of one's employer. This habit, shockingly common, cannot be too strongly condemned. And yet many an employé, with no evil intent whatever, tells that which he should most sacredly guard, simply because he is over-much fond of talking. Business secrets have a way of slipping with marvelous ease from a loquacious person. If the facts that escape him did not fly abroad on the wings of the wind, matters might not be so disastrous.

The president of a large manufacturing concern owes his position to his still tongue. He started in the company's employ as a bookkeeper. He was promoted promptly, because, as the then president remarked, "That young man can keep books without knowing what the figures mean!" That is, he preserved, towards others, a rigid silence about the business. His rise was steady, though he was not brilliant and no better endowed mentally than many he has since hopelessly outdistanced. Instances of this kind are numberless. The moral is plain.—*Spare Moments.*



#### BAPTISM AND LABOR UNION.

ONE reads with something like a shock that the rite of baptism has become a labor-union sacrament.

H. G. Creel, a prominent and enthusiastic member of the book-binders' union, having determined that his child shall make labor unionism his religion, arranged for him to be baptized publicly by John Mitchell, or some other labor leader, on Sunday, in Brand's Hall, Chicago.

It is to be hoped that this novelty will not spread. Baptism is a solemn thing to too many people, and a sign of peace and good will to men, and it would be awkward to have it come to stand for strikes and boycotts and picketings and the denial of fair play. And just as awkward to have it symbolize strike-breaking, open shop and cut prices.

A labor union is a labor trust, and only better than an oil trust, in the respect of being more venial in its motive and more open in its method; and it would upset some very sacred traditions if the great monopolists in trade and franchise exploitation were to take to baptizing their members of congress into the service of the god of corporate greed, scientific tyranny and invisible treason.

It is unpleasant to think of some baby Spooner being baptized to serve the public for contingent fees; or of some baby Lorimer being thus consecrated to artistic graft.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the exuberant loyalty of these young parents, with their

first baby, but it is doubtful if this particular exhibition of it will work any great good for the baby, or give them solid comfort on mature reflection.—*The New Voice*.



#### DEFECTIVE EYES.

THE fact that the wearing of glasses is largely on the increase among the American people does not mean that our eyes are becoming more defective than formerly, but it means that our oculists are becoming more able to remedy defects which were once overlooked or deemed hopeless. Very few people have perfect eyes, and as the closer application of the eyesight is demanded in these days, these defects are becoming more apparent, and oculists are becoming better able to cope with them through prescribing mechanical aids in the way of properly adjusted lenses.

Defective eyesight does not always or ordinarily mean disease of the organ, but there are structural defects, as well as weaknesses, many of them hereditary, and it is the business of the expert oculist to know the proper adjustment of suitable lenses in order to remedy these defects.



#### SENATOR BAILEY'S PRAYER.

THAT Senator Bailey of Texas thinks along lines other than the mere political, is shown by the following sentiment expressed in the senate one day. He said he would feel that the time was coming when "men are to be judged by how they act and what they think, rather than by what they have; when the intellect, and not fortune, when conduct, more than birth, should be the measure of our esteem, and when an honest fame should be the goal toward which our ambitious youth should be taught to toil and hope."

He thought that a time would come when the just and honest man will know that he is happier than the man whose riches have been corrupted through injustices. "I pray for a time," he said, "when we shall have a new standard to guide our children, when we shall teach them that justice is better than power, and lead them into the faith that truth shall conquer falsehood in every home where peace abides and in every land where men are free." "When conduct," he continued, "instead of fortune is made the rule by which we judge all men, every boy in all the land, no matter how humble his parentage or how limited his opportunity, will feel the thrill of hope, and the carpenter's son will know that if only he is just and brave and honest he will be more respected than the son of any millionaire who ever wasted his father's fortune in idle dissipation or soiled his father's name by gross excesses."—*The Pathfinder*.



"A NOBLE work is the equal of a noble name."

#### THE MORAL EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

MUCH as we admire harmonious sounds, we cannot but lament that they are not oftener made instrumental in conveying some wholesome lessons to the heart, instead of appealing to the passions merely. We know of no earthly influence so powerful as music; and when both the ear and heart are reached, nothing is more calculated to elevate and sublimize humanity. In many of our tunes, particularly those of the old school, these good effects may be recognized; and lessons have been conveyed by them more lasting and inspiring, and appealing more directly to the nobler part of our nature than could be produced from any other source. How wonderful the influences of music. In joy how welcome and congenial! In sorrow how soothing! How it raises the soul to nobler and more enduring objects, to something "higher than the stars and stronger than the elements," and quenches the fiery and debasing passions of the human heart! If prostituted, how pernicious! But if drawn from its native, its heavenly source, how sublime its operations upon man! Well did Plato say, "music is a something viewless and incorporeal, an all gracious and a Godlike thing." An old author, Erasmus, observes: "The proper drapery for music is truth. It is its only apparel, whether as applied to God or as used for the cultivation and improvement of man." This testimony is true; for certainly the apparel proper for good music is words calculated to promote everything that is good and true, whether as applied to our Creator in sacred songs, or applied to man in national, political, or social verse; and nothing gives us more pain than to see how often the sweet influences of musical sounds are mixed up with sentiments the most degrading, and words the most uncongenial, incongruous, and unworthy.—*From the Musical Visitor, Boston, 1842.*



WE are always in these days endeavoring to separate intellect and manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers.—*John Ruskin*.



THE necessity both for working and for resting has its reason in our nature, and is, therefore, a divine law. When shall we half realize that the constitution of man is a piece of sacred legislation and that physiology is a department of theology?—*Charles Gordon Ames*.





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

D. D. CULLER.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."

WELL, I suppose most of us are much too willing to leave the loving of the Lord to the other fellow while we love our bank account or our farm or our luxurious homes and heavily laden tables. If we could but remember, however, that the Lord is our own God also just the same as he is our neighbor's God we might easier learn to love him.

When we come seriously to think about it we find that we do so often fail to give to our thoughts and acts *future value*. We are daily busied about what interests the stomach and ignore the real crying need of the soul. Now just think how it would be possible for the soul to live without loving—indeed it would soon starve to death. But if we would only give our poor starving souls the Great King of Glory to love, what a growth in soul power might we not expect as a result. And then, too, see what a wonderful amount of zeal it would add to our own when in reaction upon our own souls we should get the return of the infinite love!

Have you not seen a horse go down the street with both ears laid back while he hammered the pavement with his iron-shod hoofs in a manner that said he wouldn't go a step farther than he had to go? With forefoot thrown out rigidly as if pushing backward, such a horse must be literally driven to everything he does. Some of us are just that way. But yonder comes a horse reaching with foot and stretching with neck, ears and eyes—all, forward, eager and anxious to go; yet yielding ready, loving obedience to every touch of the driver's guiding hand. His whole heart is in his work.

No one wants half-hearted service. The hireling drops his hammer when the gong sounds, leaving the nail half driven. Do not love the Lord that way! He wants your whole-hearted love. That's best anyway. The clerk whose heart is in his work will be promoted—he may marry the proprietor's daughter and one day boss the whole business. You won't because you do not work with your whole heart.

Half-heartedness is a mark of littleness. Some men and women always do things on a big scale. They

live in big houses, run big firms, conduct big department stores, engage in extensive manufacturing enterprises, operate large railroad systems, fill the most important public offices and do the world's work in a large-hearted way. They are those who love much or hate intensely, they are not capable of little deeds. Half-heartedness is the offspring of little, weak natures. If you want to be great with the Lord you must have bigness of soul enough to love him with your whole heart.

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*



## LOVE THYSELF LAST.

Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty  
To those who walk beside thee down life's road:  
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty  
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger  
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;  
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger,  
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee  
Are filled with Spirit Forces, strong and pure.  
And fervently, these faithful friends shall love thee,  
Keep thou thy watch o'er others, and endure.

Love thyself last; and oh, such joy shall thrill thee  
As never yet to selfish souls was given.  
Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee  
And earth shall seem the anteroom of heaven.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit  
To see, to hear, to know, and understand.  
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it,  
And all God's joys shall be at thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better  
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.  
Go follow it in spirit and in letter,  
This is the true religion which men need.

—James B. Wiggin, in Exchange.



## POWER OF MUSIC.

KATIE E. MILLER.

WHY is there such great power in music and from whence does it come? God, who has created all things, has given to music the power to tyrannize over the soul. Music elevates and strengthens.

The voice is the most perfect musical instrument

because it has the most skillful Maker. Vocal music has always been associated with heaven. It is always in place. Sing to the lonely and it cheers them, to the sick and it comforts them and eases their pain, to the wicked and it causes them to think of better things. No heart is so hard that it cannot at some time be moved, or under some circumstances be touched by a song.

Here is an instance which shows the God-given power in music. A man long accustomed to using intoxicants was in a saloon in Baltimore one evening, with a glass of whisky raised to his lips, when he heard the voice of an old negro woman singing:

"My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea.  
So burdened with sin and distress."

He paused and listened. The power of God seemed to stay his hand, for he stood trembling, but did not drink. "I could not drink it," he said, and since he has not tasted it. This is only one of the many instances where music has saved a soul from death.

When one is suffering intense pain and he hears music it is to him like a summer shower to a drooping plant that is scorched by the sun. The pain is not so great. We love to repeat these words: "Who does not know the softening power of music, especially the music of the human voice? It is like the angel whispering kind words in the hour of trouble."

No family can afford to do without music. All homes should be made attractive and a house cannot be perfect without some music. You will find that love rules in the home where music is cultivated. The song taught by mother to her boy and girl may sometime in their lives speak to them and save them from ruin. Let everybody become musicians and we will have a world of loving souls.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



#### URGENT NEED OF A REVIVAL.

THE Christian church had its origin in a great revival of religion. This revival continued under the preaching of the apostles and their successors, until, in the face of great opposition and persecution, Christianity became at the beginning of the fourth century, under Constantine the Great, the established religion of the Roman Empire. Paul could say, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Colossians, that "the Gospel is come unto you, even as it is also in all the world bearing fruit and increasing." And again he says, "The Gospel which ye heard was preached in all creation under heaven."

Every great epoch of the church's power and growth has been marked by a special revival. The church is refreshed, enlarged, and enriched by these outpourings of the Holy Spirit. The prophecy of

Joel which was fulfilled in part on the day of Pentecost, and in all subsequent revivals, awaits a still further fulfilment.

There is in individuals and churches a tendency to religious declension. Revivals are therefore necessary to the preservation and growth of a living Christianity. The Protestant Reformation was a revival from the deadness and darkness of the Middle Ages.

The low state of religion in Great Britain and Ireland under James I, and his son, Charles I, was followed by a great revival, which brought in the age of Puritanism, and the Commonwealth under Cromwell.

The restoration of the monarchy under Charles II; was followed by a period of great degeneracy, profligacy and corruption. Then came "The Great Awakening" in the eighteenth century, under the preaching of the Wesleys, and Whitfield, and like-minded men; and in New England under the preaching of Edwards, Bellamy, and the Tennants.

After this, during the French War, and the war of the American Revolution, piety decayed and infidelity and profanity spread far and wide. But God's purpose to establish a great Christian Republic on the American continent was not to be frustrated; and this scorching, desolating wind of scoffing and skepticism was succeeded by a wave of spiritual power which swept over the country like the waters of the Nile, bringing in the era of modern revivals.

This modern era has been characterized by religious growth and decay, but these alternations have been more frequent and local.

The history of the church shows that God's method of preserving, purifying and enlarging his church has been by epochs of spiritual revival. These revivals were needed in the past, and a great, even world-wide revival is needed at the present time.

Able, earnest and faithful preaching of the Word has always preceded and accompanied every revival of religion from the day of Pentecost till the present time. The revival in Wales might seem to be an exception, but the people of Wales had enjoyed the preaching of a sound and learned ministry for a whole generation. Paul said that he was ready to preach the Gospel at Rome, and was not ashamed of it, because it was the power of God unto salvation.

The Reformation of the sixteenth century was characterized by a great outburst of prayer and praise, and so has every revival since. In the churches of Wales the people, by a spontaneous enthusiasm, pray and sing praises to God.

A true revival will also be sustained by a higher and wider morality and by generous giving to the cause of God.—*The United Presbyterian.*



This mortal life is the hope of an existence that is immortal.—*St. Augustine.*



# THE INGLENOK

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## THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION.



CERTAIN regard for the opinions of others is a very commendable thing, and when a man possesses such regard we call him the broad-minded man. But when one's regard for the opinions of others amounts to an actual covering up or surrendering of his own convictions, then it

is to be condemned and the person possessing it is nothing short of a moral coward.

I doubt not but that at some time in the life of every one he has been guilty of this moral cowardice. In the case of some the thing is known for what it is, and their attitude is condemned as soon as they find themselves guilty; and the memory of it rankles in their hearts for many a day. In the case of others, this compromising spirit is so much a part of them that they think nothing of it, and about the only possibility of their realizing their position, or condition, is in being enabled to see their reflection in the life of one afflicted in like manner.

The temptation to cover up or surrender our convictions in the face of what we think others *might* think comes first to the boy and girl in the home. Perhaps there is company, and in order to stand well in their estimation the boy or girl makes it plainly apparent that father and mother are away behind the times, and therefore not worthy of the respect usually accorded them. The child knows, down deep in his heart, that being behind the times is no crime, but he lacks the courage of his convictions in the face of what the company may think.

Later when the girl goes away to school she meets the same temptation. She has been brought up in the country and knows little of the ways of the world and its people, and consequently has received little of the polish that comes through association with them. This she considers her misfortune, and in order that she may be rated as she wishes to be, she feigns ignorance of many things connected with her early life and

apes the speech and ways of the worldly-wise. The results, however, are hardly flattering to her, for she did not know in the beginning that even in the eyes of the world back-woodsness has no disgrace attached to it,—nay, that it is even a credit compared to the ridiculousness resulting from taking on new ways before one is acclimated to them.

In striking contrast to the one who is afraid to be anything different from what others are, or might expect her to be, is the one who is willing to be herself, however distinct the class in which that may place her. She is not bold, on the contrary she is reserved; but her quaint originality and individuality furnish ever fresh interest and attraction for her associates.

Many of us have had painful acquaintance with those who have not the courage of their convictions in their church relations. Perhaps most of us have stood in the unenviable place some time in our Christian experience. We found ourselves in company with those who were indifferent or opposed to Christianity, and when the time came for us to stand by our convictions, we ignored it entirely. Afterwards we went down on our knees in utter debasement because of our cowardice; but that did not help the hurt we did our fellow-man in not enlightening him by our bravery, it did not help the hurt we did our profession by lowering it in his eyes, and it did not help the hurt we did the One who called on us to witness for him at that time.

Again some one looked at us and said, "Oh, do you do that?" or, "Why can't you go, too?" and then cowardly fear clutched at our hearts, and we stammered, "The church, the church, you know doesn't believe in that," etc. As if *we* had no convictions in the matter! At least we lacked the courage to support them, which at that time amounted to the same thing.

In the first place we ought to use much consideration in adopting any principles, and we ought to give due respect to those who hold views differing from ours. But when we have once taken a stand we ought not to move a hair's breadth for the mere matter of some one thinking differently. Every reform has been brought about by men who dared to stand up for what they believed. Every good thing has attained its present prestige by the help of such courageous men and women. In fact, if we want to be a power in the world worth taking account of we must have the courage of our convictions.



## HARVEST TIME.

THIS has been a year of plenty. From every side there come calls for helpers that the abundant crops may be safely harvested, or that some line of improvement may be pushed to completion which has been

dependent upon them. Granaries, storehouses and cellars have already received much of the year's increase, and much yet remains to be gathered in.

The time spent in this work of storing away, furnishes a splendid opportunity for us to set our lives in tune with the hymn of praise that ought to be ascending as sweet incense to the Giver of all these bounties. While the joy of the tiller of the soil finds its consummation in abundant harvests, that joy reaches its greatest heights and depths only when he knows and feels that he works with the One who has given him the seedtime and harvest, the sunshine and rain. In no profession is the worker brought into more direct or closer relations with the Creator than in that of the one who places his capital in the soil of the earth and must look to the skies for his increase. How fitting, then, that he should make the most of these relations and bring his whole life into unison with the will of his Coworker.

This season of harvesting reminds one of the harvest at the end of life. The best seed placed in well-prepared soil and tended under the most favorable conditions is not more sure to bring a harvest than are one's words and deeds. We not only reap as we sow, but the harvest often includes an increase comparable with that of some seeds to-day,—“some an hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.” Let us be careful *what* we sow, that at harvest time we may not be confounded, but may come with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.



#### WHAT IS OUR INSPIRATION?

In the march of life, most people are able to keep up a pretty fair gait when they have been given a new position or have been credited with some success, and the crowd is looking on and cheering. A smaller number, but still fairly respectable, is able to keep in front ranks when the goal is almost within reach and a lively imagination brings to their ears the praise of the people. But the ones who are able to keep up with the procession when no one is looking on, when no one is even thinking about their work, and when the goal toward which they are pressing is still out of sight,—well, you must look along the line a good while before you will find one of their number. When you do find one, however, it will be worth your while to keep him in sight, for in the end he will have few equals and it will be an honor simply to know him.

The lack of praise or encouragement from without is a terrible sifter. Only he can pass through whose dogged determination and patience has taken root in the very depths of his being along with the cause for which he is laboring. He cares not for the voice of the crowd. The sweetest music to his ears is that made by the forces with which he works, as each one

stretches the traces under the guidance of the master hand.

While for some of its attainments the world may be indebted to those whose meat and drink is the praise of men, it owes the bone and sinew of its progress to those who have wrought for the work's sake. And they ask no reward, except that which the work has brought, which they already have and which can never be taken from them.



#### NOTICE.

THE time is now here to take advantage of the offer referred to last week in this column. Show this number of the INGLENOOK to your neighbors and friends, and see if they will not be willing to pay ten cents for the twelve issues that will follow, this year.

The editor knows that the INGLENOOK is not as good as it can be made, and is endeavoring to increase its value to the reader. The thought that the present readers have put forth an effort to gain for the paper a wider circulation, would be a great source of encouragement in our endeavors toward improvement. May we not depend upon *you* for this encouragement? Be sure to send in the subscriptions *this week*.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Is it any wonder that the poor, abused Indian has lost faith in his brother?—*James M. Neff*.



WHEN once the structure of a strong conviction has been built, it will stand as long as history itself.—*Uriah Fike*.



“THIS is my mission to shine,” she said, and by saying it quite often she kept the thought before her.—*Snow Mahorney*.



THEY want to cut off sprouts and lop off branches, but they don't want to destroy the tree of all misery.—*Maggie M. Winesburg*.



AND then, too, see what a wonderful amount of zeal it would add to our own when in reaction upon our own souls we should get the return of the infinite love!—*D. D. Culler*.



HER resting place is beautifully located beneath the tall pines and marked by a heap of stones, largely put there by tourists, each visitor placing a stone on her grave as a monument to the woman who pled for better treatment of our red-skinned brother.—*N. J. Miller*.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

EARNINGS of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railway company for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, show an increase in gross of \$7,186,348, or 16.3 per cent, compared with the previous year. The gain in net was \$3,127,499, or 24.5 per cent.

SANTOS DUMONT, the French aeronaut, made a trial trip in his new aeroplane at Paris a day or two ago. His machine only reached a height of 37 feet and then crashed to the ground. The flight is regarded as important, however, as this was the first time an airship had ever made an ascent from an unaided standing start.

A WOMAN at the leper colony at Penikese, Mass., has been declared cured by the physicians in charge and they have recommended that she be discharged and be allowed to rejoin her husband. Outdoor exercise, cleanliness of surroundings, and proper food, the doctors say, had much to do with her recovery. She had been at the colony only a year.

SEVERAL months ago an imperial decree was issued in China urging parents not to bind the feet of their daughters. When the dowager empress learned a few days ago that the decree was having little effect among the provincial authorities, another decree was issued to the effect that in future no men will be employed by the government whose wives or daughters have their feet bound.

THE Swedish city of Orso, in the course of a generation, has sold \$5,750,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every thirty or forty years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and telephones are free and so are the schoolhouses, teaching and many other things.

A FEW miles from Hongay, in French Indo-China, is a coal mine above ground, the only one in the world. The coal forms a compact hill about seventy metres high. All that has been necessary to uncover the coal was to remove a layer of rock and to cut the coal out in the form of terraces on the sides of the hill, the coal being carried away by cars on tracks. There are 3,500 miners at work on it.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, of the University of California, in delivering the address at the deferred commencement exercises of Stanford University, said that any radical change in our language such as phonetic spelling would have the effect of cutting us off from the languages of Shakespeare and the English Bible, making it a semi-foreign idiom to be acquired by special study.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN, the Norwegian navigator, who for the first time navigated the Northwest Passage last year, reached Seattle Sunday from Nome. He said he believed he had located the north magnetic pole of the earth, but he could not say as yet whether it was a shifting point or covered a large area. His observations go to show that the aurora borealis has a marked effect upon the compass.

THE Union Oil Co., of San Francisco, has just completed its pipe line across the isthmus of Panama. It is to be operated in connection with the tank steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides. The line is fifty-two miles long and will deliver oil over the Culebra grade at the rate of 25,000 barrels a day. There are three taps to each mile to facilitate the use of the oil by the canal commission, and it is expected that oil-burning locomotives will be substituted along the line of the canal.

ALUMINUM paper is being used in some places instead of tin foil. An artificial parchment is made by the action of sulphuric acid on ordinary paper. The sheets are spread out and covered upon one side with a thin coating of a solution of rosin in alcohol or ether. Evaporation is hastened by means of a current of air, and the paper is then warmed until the rosin has again become soft. Then powdered aluminum is sprinkled upon it, and the paper subjected to strong pressure to fasten the powder thereon.

THE feature of the open session of the annual Congress of the National Prison Association at Albany, N. Y., was the address of Cornelius Collins, president of the association and superintendent of the New York State Prisons. Mr. Collins advocated the following reforms: A rational and uniform system of jail ad-

ministration, a uniform system of education of prison officers, a uniform system of prison discipline, a uniform system of education for convicts, a uniform system of classification and a uniform system of payroll. He thinks that a school should be established in each State for the training of prison officers, who should be protected from partisan political influences.

THE trouble in Cuba is not yet ended. At present, Taft, our secretary of war, and Bacon, assistant secretary of state, are on the island for the purpose of getting at the root of the trouble and to assist, if possible, in bringing matters to a peaceable end. Much corruption in the government, especially in connection with the elections, is claimed by the rebels to be the cause of their action.

IN these days every little town has its souvenir postcard and the demand made upon the government for 1-cent stamps is said to be enormous. It is reported from a New Hampshire summer resort that the purchase of 1400 souvenir cards took every 1-cent stamp the local office had, and some of the postals had to wait until a new supply could be secured. It is said that never before in the history of the department has the demand for the stamp of smallest denomination been so great.

ON his arrival at Marseilles, a short time ago, Duke of Abruzzi made the first authoritative announcement of the scientific results achieved during his latest exploration in Central Africa. One was the discovery of a river never before charted. He measured five peaks of the height of 5600 meters in the Lake Nyanza region and found the glaciers similar in extent and appearance to those of the Alps. The fauna and flora were like nothing known in Europe or parts of Africa. The Italian Geographical Society will confer a gold medal in recognition of his services upon the duke.

AN addition was made to the long list of recent assassinations of Russian officials when a party of revolutionists surrounded General Nicalareff, commander of the artillery, while he was walking in the streets of Warsaw and shot him to death. The assassins made their escape. Premier Stolypin has prohibited the meeting of the Constitutional Democratic party, saying that they are more dangerous than the extreme radicals, because their sedition is cloaked by respectability. The meeting will be held in Finland. In answer to the Viborg manifesto calling upon people to refuse army service, the government announces persons so refusing will be liable to loss of civil rights and to several years in disciplinary or penal servitude.

ACCORDING to a rule laid down by Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, students who are known to use tobacco and patronize the theatres will be required to pay the full tuition. The chancellor says that young men who can afford needless luxuries and indulgencies will receive no concession from the faculty. He adds that such students need not expect to receive scholarships. It is his opinion that a young man who smokes is a fool, at least in that particular, as he ought to take better care of his nerves and present a cleaner exhibit of himself.

At the Lands and Industries Exhibition, now being held at Nuremberg, Germany, is a locomotive which is said to be the forerunner of a new type of remarkably speedy engines. It has a sharp-pointed boiler to offer the least possible resistance to the air. The driving wheels are nearly seven feet in diameter. It is claimed for the locomotive that it can travel ninety miles an hour as a regular speed and even one hundred miles when driven at high pressure. One novel feature of this locomotive is the great steel boiler which is built to withstand an enormous pressure of steam. This boiler and the solidity of the engine's construction give weight and power.

PROFESSOR F. PETERSON, of Columbia University, has advanced the theory that the habit of daily newspaper reading leads to mental deterioration. He says that the man who habitually scans the newspaper, reading a bit here and there, and gathering a disorderly array of unstable impressions, is affecting his brain by wearing out "the faculty of the tissues for permanent registration," and that he is cultivating the art of forgetting. At the same time, Dr. Crichton-Browne, the London physician, dealing with the same subject, says that the newspaper is the antidote to corrosive egotism, and gives the world-wide horizon to the purblind and shortsighted. He adds that if newspapers were suppressed we should have to enlarge our lunatic asylums.

THE government investigation into the manufacture of alcohol at Hoopeston, Ill., indicates that tons of corn-cobs, which heretofore have gone to waste, can be converted into alcohol in sufficient quantities to justify the erection of a distilling plant in connection with every corn cannery. The government commission succeeded in getting eleven gallons of alcohol from a ton of corn-cobs and six gallons from a ton of corn-stalks. The tests show that there are two hundred and forty pounds of fermenting substance in a ton of corn-stalks, and that will yield about half its weight in absolute alcohol. Thus a ton of stalks will produce one hundred pounds of alcohol or two hundred pounds of proof spirits.





### SOMETHING KIND.

If thou canst tell me something kind  
That has been thought of me,  
If thou canst lift my spirit up  
To moods of buoyancy,  
Then speak the words I pray thee, dear,  
However light they seem.  
Withhold not from me anything  
That adds to life's sweet dream.

If thou canst tell me of some one  
Whom I have chanced to aid,  
If thou canst point me to some spot  
That I have brighter made,  
Then whisper softly unto me,  
In accents fond and low;  
The kind truth never hurts nor harms,  
But sets the heart aglow.

So come with light and warmth and cheer  
To meet me every day,  
Reflect to me the world's bright smiles,  
And hide its frowns away.  
O, hast thou sorrows of thine own?  
Have others injured thee?  
Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel  
My tender sympathy.

If thou canst tell me something kind  
That has been thought or spoken,  
If thou canst lift a spirit up  
Too oft by treach'ry broken,  
Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire.  
However vain it seems;  
For I would fain be trustful still,  
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

—Selected.



### TRYING TO SHINE.

SNOW MAHORNEY.

CLARA walked slowly and thoughtfully down the shady road. The mission meeting was so fine, but what could she do? She had no money that she could give great sums to help the workers, and she did want to do something so bad. Well, she was a poor, ignorant thing anyway! Then from a poor little house she heard singing, "This is my mission to shine," came floating out on the evening air. It was a new song; they had sung it that day, and somehow the words strangely impressed her.

"Well, I'm not the shiny kind," she thought, but

something whispered, "You can try." Could that be her mission after all, to always be shining? And with an odd little smile she said, "I'll try it."

It was rather hard to remember, for some very dear people were going away to the harvest fields, and Clara felt rather lonely, and instead of shining would have much rather given way to her sad feelings as she thought of the departing friends. "But this is my mission to shine," she said; and by saying it quite often she kept the thought before her.

After awhile she grew tired and when the day ended she remembered a few cross words that were spoken, and an angry frown. "O, I've just been *thinking* it all day and not *doing* it," she said with tears in her eyes. Ah! she had depended on her own strength and that was not sufficient. And then she did the very best thing she could do, and that was to ask for help and strength to shine.

Next day was a gloomy one. Clara had a headache and much work to do. Shining was hard and a few threatening clouds passed over, yet the sun was there and came struggling out once more. And so it was; some days all shine and some days it seemed that everyone was cloudy and cross. Someone spoke a sharp word, Clara's feelings were wounded, for a moment an angry answer trembled on her lips, but she choked it back and tried hard to shine, for when the clouds rise within the shine is hidden.

Clara still struggles on in clouds and shining. Will she ever become a sweet, gentle shiner? We truly think she will, if she is faithful. Each victory over a cloud will make the next one brighter, until by and by the clouds will all be melted and the shining will be so steady and bright, the clouds outside will not hide, but only make the light seem brighter. And when the sunshine is within—

The clouds outside will fly;  
Our happiest days will then begin,  
We'll conquer by and by.

Once there was a young lady who had a dear, dear friend. This dear friend went far away and though she never again expected to see her friend, she was not even permitted to speak one parting word. Can you imagine her feelings? No one ever knew her heart yearnings but herself and the Father that knoweth all things. Sometimes her poor heart wept tears no one could see, and clasping her hands at the

Father's feet, her only refuge, she received a quiet blessing.

Besides much work, she had a crippled mother and an invalid uncle to care for and love. But, oh, the blessings she received! Some spoke of the great cares she had, and with tears in her eyes she would often think, "O, what would I do without them?" We do not say she was always shining, for she was not, yet many, many times she tried to shine and was happy in trying.

Dear ones, perhaps when we feel ourselves so small and helpless in the great work to be done, we might look and think a moment, and while we are quietly praying for others that do the great and noble work of life, we may find in the wee, dark corner which we are filling that "it is our mission to shine."

*Ladoga, Ind.*



### HELPS.

BY AUNT MARY.

It was a sad day when Mrs. Church was laid away in the city of silence; for there were the motherless children, almost without kith or kin, having just recently moved into the little cottage down the road. And to make matters ever so much worse, the trusty servant, Chloe, received a telegram to come home at once. So with common consent the neighborly mothers agreed among themselves to help Lois, the fourteen-year old daughter, to take upon her young shoulders the task of making a home for the bereft father and the three little ones.

One morning, as I tapped on the closed screen, I detected the odor of something burning, and Lois busily engaged trying to wash "that something" from the handsome range.

"O, Mrs. Watson, whatever do you do to keep the rice within the granite pan in which you told me to prepare it?" exclaimed Lois quickly. "This just went wild, this time."

"Well, dear girlic, I am to blame for all this muss, for I forgot to tell you to add a lump of butter, just enough to season right, as soon as you put it on to boil, and it will not boil over. If it ever should happen again, or anything get to burning on the range, quickly throw a bit of salt on, which will prevent the smoking and odor." After the fire went down we cleaned the spot by wetting it with ammonia, letting it have time to soften the crust.

In the meantime Lois brought out a package of small sweet potatoes which her papa wanted her to use first. "I do dislike to scrape such little things, and it takes so long, too," said Lois, with a doleful little sigh.

"Well, dear, do not scrape them. Wash them nicely,

cutting off the tapering ends, and fix them just as you do larger ones."

"How do you do that, Mrs. Watson?"

"Excuse me, Lois, I forget that you are just learning. For your little family you will take about two tablespoons of flour, two of sugar, teaspoon salt, mix together well; roll each potato in this and place in a small bread pan in which you have heated about three tablespoons of butter and lard, mixed. We can prepare the potatoes and dressing, too, while we are waiting for the ammonia to do its work. It will require an expert to detect any difference between the peeled and unpeeled potato, if you are watchful to have them bake just right. You will find it a good plan, Lois, to prepare your vegetables for dinner, before you leave your morning work. This rule, like almost all rules, is, however, subject to change."

"Mrs. Watson, why is this rice so 'pasty'?"

"Perhaps if you just shake your pan, and not put a spoon in while it is boiling, the grains will remain whole and separate. When your papa gets everything adjusted, no doubt, he will get a double boiler for you, which will prevent much worry. These few spoonfuls, left from your breakfast, will make a nice little custard for your dinner or supper by beating together two eggs, two tablespoons sugar, and adding a pint of good milk; then stir in the rice and bake in your granite pan until no milk will rise when you put a knife down in it. You can also boil the custard, omitting the whites, which, beat stiff with a spoonful of sugar, pile on top the boiled custard and place it in the oven until a fine brown. But this way is more difficult, as the boiling must cease almost before it really boils, else your custard will be filled with whey."

I brought some sprays of our Clematis Paniculata, which is now in its glory.

"Oh! what beauties!" cried Lois. "Mrs. Watson, why does not every home have at least one of these charming vines? Why I could bury my face among these exquisite flowers for an hour at a time, if I was not so busy!"

"That is what I wonder, too, Lois. Such a wealth of chaste, snow-white flowers. I raised my three plants from seed, which is cheaper, but we must wait until the third year for flowers. Get a large platter, Lois, and twine the sprays on it, and put in several roses or asters to give a bit of color, adding water, and you have a centerpiece fit for any table. But I have stayed too long. Good-bye!"



ONE thing that makes our lives common and ordinary, when they were intended to be grand and magnificent, is that so many sides of our nature are never developed.—*Success*.



### GROWTH THROUGH SUFFERING.

ONE of the deepest sorrows of parenthood is to realize that no care on their part, no admonition, no self-sacrifice, can keep from their loved ones the necessity of walking their ways alone through the shadow-land of suffering and sorrow; to know that each one must go through life unprofited by the experiences of those who went before. Yet it is better so, Life's lessons are undoubtedly hard, and oftentimes the discipline is cruelly severe; yet these experiences serve as nothing else will to deepen the nature, form the character, sweeten the heart, ripen the mind and develop the soul. All the discipline of sorrow and care tends to these ends, and it is the perfection of these things which makes life worth living. After the storm of trouble there comes a stage in human growth when one sees—faintly at first, then more fully—that it matters little comparatively whether or not one is happy and successful as the world estimates it, if only we have steadily reached upward after the ideals with which we started out. From failure, losses, sorrows and discouragements there should be developed strength, fortitude and determination, with a peace of mind which is the best gift this life can bestow. On these foundations, the soul may safely build, and once established thereon, it may be "likened unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock." Once one has attained to this condition of mind, he has become "lord of himself," and master of the hardest of all kingdoms to rule.—*Exchange*.



### A SICK ROOM HINT.

IN a recent case of illness in which a trained nurse was employed, the pleasant air of the sick room was noticeable. When comment was made the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpetre water and allowed to dry. When occasion required, a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal scuttle would do as well), a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly. This bit of knowledge is useful to the hostess whose dinner must be served in a small dining-room near the kitchen. If the mixture is made just before dinner is announced, by the time the company enters, the room will be filled with a faint, intangible, but thoroughly acceptable odor of freshness, and all disagreeable stuffiness removed.—*Harper's Bazar*.

### LEMON PIES.

IDA M. HELM.

GRATE one lemon; be careful to remove all the seeds. Add three cups sugar, three tablespoons flour, three eggs, chunk of butter size of a walnut and a pinch of salt. When you have beaten all well together add three cups of boiling water, set it on the stove and boil till it thickens; stirring it all the while to prevent burning. This recipe makes two pies.



### SELECTED RECIPES.

QUINCE JELLY.—This may be made of the parings after using the better parts for preserving, but always add some of the whole fruit, and carefully remove all the seeds, otherwise your jelly will resemble mucilage. Cover the fruit with cold water, cook slowly in a covered kettle until very soft. Drain without squeezing through a double thickness of cheese cloth. Allow three-quarters of a pint of sugar for each pint of juice. Boil fifteen minutes, then add the sugar slowly, and then boil until it jellies in the spoon. Strain again through a single thickness of cheesecloth and pour at once into glasses. This jelly is milder if made partly with apple juice. Use equal parts of quince and apple juice and proceed in the same way.



APPLE TOAST.—Fresh, fine flavored apples stewed in a small quantity of water, rubbed through a colander, sweetened, then cooked in a granite ware dish in a slow oven until quite dry, make a nice dressing for toast. Baked sweet or sour apples rubbed through a colander to remove cores and skins, are excellent. Dried apples, thoroughly cooked, sweetened and rubbed through a colander, are also excellent for this purpose. Soften the slices of zwiebach with hot liquid, and serve with a spoonful or two on each slice. If desired, the apple may be flavored with a little pineapple, lemon, or mixed with grape, cranberry or apricot, thus making a number of different toasts.



YANKEE CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of butter worked to a cream and three well beaten eggs. Into a bowl put eight tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three of sugar and beat in three of boiling milk. Add this to the cake mixture immediately, then add half a cupful of milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved; two cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted through it. If preferred, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used instead of the soda and cream of tartar.

"ONCE open the door to trouble and its visits are three-fold—first, anticipation; second, in actual presence; third, in living it over again. Therefore, never anticipate trouble, make as little of its presence as possible, forget it as soon as past."

## Read this to the Little Ones

### THE LAND OF NOD.

Do you know the way to the Land of Nod  
Where the sunset fairies dwell,  
And dear little darlings misty-eyed  
On creamy-white ponies sleepily ride,  
To the sound of a drowsy bell, bell, bell  
And the drone of a sea-side shell?

One way there is to the Land of Nod  
By a creeping, crawling tide,  
And ever the boats go dropping down,  
With sails of snow, like my baby's gown,  
And the river it grows so wide, wide wide  
One scarce can see the farther side.

Then there goes a ship to the Land of Nod  
Through the place where the sky is red,  
And its sails and cordage sing a song,  
And its lazy bell scarce rings ding dong,  
And the crew they are all in bed, bed, bed  
And the captain's name is sleepy-head.

There's another way to the Land of Nod  
By a mountain steep and high,  
And white-robed climbers, hand in hand,  
Go up, up, up to the starry land,  
And there on soft cloudlets they lie, lie, lie  
And sail past blue islands of the sky.

And thus they come to the Land of Nod  
By the shimmering, star-lit way,  
And wee niddy-noddies come in bands,  
And take the white-robed travelers' hands  
And with them in dreamland they play, play, play  
But melt into mist at the peep of day.

—A. B. Cooper, in *S. S. Advocate*.



### WHAT GRANDMA THREW.

THERE was a game of ball in progress in the back yard. Grandma, busy with her basket of darning, smiled as she watched the three town boys from the window.

She was not the only one who watched them, however. Out in the road were three or four boys, who, attracted by the shouting and laughing in a yard usually so quiet, were looking through the fence. "Town kids," muttered one to another, beginning to dislike the ball players at once, though they could not have told why. Presently one of them called his comment aloud:

"Dudes!"

"Rag-bag!" promptly responded Guy.

"Such playing!" sneered the boys outside.

"If you don't like it, you needn't watch it. Clear out!" shouted the boys inside.

Back and forth over the fence the sharp words flew, and, of course, it was only a few minutes before an occasional stick or stone was flying also. Then, by an unlucky toss, the ball went over, and that ended the game; for the boys refused to give it up.

"O, no, we won't throw it back, sonny! You don't know how to play with it, anyhow, so 'taint no use to you," they answered mockingly to all demands for its return. "You didn't have to throw it over, and we don't have to throw it back."

Angry, and fearful of losing their ball altogether, the young visitors hurried into the house with the story of their wrongs.

"They're spoiling all our fun, and we can't drive them away, and now they've got the ball."

"And you can't make them go away and let you alone?" asked grandma.

"No'm! We talked to 'em, and—and threw things at 'em, and everything!"

"Well, well! Maybe you didn't throw anything that hit them in the right place," said grandma, severely. "I won't have them tormenting you in any such way. I'll throw something that will send them off in a hurry! You see if I do not."

She marched into the pantry, and the boys looked at each other with much surprise mingling with their satisfaction. They wanted the intruders driven off; but the idea of sweet-faced grandma throwing stones! Or had she gone for bricks or hot water? She hurried out of the door, and they followed her; but they could not distinctly see what missile she sent over the fence.

"Don't say anything to them. Wait and see what they will do," she said to the wondering boys on the step.

But after a few minutes of silence they could not resist the temptation to tiptoe over the grass and peep through into the road. There sat the enemy around a torn paper sack, eating some of grandma's delicious doughnuts.

"Humph!" said Charlie.

"Here's your ball," said a rather subdued voice outside, and the treasure dropped at Charlie's feet. "We didn't mean to keep it, anyway. We was only foolin'. We're goin' fishin'."

"They've gone, haven't they?" inquired grandma, as the three boys came back to the house. "You can nearly always make people peaceable by throwing at them, if only you throw the right things."

The boys laughed, though they looked a little ashamed; for often afterward, when there was danger of getting into a quarrel, one or the other would say warningly, "Better throw a doughnut."—*Round Table*.



## The Rural Sanctum

### THE GOLD THAT GROWS.

PEOPLE does a lot o' talkin'  
'Bout the streets as smooth as floorin',  
'Bout the city's boulevards,  
An' them houses with no yards;

An' I s'pose they're good-nough people—  
Wouldn't wish 'em any harm—  
But I can't quite think o' livin'  
Anywheres but on a farm.

Course I know you'll be a sayin'  
That I'd make more money there,  
An' that farm-folks ain't got nothin'  
When the town-folks has to spare;

But that field o' wheat out yander  
(Biggest crop I ever seel)  
Ain't so bad, eh! An' I reckon  
That's the kind o' coin fer me.

Talk o' gold! I'd ruther see it  
Growin' there in that big field  
Than to drudge up in the city  
Fer the gold my work'u'd yield.

An' that view there, 'crost the medders  
To the shinin' little crick,  
With the trees a-makin' shadders  
Where the cows comes down to drink,

Sort o' preaches to a feller,  
Sayin', "Don't you go away."  
Some folks moves to town, an' likes it,  
But I guess I'd ruther stay.

Then them black-eyed Susans growin'  
By the road there—see 'em sir?—  
Makes me think o' poor ol' mother—  
Used to gether 'em fer her

'Fore she left—but, pshaw! these specks, sir,  
Blurs when drivin' thro' the dust.  
Hold the lines a minit? Thank you.  
Aint' afeerd o' nags, I trust.

—Lida M. Keck, in *Farm Life*.



### THE COUNTRY BOY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

In the country, boys dream of the city and its great opportunities. They see in their minds enormous stores, vast libraries and reading rooms, great opportunities for self-improvement; excellent day schools and evening schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, evening universities, and other institutions where seekers after knowledge may satisfy their longings. In other words, to the country boy, the great city is a sea of opportunities.

On the other hand, the city-bred boy, who has breathed this air of opportunity from childhood, who

has passed libraries and reading rooms so many times that their familiarity and commonness have taken the edge off his mental appetite for their contents, longs for the free air and wider space of the country.

If a country boy is made of the right stuff instead of dreaming of great opportunities in the city, and longing for access to better libraries and larger schools, he will try to redeem himself from the meagerness and narrowing influences of his surroundings. Every book will be to him a precious luxury, an opportunity to open a little wider the door of his narrow life. If he is determined to get on in the world, the things that seem to hold him back will be converted into stepping-stones to higher levels. Like Lincoln, Garfield, Grant, Greeley, Burrit, and the long list of our country's great men who had to struggle against far greater odds, without the advantages of the country boy of to-day, he will prove himself greater than his limitations.—*Success*.



### THE GARDEN COMPOST HEAP.

THE mixture of bulky fertilizing materials, known as compost, while of little importance to the general farmer, plays an important part in garden practices. Many of the garden crops must be made in a very short time, or are of delicate feeding habits. Their food, therefore, must be easily assimilable.

It is good practice to pile all coarse manures, sods, weeds or any rubbish available for the purpose, in big flat heaps to ferment and rot before being applied to garden soil. If desired, chemical manures, especially superphosphate rock, as dissolved bone or S C rock, and potash, in the form of muriate or kainit, may be added to make the compost richer.

By spading or forking the heaps over a few times at reasonable intervals, a homogeneous mass is easily obtained, which can be applied in greatest liberality without fear, or more sparingly, in accordance with the needs of the particular crop.

Of equal, if not still greater importance, is the compost heap, which gives soil for greenhouse benches, flats, hot-beds and cold frames. This compost is principally made of sods shaved off a rich pasture or meadow and piled in alternate layers with stable manure, more of the latter being used for forcing succulent crops, and less in growing plants, which should be short and stocky, like cabbage or tomato plants. Garden litter may be added to the pile, as leaves and trimmings. All compost heaps, during dry weather, need frequent and thorough moistenings with water,

or better, with liquid manures. Turn several times during the year, to insure thorough rotting of the materials.—*Selected.*



### CARING FOR TREES.

A GROVE, if well cared for, increases the value and productivity of the farm. The greatest benefit is realized when the grove is placed so that it will form a windbreak on the south and west sides of the orchards and on the north side of the barns and feed lots. This location need not interfere with the grove's producing a constant supply of posts and firewood.

The soil in which trees are to be planted should be given as thorough preparation as for any other crop. It should be plowed to a depth of at least eight inches and firmed down by repeated harrowings. Trees should be pruned when set. The broken and crushed roots should be cut back to sound wood; they usually are cut short enough in digging. The tops should be cut back so as to properly balance them with the roots; one-year-old trees may be cut back to the ground, two-year-old trees should have about half of last year's growth removed, and older trees should be pruned quite severely.

In planting for a grove, the trees may be set three or four feet apart in rows seven or eight feet apart, or in check rows four or five feet apart each way. Trees set in isolated positions are especially exposed to the hot sun, and attacks of borers. In such places, the trunks of trees that are taken from the native forests should be protected during the summer by standing a board on the southwest side of the tree. The trees most generally planted have been elm, soft maple, catalpa, black locust and box elder.

The planting of trees is commendable and cannot be too strongly urged upon anyone who owns even ten square feet of land. But the planting is the least part of the operation. The daily, weekly and monthly care which is given the tree during the first ten years after transplanting determines whether or not the tree will continue growing.—*Okla. Exper. Sta.*



### POULTRY FOODS.

MILK is one of the very best foods that can be given to fowls. In one sense it is the very best as it is a complete food; but its great bulk is against it, for it would be impossible for poultry to drink enough milk alone to satisfy their appetite. It must therefore be used in connection with other food. While sweet whole milk is to be preferred, sour and skim milk is also valuable. The objection of milk as a substitute for meat is its undue proportion of water. It is calculated that it will require seven pounds of skim milk to equal one pound of lean meat for flesh-forming qualities.

Some poultry-raisers never feed meat, claiming that its use is unnatural and unnecessary. They overlook the fact that it is but a substitute for the insects from which the poultry are debarred by confinement. The practice of feeding upon them proves the craving for animal food, the elements of which enter into the composition of eggs.

The practice of feeding green bone has now become nearly universal. Its merits are generally acknowledged but they are enhanced by the particles of meat adhering to the bone. The two together combine all the elements of the complete chick. Vegetables and green foods of all kinds will greatly assist in keeping the fowl in good condition during the winter. All the small potatoes should be boiled and given to the hens, who will greedily pick them to pieces. The same is true of turnips. Parings of all kinds of vegetables will be readily eaten. Poor worm-eaten apples will give a zest to their appetites, and a cabbage hung where they will peck at it will serve the same purpose. Pumpkins are also appreciated. Clover hay or corn-fodder cut in half-inch lengths, scalded and sprinkled slightly with corn-meal, supplies a very good and economical ration. Peas and beans cooked and thickened with bran are excellent for laying hens; so is sweet ensilage. Beets and carrots form a splendid winter relish while onions are popular and exceedingly healthful. If fed in moderation, there is not the slightest fear that the last named will affect the flavor of the eggs.

The great value of all these vegetable foods lies not merely in their power to tempt the appetite but in their supplying the bulk necessary to thrift and egg production; in mere nutritive qualities most of them are inferior to the grain which they should supplement, not displace.

Variety, too, is an important feature which should also be considered in supplying the grain, for mixture of corn, oats, wheat, buckwheat, barley, etc., will be found to give better results than where one grain alone is used.—*Vick's Magazine.*



### FRUIT AS MEDICINE.

THE following paragraphs are taken from *Answers*, a London publication:

Many of our common fruits are just as useful, and much nicer, than doctor's prescriptions. The apple, for instance. Not only is the apple an excellent purifier of the blood, but it is a cure for dysentery, and has also the peculiar effect of restoring an intoxicated person to sobriety. A diet of stewed apples eaten three times a day has worked wonders in cases of confirmed drunkenness, giving the patient eventually an absolute distaste for alcohol in any form.

The pineapple is another fruit most valuable in



throat affections. Indeed, it has saved many a life of a diphtheritic patient. The juice squeezed from a ripe pineapple is the finest thing in the world for cutting the fungus-like membrane which coats the throat in diphtheria, and if used in time never fails to cure.

After a severe attack of influenza the throat is often relaxed, and the tonsils painful. An old-fashioned remedy still in use in many parts of the west of England is a conserve of roses. This is a sort of jam made from the hips of the common wild rose. It is not unpleasant in taste, and certainly possesses strongly astringent properties.

To eat a grape a minute for an hour at a time, and to repeat this performance three or four times a day, eating very little else meantime but dry bread may seem a monotonous way of spending the time. This treatment works wonders for thin, nervous, anemic people, whose digestions have got out of order from worry or overwork. It is no mere quack prescription, but a form of cure recognized by many well-known physicians.

A cordial made from blackberries is greatly recommended by Devonshire county folk as a cure for colic, and many a farmer's wife makes blackberry cordial as regularly as elderberry wine. The latter, heated and mixed with a little cinnamon, is one of the best preventives known against chill.

The flowers, too, of the elderberry come in useful. An ointment made by laying them in mutton suet and olive oil is most soothing in case of boils.

Nowadays doctors forbid gouty patients to eat any kind of sweet foods, but recommend them to eat at least a dozen walnuts a day. There is no doubt that walnuts are most useful to gouty subjects, or in cases of chronic rheumatism. Swelling goes down and pain decreases.

Man could spare almost any fruit better than the lemon. For use in fever nothing can take the place of its acid juice. It has also quinine-like properties in it that brings down the temperature of a fever stricken patient. For stopping a cold, the lemon is also unequalled. The juice of one lemon squeezed into a tumbler of hot water, and drunk on getting into bed, usually throws the sufferer into a profuse perspiration, and he awakes almost well in the morning.

The juice of a lemon mixed with honey in a breakfast cupful of hot water, is an invaluable specific for sore throat, and that hacking cough which is so troublesome to many in damp weather.

Pure lemon juice is a capital remedy, too, for biliousness and bilious headaches.



TREAT your fellow-man kindly; not because it pays, not because it is the best policy, but because it is the only right way to treat other people.

## TO PROMOTE BALLOT REFORM.

MONCENO DUNN, of Marshfield, Wis., is the inventor of a ballot on which the different parties are indicated by a contrasting color. This system is said to so simplify the matter of ballot preparation that size has been greatly reduced, and Mr. Dunn has for this reason called his style of ticket the "vest pocket ballot."

This system of voting was passed upon by the people of the State at an election held in April. Owing to a misunderstanding, the Governor was opposed to it. Since he has looked into the matter more completely, it is said that he has withdrawn all objection, and the inventor is making another effort to get it before the people again in a different shape.

A bill has been drawn up and is being submitted to the parties interested by which Mr. Dunn hopes to secure county local option for ballot reform.

In urging the adoption of his system, the inventor is prompted by no selfish motives, for he has announced that, although it is patented, he will turn over his rights to the State or the county adopting it without charge.



## THE FARMER'S WEEDS.

PUBLIC sentiment is against the survival of the weeds, but they still have a home on the farm and thrive as though they were strengthened by the printed efforts to get rid of them. It would seem to be almost another case of persecution, making stronger instead of ending.

The weeds have not a single good quality that they can really call upon to give them the right to exist on the farm. They do not lend beauty to the yards nor to the roads. They are not raised for medical purposes and they can not be harvested and sold. Weeds bear the same relation to a road or yard as dirt does to a house. They are out of place and should not be tolerated. They detract both from the beauty and the value of whatever spot they happen to be on. But here the relation ceases. The housewives who find dirt in the homes immediately set about to get rid of the dirt. With brooms and brushes and rags they start the battle and when the retreat is sounded the homes are neat and clean.

In case of yards, gardens and the ground by the roadsides there seems to be very little attention paid to the matter by the farmers. They seem content to let the weeds mature and develop a great crop of seed for the next season and dying spoil the appearance of the ground completely.

In fact the weeds do not have to die to spoil the ground. The looks of the farm are decreased about one hundred per cent by the living weeds.—*The American Farmer*.

### THE IDEAL IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

LET us now go for a walk, during which we will observe the people who are pursuing their callings. Let us note their mood.

We shall come upon persons whom we cannot see sweep, hammer, or dig the earth without experiencing a desire to take from them their broom or hammer or spade in order to show them how they ought to use it. This sort of worker is to be met with quite as often in the schools, in the church, in the studios of painting and sculpture, as in the fields, the mines, and the shops. Without ideals people are the same everywhere. When they teach, they make us weary of learning; when they make music, they cause us to hate music. They have no faith in their work. All the time they have the air of saying: "What a stupid trade I have chosen! Be sure my children shall not follow it."

Those who put the ideal into their work produce an altogether different effect upon us, whether they be manual or intellectual laborers. You see them at work, performing at times unpleasant duties, which you, perhaps, would not choose, but with so much of good-will, of punctuality, and fidelity, and such an appreciation of "the useful flight of days" that they appear great to us, and an impulse seizes us to imitate them.—*Charles Wagner.*



### PICKING UP THE LOOSE STONE.

DON'T leave stones in the road. If your horse doesn't stumble over them, somebody else's horse may. When you see in the beaten track a loose stone fit to give a wheel a hard jolt or bring down a stumbling horse, stop and throw it to one side, says E. S. Mason in *Scribner's Magazine*. It will pay you to take that trouble even on a strange road that you expect never to travel again. It is good for your character. It helps to justify your claim to be a civilized man living in a civilized community. Every truly civilized community rests upon the theory that the care of all is the duty of each, and its civilization is high or low according to the prevalence or scarcity of individual responsibility for the general welfare.

There are two large classes of folks in the world, those who go through life leaving messes behind them to be cleared up, and those who clear up the messes. If you clear up faithfully after yourself, that is much, but it is not quite enough. You must expect also to contribute part of your time and strength to clearing up after the weak and the shiftless. If everybody did his duty there would be little need of government.

The purpose of government is to defend the weak, to constrain the lazy, to restrain the greedy, and to

make the best sense of the wisest people available for the benefit of the general community. If we were all responsible and dutiful and picked out of the road stones that we saw there, the work of government would be light.

Hard bargains, hard words, neglected chances to give help where help was needed, slanders, ill-natured gossip, misrepresentation—all such things are stones in the road. Don't leave them behind you, to plague you when you come that way again, or else to plague some other traveler.



THE state of Illinois has adopted a plan whereby the state employment bureaus in Chicago and other cities are to furnish employment for men, women and boys who are released each year from the penai and reformatory institutions in that state. The *Springfield Republican* thinks this will be a long step toward the humane treatment of criminals. "The indeterminate sentence," it continues, "and parole system has worked well in that state, but has met with drawback in the fact that those released have frequently been unable to find work and have thus been drawn or forced back among their old associates." It notes that the Illinois reform institutions teach the various trades, and thus the state authorities "will be able to recommend discharged convicts for employment with knowledge of what they can do." This is further helpful to the success of a most interesting experiment in penal reform.



THE source of nearly all the evil and unhappiness of this world is selfishness. We know it; but we still keep on being selfish. We see that the world might be made ideally beautiful if only all people would live unselfish lives; and yet we keep on being selfish.—*Minot J. Savage.*

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### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

---

WANTED.—A young man to do janitor work, also, a fireman wanted. Apply immediately to S. B. Fahnestock, McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.

WANTED.—Man to do general farm work now. Wages, good; corn gathering 2 to 3 cts. per bu. We live in the Falls City church, have a good many young members. Write at once: S. H. Knisely, Falls City, Nebr.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Coming Men.

Somewhere in the nation  
There's a boy to-day—  
Perhaps he's at his lessons—  
Maybe at work or play—  
But what'er he's doing  
There his mind is bent,  
And that earnest laddie is  
Our future President.

Yonder boy will move the world  
As an orator;  
Thither goes the lad who'll win  
The rank of senator;  
And that dreamy youth will be  
An artist of renown,  
While the one beside him wears  
The poet's laurel crown.

Lawyer or astronomer,  
Diplomatist wise,  
Minister or admiral,  
Man of "ologies."  
We are sure to meet one  
Wheresoe'er we go,  
Though of course we'll find them  
Yet in embryo.

Would you like to know him?  
Find the lad who works  
With a purpose, and whose hand  
Ne'er a duty shirks,—  
Whose goal is pure and lofty,  
Whose heart is brave and true—  
He's a coming great man.  
Can this be said of you?

—Golden Days.

"I've half a mind to write a magazine sonnet."

"Go ahead—that's just what it takes."—Cleveland Leader.

The latest novelty in vegetables is a black potato, which has been sent to a well-known seed merchant of London. This eccentric tuber came from the Congo, and is said to have an excellent flavor. It is especially recommended for ornamental cooking and in salads.

There is a curious old law in Japan, still in effect, that when the emperor or empress appears in public no private person must occupy a higher place than the members of the royal family. On such occasions, therefore, it is the custom to close the shutters of all the upper stories of the houses past which the royal party goes.

Silk hats are worn by the Japanese gentlemen only on the most solemn occasions, but at such times they are as necessary as their etiquette. As the owner never wears one out, the hat is passed down to posterity, and every fashion since the time of Perry's advent may now be seen when Japan does honor to royalty, or attends weddings or funerals.

Servian peasants help each other by means of an institution known as the moba. A man who has not hands sufficient to plow or reap his farm calls in the moba—

that is to say, invites all his neighbors to come and help him. He pays nothing for this service, providing only generous supplies of food and drink; but when any of them apply for the moba it is understood that he will take his turn.

"What is he playing?"

"O! Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' you know."

"H'm! Well, the audience seems to be doing their best to supply the deficiency."—The Bystander.

Little Clarence.—Pa, what is an optimist?

Mr. Callipers.—An Optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.—Puck.

### Golden Rod.

O, golded rod, I gazed upod—  
Ka-choo!—  
The yellow that you spread abroad—  
Ka-choo!—  
A'd marvel at your lavishdness,  
With spe'dthrift folly—dothi'g less—  
You pile it od, I bust confess—  
Ka-choo!

O, golded rod, the poet's ig—  
Ka-choo!—  
About the glory that you brig—  
Ka-choo!—  
I'b dot ad expert, I adbit,  
Codcerdig gold—I'b stradge to it—  
But yours looks buch like cou'terfeit—  
Ka-choo!—

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Subtle Reasoning.

A well-known Virginia Congressman, leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter that he had meant to mail. That afternoon something called it to his mind, and, as it was of considerable importance, he immediately hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found. He summoned his faithful old darky servant.

"Zeke," he asked, "did you see anything of a letter of mine around the house?"

"Yessuh. Yo' lef' it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"Ah mailed it, suh."

"Mailed it! Why, Zeke, there wasn't any name and address on the envelope!"

"Jes' so, suh. Jes' so. I thought it mus' be in answer to one of dem anonymous letters yo've been gettin' lately."—Everybody's Magazine.

### Less Risky.

He.—"Why do we do the meanest and most hateful things to those we love the best?"

She.—"I presume it is because no one else would stand it."—September Lippincott's

## Neff's Corner

And still they come! Seven brethren were in the Pecos Valley over Sunday Sept. 9, from Missouri and Kansas. Several of them have bought land and expect to locate with us. Five members are to be here as settlers from North Dakota in October or November. We are glad to have them. They will probably be here in time to get settled and fill their fruit houses with good apples. Then, if the Lord will, we will all eat apples together this winter. The apples produced here are fancy and bring fancy prices, but there are always some culls (with defects that do not seriously affect their keeping qualities) good enough for the home folks, so we who do not yet have bearing orchards can buy good apples at 25 cents per bushel or less. Really this is a good country for you if you eat apples whether you want to raise them or not.

I am moving out on my homestead now and have room for a few more good neighbors. We have some good neighbors, in fact society is good, only of course we'd like a little more of it. So if you want a homestead or other cheap land, I'd like to correspond with you. Address:

JAMES M. NEFF,  
Lake Arthur, - - - New Mexico.

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Style C.

Style B.—The forepart of this bonnet is made of chenille and the crown and frill are of taffeta silk. It is made over a rice net foundation. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet like this one \$2.30. For making only, 75 cents.

Style C.—This bonnet is made of straw cloth over a rice net foundation. It has a chiffon lining and the ribbon is plaited so as to form the frill. Average cost of a made-to-order bonnet, \$2.40. For making only, 80 cts. Either of the above made in chenille or silk for winter wear.

For One Bonnet we use 1 yd. Strawcloth, 1 yd. Rice Net, 2½ yds. Wire, 1½ to 2½ yds. Ribbon, ½ yd. Chiffon Lining, 1½ yd. Braid for Trimming. Cost of material 98 cents to \$2.25, depending on quality.

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There will be other interesting features in future *Inglebooks*, among them illustrated articles by James M. Neff, of Lake Arthur, N. Mexico, and Prof. N. J. Miller, of Rockyford, Colo.

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(As they appear in the book.)

### The Obscured Light.

There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

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Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

## Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure.

Respectfully,

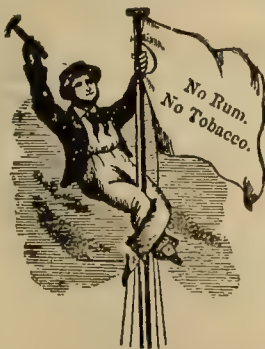
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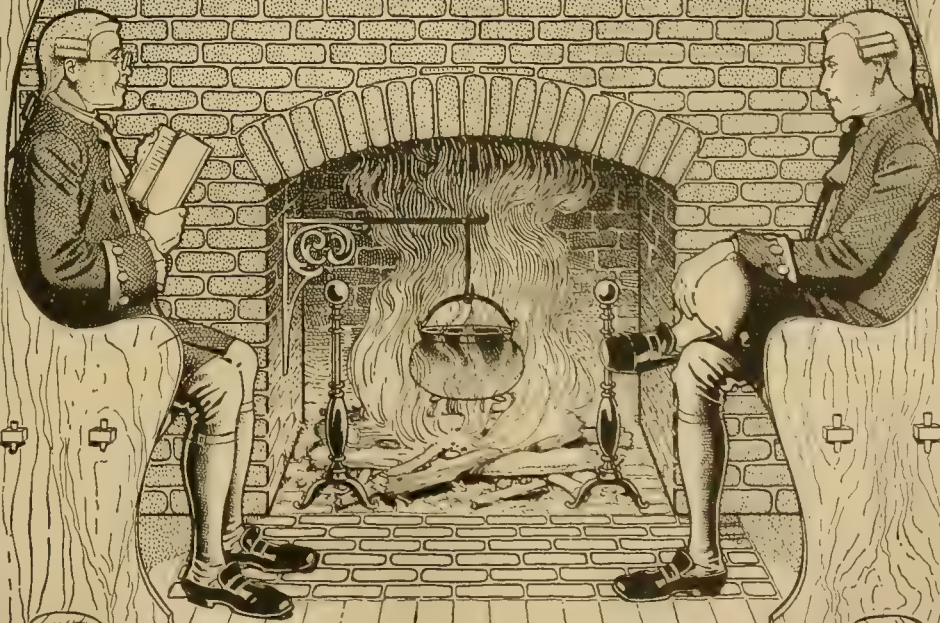
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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

We will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful and fruitful. We will have no untended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom, as of rude Magi, presenting gifts of gold and frankincense.—*Ruskin.*



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

October 9, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 41. Vol. VIII



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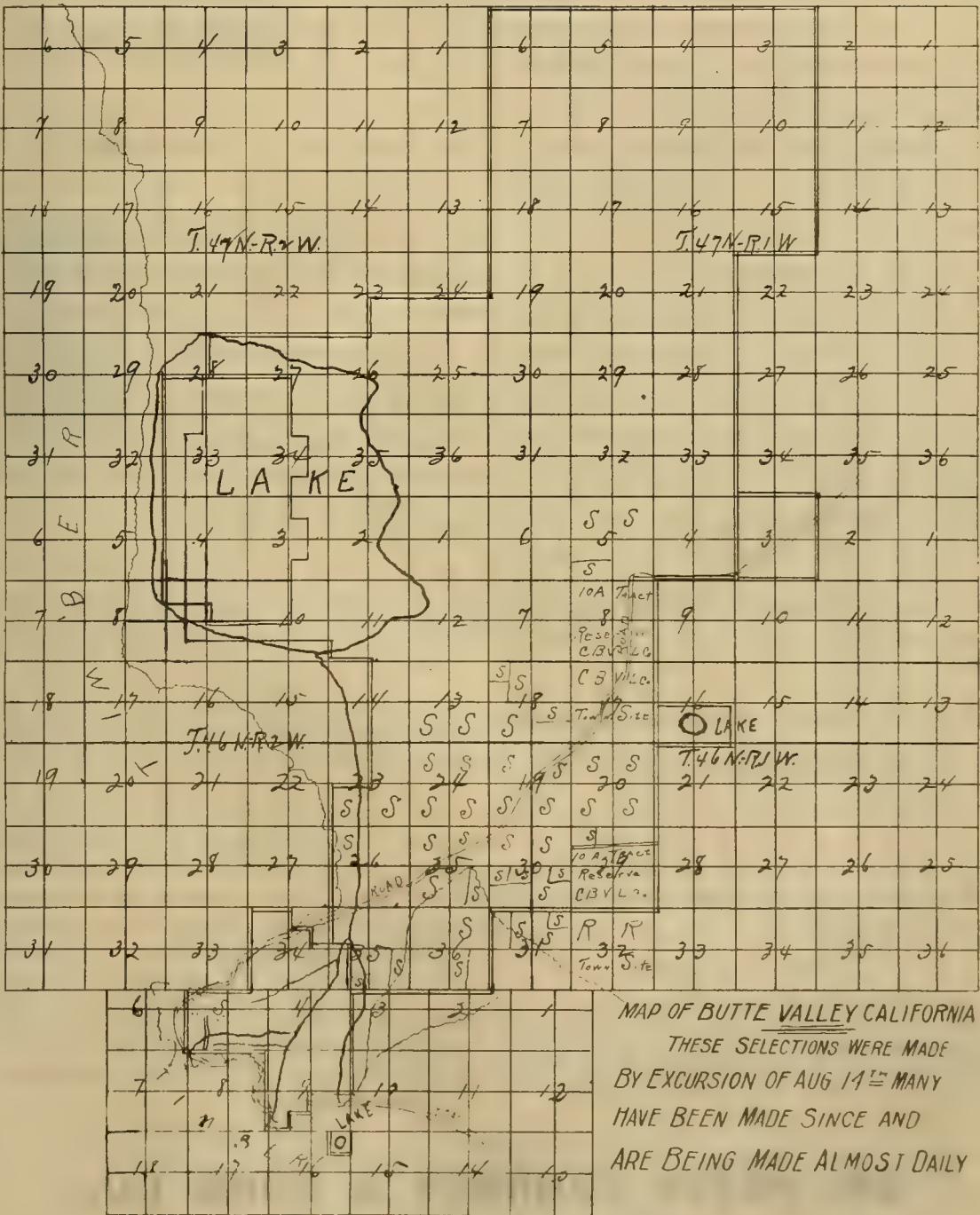
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Next Excursion to Butte Valley  
October 23, 1906



# CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,

**504 Union Trust Building.**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL



# A Sad Condition

---

WHAT a sad thing to arise in the morning and find yourself out of tune with God's beautiful world! The weather may be splendid and nature smiling in all her radiance, but personally you feel languid, depressed and miserable. Your family greets you kindly, but without apparent cause you are irritable, snappish and unsympathetic. The very brightness of the sunshine is a distress to you. Now, all this may be without a single pain or clear symptom of disease. But wait awhile. You also find directly that you have no appetite for your meal. Your stomach is out of order; you incline to nausea; you have a slight touch of biliousness or diarrhea. You are chilled and shivering when you should be warm, or flushed and feverish at intervals for no obvious reason. You may also suffer from palpitation, quick breathing, some headache or pains in the back, loins or shoulder-blades. Still, you think it will pass off, and you resolve to fight against it, although the truth is, that any one of these symptoms proves that the liver is not rightly performing its work, and that serious danger is at hand for that or some other vital organ. It may be the lungs, kidneys or heart that will be affected, your disease may take one of a hundred different forms, but the state of the blood is responsible for it all. There is one grand remedy for these conditions. It lies in the use of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER; a medicine which has brought the sunshine of health into thousands of homes. Pages without end could be filled with testimonials from those who have experienced the remarkable health-giving properties of this old and time-tried preparation.

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is up early, working and singing. It has made a great change in her. The **Blood Vitalizer** should have a place in every home in our land.

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J. T. Davis, Devew, Ark., writes: "You do not know what pleasure it gives me to write to you. The **BLOOD VITALIZER** has been a great blessing to me."

Rev. Jas. R. Lane, of Shirleysburg, Pa., says: "I feel like a new man since using the **BLOOD VITALIZER**, although 76 years old."

Magdalena Backs, Sugar Loaf, Colo., writes: "I am very glad and thankful to God to have at last found a true remedy in **DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER**."

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER 9, 1906.

No. 41.

## Our Mission

Martha Shepard Lippincott

All in thy hands, dear Lord, I leave my fate,  
Thou knowest what is best for thine own child.  
If in thy will I place my simple trust,  
I know that thou wilt guide aright my steps,  
For thou art love and goodness all in one.  
And passing through thy paths of love divine,  
Our souls can never erring go astray,  
For should the way seem dubious to me,  
Oh, thou wilt always know which way to turn.

Thy light and wisdom never faileth thee,  
So let me on thy judgment e'er depend,  
And follow steps where thou dost lead the way.  
With thy all-seeing eye thou canst behold  
The end of every path which tempts our steps,  
And thou alone canst tell us which to take.

Oh, oft I feel uncertain which is right  
And stand, not knowing whither I shall go;  
Until thou ledest me, I fear to stir,  
Lest in the wrong path I might bend my way,  
And sorrow bring upon my thoughtless head;

For who can see the way when all seems dark,  
And thou dost shed no light within our souls?

But what a blessed privilege to know  
That if we trust, ask thee our Guide to be,  
Thou wilt lead us through all life's darksome ways  
Into the bright and shining light of day,  
Where we shall know how great thy love and true.  
Thou art the Comforter for every woe,  
If we will only trust and turn to thee.  
Our sorrows e'en will cleanse and purify  
Our souls and make us turn our hearts to thee.

No other's consolation heals the heart,  
When we have trials which seem too great to bear,  
And though there cometh sorrow in our lives,  
Thou wilt cause it to elevate our souls,  
And make us nobler than we would have been;  
For thou, the spirit of all good in life,  
Wilt elevate with every thought of thee,  
E'er leading souls upon life's higher planes.

Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.

## My Mission

E. M. Cobb



AGNATES, through frenzied finance, may wring the lifeblood from the public, from which may be distilled the cankered gold of the multimillionaire; and after his millions have been accumulated, he will draw the embroidered curtains of his palatial residence round his cot, and the candle will burn low over the trivial bit of humanity who has been known to be the master of an immense fortune, and his light will go out, and he will be remembered only as the enemy of his fellow men.

Misers, through grossest cruelty to both body and soul of themselves and others, may secretly extract from the channels of usefulness a few paltry millions, while they become victims to filthy rags and slow starvation in filthy, ill-smelling attics of isolated huts, in clumps of weeds, where vermin will stealthily un-

wrap the earthly tabernacle from their decomposing skeletons.

The peasant, through the most rigid economy, may, after years of ceaseless toil, finally obtain the title to a little lot, which he calls home, and then through the ravages of disease, contracted by exposure in obtaining this possession, he bids a hasty farewell to his faithful companion, who must sorrowfully and reluctantly shoulder the responsibility of being both father and mother to the little flock around her, the burden of which brings grey hairs and an early grave.

The student of research may follow his fleeting phantom from the molecular life of the protozoa, even to the confines of the vast ethereal ocean of infinite space, and at last take up his pen and record the results of his investigation in the words: "I do not know."



"The man of the ring" may win the admiration and applause of the thoughtless throngs,—whose better lives have been blighted by indulgence,—which congregate, to be carried into ecstasy by witnessing the most brutal human torture that can be inflicted, and continue lowering and losing their ideas of real life, until they finally pass from that great arena, but little, if any, better than the beasts of the field.

The warrior may lead armies to victory upon the gory field of battle, achieve honors of men and of nations, be promoted to the very zenith of military glory, and ultimately make his bed with the millions that have been trampled under the feet of his war horse.

All these are far from the successful mission intended for man, the image of the Infinite. He who would be successful in life, for that is the mission of man, must lead a clean, open, cheerful life of sacrifice for the sake of others; must laugh often, and love much; must gain and keep the respect of intelligent people; the visits of angels and the pure love of little children; he must be a man who will fill his sphere and accomplish his tasks heartfully and manfully; and who will leave the world better for his having lived in it, whether he has cultivated rose gardens, written poems, or saved souls; he must never fail to appreciate the beauty of nature, nor fail to express it; he must always look for the best in others, and must invariably give his best to them.

The presence of such a man is a pleasure, his life an inspiration, and his memory a benediction.

*Elgin, Ill.*



### BOYS, BE MANLY.

J. S. FLORY.

It is natural for boys to want to be men, but physically that can only come to pass by the slow process of natural development. There is a sense, however, in which all boys can be manly. One way is to learn in early life to say "no" when it is right and proper to give a negative answer to all evil-appearing tendencies. Only yesterday, a strong, bright sturdy boy said to me in the Sunday-school class, "I can't be good no matter how hard I try."

"Oh," said I, "that is the experience of most boys and many of our best and greatest men had a similar experience. They were gems in the rough and required polishing, that was all.

"Now," I continued, "there is some good in every boy, the idea of total depravity is all wrong and I want you to know there is always something in you stronger than anything outside of you, if only you will let it assert its right to be boss. When you realize a thing is wrong, quickly say 'no' and then have the

manliness to keep your word and the whole battle is fought, the victory won for you. Each victory opens the way for success in the next battle, and soon you will be a conquering general and show to everyone you can be manly—a man though young in years.

"This is not only theory, but I know something of what comes to boys in general. I learned to use tobacco and strong drink in my youth, not for a long period, but long enough to realize the dangers ahead, and I simply said 'no' and had the courage to stick to the tenor of my convictions."

"Well," said the boy, in our talks on the lesson before us, "it would not be right to let another fellow run over you, would it?"

I said, "You have a wrong idea of bravery and cowardice. The brave boy is the boy that dares to do right. The coward is the boy who can't stand to be made fun of, or the boy who will resist evil. Manliness means not to resist evil outside of you, but stand firm on the principle of *nonresistance*. This is not simply a doctrine of the Christian church, but is the doctrine of true courage and true manhood. When you resist you become weak, but when you stand on the power and strength of the right in you, then you are brave and strong.

"Never resist evil that comes to you from the outside, but the evil that comes, if it should come, to your inward consciousness, fight it with all your might and with the might of those strong forces within you. Resist the devil and he will run like a routed army in demoralized retreat. It always pays in the end to say no to any unmanly influence. I have had experience in resisting the influences of daring men who made great threats against me, and have never yet been deceived in the powers and forces of nonresistance. The keynote under every stress of outside evil opposition is to remember that the strong force of divine influence will enable you to overcome all opposition so long as your trust is in the right. I use the term 'divine influence' in the sense that there is a God-power in every man, woman, boy or girl; and if this God be for you, who can be against you? Once I was in the strong grasp of an infuriated wild Indian of the plains. I simply looked him in the eyes as they seemed to flash fire; he loosed his hold and fled."

Boys, remember there is a way in which you can do right, if only you become conscious of your strength, through inward effort to develop the best in you. The best is none too good and it is the only thing to cherish and develop that will bring you good and lasting interest.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



"It is in the nature of things that mole-hills should appear as mountains to very small creatures."

## FROM OHIO TO NEW MEXICO.

CLARENCE H. YODER.

ON Sunday afternoon, September 2, three of us left Bellefontaine, Ohio, for North Manchester, Indiana. Our train being late, we missed connection at Anderson, so were obliged to stay there over night. Next morning we continued our journey, arriving at North Manchester at 10:55. Here we went directly to the College dining-hall where we enjoyed another good dinner in that old hall where we have assembled so often. It made us feel as though we were back home to meet so many familiar faces, and we only regretted that we could not remain to share another year's work with them.

Leaving Tuesday morning we went to Chicago via of Indianapolis. At Anderson we joined a party of three from Bellefontaine, *en route* for same place. Before leaving the train we purchased a transfer ticket, so as soon as we were off the train we were ushered into a hack and taken to the La Salle street depot. What a hustle and bustle! Any way you look you may see people moving, some one way and some another. Here you find people from almost all parts of the United States.

The La Salle street depot is a structure of wonder and convenience. In the center of the first floor is a large open space, on one side of which is the ticket office and package room, on the other side the restaurant.

On the second floor is the waiting room nicely furnished with long seats.

At the exit of the waiting room is the train yard. Here the Rock Island trains leave off and take on their passengers. Here—up stairs—I at one time counted eight trains standing, there being room for ten.

We left Chicago at nine o'clock P. M., for Alamogorda, New Mexico. Next morning I awoke about five minutes after we had crossed the Mississippi river,—just in time not to get to see it. Going on through Missouri we arrived at Kansas City at about ten o'clock A. M.

As we went on through Kansas we saw some beautiful country. The level prairies—now under cultivation—were thickly dotted with stacks of straw which showed that there had been a fruitful season through this section of country.

Night came again before we had entirely crossed the State of Kansas, but on we went, crossing the western arm of Oklahoma and the northwestern corner of Texas as we slept. Awaking next morning we found ourselves going through some of the waste

land of New Mexico. On either side of us, sometimes near and sometimes in the distance, might be seen great banks of earth and rock from twenty rods to one-half mile in length and from about thirty to eighty feet high. Here and there seemed to be a small section of country quite thickly covered with an evergreen shrub or tree, from about eight to eighteen or twenty feet high. But after a while we saw no more of these and the now level and rolling land was covered with a small bushy weed bearing a yellow flower. Here and there could also be seen the Byer grass which grows in large bunches, the roots apparently heaving up above the ground and having the appearance of a pineapple. The blades are from about ten to fourteen inches long, the ends of which are as sharp as a needle's point. This we soon discovered when we attempted to pluck some of it. These things were something new and very interesting to us as there was always something new coming to our view as the train sped on, landing us at Alamogorda at about 1:15 P. M., Thursday, and giving us a car ride of about 1859 miles.

*Alamogorda, New Mexico.*



## LITTLE KINDNESSES.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile,  
And thought no more about it;  
It cheered a life that was sad the while,  
That might have been wrecked without it.  
And so for the smile and fruitage fair  
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word,  
And passed to other duties;  
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,  
And painted a life with beauties.  
And so for the word and its silent prayer  
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,  
A lift in kindness given;  
It saved a soul when help was none,  
And won a heart for heaven.  
And so for the help you proffered there  
You'll reap a joy sometime—somewhere.

—The Monitor Magazine.



SOME have said that mountains make patriots, that the nations of the hills are nations of freemen. I do not think this is a secret. It is the struggle with nature and circumstances, whether among the mountains or the shifting sands of the seashore, that develops hardihood, freedom, and victory. It is the same quality that often makes the poor man's son the scholar or the merchant prince, and the rich man's son the flabby nonentity.—*Rev. Francis E. Clark.*



## Sandy Hook, New Jersey

Richard Seidel



THE Hook was deeded to the United States, February 26, 1806, and June 17, 1867. Its geographical position is latitude 40 degrees 28 minutes, and longitude 74 degrees 1 minute. Fortifications were commenced in 1857 and were first occupied in April, 1863. The name was changed to Fort Hancock in 1895. Remnants of the old abandoned fortifications are still seen along its shores and at points further inland. The large

majority being soldiers. The garrison total unusual occurrence. In some parts it is heavily wooded; different kinds of trees cover about one-half of its area, the red cedar and swamp maple growing in the sandy soil. About fifty acres are covered with a dense undergrowth of poison ivy and oak; the wild plum also flourishes there, but it is difficult to gather the coveted fruit, which makes an excellent preserve, because of its surroundings.

The population consists of one thousand inhabitants.



Bird's-eye View of the Hook.

granite blocks are now used for the foundations of new buildings; within a decade the last vestige of what were once formidable fortresses, will have entirely disappeared from sight.

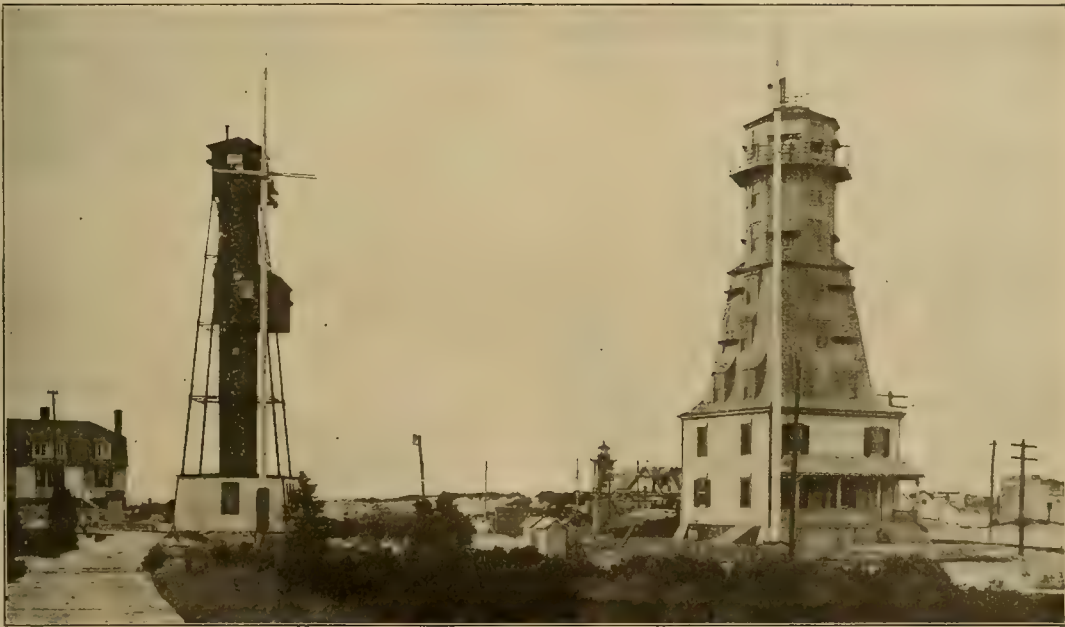
Sandy Hook is a military reservation containing about 1,400 acres, connected by a railway trestle bridge with the Highlands. At the east, the Hook borders on the Highlands; at the west it is bounded by the Horseshoe; the south faces the Shrewsbury river and the northern boundary is formed by the Atlantic ocean.

During the beautiful summer months it is a lovely place to spend a few pleasant days, but it is less attractive during the stormy winter season. Exposed to every point of the compass, it is often visited by severe winter storms, which do great damage to vessels and buildings; storms traveling at the rate of from forty to sixty miles per hour are no

sists of about seven hundred men of the rank and file; the remainder are civilians employed by the different government departments. Four different branches of the regular army are represented here: The Ordnance Department, Signal Corps, Engineer Department and the Coast Artillery. The ordnance department is engaged in the testing of guns, carriages, projectiles, etc.; the signal corps has charge of the wireless telegraph station, including the meteorological instruments for scientific observation, and the engineer department is engaged in erecting new fortifications. The coast artillery has charge of the six forts, including the guns pertaining to them, and the torpedo station. The channel and harbor can be mined on short notice. A life-saving corps, consisting of nine men, is maintained by the government. They are often engaged in daring rescues during stormy winter nights.

Fishing is a profitable occupation to engage in, especially in the winter when the frost fish run in shoals. The waves of the incoming tide throw the fish on the beach and at night the fisherman in high rubber boots, provided with a lantern, proceeds at a leisurely pace along the beach, picking up at will the helpless fishes, depositing them in a bag or basket. During the summer season the Shrewsbury river is crowded with small boats, engaged in oyster fishing; a man earning from two to three dollars per day. Occasionally a mackerel fishing fleet visits the river and remains at anchor for several days. With the picturesque Highlands as the background the fleet at

obtained from one of these towers over the Atlantic ocean, Coney Island and the Hook. It is quite interesting to observe an incoming fleet of battleships in correct formation, or a stately transatlantic passenger steamer. Crafts of all kinds ply in the channel, from the smallest boat, up to the stately, full-rigged sailing ship. It is a beautiful sight to observe the breakers and the surf, and the picture clings for a long time to the memory of those who have seen it. One station is maintained by the Western Union Telegraph Company and the other by the Postal. Marine observers are stationed in these towers, to observe all in and out-going vessels, which they report im-



Two Telegraph Towers.

sunset presents a very beautiful picture. Artists often visit the shores here to portray the wild beauties of nature on the canvas.

The Hook is intersected with macadamized roads. A gravel road, not quite completed, leads to the Highlands, a distance of seven miles. At the latter place the Highland Lighthouse, (properly called the Twin Light) occupies a point on a hill three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. It is provided with a revolving electric light, illuminating a radius of seventy-five miles and plainly visible at Fire Island. Fire Island, located thirty-eight miles northeast of the Highlands is the last land of the American continent seen by a vessel steering northeast.

Two telegraph towers, each about one hundred feet high, are situated at the beach on the northwest side of the Hook. On a bright day an excellent view is

mediately per wire to the United Press Office at New York.

Four different Christian denominations are represented at the Hook. They consist of Presbyterians, Methodists, Protestant Episcopalians and Catholics. The Post Chaplain, Capt. Hadley, represents the Protestant Episcopal church. Three small chapels adorn the Hook and the average church attendance is fair. A Christian Endeavor Society of twenty-four members, mostly enlisted men, established ten years ago, is doing considerable rescue work amongst the boys in blue.

*Fort Hancock, N. J.*



No one who does not enjoy work can truly enjoy anything else.—*President Raymond.*



## CAPTURING BIG GAME.

ADA KIRCHER.

"Now, Jimmie, run away and don't bother me for something to eat," said Mrs. Spider. "I am just trying to finish my new web. I am using a new stitch on it. I learned it from the ladies at the club. Mrs. John Spider, Mrs. Joe Spider, and Miss Jennie Spider all three had theirs made like this and I thought they were so beautiful. They look so delicate and yet are so strong. How do you like it, Jimmie, honey, pet, spidery?" She believed more in feeding her young with pet names than something more substantial.

"Oh! fine. I can run up and down the streets and across the avenues without the least bit of danger of being run over by some motoring flies or gnatty cars, like when I was over at Sammy Spider's yesterday."

Mrs. Spider had woven her web in one corner of the woodshed just across in front of Mr. Wasp's house. Mr. Wasp was an old enemy of hers, having once thrown a ball of mud through one of her new webs and making an ugly hole in it which never could be mended so it did not show.

Mrs. Spider's conscience troubled her somewhat, for she was trying to get even. She shuddered as she thought of what might be the awful consequence. Why, if he should get caught and could not get out she might even take his life, but she justified herself by saying that Jimmy must have something to eat and they were both terribly tired of flies and then, too, Mr. Wasp need not get caught. He could go round—there was plenty of room on either side. She wondered what he would say about her splendid new web next morning. He was such a satirical person. She knew he would say it was lopsided or not square with the world or some other ridiculous expression. His language was shocking, anyway. She did not like for Jimmie to have to be brought up so near him. Jimmie might learn to use slang.

"Ho! Mrs. Spider, your web comes very near being out of sight,—it's so thin. Anyway, it's not such a bad job, but just wait until I jump through it, the hole will be bigger than the web." But alas! poor Wasp, his foot caught and in trying to free it he caught in a few more places. The harder he tried to free himself the more entangled he became. He then gathered up all his strength and tried to break his bonds, but no, they would not break, they were so strong. He then buzzed with all his might,—hoping to secure help, but it was too early, no one was up yet.

"My!" said Jimmie, coming in, "what a big fly. Now we will have a fine breakfast. Just look what a long string of chops and what big slices of steak can be gotten off him. I believe he is as big as three

common flies, even if he is mostly legs and wings, and he is so very thin in the middle. I believe he is already to eat, he is so still. I'll just slip up and take a bite; nobody will know."

So Jimmie slipped up to take a bite but the wasp knew it when he felt Jimmie's sharp teeth, though he had not seen Jimmie coming. With a tremendous effort he freed one appendage and gave Jimmie a cuff on the mandibles which sent him howling away, and as a true mother's son he vowed vengeance upon Mr. Wasp even if he had to have an extra strong web made to order.

Mrs. Spider noticed from her position that Mr. Wasp was lying so still and thought he must be ready for the preserving process. So she went down to inspect. She was met by such humming, buzzing noises and by such stinging blows that she retreated. Little Jimmie then saw his chance, while Mr. Wasp's attention was attracted toward Mrs. Spider, and ran down and jumped up and down on Mr. Wasp's back and got away safely.

"That was quite as good as eating him," commented Jimmie. But Mrs. Spider put an end to his fun by going down to meet him and forbidding him ever going near again. "Why, Jimmie, he actually struck at me and if I had not been quick and got out of his way I'd been stung to death. I am thinking of a little plan to stop his stinging. Now you be a good boy and stay here and if I succeed in securing him I'll give you a good breakfast."

Mrs. Spider returned soon, puffing and out of breath. "Now what? What's happened? Did you get him fastened?"

"Yes, I made a lasso and when he began trying to sting me I threw the lasso and caught and fastened him. Then to be sure of him, I made several more fastenings. I'll run down now to see how he is doing. I've rested a bit."

Jimmie could not resist; he slipped along behind his mother to watch her. I am sure she would not have scolded if she could have seen the admiration for her in his eyes. As it was, she did not scold anyway, for she did not know it. Look! Mr. Wasp is getting loose. His front leg is free. He is reaching back over his back and striking at Mrs. Spider. But she is quick and nimble and threw another web over the foot and fastened it up over his back. But see, he has another leg free and is striking with it, too. He'll get away yet. There, that leg is fastened up over his back, too. Now is time for Jimmie to get back and hear the whole story, as if it were new, from Mrs. Spider.

Mr. Wasp having lost all hopes of freeing himself gave up in despair. And such wailing and gnashing of teeth you never heard. Why, poor Jimmie's teeth

chattered and his knees knocked together, he was so scared. But brave, wicked Mrs. Spider only laughed and said, "It served him right, he had no business getting into my web."

Now all is quiet and they can see that Mr. Wasp has given up and is growing weaker. Mrs. Spider runs down and mercifully bites him in the head and Mr. Wasp is no more.

Bizz! bzz! bzz! Here is another big one! Maybe he'll come into the web. Then we will have a time, sure, thought Jimmie. But he only talked a little while and went on his way. "Who was it, and what did he say?" asked Jimmie.

"It was Mr. Bumblebee." He said, "'I've seen ever so many people that are no wiser than Mr. Wasp. They see others getting entangled in the web of intemperance and sin every day, yet they must take the first glass or leap into the whirlpool of sinking humanity, thinking that they are stronger than others and can get safely out again, and oftentimes they are entangled. In trying to free themselves they get in deeper and deeper until with a tremendous effort they try to break their bonds and find even though the bonds are very slender, in fact so delicate that they can not be seen, they are stronger than the victim. There being no way of escape the victim gives up in despair to be destroyed by the enemy, not only the body but also the soul.'"

*Harrisonville, Mo.*



#### A LITTLE ACT OF KINDNESS.

GRACE M. ZUMBRUM.

NIGHT was falling and it was snowing fast as Gertrude Howland plodded homeward, if the place she stopped might indeed be called a home. She was an orphan, we might say, for her mother had died when she was a baby and her father had deserted her. She led a very lonely and sad life. Her uncle had taken her, but he was a busy man and he left her to the care of her aunt who was a worldly woman and did not sympathize with the little girl. She was made a servant while her cousin enjoyed the greatest luxuries. She had been sent to town to match some ribbon for her cousin, and, as the stores were unusually crowded, it was late before she could be waited upon.

It was with a heavy heart that she returned, because she knew that she was late and she had much work which must be done before she could go to bed. When she entered the house she was met with angry words for being so late, and it was with bitter feelings, though she tried hard to control them, that she went to her room. She went to the window, and, pressing her face against the glass, wondered why she had not died long ago with her mother and why she had to

endure such misery, never hearing a kind word, nor getting a smile.

Thus six years passed away and Gertrude Howland was sixteen years old. Her uncle, whom she had always loved, died. Though he had never bothered about her, she felt that he did not dislike her and now she was indeed alone; her cousin treated her worse than ever.

It was on a beautiful Sunday afternoon and as Gertrude was out walking, which she often did when she could, she came upon the body of a man. She thought at first that he was dead, but soon found that it was only a faint. Running to a brook, which was near, she got some water which soon revived the man. He said that he was on his way to a certain town and was taken sick and fainted. Gertrude helped him to a house not far away, where an old man and woman kindly put him to bed and sent for a doctor. When Gertrude left, she promised to come again. The man was sick for many weeks and Gertrude faithfully kept her promise, going to see him at every opportunity. One day after he had gotten better and was sitting up he kept looking at her so. She asked him why he did this. He said that she was so much like his dear wife, Mary Howland. Gertrude started, for that was her mother's name and she knew that he must be her father.

Yes, he was her father, come back from foreign lands. He did not think that he had a daughter, having heard that she had died long ago. John Howland had come back a wealthy man and Gertrude was now given every luxury that her cousin had enjoyed. He bought a large house in the city and sent Gertrude to college, where she had always wished to go. She was very attractive and had many friends. Though her cousins envied her, they tried to make friends with her. She treated them kindly in return for the cruel treatment they had once given her.

She grew to be a useful and happy woman. Thus one little act of kindness changed the whole life of Gertrude Howland.

*Union Bridge, Md.*



WHEN a human soul draws its first furrows straight, the rest will surely follow. Henceforth your existence becomes ceaseless activity. The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays, but he must will, he must know, he must pray. In a word he must possess force, wisdom, faith. Be conquerors on earth. Your convictions will become certainties.—*Balzac.*



EXERCISE that beautiful couple—the mind and body, much and variously, but at home—at home, Jane! indoors, and about things indoors, for God is there, too.—*W. S. Lander.*



### LIVING ON TWELVE CENTS A DAY.

"THE principal cause of poverty in this world is extravagance in food."

The remark was made by Ashbel W. Riley, a clerk in the office of the Auditor for the War Department. He is seventy-four years of age, looks ten years younger, and is as spry as a cricket.

"I spend only twelve cents a day on food," he added. "For many years I have not permitted myself to exceed that expenditure, which, as I have proved, is ample to keep the body of a man in perfect health. Most people eat themselves to death. They eat too much, and they buy food materials which cost excessively—such, for example, as meat.

"I never touch meat; it is wholly unnecessary to the human economy. One has only to look at the teeth of a human being to see they are not those of a flesh-eating animal. Man is carnivorous by habit, and not through necessity.

"My favorite articles of diet are fruit, eggs and bread. For breakfast this morning I ate three slices of bread without butter, and an egg, with a cup of tea. For lunch I had a couple of bananas, half a dozen crackers and a cup of tea. For supper I shall have a couple of peaches, sliced, without sugar, and three slices of bread, with a cup of tea.

"Of course I vary my menu from day to day, like anybody else. I may take a potato for breakfast, instead of an egg; and for supper stewed prunes instead of peaches. But the quantities consumed are not in excess of those I have mentioned. You will notice that I do not look starved. On the contrary, I am of a well-fed appearance; my eye is clear and my complexion has the hue of health.

"Poor people spend most of their earnings upon food. That is why they are poor. If they did as I do, they would be able to live comfortably. Twelve cents a day is eighty-four cents a week. At that rate the average family of five persons would be able to subsist satisfactorily on \$4.20 a week, leaving enough of the income over to provide properly for other necessities without pinching.

"Why should one eat and drink up the bulk of what he is able to earn? It isn't in the least necessary. I allow myself the luxury of tea, but I have never taken a drink of liquor or smoked a bit of tobacco in all my life. It seems reasonable to suppose that the exceptional health and strength I enjoy are attributable, at least in some measure, to these abstentions. I sleep like a baby, and occasionally, when I feel like it, I take a walk out to Great Falls—a distance of twenty miles—and back.

"At twelve cents a day my food comes to \$43.80 in a year. It is not much, but it is sufficient. Try my system for yourself, and you will find that this expenditure will keep you in perfectly good physical

condition. Indeed, you will improve very much in health because you will not be stuffing your stomach with what it does not require, overtaxing the digestive organs.

"The mind, as well as the body, benefits by economy in eating. There is no healthgiver like a simple diet, which, however, should not be niggardly, but merely a just mean between the gorging of the glutton and the starvation experiment of the freak."



### THOUGHTLESS! YES, UNJUST.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

"JUST look at that shiny red ribbon Elizabeth has around her neck. Yes, and a hair ribbon to match it, too," said Rosa Strong to Mary Grey, and Elizabeth was standing near enough that she could overhear the sneering remark.

Mary had a quiet, sweet disposition, and her mind was wholly occupied with the duties of the Sunday school, and she never noticed or even thought of such trivial things.

Rosa was continually noticing some trivial mistake in some one's dress, or even the most carefully dressed would not escape her fault-finding, scrutinizing gaze. If she noticed something that she thought unbecoming, or that did not exactly suit her tastes, she was not slow in speaking just what she thought. And she never cared if they heard her remarks, either.

Mary hardly knew what to say; she felt sure that Elizabeth heard the remark, and she, too, felt uncomfortable in Rosa's company. So Mary just said, "It looks all right. If it suits her, it is no one's business."

"Humph! I would not be caught with such a ridiculous contrast of colors about me." And yet Rosa had some very inconsistent things about her, too.

"Oh! There comes Grace. Oh, Mary, do look at those white slippers! White slippers and a black dress! The idea!" and she gazed directly at the girl and laughed.

At this juncture Mary politely left Rosa's side and walked up to Grace, and gave her a hearty welcome. But, oh, how sorry she felt for Grace, for she was sure she had heard Rosa's unjust criticism. Grace appeared to feel uncomfortable, too.

What if she was dressed a little odd? What if her tastes were different from Rosa's?

All the girls disliked Rosa's company, because she was continually finding fault with someone or something. Otherwise she was a good girl, and she wondered why the girls disliked her company.

But Sunday school began; and it so happened that Rosa and Mary sat together. Rosa was squirming and snickering, and talking about somebody or some-

thing someone did during the entire session of Sunday-school, and church service the same. There was more than one person that was actually ashamed of her ways. Yet no one dared to tell her of her faults.

This all happened one beautiful Sunday morning. Mary went home and told her mother how very uncomfortable she felt in Rosa's company, and how sorry she felt for those girls that had such unkind remarks made of them. "Why, mother, I never think of such things, I never notice these trivial oddities about other people's dress. And you know, mother, that people have different tastes about their dress and the colors they admire. I always think other people know best what they like, and it is no one else's business. I still think I wear what I think looks well. I do not like to have anyone make fun of me so. I don't make fun of other people. Then there are so many beautiful, noble things to think of that I have no time to waste. But, mother, what must I do? I dislike Rosa's company on that account. When she talks about other people to me, I am afraid they think I approve of her remarks. I just believe I will kindly talk to her once. What do you think?"

"That would be all right, I think, Mary."

So Mary kindly talked to Rosa and it did her a wonderful lot of good. She had never thought of harm. She had become a habitual fault-finder. It was so natural for her, that she could scarcely talk unless she talked of someone. She knows now why the girls disliked her company, and she has changed.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



#### RULES FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

NEVER sleep or stay in a hot or close room.

Keep at least one window open in your bedroom.

Have a room to yourself if possible; if not, be sure to have your own bed.

Avoid draught, dampness, dust or smoke; dust and smoke are worse than rain or snow.

When indoors remain in the sunniest and best room—preferably without carpet.

Do not wear chest protectors.

Keep your feet dry and warm.

Go to bed early and sleep at least eight hours.

If you have to work take every chance to rest you can.

Take half an hour's rest on the bed before and after the principal meals.

Avoid eating when bodily or mentally tired, or when in a state of nervous excitement.

Eat plenty of good wholesome food.

Besides your regular meals take a quart of milk daily, from three to six eggs and plenty of butter and sugar.

Keep your teeth in good condition; use a tooth brush after every meal.

Do not smoke and do not drink liquor, wine or beer. Drink plenty of good, pure water between meals.

Do not talk to anyone about your disease except your physician and nurse.

Do not kiss anyone upon the mouth.

Shave your beard or wear it closely clipped.

In the treatment of your disease fresh air, good food and a proper mode of life are more important than medicine.

Stay in the open air as long as you can—if possible in the park, woods or fields.

Do not be afraid of cold.

Be hopeful and cheerful, for your disease can be cured, although it will take some time.

Carefully obey your physician's instructions.—*New York Board of Health.*



#### WHISKY AND DISEASE.

PEOPLE who take alcohol prepare the way for consumption. Alcohol is no longer the great standby in the treatment of that disease. The same is true in the treatment of many of the fevers, typhoid, inflammation of the lungs, cholera, diphtheria and the like. We are protected against the ravages of the disease destroying micro-organisms in various ways—by healthy secretions, such as saliva, the gastric juice, bile, and so on; by the scavenging cells or white cells of the blood, and by certain substances that in healthy people are constantly being thrown into the blood.

Alcohol by its peculiar action disturbs the digestive functions and thus alters the secretions. It seems to have the effect of paralyzing the scavenging cells and also of interfering with the formation in the blood and tissues of the other protective substances mentioned, thus leaving our bodies open to the attack of disease germs. For these reasons I was afraid of alcohol.—*Professor G. Sims Woodhead, in an Address at Haddersfield Conference.*



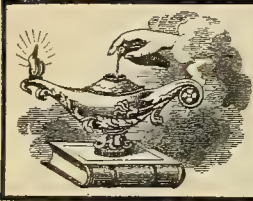
#### TO SAY BIG THINGS.

THE way to say big things is to be bigger things. Some people study up fine speeches to say on fine occasions and make a recipe for saying fine things, and they miss the big things. The big mountain has no trouble in casting a big shadow. It has to do so because it is so broad of shoulder and so vast of bulk. Little codgers have to study how to cast big shadows. If they would grow big they would have big shadows.—*William A. Quayle.*



Know how to renew your character. Every seven years the disposition changes. Let it be a change for the nobler in your case. With each succeeding luster let a new excellence be added."





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

H. M. BARWICK.

"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

"WATCH therefore," said Christ to his disciples after giving them the lesson of the five wise and the five foolish virgins. In the lesson of the marriage feast Christ selected what was to oriental people in ancient times the supremest event of a lifetime. No other occasion was marked with such festivities and joy to both the contracting parties and the guests. This was the best illustration he could give to his disciples of the coming joy of the kingdom of God on earth. To participate in that coming event will be worth much, indeed it will repay all the watchfulness it costs.

Another lesson no doubt which he wanted his disciples to learn was that after his appearance there will be no time to procure salvation. Readiness beforehand is the prerequisite of joining the triumphal entrance into the joys of our Lord. Neither can there be a transfer of oil after his appearance. Each one will receive just what he deserves. No one will lose anything and no one will receive too much. Equity and justice both will there govern each case.

Because of these and other lessons to be gained from the failure of the foolish virgins, watchfulness becomes the mark of a Christian. Christ lived a life of readiness, vigilance and expectation as opposed to carelessness, indifference and negligence. Having wrought the price of salvation for us Christ knew its great value and reasonably asks us to guard the priceless treasure—eternal life, for that is his gift to the race.

Through sickness, accident and old age the soul clings to life although it is beset with disappointments and sorrows. This proves that the soul desires to live and when once all of the losses and crosses of earth are removed in the eternal world, what a joy and satisfaction it will be to live where our capacity to love, enjoy and serve one another, will be full all the time with a knowledge that it shall never end.

Even here on earth God has endowed the soul with strength, goodness and beauty. In some souls these qualities become extremely grand and full although surrounded with hindrances. But if we watch and

guard them while here in sin we shall receive them again in heaven where all conditions will accelerate their growth into full fruitage. Yes, watch, guard, defend this one treasure compared with which all else is nothing.

"Therefore watch." Admiral Sampson after bottling up the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor and guarding it for several weeks, went off of duty one Sunday morning. While he was on land the Spanish fleet sailed out to escape. Sampson's fleet gained the victory and national glory, but the admiral lost his place in American history because he was 'off duty although he had served well for forty years.' "Therefore watch."

*McPherson, Kans.*



## THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,

In the amber glory of the day's retreat,  
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,

I listen for the coming of his feet.

I have heard his weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,  
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,  
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,  
The sorrow of the coming of his feet.

Down the minster-aisles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim,  
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,  
Sounds his victor tread, approaching with music far and dim—  
The music of the coming of his feet.

Sandled not with sheen of silver, girdled not with woven gold,  
Weighed not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,  
But white-winged, and shod with glory, in the Hermon-light of old—  
The glory of the coming of his feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,  
With his blessedness immortal and complete.  
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release.  
I listen for the coming of his feet.

—Lyman Whitney Allen.

**MY PLACE IN HEAVEN.**

LEONARD H. ROOT.

"FIND your place in life and then try to be an honor to the place which you have to fill," is an expression we often hear our parents make. The advice is good, but how many of our dear young people wait and seem to expect someone to find a place for them. There is invariably a place found for everyone who is waiting for that kind of treatment.

Satan is an ever-present being to those who let idleness and indecision possess them. He is ready to give them places where they can work and see the results of their labor. But, ah! Who is it that likes to see and know that they are causing someone to start upon the broad road, which is so easily traveled. As I was walking along a street of our city not long ago, I passed a home which in appearance was anything but inviting. The house was unpainted, the shingles loose and the yard unkept, but as I was passing on my attention was arrested by the sound of a childish voice, evidently that of a little girl. I listened. She was singing a song, which to me was delightfully sweet, yet the tone of her voice filled it full of sadness. The most impressive part of her little song was—

I wonder if they'll find a place  
In heaven for me.

How many of us are striving to obtain a place in heaven? How are we causing our records to appear in the Book of Life? It is not necessary for us to wonder if there will be a place in heaven for us, for the Savior of men has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." And if we improve the opportunities to do good that come to us daily, we will be able to read our titles clear in the great judgment day.

*Fredonia, Kans.*

**THE SECRET OF GOOD LIVING.**

THE secret of long life and of freedom from the ills of life is not hidden away in the recesses of some occult science. Our wise and beneficent Creator would not hide from the eyes and understanding of his children a subject of such vital importance or limit the knowledge of its principles to a few learned men. God has written the so-called secrets of health and happiness upon tablets so plainly that the wayfaring man may not err, though he be not a physician.

Here are some prescriptions given by heavenly wisdom: "What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue

it." Another is: "Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily." Breaking off evil habits, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well are the greatest "regulators" on earth. Getting one's mind off his own troubles, and caring for others who need our help, is a mighty tonic.

Here is another recipe for prostration: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." This is a wonderful sedative. Another, a stimulant: "Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." Here is a general prescription: "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee."—*G. C. Tenney.*

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**WHO OUGHT TO GIVE TO FOREIGN MISSIONS.**

HE who believes that when God said the heathen would be given to Christ, he meant it, and can and will accomplish it.

Who believes in the power of the cross to conquer the world.

Who rejoices that the world is open as never before, and that the prospects are brighter than ever before.

Who feels that he has only one life to live, and wishes to make it count.

Who believes that giving is as much a Christian grace as loving or believing.

Whose ambition is to be like Christ, who gave himself.

Who wishes to be found a faithful steward when Jesus comes.—*Unknown.*

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LESSER things will drop out as the hand closes upon the larger duty or the greater blessing, just as the hand that reaches out to grasp the great strong oak lets go its hold on the blade of grass it had gathered.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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"O blest communion! fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,

Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,

Scars on the ear the distant triumph song,

And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong."



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## "OUR LIGHT AFFLICTION."



ALMOST everything in the material world, as well as in the realm of the immaterial, will admit of comparison, and must take a higher or lower position when placed alongside others of its kind. In many things we confine our comparisons to our immediate surroundings and suppose, if we think of it at all, that the whole universe is like the little world we have made for ourselves. This might do very well if we were in no way connected with the outside world, but since we are still a part of it, a part of the universe, we cannot ignore that of which it is made up.

One of the things we are inclined to consider within very narrow boundaries, or indeed without comparison at all, is the trouble or sorrow that comes upon us. The keener the suffering it brings the closer we hug it to us, and the whole is enlarged by its every feature being dwelt upon separately. And so we suffer on as no one ever suffered before, so we think.

One way to size up our burdens and learn their importance is by comparison—comparison with the burdens of others. Let the mother who toils early and late, with her husband, for the wherewith to feed and clothe their hungry, growing brood, imagine, for a while, that she has changed places with the mother whose companion gives her little or no help, whose children are sickly because of a lack of food, and whose toil, however unceasing, is never able to keep the wolf from the door. Let the business man, weighed down with cares, with the strain of competition, and the malicious, underhanded blows of envious men compare his lot with that of the man who is altogether out of business because of financial embarrassment, who is no longer able to hold up his head among his fellows. By simply placing our burdens thus side by side with those of our fellow-men we are able to look upon many of them as light afflictions. But when we compare our physical sufferings

with those of the Lord himself, and our travail of soul with the heart-breaking burden of sin that rested upon him,—a burden that belonged to others,—we feel that we ought to be dumb forever on the subject of our trials.

Sometimes we do not need to make any comparisons to see how insignificant is some trial or burden which we have thought almost too great for our strength. I have gone for days overwhelmed by some trouble, when, after I had put it from me a little, and was able to look at it from all sides, it almost melted away entirely. Some burdens seem to have a hump on them, and we keep looking at that part all the time.

Then there is another way to see our sorest trials as light afflictions and that is to place them alongside the "glory that shall be revealed in us" through bearing them. After all, as we learn in the Holy Scriptures, that it is the real object of affliction. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby." Job in his sore affliction realized that it was but the furnace for separating the dross from us, and he found great comfort in the thought, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." This is the comfort of the Christian to-day, and out of the depth of the keenest trials and sufferings we can say, with Paul, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."



## THE STORY OF A LEAF.

ONE day in early spring a little leaf, folded closely with several of its fellows and wrapped in a silky brown coat, felt a strange thrill pass through it. At first it was so drowsy that it did not realize the nature of the feeling, but as the warm sun and south wind continued to caress its silky coat, it knew that the thrill meant new life. All at once it felt the need of more room,—the brown silk coat was too tight-fitting. Its fellows likely felt the same way, judging by the way they seemed to push and crowd.

The leaf thought that it would smother to death or burst if it did not get more room, and so was quite filled with joy when one day it heard a noise of something cracking, and saw that its old brown coat had burst loose from the stem. The first breath of warm, fresh air fairly intoxicated it, and it pushed a little away from its fellows and, with them, tried its best to push the old ragged coat off over its head. It wanted more of that warm, fresh air, and it just had to have more room for that swelling, pulsating life within.

In a short time the leaf spread out so that one could

see its true form. From every source it eagerly took in the food offered it. The sun and rain and the south wind each seemed to delight in ministering to it; and while its greatest amount of strength came from the twig, the leaf somehow realized that these same friends contributed, in some way, even to this source of development. And so it nodded pleasantly to the wind and the sun and played with the raindrops, and grew and grew.

When the leaf had attained its full size, with every rib and vein and fiber perfectly developed, it began to think of something to do. Flirting with the wind all the long day through seemed a very shallow sort of life to it. It wanted to get away somewhere and do something that would count in the great, busy world. It was not quite sure what it could do, or where it might go, but getting away from its present surroundings seemed absolutely necessary before it could undertake anything worth while.

The leaf soon found, however, that going away was entirely out of the question, that its very life depended upon its staying at home. One day when it had worked itself up to the highest degree of self-pity and was bemoaning the humdrum life that seemed to stretch out before it, a little bird lighted on a twig just below it. The bright, hopeful look in the bird's eyes and its lively movements made the leaf forget for a time its own unhappiness.

Presently another little bird joined the first. Their queer actions aroused the curiosity of the leaf, and it watched their every movement. Evidently they were in a great secret which they would not be able to keep very much longer. The leaf got the first inkling of the secret when the birds tied together the two branches of a limb; and by the time the little nest was complete, the dried grass, hair, and fiber all in place, the leaf itself had a feeling of ownership in the little home. For the top of the nest almost touched the under side of the leaf, and so the birds' secret had not gotten out at all; it was only shared by another who considered the trust a sacred one.

Now the leaf was no longer miserable. When the little housewife was at home the leaf shielded her from the prying eyes of the spoiler, and when she went abroad it completely covered up the tiny eggs. When the rain came the leaf served as a roof over the little home that was soon filled with life, and when the days were almost insufferably warm it gently moved on its stem, fanning the panting occupants of the nest. And so in the busy, interesting life of the present it forgot the longing that had once filled its being to go out in the world and *do something*.

One day, after the nest was empty, the little birds all being safely fledged, and the leaf was dressed in crimson and gold, the insignia of a retired worker, it let go the twig and fell gently to the ground, still in

its old neighborhood. The following spring its decaying form nourished a tiny violet growing there. And so the fulfillment of its desire to be of use reached far beyond the short span of its own life, though it never left the old home.

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#### TO DEVELOP LATENT TALENT.

THE ability to express one's self clearly in writing may be developed in many people who, before making the trial, think they have no talent in that line. And the gift when once developed may be put to great and good uses. The INGLENOOK was born with this as one of its motives, "to develop the latent talent of the constituency." It is the desire that the INGLENOOK may be a benefit to you not only in a passive way, but in an active way as well. The pages of our magazine are open to productions treating subjects from *every avenue of usefulness and culture*. Let us hear from our subscribers.

❖ ❖ ❖

#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Thou art the comforter for every woe,  
If we will only trust and turn to thee.  
Our sorrows e'en will cleanse and purify  
Our souls and make us turn our hearts to thee.  
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

❖

MANLINESS means not to resist evil outside of you, but stand firm on the principles of nonresistance. This is not simply a doctrine of the Christian church, but is the doctrine of true courage.—*J. S. Flory*.

❖

If a pure mind becomes infused with the filth of one trashy book, it is no longer pure, the foul matter will give the mind a darker shade.—*Ida M. Helm*.

❖

He who would be successful in life, for that is the mission of man, must lead a clean, open, cheerful life of sacrifice for the sake of others.—*E. M. Cobb*.

❖

I've seen ever so many people that are no wiser than Mr. Wasp. They see others getting entangled in the web of intemperance and sin, yet they must take the first glass or leap into the whirlpool of sinking humanity.—*Ada Kircher*.

❖

HAVING wrought the price of salvation for us, Christ knew its great value and reasonably asks us to guard the priceless treasure.—*H. M. Barwick*.

❖

I BELIEVE in the gospel of saving one's body as well as soul.—*Adaline Hohf Beery*.

❖

WE think a well-arranged and cultivated garden, with a thrifty set of plants, free from weeds, is one of the most pleasing sights on a farm.—*D. Z. Angle*.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE worst sea storm and hurricane that the Gulf Coast has experienced in over one hundred years was in progress Sept. 27, 28, centering at Pensacola, Fla. Mobile and New Orleans and other Gulf points were isolated and many lives were reported lost, while property damage would run into several millions. The entire city of Pensacola was a mass of wreckage, and the damage to cotton fields alone will exceed \$1,000,000.

GEORGE WASHINGTON day has been celebrated at Budapest. In the presence of 30,000 people a monument to the first president of the United States was unveiled. In the speeches made, American institutions and freedom were praised. It was declared that Washington has set a standard for the world, that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian revolutionary leader, had been influenced by it, and by that standard Hungary's greatness would be attained.

It appears that the czar of Russia has been absent from his country for several days and rumor has it that he and the czarina are in Copenhagen, Denmark. A paper in Paris has printed a St. Petersburg dispatch saying that court circles are seriously considering the idea of a dictatorship. The reason given for this is that recent incidents have so affected the czar's health that his condition has caused anxiety among government officials.

THE automobile mail route in New Mexico has what is thought to be the first automobile bridge in the world. It spans a creek and has no supports but the banks. No floor is laid, and the track is made in the form of two shallow narrow troughs so the tires fit in with no danger of accident to the machine. The automobiles cross the bridge at full speed.

SEPT. 30, Secretary of State, Elihu Root, returned from his tour of South America. He was absent on this tour thirteen weeks and in his travels covered 16,000 miles, mainly by water. Secretary Root was much gratified by the honor shown him as representative of the United States wherever he went in South America. He was greatly impressed by the industrial awakening in that continent.

THE largest sunflower on earth is said to have been discovered in the cottage garden of a laborer in Germany. It is at Almshorn, in Schleswig-Holstein. Many people have visited the place to view the flowers. The stem of the plant is over ten feet high, and still growing. Horticulturists are investigating in order to discover the secret of the abnormal growth.

THE isthmian canal commission has announced that Chinese laborers taken to Panama for work on the isthmian canal will be required to be deported at the conclusion of their services. To insure their deportation the Panama government will require the contractors who furnish the Chinese laborers to give a bond of \$50,000 for the first 2,500 Chinamen and \$20 each for laborers in any number in excess of 2,500.

At Bakerville, N. Y., Misses Florence Randolph and Bertha Carleton have a sixty-acre farm and their speciality is the making of peanut butter. They manage the farm without male help, excepting a twelve-year-old chore boy. At Terryville in the same state the two Misses Fairfield are conducting a somewhat similar enterprise. The girls purchased the farm last winter, and have met with much success. This summer they made considerable money by selling flowers in New York. They do all the hard work on the farm and say that they like it.

THE first of last week, sixteen balloons left Paris, the event being a contest in which distance traveled, length of time in the air, and two or three other points were considered, a prize being offered on each point. On account of the unfavorable wind at the time of starting, it was feared that the test would not be a fair one as to distance, the primary point. The American balloon, manned by Lieut. Lahm, won the race, the balloon landing fifty miles north of Hull, England, 415 miles north of Paris. Seven of the balloons landed in France, along the coast of Normandy.

SUPERINTENDENT EDSON, of the New York Board of Education, announces that the board will ultimately provide special schools for the seven thousand crippled children of the poor, on the theory that the city owes

them an education. Last year there was a small class for cripples, but now an entire school has been organized for them. To this school one hundred and twenty-five children are brought in stages. The desks and chairs have been cut to fit the physical peculiarities of each individual.

ONE effect of the plan to admit the Indian Territory to Statehood and to white settlement is the prospective emigration of nearly one thousand Indian families from the Cherokees, Creeks and other tribes into Mexico. A Galveston report says that 1,000,000 acres of land in the mountainous region of Chihuahua and Sonora have been purchased at \$1 an acre, and in this land the Indians will return to their primitive life of freedom. Among the leaders in the movement are some of the most educated members of the tribes.

CHARLES E. MAGOON, the retiring American minister to Panama and governor of the canal zone, returned to New York the first of last week. He says work on the canal is progressing satisfactorily, although it is still in the preliminary stage. He says the main difficulty is the labor question. The laborers come from Jamaica and Barbadoes, and while they are people of intelligence and some education they do not stick to one thing any length of time. By the time they are well acquainted with the work they leave it and go elsewhere.

OF late the movement for starting schools in Korea has almost amounted to a mania. They are springing up on all sides, and there is scarcely a Korean of wealth or position who has not become a patron of an educational establishment of some kind or other. The movement, says the *Korea Daily News*, is a strong one, as all enlightened Koreans fully appreciate the fact that until at least primary education becomes general throughout their country they cannot hope to emerge, once for all, from their present condition.

IN New Zealand it is said that owners of a thousand acres of first class or of five thousand acres of second class land are forbidden to add to their estates by purchase or lease; also that it is compulsory for proprietors of property exceeding \$250,000 in unimproved value to sell their holdings within ten years. "These restrictions," says the *New York World*, "if enforced will constitute the longest step toward the public regulation of wealth taken by any government. They are the culmination of efforts to break up speculative land-holding which within a dozen years have reclaimed millions of acres for the people of New Zealand.

THE Cuban insurrection has already gone far enough to disturb considerably the American sugar and tobacco markets. The island is a very large source of outside supply of both commodities, and reports to the New York trade are that men are leaving the plantations to join one or the other armies or to avoid both, while there has been some destruction of property.

IN West Thirty-fourth street, New York, a contractor has begun the erection of the first office building of reinforced concrete in that city, and the largest of its kind in the country. It will run from Thirty-fourth to Thirty-fifth street and will be twelve stories in height. The cost of building in concrete is about the same as that of brick, but it is expected that concrete will outlast any kind of natural stone yet discovered.

AN edict has been issued by the government of Peking ordering the abolition of the use of opium, both foreign and native, within ten years. The Council of State is commanded to devise regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition against opium smoking and the cultivation of the poppy. This is a direct result of the recent foreign excursion of the Chinese commission, combined with the recommendation of the commander of the army and the vice president of the board of foreign affairs.

BECAUSE of the inability of Cuba to settle the trouble that recently came to a head there in the form of an open revolt, the United States has taken upon herself the part of peacemaker, and, as stated last week, her representatives have already considered the subject with the opposing parties. It has been deemed advisable to send United States troops to the island to act as an army of occupation till the trouble is settled. President Palma has resigned his office, and Secretary Taft is at the head of the provisional government.

UNDER the management of Miss Mary Laidlaw Proudfoot, niece of the late Mrs. Laidlaw, who devoted much money to the helping of poor boys, the first real hotel for homeless boys has just been opened at 355 West Twenty-seventh street, New York city. At the outset, there were eight patrons, self-supporting office boys or messengers, and for the remaining six vacancies many applications were on file. The establishment is not to be regarded as a charity. Each boy pays according to his means, and this entitles him to a room of his own. The public, however, is invited to contribute toward the expense fund, and larger quarters will probably be secured.





## MOTHER.



WISH I had said more. So long, so long,  
About your simple tasks I watched you, dear;  
I knew you craved the words you did not  
hear;

I knew your spirit, brave and chaste and  
strong,

Was wistful that I might not do the wrong;  
And all its wistfulness and all its fear  
Were in your eyes whenever I was near,  
And yet you always went your way with song.

O prodigal of smiles for other eyes  
I led my life. At last there came a day  
When with some careless praise I turned away  
From what you fashioned for a sweet surprise.  
Ah, now it is too late for me to pour

My vase of myrrh—would God I had said more!

—Saturday Evening Post.



## WINTER READING.

IDA M. HELM.



CTOBER, with its piles of ripened apples,  
rows of cider barrels, fields dotted with  
corn-shocks, and great yellow pumpkins,  
and its chilly evenings and its frosty  
nights, brings with it a suggestion of  
approaching winter with its short days  
and long evenings, when books and papers

will have a prominent place among the people gathered  
around the fireside. Books can be purchased at  
much less cost by ordering them of the publishers  
than by buying them at the book stores, and  
now is the time to select and order a supply.  
What we read is of *so much* importance to us and  
to the community in which we live; it helps to nourish  
and develop the mind and to form the character, and  
it is to our best interest that we select for our reading  
only such material as is pure and elevating.

Some books and papers are veritable moral mias-  
mas, and the only safe place to deposit them with their  
obnoxious qualities, is in the fire. Take a glass of  
pure water and put a drop of ink in it and watch it.  
Soon the glass will contain a dark liquid unfit for use.  
If a pure mind becomes infused with the filth of one  
trashy book, it is no longer pure, the foul matter will  
give the mind a darker shade.

The long evenings give us an opportunity for

storing our minds with useful knowledge. We can  
visit England with Irving in "Bracebridge Hall,"  
and Spain in the "Alhambra." With Cooper we  
can live with the pioneers in the "Leatherstocking  
Tales," and with Hawthorne we can learn something  
of the Puritan life in New England in the "Scarlet  
Letter." We can follow Lowell as he sings his beau-  
tiful song of pride dethroned by humility, and tender  
sympathy given in love, rewarded with a vision of  
"Him who died on the tree" in a "Vision of Sir  
Launfal." With Bryant we may have a view of death  
in "Thanatopsis," and in the "Battlefield" we are  
told that—

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again:  
The eternal years of God are hers:  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain  
And dies among his worshippers."

Such books and poems as these help the reader to  
form noble sentiments and to live a useful life.

Ashland, Ohio.



## THE GUARDED TONGUE.

WHAT are you talking about in your homes? What  
is the burden of your conversation day after day, in  
the presence of your children and in association with  
your neighbors?

Whatever the nature of your thought and your  
words it is helping to decide your future and the  
future of your children.

If you are talking gossip, and scandal, and criticis-  
ing all your associates, and suspecting your neighbors  
of wrong-doing, you are creating conditions of discord  
and trouble for yourself and your descendants.

Years to come you will be wondering why Fate  
should treat you so badly—why you and yours should  
always be in trouble of some kind—why people should  
turn against you and disparage you.

It will be hard for you to understand that you are  
reaping what you sowed—that the daily conversation  
and gossip at your table and fireside furnished the seed  
for all this crop of tares and thistles.

A child's mind is wax, and it is shaped by its asso-  
ciations. If you talk about hatred and revenge, or  
"getting even" and paying debts, if anger fills your  
thoughts, the child is going to cultivate those brain  
cells, and may some day figure as a criminal.

You can give your children no greater endowment

than to teach them to think, talk and act love for humanity. Not only are you influencing their lives for good, but the lives of their future husbands, wives and children.

Therefore, be careful what you talk about, and what you think about, as you close your doors to the outer world and gather together in the family circle.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*



#### HELPFUL HINTS ABOUT THE HOUSE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

IF you don't care to invest in table padding, put an old blanket under your tablecloth. It deadens noise and saves wear on your cloth.



How often is your sewing basket a miniature pandemonium! Try keeping all your spools of thread and darning cotton in a box—a shoe-box does very well—and the “other things,” such as scissors, needles, wax, thimbles, pin-paper, etc., in the basket. Keep all the thread-ends fastened in the crack on the spool.



THE best thing I have yet discovered for darning stockings is a piece of shingle cut as wide as the foot, and rounded at one end. This makes a flat darn and retains the original shape better than the old-fashioned gourd or round darning.



WHEN you go to bed, empty out every drop of water from the tea-kettle, and leave the lid off. In the morning, rinse out and fill with fresh water, just drawn. Never use warmed-over water for cooking.



HAVE a pin-cushion on the kitchen wall, well stocked with common pins, and safety pins, too, if there are children about the house. And don't save any crooked or rusty pins; they are an abomination.



IN these days, when such a variety of calendars can be had for nothing, have one in nearly every room in the house. Then you need not ask so often, “What date is to-day?” Perhaps the other person is reading.



I LIKE to keep my bread in a large stone jar, I used to have a tin bread can, but the moisture from the bread rusted the inside so that I discarded it. In hot, sultry weather, scald out the jar about twice a week. In cold weather this is not needful. Don't wrap a cloth around the bread, to get musty.



MOST every housekeeper has some glass fruit jars more or less cracked. Use them to keep your groceries

in—rice, beans, dried corn, hominy, etc. Set them in a row on your pantry shelf, and you can tell the instant you open the door just where the article is you want. When thoroughly dry, put pennyroyal, sage, boneset, and the other herbs, in jars also.



MAKE a bag of blue or brown denim, the front about a foot square, the back five or six inches higher, bind all around the edges with tape, making two loops at the upper corners. Hang on two stout tacks in a convenient place in the kitchen, and into this put all sheets of wrapping paper, neatly folded, and large manila envelopes. They will come handy for many purposes. Hang the bag low, so the contents can be quickly examined.



IN making up a bed, I never put the pillow in the same position more than two nights. There are four sides to a pillow,—by turning it upside down, and end for end,—and so one can have a clean place for his face quite frequently. To make sure of the clean spot, I have the pillows a certain way on a certain day, and I always notice how it was when I take it off to make the bed. This movement grows mechanical. You may laugh at such a trifle, but—I like clean places.



IF you do not keep chickens or pigs, the cleanest, quickest, and safest way to get rid of table refuse is to put it into the stove and burn it. This dispenses with the ill-looking, ill-smelling “slop-bucket,” and nobody will catch fever from the germs in the decaying matter thrown around the house. I have heard people say they could hardly get used to burning things—it seemed like a waste. But modern sanitation demands a remodeling of our traditional ideas of housekeeping, and we “can get used to anything.”



IF you would save half your work on ironing day, be very careful how you hang up the clothes on wash day. Each article should be thoroughly shaken out before pinning on the line. Shake out the sheets and stretch them on the line till there is not a wrinkle. Shake out each end of the towels with a snap, especially if they have fringes. When dry, fold the sheets carefully and evenly, and lay them in the basket, and they need no ironing. Ordinary towels, especially Turkish towels, treat the same way. Of course your damask towels will want to be ironed. Night-gowns smell fresh and sweet if put away neatly without ironing. The first night's wear musses them all up, anyhow, don't you see? So, many other pieces of under-clothing will make you happy by being put into the drawer with the sunshine and pure air folded in. I believe in the gospel of saving one's body as well as soul.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*



### CARE OF THE FLAT-IRON.

MANY housekeepers are annoyed by their flat-irons becoming rusty from dampness in the cupboard. This may be easily prevented. Before putting the irons away after ironing is finished, rub them with a little warm grease on a piece of soft paper and wrap them in thick brown paper. When they are to be used again dip them into very hot water with a little soda dissolved in it and wipe them dry before putting them over the fire to heat. When taken from the fire for the ironing have some brown paper on the table with a little powdered bath brick on it and rub the iron on this. Have a piece of paraffin tied in a muslin bag, rub this lightly over the iron and then polish it on a soft cloth. This almost takes longer in the telling than the actual work does, but the process makes the iron delightfully smooth and easy, and consequently one may get over the clothes more quickly. Flat-irons frequently receive very little care, and snowy white clothes too often are spoiled by them. They should always be kept immaculately clean.—*Housekeeper*.



### FOR CLEANING LINOLEUM.

It stands to reason that soap is going to injure the varnish and finish. On a farm, where there is plenty of milk, a cloth wrung out of skim milk is the best means of taking up the dust and brightening the linoleum. Where milk is scarce, use lukewarm water to which has been added half a cupful of kerosene oil or some good furniture polish. Wring the cloth rather dry from this and go over the linoleum after sweeping. An ordinary broom should not be used upon linoleum any more than upon a hardwood floor, because it is too harsh, and in time produces unsightly scratches. Have a soft, long-handled brush, which takes the dust from a polished surface much better than a broom, and does not scratch or mar the surface; then finish with a clean cloth wrung out of the oil and water. Most housekeepers and nearly all servants scrub oilcloth and linoleum as though they were a bare floor. They are dusty rather than dirty, since everything remains on the top.—*Selected*.



### APPLE CURE FOR DRUNKARDS.

A PHILADELPHIA daily ("Bulletin") quotes a physician as saying: "I know a woman who cured a drunken husband without his knowledge by keeping always a plentiful supply of good apples on the dining table. The man ate these apples and finally stopped drinking altogether." This cure is entirely within the reach of possibility. The same physician advises anyone afflicted with the love of drink to "eat three apples a day, and the horrible craving will gradually leave

him. The cure will be greatly helped along by smoking as little as possible."

This is good doctrine. I hope all physicians will preach it. It is in line with my own observation. Just after eating a good apple, a cigar or pipe will not taste very good. I know, for I have once been a smoker myself. And when you get all the good fruit that you want, especially some of a more acid character, such as apples, currants, lemons, oranges, grape fruit, peaches and plums, there will be little craving left for strong drink. Many of our drunkards are made in the kitchen where an excess of greasy food is prepared. Let the cure come through the food also, by adding a free supply of acid fruits to the daily bill of fare.—*Farm and Fireside*.



### TO HAVE EARLY SWEET PEAS.

SWEET peas planted in the fall come into bloom from two to three weeks earlier than those planted in the spring. Many make the mistake of sowing seed too early in the fall. They root and sprout and when freezing weather comes on they are killed.

We prepare the ground and make the trenches, then wait until just before the holidays, to sow the seed. I generally take advantage of the "January thaw" to sow. I never plant any other variety in the fall but extra early Blanche Ferry. It is a pink and white, half dwarf and very hardy. I care not how early in the spring you get in your seed, these come into bloom several weeks ahead of them. All lovers of sweet peas should try this plan.—*Mrs. J. H. Clardy*.



SPICED TOMATOES.—Boil together six pounds of peeled tomatoes, ripe; two pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, a dessert-spoonful of allspice and cloves mixed, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and toward the last of the cooking, one finely chopped lemon. Can in self-sealing jars.—*Selected*.



"Trust him in his own right way,  
He will lead thee day by day  
And thy cares shall lifted be  
To his heart who cares for thee."

## Read this to the Little Ones

### MY LITTLE GRAY KITTY AND I.

When the north wind whistles 'round the house,  
Piling the snow drifts high,  
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—  
My little gray kittie and I.  
I tell her about my work and play,  
And all I mean to do,

And she purs so loud I surely think  
That she understands—don't you?

She looks around with her big, round eyes,  
And softly licks my face,  
And I tell her 'bout the word I missed,  
And how I have lost my place.  
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us  
Matters a stormy sky?  
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—  
My little gray kittie and I.

—Florence A. Jones.



### GRANDPA AS A SPELLER.

GRANDPA SCOTT'S visits were hailed with delight by all the members of the Brown family. It was partly on account of his wonderful pockets and the stories that he told, that the younger ones looked forward with such lively anticipation to his coming. Everyone was doing his best now, for that very evening he would arrive. Though they all were busy, they found time to talk.

"I wonder what he will tell us about this time," said Bess, in a brief pause.

"I don't know," said Robbie, "but I wish he would tell us a ghost story."

"Plenty of time to consider that weighty question when he gets here," said spicy Sally as she hurried about, not forgetting, though, the new pleasure of wearing long dresses.

The day soon passed, and after supper you could see grandpa seated in a big armchair, with Bess on one arm and Rob on the other, each begging for a story; Rob for a ghost story and Bess for "a nice one in which you, grandpa, was hero."

Grandpa laughed, and then said, "My boy, have you forgotten that story I told you of Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his new velvet cloak over a mud-puddle so that Queen Elizabeth could pass over dry shod? Always be chivalrous to ladies; so give up and I will tell a nice, quiet little story. I can not say that I can relate one in which I was a hero, but I will tell one in which I distinguished myself as a speller."

"It was in the winter of '61 and I was going to school to a teacher named Burgin. In those days the teacher 'boarded around.' It was my parents' time and so when spelling school was announced twenty miles northwest, it is no wonder the teacher asked me to go with him. I was a pretty good speller to begin with and by studying a little I got so I could spell down the larger pupils at my school.

"The night for the match was Saturday night, so in the afternoon we started out on an old plow horse, riding double.

"Part of the way, there was what was known as 'corduroy roads.' The horse would frequently mis-

step and nearly pitch us off so we had to hang on whenever we were passing those places.

"Two were selected to choose sides and then the choosing began. First one and then another was chosen until there was scarcely anyone left. My teacher happened to notice I was not chosen, so he whispered my name to one of the choosers and accordingly I was called.

"When I took my place, I was greeted with shouts of laughter. My hair was a bright, fiery red and stood up as though I had just had an electric shock. My face was tanned and nearly covered with freckles. You see my nose never was remarkable for its beauty, and my mouth was always stretched from ear to ear. By constantly wearing my cap in such a way as to cause my ears to stick out, they had become permanently fixed that way. I had on a suit of homespun clothes that after having been subjected to several showers, washing and the like, had become so little, it was almost an impossibility to get into them. I was not as fortunate as Goethe, who, when he found he did not look right exchanged the old clothes for new ones and came out dressed like a gentleman.

"I knew I was homely and dressed like a guy, but I decided to show those people that I did not lack mentally.

"The last ones were chosen and then began the spelling match in earnest. Several from each side went down very soon.

"In order to be out of sight, I had crawled up on some benches that were stacked up in the back part of the school house to make room for the spellers. When I heard my name called I jumped down only to meet with more laughter, but when the pronouncer began to give out the words they began to see I was no greenhorn.

"I spelt that fellow down, and the next and the next and so on up the line until I got to the last, the champion speller of many a match. We were given a few words apiece when the word 'rhinoceros' was given to my opponent. He spelt it r-i-n-o-c-e-r-o-s and you may be sure I was not slow in spelling it correctly.

"That left me victor on the field and now the applause was more deafening than any laughter had been. Although they did not think me beautiful yet, by any means, they did think I deserved respect, and I have found it that way all through life that we do not need beauty or capital to get the respect of others, but grit, honesty or intellectual faculties will win it any time.

"But I think it is time for you children to be in bed, so that is enough for this time."

"Well," said Rob, when he was sure grandpa was through, "I believe I like that better than a ghost story."—*Ina Jaqua, in Vick's Magazine.*



## The Rural Sanctum

### THOSE GOOD OLD PUMPKIN PIES.

WHEN the trees upon the hillside don the crimson  
and the gold

And keener grow the breezes day by day,  
Blowing gaily from the northward o'er the  
forest and the wold

Then to childhood's days my thoughts begin to stray.  
Over long-forgotten pathways in the fields of long ago  
Ere my life knew aught of sorrow or of sighs;  
And in fancy once again I taste the bliss I used to know  
When the time had come for making pumpkin pies.

I can see the quaint old farmhouse with the hollyhocks  
so gay;

Close beside it were the fields of yellow corn  
Nodding gayly in the sunshine as it ripened day by day,  
Till at harvest-time its glories all were shorn.  
Then the merry huskers gathered in the roomy old red  
barn—

Lads and lassies from the country far and nigh;  
And a tempting spread would follow where each spun  
his choicest yarn

While they munched the good old-fashioned pumpkin  
pie.

The crust was crisp and flaky it was done "just to a turn."  
And the golden filling spread with generous care;  
All the nectar and ambrosia for which heathen gods  
might yearn

Never with this toothsome dainty could compare.  
When the healthy youngsters gathered 'round the table  
(we were ten)

On the wholesome fare we cast a longing eye,  
While our father asked a blessing that seemed all too  
lengthy when

We were waiting to attack the pumpkin pie.

When the Midas touch of autumn turns the woodland  
into gold,

And the chill wind through the treetops seems to sigh,  
Every zephyr breathes a mem'ry that to me will ne'er  
grow old,

And I long for just one home-made pumpkin pie.

—Katherine L. Daniher in Leslie's Weekly.



### THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

D. Z. ANGLE.



MOST every farmer, we think, should do some gardening each year, if only to the extent of supplying his own table with fresh vegetables in their proper season. With a little extra care and labor one can also dry or can enough vegetables and fruits, (some of which latter might occupy a place in the garden), to have on the bill of fare most every day in the year.

Some say they can buy vegetables as cheaply as they can raise them, and as they farm large they think it doesn't pay to bother with a garden. Evidently such is true only in few instances, *i. e.*, when there are no children in a home, or when reliable help is impossible to be secured at a reasonable wage. Of course if seeds are put in poorly, and after planting are left to the tender (?) mercies of the weeds, small progress and profit in gardening will be made.

Many fail from lack of system and care in planting and cultivating. The garden should first be covered with well-rotted farm fertilizer. This may be put on in the fall and immediately plowed under. Always plow the garden if possible, as spading and all hand work is too slow and unprofitable where one has horses and proper tools at hand and convenient to use. In springtime another light coat of manure may be applied, then the ground replowed. Harrow well what ground is to be planted soon after in early stuff, leaving the balance rough, so weeds will not grow so fast or the soil pack so tight as to need greater cultivation for later crops. Some of the earliest vegetables, such as onions, peas, beans, radishes, beets and lettuce, might conveniently be planted in beds close together. All these (except the lettuce which is sown broadcast in a small bed), should be put in short rows about ten inches apart across the beds. Onion sets should be four inches apart in the row, and the seeds of onions, beets, beans, peas or radishes drilled in the rows, probably three or four seeds to every inch. The onions, beets and radishes may be thinned out after they are up, if too thick.

Lima beans, tomatoes, cabbage, celery, corn and potatoes should be planted in straight rows three feet apart, extending entire length of garden. All these should be in hills about three feet apart, except the potatoes which we prefer to drill eight inches apart; also celery plants are set close, six or eight inches between the plants, and sweet potato slips about the same distance apart. Cucumbers probably do best planted in hills six feet apart each way. In cultivating onions, etc., we prefer the New Combination Wheel Hoe and Plows. One of these implements costs from \$3 to \$10 and is a great improvement over the old way of hoeing, as it is so much faster, and more garden can be put in and cultivated by one person. It can also be used to advantage among the cabbage, tomatoes, etc.

To be effective the wheel hoe should be used soon after planting, before weeds get much start. In fact, kill the weeds before they start if possible and plow

thereafter soon as dry enough after each rain. The ground should be kept loose and mellow. We usually plow corn and potatoes even in the garden, with a one or two-horse cultivator and sometimes use same tool in cabbage and tomatoes, but a steady horse and much care is required to keep them from stepping on and injuring the tender plants. Deep plowing is sometimes required, both to loosen the soil so the plants can grow and also to cover and kill weeds. A good horse is a better drafter than the ordinary man, so can do more effective plowing. We also plow sweet potato ridges while plants are small, with cultivator or double shovel plow and horse, this leaves only a narrow ridge to hoe or rake around plants by hand.

Be sure to keep weeds out of the garden while plants are small even if hand weeding is required, and it usually is necessary once or twice during season, especially with onions. We think a well-arranged and cultivated garden, with a thrifty set of plants, free from weeds, is one of the most pleasing sights on a farm, and though the owner may have wealth, it is surely gratifying to him to so easily and quickly obtain fresh, wholesome food for his table.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### JOTTINGS FOR BUSY FARMERS.

*What the Hen Does.*—Mr. T. E. Orr, secretary of the American Poultry Association, is credited with the following statement: "My experiments have demonstrated these facts: A hen eats sixteen times her own weight in one year; her eggs in the year are six times her weight; they bring sixteen cents per pound; her food costs four cents per pound, and her yearly product is worth six times the cost of her food."

*A Good Harness-Dressing.*—The Government harness-dressing is said to be made as follows: One gallon neat's foot oil, two pounds barberry tallow, two pounds beeswax, two pounds beef tallow. Put the above in a pan over a moderate fire. When thoroughly dissolved, add two quarts of castor oil; then, while on the fire, stir in one ounce of lampblack. Mix well and strain through a fine cloth to remove sediment; let cool, and you will have as fine a dressing for harness or leather of any kind as can be had.

*Rations for Dairy Cows.*—In order to vary the monotony of eating for the cow, it has been suggested by the Department of Agriculture that a mixture of two or three grains be given. It is also the experience of feeders that much better results are obtained by feeding a variety of foods. Following are some of the rations suggested by the department: One-third bran, one-third cotton-seed meal, and one-third cornmeal. One-fifth malt sprouts, two-fifths cornmeal, two-fifths mixed feed. One-third cottonseed meal, one-third flour middlings, and one-third cornmeal. One-half cornmeal, one-fourth cottonseed meal, and

one-fourth oat middlings or rye feed. Seven pounds is the usual quantity to be fed daily to cows producing ten to twelve quarts of milk. The richer the milk the more feed needed. Many feeders find it necessary to use but five pounds of grain daily, and feed maximum amounts of roughage.

*Rotation for Dairy Farms.*—A rotation for dairy farms recommended by the New Jersey station consists of (1) field corn, seeded to crimson clover in July or August; (2) crimson clover followed by fodder corn, land seeded to winter rye; (3) rye fodder, followed by oats and peas, seeded to red clover and timothy; and (4) hay. Some of the reasons for crop rotation are: All plants do not draw to an equal extent upon the manurial ingredients of the soil. They send their roots to different depths and have a different solvent action upon the constituents they reach. By rotating crops insect enemies are more apt to be dispersed. Fungus diseases may also be materially reduced. The soil is maintained in good tilth, and bacteria which are beneficial to the plants are more likely to be increased. Weeds are more readily eliminated, the humus compounds of the soil increased, and the work of the farm more easily distributed.

*To Prevent Alfalfa Bloat.*—At one of the institutes recently held the subject of alfalfa causing bloat was brought up. One replied as follows: "I have known two or three instances where cattle died from pasturing on alfalfa alone; but where it was sown with a mixture of grasses I have not known of such cases." Another said: "Some farmers in Ohio sow it with brome grass and clover. It is an excellent mixture, and with it the danger of bloating is extremely small. If wheat-straw stacks are available, the danger is reduced to nothing, as the cattle will eat the alfalfa for two or three hours and then eat the straw." Another gave it as his opinion that "we are growing it pure and mixed, and I think it is quite possible to grow it profitably in a rotation where there is only two years in hay. The crop is very much greater than we could get from the common red clover, so much so that it more than pays for extra cost of seed."



#### THE EPIC OF TWO SQUIRRELS.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."—Solomon.

For a hundred years men have gone to the ant and the honey bee for incitements toward industry, prudence and forethought for the future. But having watched two squirrels filling their storehouse against the winter, I conclude that even Solomon might have learned much from these busy, prudent squirrels. Maine winters come early and stay late, and perhaps my two squirrels had this fact in mind.

Their activity is all but incredible. They begin their tasks at daybreak and leave off at dark. For



hazel nuts and acorns they store away the cones of the spruce tree. The two squirrels are young, were recently married and have just set up housekeeping. Their cottage is a large cavity in a stone wall, and is about twelve inches in diameter. In various cavities in the same wall are their granaries. Having welcomed the morning and awakened me by a vivacious conversation at daybreak, with instant energy they begin the work of the day.

The task of stripping a small spruce of its rich cones occupies about two days. The young husband goes to the top of the tree and with his sharp teeth cuts off from twenty to thirty cones. Some of these cones fall straight to the ground. But when others catch on the boughs the thrifty young housewife runs and by one stroke pushes them off to the earth. When thirty or forty cones are ready, like wheat sheaves in a field, the two squirrels begin the task of carrying them to the storehouse.

Thus far, during the last two weeks, they have put away against the hunger of December and January about two bushels of cones. From time to time they take brief intervals for play. Then the recent bride runs up a tree, using her tail for a fan, and makes invitation to the young gallant below, who scuds up the tree after her.

Then begins a flight and a mad pursuit, a leaping from the end of the bough of one tree across a chasm to the bough on another tree, with the usual and inevitable result—capture—at the entrance to the home nest.

Solomon's ants work hard; Horace's bees never tire of their search for wild clover honey. But these squirrels are teachers also. What believers in open air and exercise! What enthusiasm of labor! What happiness, manifest in work! What self-reliance, what wisdom and forethought for the future! Marvelous the epic of the squirrel. Some day his biography will be written—a volume full of suggestion and allurements.

But if some squirrels make of life an epic and a victory, other squirrels, like men, fall from grace. Man is not alone in the loss of his Eden. Squirrels have a paradise, and sometimes they are turned out into the desert. The tempter is still abroad among God's trees. Out in Ann Arbor, Mich., one finds the squirrels for whom some Milton must write their "Paradise Lost."

It all came about after this fashion: A university professor brought some squirrels into the park and made the college students the keepers of the squirrels. The September days brought hundreds of students. One day when a young squirrel husband and wife were starting out in life they met the Tempter under an oak tree. He threw the squirrels a handful of peanuts. It was the squirrels' first knowledge of

good and evil beyond acorns. Soon the Tempter reappeared, and with another handful of nuts the squirrels were fed without work.

That night a little voice spoke to the squirrel. The name of the voice was Instinct. That small voice whispered that winter was coming, that the squirrel's fathers had always in September and October stored acorns and hickory nuts away for the winter. But when another Tempter, the following morning, bribed the squirrels with another handful of nuts, they let another September day go by without work. That night the voice of Instinct was only a whisper. Then forward they moved swiftly down the primrose path of dalliance.

Many gay and halcyon days passed by. One November morning the college campus was still. At eight o'clock the squirrels were waiting, hungry, but no student came with nuts and apples. Noon came, and darkness fell, and hunger grew apace. When the Thanksgiving vacation was over the students found the squirrels half-starved, and then a man asked the City Council to accept a gift to support these squirrels. But when ten summers and winters had come and gone it was found that the squirrels had lost their art. They are fat and sleek, but they have lost their alertness, their provision of the future. All that their fathers achieved for them is in ruins. They are paupers. These squirrels depend upon State help. But for paternal legislation they would perish. They are supported by out-of-door relief funds. Some Dante ought to write the story of their lost paradise and their present inferno.

Lessons that many books could not teach youth, these squirrels can give. Plainly, getting comes through working and keeping is through using. The intellect is a knife that rusts when neglected. Memory is a spade that is the brighter the more it is used. Any faculty that is neglected shrivels and perishes. Work is good fortune. The best thing that ever happened to my Maine squirrels was the Maine winter. That first handful of nuts ruined the Michigan squirrels. Every orator knows that a week of silence means that when he begins lecturing again his tones will for one or two nights have no fibre, no rich resonance. It is amazing how quickly college graduates who neglect the intellectual life lose the scholar's spirit and method. It is not easy to keep up one's culture. By neglect the scholar's thinking becomes slovenly, and his sentences lose the note of the patrician.

Who knows whether to congratulate or send messages of sympathy to the rich young men carrying pockets full of money to college in these Autumn days? Many a college boy, feeding a squirrel to its own destruction, does not discern the tempter standing behind him. The boy gives the squirrels peanuts and

the father gives the boy a stuffed purse. Poverty is a curse, but work is a blessing. It is easy for a youth to lose his paradise. It is easy also for the youth to keep his Eden. But the angels at the gate are named Industry, Self-Reliance, Prudence and Forethought.—*Newell Dwight Hillis, in New York World.*



#### SMALL FRUITS.

IN my rambles through city, village and countryside the above question is constantly forced upon me by the almost universal absence of the small fruit garden. True, many are engaged to a greater or lesser extent in growing in a commercial way; but the home gardens are sadly in the minority and are the exception rather than the rule. Many of us, I fear, are far too charitably disposed toward the growers, and allow them to do the growing for us while we pay the price for whatever they may have to offer. In many instances of course, they can be purchased for less than they would really cost to grow them. But really this is no valid excuse for any who possess ground enough to grow even a small amount. Upon nearly every city lot there is space that might be thus utilized. Some places may be too much shaded for vegetable growing and even for some of the small fruits. Very well then, use such nooks for the black caps and blackberries. They take kindly to the shade, and provided there is sufficient fertility afforded them, luscious crops of either can be grown in just such locations. In England, with very limited space and unbounded appetites, they even train the fruit trees to the walls and sides of the houses. Surely in broad America, few of us are so unfortunately situated. But when it comes to the rural districts and the dwellers therein, there is little excuse for such lack of home comfort, health and happiness as the fruit garden affords.

Now we are by no means urging everyone to rush pell mell into fruit growing as a business else we should all become poverty stricken. What we do urge is that any who have an available spot, utilize and beautify it by growing such kinds as can be grown and come as nearly to the home-supply mark as possible.

Now as to kinds, exercise a little forethought. Consult your surroundings and individual tastes. If you like strawberries best, and have suitable ground, by all means plant them. If it be some variety of the bush fruits then select those best suited to the available space. In most cases something can surely be selected that will grow, and the care and culture of it will interest and bring us closer to nature.

As to varieties—some will reach the height of perfection under certain surroundings and with right soil conditions; while under other soil and local con-

tingencies they will prove nearly or quite a failure. Then the safer plan is to look about us and see what varieties succeed best with our neighbors. In general, they will be safest to plant and give best results.—*Selected.*



#### THE KAISER AT HOME.

THE Emperor of Germany is an indulgent husband, but a rather severe father. He believes in a soldierly training for his boys, such as he himself had. He makes an exception in the case of his only daughter, whom he affectionately styles his "Nesthäkchen" (a term popularly employed in Germany for the last-born), and who habitually takes liberties with the dread War Lord which his own wife would shrink from. She is a very engaging little person, this Victoria Louise, and even in the presence of company this dainty puss has been seen to pull her father's mustache and dandle herself on his knee in the most brazen manner.

Though usually dictatorial and rather gruff with his sons, the Kaiser is by no means lacking in affection for them. Once, when the Kaiser had won a trophy—namely, a silver tankard filled with three-mark pieces—at a sharp-shooters' contest where he had been the guest of honor, he turned to his aide-de-camp, telling him to take care of the prize, but putting the money loosely into his trousers, saying, "That's pocket-money for the boys." Very often, when a guest at banquets, he will stuff his coat-tail pockets with sweetmeats from the dessert, to make a like use of them.—*Wolf Von Schierbrand, in "October Lippincott's."*



"FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life."

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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WANTED.—Christian girl, sixteen or older, to assist with 2½-year girl baby and do upstairs work; three in family; eight-room house, 408 Forest Avenue, Oak Park, suburb of Chicago; good home; \$3.50.

WANTED.—A young man to do janitor work, also, a fireman wanted. Apply immediately to S. B. Fahnestock, McPherson College, McPherson, Kans.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### When I can Spel as Good as You.

Dear Father:

No more need you be  
ashamed of or displeased with me,  
and no more need you on me frown  
as of't you do when I fall down;  
Not 'cos I can't subtract or add,  
but just becoss my spelling's bad.  
You know, pa, when I took exams,  
it's kawsed me manny silent kwams  
To think the hie marks that I got  
in other studies went for not.  
My reeding's good my riting's fare  
can't beet my grammar anywhare  
Arithmetic jeografy  
and my deportment you'll agree  
are not so bad but might be wurse,  
but it's my spelling's been my curse.  
I get my verbs and pronouns strate;  
I know ho, too, to punctuate.  
tho' I'm not making an excuse;  
if one can't spell, why, what's the use?  
But, oh, dear dad, I heard to-nite  
that soon all words will be spelled rite.  
No more; when you see how I spel,  
Will you say things it hurts to tell,  
and you'll not be inclined to say  
Words that you ortn't anyway.  
Our spelling, dad, you'll be surprised,  
is soon to be Karneggyzied;  
then you'll be prowd, and I will, too,  
for I will spel as good as you,  
So now, pa, that my letter's dun I'll sign myself,  
Your Loving Sun.

"A mighty poor sermon!" said Knox, as they came out of church.

"What would you expect for a cent?" answered Cox, who had seen what the kicker had dropped into the plate.

### Items of Interest.

The skeleton of an average whale weighs about twenty-five tons.

Thomas A. Edison has never carried a watch. He never cares, he says, what time it is.

The Abyssinian peasant is bathed but thrice in his life—at birth, at marriage and at death.

Analysts say that butter is the most nutritious article of diet, and that bacon comes next.

Germany is able to feed about nine-tenths of her nearly sixty million inhabitants on the products of her own soil.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

Probably the simplest court livery in the world is that worn in the royal palace of Korea. The Emperor's servants are all dressed in garments and headgear of red calico.

The Bedouin Arabs are small eaters. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter, serve a man a whole day, with a very small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

What is known in the market as chamois skin is really oil-tanned sheep skin linings. The supply of real chamois skin is very limited, and all there is in the world would not supply the United States for a single day.

Rapid disappearance of coal from his bin alarmed Major Higgins, and he determined to trace it. He questioned the man who tended the furnace.

"Rastus," he asked, "where do you reckon my coal has disappeared to?"

Erastus scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Wal, suh," he replied, "Ah—Ah—Ah—Ah reckon dem squirrels done took it."

"Squirrels take coal? Nonsense!"

"Yessch, squirrels, Major Higgins. Dat wus nut coal, suh."—Chicago News.

### Healthy Nerves.

A young man strode into a doctor's office and explained his symptoms after the manner of a millionaire.

The doctor wrote two prescriptions, placed them in an envelope and handed them to him, with instructions to have them filled at once. As he turned to go out the young man asked how much the medicine would cost.

"Oh, about two dollars," replied the doctor.

To his astonishment, the young man asked for a loan of that amount.

"Just let me have the envelope for a moment," said the doctor. Whereupon he took out one of the prescriptions and tore it into bits.

"Why, what did you do that for?" inquired the young man.

"That one was for your nerves," the doctor answered, "and I see you need nothing for them."—September Lipincott's.

### City Man Could Not be Outdone.

Reuben Fax—Yonder's a farmer that raised a pumpkin so big that when it was cut in two his twins each used half for a cradle.

Cityleigh—That's nothing. In our town we often have three or four full-grown policemen asleep on a single beat.

### A Lincoln Story.

In 1862 an intimate friend of President Lincoln visited him in Washington, finding him rather depressed in spirits as the result of the reverses then repeatedly suffered by the Federal troops.

"This being president isn't all it is supposed to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" said the visitor.

"No," Lincoln replied, his eye twinkling for a moment. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said: 'If it wasn't for the honor av the thing I'd rather walk.'"

# VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

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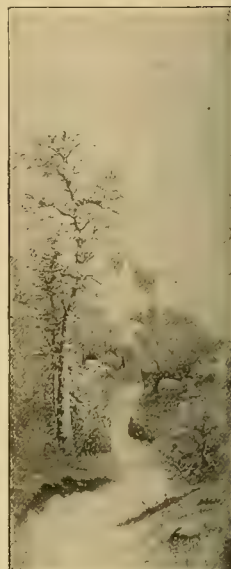
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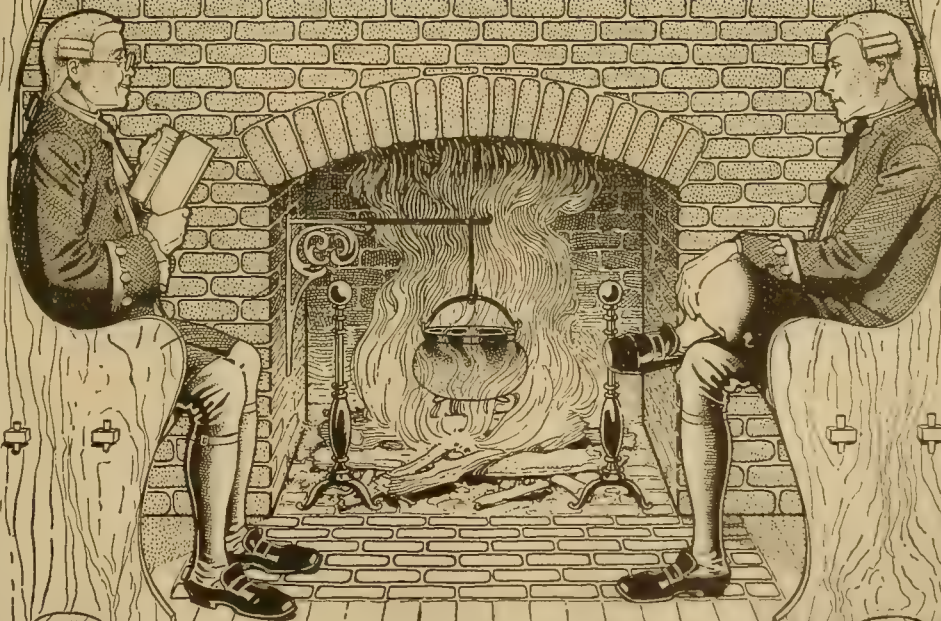
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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The peculiar play of the features of the boy attracted my attention, and, for want of better entertainment, I neared the youthful philosopher and asked him the cause of his ire. "You would get mad too, Mister, if you were in my fix," he replied to my query. "Just look at them nuts," pointing to a number of nutshells which were lying on the tracks below, "they are bad, nearly all bad, and I have been cheated out of my money!"

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER 16, 1906.

No. 42

## "A Merciful Man is Merciful to His Beast"

Anna Shaw Barnes



CERTAINLY this has not been as thoroughly impressed upon the minds of our citizens as it should, or it would be put into better effect; for surely there have been—I almost said tender, but they would not have to be tender-hearts to be touched at the sight

of the poor, exhausted, overworked, delivery horses and others, driven over the hard pavement at a rate far too rapid for their age and strength. Many, I am sorry to say, are so lame and old they should have been on the retired list of honor, five or ten years ago.

Only a few days ago one of these pitiable specimens came under my observation, and with aching heart I recall the sight as an illustration. He was pulling, as rapidly as his exhausted strength would permit, a wagon heavy enough for two like him; he was wet with perspiration even to his hoofs, flaked with foam, and so tired, his head wagging from side to side in movement with his body, and breathing so hard you could hear him a block away and his merciful (?) driver still wielded the gad.

At all hours, early and late, you can hear the cry, "Watermelons," "Peaches," etc., and can see such objects that could hardly be called horses, pulling loads and cuffed about by small boys who have never been taught, perhaps, the misery they are inflicting. Even some of our business men do not scorn to send groceries, etc., to our homes by horses which can no

longer use their limbs to trot, but single step it in a pitiable gait, with every bone in their body on exhibition. Does not their business pay better than this? And is it not worthy a better advertisement?

Yet we live in a Christian land, are considered a Christian people; and are attempting to-day to christianize China. Notwithstanding I have my first time to see a Chinese vegetable wagon drawn by

such objects as mentioned above. Surely we might learn a lesson from our heathen (?) brother.

Many times has the question been asked, "What has become of the Humane Society? Are they out on vacation?" It surely must be an extended one, and they had better come home and attend this sadly neglected business.

Now, sisters, one word to you. Do not stand back and permit our good friend to be thus abused. Just think for one moment what we owe to this noble beast. He forms an important factor in all our necessities as well as our luxuries. He toils late and early and for it all what does he receive?

At best only kindness and enough of the proceeds of his labor to nourish his body. More often, shame though it be to say it, *brutality*, and only just what he can barely subsist on.

O, is the greed of gold crushing out the entire heart of man? "God is love." He created man after his own image, but would we not need a magnifying glass to see the small image left? We expect kindness

### THE BROWN OCTOBER.

Along the glade and on the hill  
The ruddy oaks are glowing;  
And merry winds are out all night,  
Through all the forest blowing.

The yellow moon is clear and bright,  
The silent upland lighting;  
The meadow grass is crisp and white,  
The frosts are keen and biting.

A shining moon, a frosty sky,  
A gusty morn to follow;  
To drive the withered leaves about,  
And leave them in the hollow.

Hurrah! the nuts are dropping white  
In all the wildwood bowers;  
We'll climb as high as squirrels go  
And shake them down in showers.

When heads are gray and eyes are dim,  
We'll call the autumn sober;  
But now, with life in every limb,  
We love the brown October.

—Young People's Paper.



## The Mescalero Apache Indians

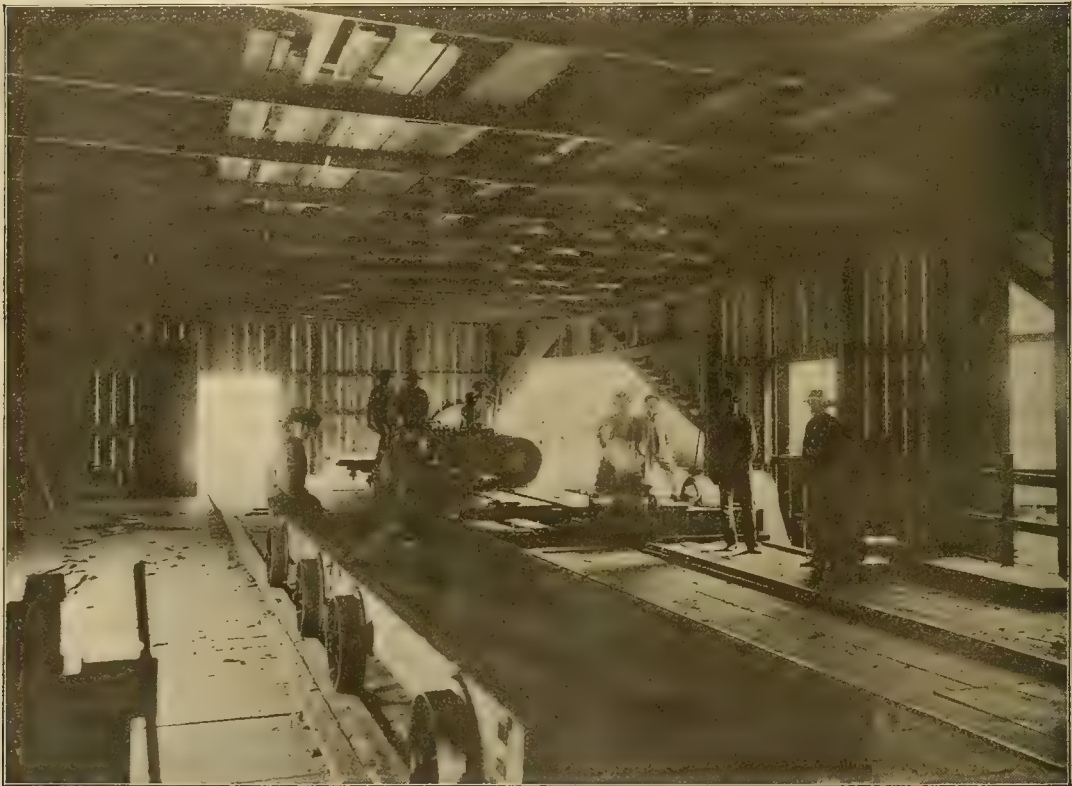
James M. Neff

### Crimes.

**D**OUTBLESS the greatest evil that has retarded the civilization and well-being of the Mescalero Apache Indians has been the sale of liquor, of which they are passionately fond. Until within recent years much freight was hauled by wagon across the reservation from the lower Rio Grande to the railroad termini at El Moro, La Junta, and Las Animas, Colo., and this illicit business of selling

siderable part of the explanation of the low population of the tribe to-day.

Aside from securing intoxicants from the whites, there have been a number of bad Indians in the tribe who, until within the last few years, persisted in the secret manufacture of an intoxicant known among them as "tiswin." "Tiswin," like whiskey, is a liquor manufactured from corn, but without distilling, the process of manufacture being known only to the Indians.



Interior View of the Agency Sawmill, where Indians are the Operatives.

whiskey to the Indians was so profitable to the freighters, they frequently getting a horse or mule in exchange for a quart of whiskey, that they were willing to take all sorts of risks in violating the law in this respect. Moreover, conviction on the uncorroborated evidence of an Indian was almost impossible.

The Indians, while under the influence of the liquor thus secured, would not infrequently become involved in quarrels, and the homicides that resulted from these drunken affrays go to make up a con-

Idleness was at one time another fruitful source of crime among these Indians. Until July 1, 1899, they were wholly supported by the government, having been furnished with an abundant supply of rations, clothing, blankets, agricultural implements, etc. These were almost invariably sold or gambled away to settlers living near the reservation, notwithstanding the efforts of the agency force to prevent the practice.

Work was not even thought of, or if thought of, almost religiously shunned by the men, who

forced their wives to cultivate the little patches of corn that were planted about their wigwams. Now and then an Indian could be induced to sell a bow and arrow that he had made, but such a transaction he endeavored to keep secret, as if he had disgraced himself by it, so unbecoming was work to a male Indian, according to the traditions of the tribe. Strong, healthy Indians were being supported by the government and meanwhile spending their time and energy in gambling, drinking and carousing.

As regards their social relations, these Indians were originally polygamists. They purchased their wives and otherwise treated them as chattels, beating, killing or divorcing them at will, marriage ceremonies being practically unknown. Prostitution, however, among the women was the exception and not the rule. Their punishment for this crime was very severe, consisting in splitting the nostril; and in case of adultery the penalty was generally death.

All the above conditions are said to have prevailed among these Indians but a few years ago, and the changes that have been wrought for the better (many of which I shall have to treat in a future article) are really wonderful. The building of railroads in recent years has to a great extent eliminated the freighter and his illicit whiskey traffic with the Indians. Through the diligent and persistent efforts of the agents lately in charge of these Indians, the manufacture of "tiswin" has been almost wholly suppressed. In his report for 1888 the agent then in charge makes the very sensible recommendation that "every opportunity possible should be made for them to earn money by honest hard work. It is the best civilizer in the world." Acting on this principle, the government, on July 1, 1899, ceased to issue rations, and ever since the tribe has been self-supporting except for the education of the children, their board and clothing during the school session and a little sugar, coffee, beef, flour, baking powder and salt that is each Saturday issued to a few old and indigent squaw widows. In consequence of this change in the government's attitude the Indians are becoming much more industrious and for many of them work is as much a matter of course as among the whites. Polygamous marriages have been forbidden until there is now but one man in the tribe who has more than one wife. Marriage licenses are issued by the agent, marriage ceremonies are performed by him, or by priest or minister, same as among the whites, divorce is well under control of the agency officials and social conditions generally are vastly improved. Some abortion and infanticide is thought to be practiced among the younger women in their desire to escape the responsibilities of motherhood, but gambling has been reduced to a minimum and affrays and theft are very rare.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*

## SOME OF THE BEST THINGS.

MATILDA QUELLHORST.

WHICH things are best? Those that attract our fancy, or those that make deep, pure impressions on our character? Many seek only those outward things which tend to make life pleasant, and in the end find that nothing of real value has been gained, while those who turn their attention to the uplifting of themselves and those about them fill their lives with permanent good. They are the rays of light in this dark world of ours.

There are numerous ways of accomplishing this. One is education. That education is good which brings out the true and the beautiful, but the best education is self-knowledge, for by it we learn to understand ourselves and thus to better perform our work in life.

Another is law. Every class of people, no matter how degraded, has some kind of law, but the higher the degree of civilization, the better the laws. But still you may search the wide world over and then not find a better law than the golden rule. It is perfect.

By journalism we mean a record of transactions in some business. Can we not keep a record of each day's actions, and would not the best journalism consist in living so that we might always have something true and beautiful to write on memory's tablet?

And there is statesmanship. What is it? Webster says that it is having the qualifications of a statesman. We all know that a statesman is one who stands at the head of a state or country. Now, what is the secret of his position? In every instance people who led nations were self-governed. Therefore self-government is the best statesmanship.

Art, too, has its work to do in teaching us the beautiful in life. A true artist sees nature in the right light and the truest artist is one that paints a smile on the brow of childhood.

Nor must we forget what science does for us. We are all scientists—at least those of us who extract sunshine from a cloudy day. Isn't that a great deal better than doing like the person who goes grumbling and complaining through the world wondering why things are against him when he himself is the greatest obstacle he has to surmount?

Telegraphy is a branch of science. Unconsciously do we teach and practice telegraphy every day. We are the operators, our eyes and tongues are the wires, and our thoughts are the messages. How necessary then that we send only good and pure messages, such as will cause a ray of sunshine to fall into some gloomy heart.

Then we have mathematics—not the common everyday kind that treats of numbers only—but the kind



that multiplies the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

Music also occupies an important place in our lives. Shakespeare says,—

"The man who hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Our emotions are always aroused by music, sometimes sad, sometimes gay,—but who will deny that the best music is the laughter of an innocent child?

We are often like a ship that runs up on a rock. We have our troubles that sometimes almost crush us with their weight. Then is when we need hope. Someone has said that "hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps our souls from sinking in despair." It also helps us to steer clear of those maelstroms of personal contention.

There is diplomacy. One meaning of this is skill or dexterity in handling negotiations. We are glad when peace has been declared between two warlike nations. We are glad when two people who have been enemies have concluded that peace is best. We are glad for this: then how much more delighted should we be when a treaty of peace is effected with one's own conscience. This is the best diplomacy.

An engineer keeps a close lookout for danger all along the way. We have a road through life. Therefore we should be careful engineers and keep a close watch, for the best engineers are those who safely cross a bridge of Faith over the river of Death.

*Peru, Nebr.*



### THE WIDOW'S SON.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.

"Behold we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring."

It was in the seventies. A little weather-beaten plank cottage stood on the edge of a wood. Around it was a broken-down rail fence. Just in front of the kitchen door, which opened east upon a rickety old porch, was the well from which water was drawn by an old-fashioned sweep upon the end of which were hung some old plowshares for a balance weight.

Looking to the northeast there was an old strawshed under which was one poor gray horse and by the side of the old-fashioned bars there was the shadow of a cow, waiting to be let in from the hillside pasture.

Down the hillside a little way was a pigsty in which were five dirty, little white pigs, making known their wants in unmistakable language.

In the doorway stood a refined, thoughtful, pale-faced woman and to her knees clung a little blue-eyed baby boy who was just beginning to talk. Lonely the

woman looked and lonely she was, for her husband had been taken from her a few short months before, and the future looked very dark.

The three years of her married life had all seemed a failure from a worldly point of view. Fanny Johnson had seemingly made a sad mistake when she married Frank Smith, who owned only forty acres of hills along the river, instead of taking Jim Brown who in his own right had one hundred and twenty acres of the best farm land in the country, besides being the only child of a man who owned a section.

But Fanny had thought differently. She had seen the grasping, avaricious nature of the one man who feared neither God nor the beast, and her heart turned to the man who knew the great love of the Master, and who was willing to extend the helping hand to any brother in need, even if it were to his own disadvantage, and to this man her hand was given.

It was not regret that was in her heart, but a fear for the future, for without the counsel, sympathy, and support of the father of her boy how would she be able to rear him to be the man she so desired him to become?

A pressure on the knee, a pull on the dress and a baby voice, saying, "Mamma, mamma," awoke the woman from her meditation and she thought, "I will trust Him who is the orphan's friend and the widow's stay," and with a resoluteness set about her evening's task.

About thirty years later there was a crowd of sturdy-looking farmers gathered around the courthouse square. It was the meeting of a mass convention of one of the leading parties to nominate the county officials. The names of candidates for one of the leading offices were called forth. Only one name was suggested, that of the young man who had been serving as deputy. At first a murmur of dissent passed around among some of the out-townships' members. "That boy! why, he is too young."

But a wave of favor was rolled over the halting convention. He is one of the finest young men in the county. He has been faithful and honest in his position. Such good care he takes of his widowed mother who worked so hard to educate him. He is an earnest Christian, devoted to his Sunday school and church work. He does not drink or gamble, refused to join a social card club of the most elite young people in the city; has no bad habits.

Unanimously his name was placed upon the ticket and the widow's son now fills a prominent position.

*Idaville, Ind.*



ANY coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—*George Eliot.*

## Watermelon Day

N. J. Miller



SEPTEMBER sixth was a busy and delightful day for Rockford, Colo. It was "Watermelon Day," an annual event held each September, a day of free distribution of watermelons and cantaloupes to everybody. The event is a great day for the Coloradoan. Visitors come from all parts of the Centennial State, and neighboring

Some took a novel way to make the advertising of their business blend with the event. For example, a hardware store displayed several large melons with knives and spoons stuck into them, very suggestive to the lover of melons. A clothing store displayed in the upper part of the window neckties figured with melons, and at the bottom of the display were genuine melons with the monogram, "1886, Melon day, 1906."




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### The Watermelon Ridge

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sisters. This year, it is said, fourteen excursion trains unloaded themselves into the heart of Rockyford. Over fifteen thousand, perhaps twenty thousand, visitors spent the day congenially in the "melon city" of but thirty-five hundred inhabitants. Indeed, a small country town to handle such a swarming crowd, yet she was fully equal to the occasion.

In 1886, the first "Watermelon Day" was held in Rockyford. Then it was a small affair. The melons were cut in an old box car and distributed free of charge to whomsoever might come. In that day those enjoying the feast lived in the melon town and vicinity. Honorable Swink, called "The Father of Rockyford," also "The Father of the Arkansas Valley," furnished the melons for several seasons. Now the city furnishes the delicious fruit and visitors come to participate in melon eating, from limits beyond the State.

On Watermelon day this year, not to say anything of previous years, many of the business blocks and residences were decorated in green and red, typical of watermelons. It was remarkable how exactly some succeeded in getting the green and red characteristic of the rind and heart of the Rockyford watermelon.

Another place of business displayed a dummy man constructed of Rockyford produce. The body, neck and head were watermelons; the ears and arms, cantaloupes; and the legs, sugar beets. Above and below



After the Melons.



the dummy were the epigrams: "What made Rockyford famous?"

September sixth, Rockyford gave away ten thousand watermelons and as many cantaloupes. The former were arranged in a long ridge and the latter in small pyramids around the ridge of green. The ridge was about five feet high, twelve or fifteen feet wide at the base and one hundred and sixty feet long. It was enclosed by a high woven wire fence, the necessity of which became too evident a few years ago when the restless, hungry mob, during the distribution of melons, broke the counters, constructed around the heap, drove off the police and clerks, and proceeded to help itself to the melons. However, this year the crowd was very patient. At about 11:45 A. M. the announcement came that free distribution



"After the Feast is Over."

would begin. Immediately the clerks began to push the appreciated stuff through "pigeon holes" on all sides the fence. In about two and a half hours the patient swarm of people were the possessors of every melon and cantaloupe.

The feasting was an interesting sight. All classes—rich, poor, Americans, Negroes, Mexicans, Japanese, Indians, Russians, etc.—were seated or standing everywhere in the shady grove about the melon pile. Some ate only watermelon and cantaloupes and some brought lunches to sandwich in with the melons. The grove—perhaps several acres—was so completely utilized by the melon eaters that one was obliged to use care in picking his way through the crowd. How jolly everyone seemed! How commonplace and congenial! How everyone enjoyed the sweet, mellow Rockyford melons, "the sweetest in the world!"

After the feast the ground was well covered with rinds and pulp, melons with only part of the heart taken out, or others cut through and untouched. Only the hearts of the melons were eaten, the rest being considered not worth while on a day like this, though the Rockyfords are far more mellow and sweet than the melons grown in the east and middle

west, as much more sweet and mellow than Mississippi Valley melons as the latter, than cow pumpkins.



#### WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE OUGHT TO DO.

J. M. ZUCK.

It is not my object to read a long moral lecture to the young people who peruse the *Disciple*, but merely to suggest a few things which in my opinion it would be wise in them to do, provided they have not already done them or are now doing them.

Then to begin at the beginning, the first commandment with promise to young people is the command to obey their parents. Yet I think it is right sometimes for young people to disobey their parents. Young people, as well as old people, should always take the side of truth and right, no matter who stands on the other side. Some children have a keener sense of right and wrong than their parents have, and often seem to be actuated by higher and purer motives. Let them act according to these motives regardless of consequences. God sometimes manifests his wisdom through a very little or very youthful worshiper. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise."

The soul comes from God and his claim upon it is superior to that of any being whose claims rest merely upon the accident of birth. Hence the command to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," should be obeyed by young people despite the opposition which is sometimes encountered. They having entered the vineyard of the Lord, the next thing for young people to do is to do something. The Lord wants busy bees in his hives.

"But what can I do?" we are ready to ask, we feel so good-for-nothing, so weak, so ignorant. This feeling should not discourage us. A very great and useful man must have felt a little that way when he said, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." And then why may we not be great and useful as well as he? Let us look more to the Spirit and less to the flesh. Every mind gives and receives impressions that will not be effaced through all eternity. If these impressions are good they are a part of that wealth which perisheth not—that treasure which is laid up where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. How many of us realize that the memory of God and of our fellow-men is the only store-house of that treasure which we hope to inherit in the eternal world? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me."

Giving a "cup of cold water" may form a better investment than buying a big farm. In view of this fact, young people should not feel that they cannot

be of any use. They should, however, feel that they are not as useful as they would like to be. The question then is, "How can I become more useful?" The answer is, By developing within you all the perfection of body, mind and spirit of which you are susceptible. There is a fund of latent power in every young mind.

Our bodies develop as it were of their own accord. Day after day we supply them with such food as they need, and in quantities sufficient to meet all the wants of the system. We do not need to be urged to do this. Our animal nature demands this of us, and we do not question the demand for a moment. But how is it when we come to the higher nature,—the mental and moral attribute of our being? Do not hundreds and thousands of boys and girls, men and women, actually starve their minds, or at least feed them upon dry husks instead of upon wholesome food? Let us, my young readers, not go and do likewise, but by reading, by study, by attending school, by discharging our religious duties, and in short, by availing ourselves of all our opportunities for improvement, let us show that we realize the fact that we are more than mere animals, and that we mean to make all out of ourselves that our all-wise Creator designed us to be.

*Huntingdon, Pa.*

[The above article was written for the Young Disciple in July, 1876, the year the writer of it founded Juniata College, and I did not think I could produce anything so good, so have copied it from my bound volume. Prof. Zuck had his study in the building where the Disciple was published, and I knew considerable of his busy life. He was of a helpful disposition, and always tried to help the weak. I remember he would often tell me I ought to go to school and prepare for more efficient work, as I left common school at a very early age on account of the sickness of my mother. I would say to him that I had gotten behind in my studies and felt loath to appear with the rest. Then he would say that was what his school was for—to help those who needed help, which showed the beautiful Christian spirit he possessed. Brother Zuck finished his work three years after the school was started, but he still lives and many a one was inspired to live nobler and better by his unselfish Christian example. His work is going on. On College Hill one building after another is being erected, and when I think of that beautiful little city and the many who are there now to carry on the work, I always think of the pale, patient teacher who commenced such a great work in a small room with three scholars, and the first day of the teachers' term, a few months later, only one scholar. What a humble beginning! The young people of our schools to-day should know more of the early history of the schools and especially of this pure, unselfish life.—Wealthy A. Burkholder, Newberg, Pa.]



WOMEN show their intellectuality by rearing healthy and great children, just as much as they do by writing books or painting pictures.—*Queen Margherita of Italy.*

#### CAUSES OF THE INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENT IN CUBA.

THE ostensible cause of the present revolution is the abuse of power by the Moderate party at the polls at the last election, which re-seated Palma in the Presidential chair and illegally—it is asserted—deprived the people of the franchise, to the extent that Gomez, the Liberal Presidential candidate, was defeated. This was the first national election to be held in Cuba without the quieting effect of the United States Army. Although there was no political issue to arouse rancor, the campaign was an acrimonious one, and was waged about the personality of the candidates rather than the principles for which they stood. At the head of the Moderate ticket stood Thomas Estrada Palma, who had remained in the United States during the war with Spain, and who was not personally close to the people. During his first term as President he had proved himself rigidly honest, but unable to check the grafting propensities of his following, and, moreover, had, by his resentfulness of little things, his lack of diplomacy and stubbornness, driven from himself the hearty support of the strongest interests in the island. Nearly every official of the Moderate party had waxed wealthy during his term, public improvements, bravely begun, had finally almost ceased, and large appropriations had so been handled as to excite the covetousness of those politicians who were not in favor with the government.

On the other side stood José Miguel Gomez, a man of the people, personally known to them, magnetic and winning, with the great prestige of his own service in the field as a successful guerilla general in the last war. An issue was manufactured out of the Platt Amendment, the Liberals following the jingo policy of declaring themselves in favor of the immediate abrogation of that appendix to the Cuban Constitution. The Moderates took a more conservative ground and declared that, while the Platt Amendment placed the island in the unenviable position of being practically under the thumb of the United States, the friendship of this great country was necessary for the time being, and that, moreover, the time for abrogation was at a later date. Both parties knew perfectly well that, without the active protection of the United States, Cuba's position is absolutely defenseless, and neither of them would seriously suggest any step which would antagonize this country.

The election which was held last fall was really a farce and a sham. To strengthen the Moderate ticket, Mendez Capote, a prominent lawyer of Havana, was induced to make the canvass for the Vice-Presidency, with the distinct understanding that he



might resign, if elected, before the time came for him to assume the duties of his office. Freyre Andrade, prosecuting attorney, was brought into the cabinet as secretary of Government, to handle the elections. Bribery, intimidation, illegal voting, wholesale arrests and incarcerations and the guarding of the polls by the rural guard, to prevent any but Moderates from voting, were the flagrant methods charged, and beyond a doubt used, so successfully that, before the day was ended, word was passed to the Liberals to refrain from further voting. Under these circumstances, President Palma was returned to power and was reinaugurated in May last.—From "*The Cuban Republic on Trial*," by Atherton Brownell, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for October.



### A KOREAN HAT.

OF what use is a hat? A protection, some will say; while others may regard it chiefly as an ornament. But to go back to the beginning of things, hats must originally have been intended for warmth, or for shelter from heat.

A Korean hat serves neither purpose, so its inventor must have considered it ornamental, which it may be from a Korean point of view. The hat in ordinary wear resembles an old-fashioned Welsh woman's hat, namely, it is like a flower pot upside down on a tray. But there the resemblance ends, for the Welsh hat is warm and heavy, and the Korean hat is light and airy. It is made of a coarse network of horsehair, stretched upon a light bamboo frame. It is quite transparent, and protects the wearer from neither sun nor rain, and so light that, to prevent the wind from carrying it away, it is tied under the chin with white strings.

A different kind of hat is worn by a man who has lost a relative. The mourning hat has a very wide brim, the object being to conceal the face of the bereaved one as much as possible. As the period of mourning is long, sometimes lasting for years, the unfortunate wearer is to be pitied but fashion is as tyrannical in Korea as elsewhere, and no one dreams of defying the laws of etiquette.

The Korean hat is of no use to its owner as a protection from rain; but, by a clever contrivance, he overcomes this difficulty. If a shower comes on, the Korean gentleman takes from his belt a small triangular object, which you have perhaps thought was his fan. It is made of yellow oiled paper, and opens out into a small umbrella without a stick. This is placed upon the hat, to which it is fastened by a spring or clip, and the man goes about his business comfortably sheltered by an umbrella, without having the trouble of holding it up. Surely in this particular the Koreans are better off than we are.—*Selected*.

### A MEAN SWINDLER.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THE New York detectives have arrested a man who, they insist, is the meanest swindler in the city. They found him on the dock of the foreign steamship company, at work amongst newly-arrived emigrants.

His practice, as the detectives describe it, is to address a man, who has just landed from a steamer, and ask him where he is going. As he is dressed in official-looking clothes, the emigrant usually tells him and shows his railroad ticket, probably to some Western State. The swindler tells him the ticket is not sufficient and he will have to pay some money—ten, or twenty, or fifty dollars—according to his estimate of the emigrant's possessions. In one instance, the emigrant could not find enough to satisfy the swindler, so gave up his silver watch for the balance. In another case, he took a poor girl's whole savings.

The detectives were greatly elated at catching a swindler so despicable, and hope to have him sentenced to a long term of imprisonment as a warning to others of the same kind.

It would be well if the example were heeded by those people who use the superstitious fears of the ignorant to make them a prey. There are many who think that money given to a priest will facilitate their own or their relatives' entrance into heaven, forgetting that salvation is free.

Fort Hancock, N. J.



### NOT GETTING ALONG.

TWENTY years ago a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, my son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartening answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month

as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about your money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money to support you as long as you live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."—*Weekly Witness*.



#### THE POETRY OF LONGFELLOW.

WHAT marvelous combination of splendid faculties has combined to make this man the most widely read poet of two hemispheres of English-speaking people? The probable answer is found in the household character, the tender, Christian spirit of his poetry. Moreover, he is easily read. There are no obscure passages which might be construed backward as intelligently as forward. His verse is limpid as a running brook, and as full of music; it glorifies, but does not drown, the thought. He writes in clear, strong, nervous English; and his lines have the power of clinging to the memory. \* \* \* And this is the sort of poetry by which the universal heart is always won. The scholar loves the veiled meaning underlying classic form; the intellectual reader ponders on the subtle beauty, the shadowy and suggestive grace of lines that fascinate by their very indefiniteness of outline; but the heart of the people will always turn to the troubadour, the story-teller, the man whose clear and simple thought chooses for its raiment the cheapest and simplest language.—*W. J. Dawson*.



#### HOW TO GAIN PROMOTION.

THE man who earns but ten dollars a week, and knows it, and yet wants to draw a salary of fifteen, is dishonest. The employer who pays such a man more than he knows his services to be worth, will not long remain an employer. You must earn more than you get before you can hope for promotion.

Before you seek a promotion, be sure that you fill your present position; before you ask for an increase in your salary, be sure that you earn more than you are getting at present, not just a little more, but a lot more,—enough to justify you in feeling that the proprietor can raise your salary, and still realize a profit on your services.

No man can do business at a loss; no man can afford to employ people upon whose services he does not realize a profit. It is an unalterable law of business that the man who really sells a thing at cost, loses,

—he loses his time, and the opportunity to deal in something that would return a profit. Do not forget that one man at one hundred dollars a week, may be cheaper than another at five. Any business man can pay a hundred dollars a week to a man with an earning capacity of five hundred, but no business can, with justice to itself, pay five dollars a week to a man who only earns four.

There is but one rule to apply if you would gain promotion; make yourself worth in your present position more than you get. Show the man who employs you, a profit on your service, and he will put you into a more responsible position.—*Spare Moments*.



#### HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

THE fact that one has lived for sixty, or even for eighty years, is no reason why he should feel old.

When Longfellow was well along in years, his head as white as snow, but his cheeks as red as a rose, an ardent admirer asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and to write so beautifully.

Pointing to a blossoming apple tree nearby, the poet replied: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood each year, and I suppose that it is out of that new wood that those blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood each year."

And what Longfellow did we all ought to do.

We cannot stop the flight of time; we cannot head off the one event that happeneth to all; but we can keep on "growing new wood," and in that way keep on blossoming until the end.—*The Musical Million*.



#### "A MERCIFUL MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST."

(Continued from First Page.)

and sympathy in women and it lies in their power to morally reform our land, to inspire tenderness and sympathy in our sterner brothers, who are not all brutal.

Some, perhaps, have not thought of it in this way, —or not thought at all. May these lines awaken the tender feelings of all concerned and help to alleviate the suffering of some of the poor dumb creatures, who are unable to tell of the torture they are enduring. Verily God will not hold man blameless for cruelty dealt to the animals dependent upon him.

*San Bernardino, Calif.*



It is not poverty that helps a man; it is the effort by which he throws off the yoke of poverty that enlarges the powers.—*President David Starr Jordan*.





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

M. W. EMMERT.

"A faithful man shall abound with blessings."

WE may first ask what constitutes a faithful man. We speak of faithful servants, faithful horses and faithful dogs. A faithful dog is one that will, under trying circumstances, guard his master's property, and seek every opportunity to assist his master in accomplishing the work in hand. A faithful dog is an unselfish animal. He will deprive himself, for long periods of time, of food to be of special service to his master. He will venture into fire or water or any other dangerous place to assist his master when in difficulty. It is a faithful dog which, when his master lays his coat down in the morning and says, "Watch it, Rover," stays at his post until his master returns in the evening. A faithful man is equally self-sacrificing, daring, and attentive to the interest of his master, Jesus. He is self-sacrificing because his Master's, and not his own, interest is paramount. He is daring because he goes equipped with his Master's strength. He is attentive because he loves his Master supremely. A faithful man is one who will use all his talents, whether they be one, two, or five, in a way that will bring gain to the One who has entrusted him with the same.

Our text says that such a man will abound with blessings. The faithful dog is always well kept if he has a humane master. He is fed when hungry, sheltered when cold, and nursed when wounded. How much more carefully does the Master of faithful men look after their needs and bless them with every comfort. Why should he not bless faithful men when giving does not impoverish, nor withholding enrich him? All things are his, whether material, intellectual, or spiritual. If the faithful are hungry, he makes them to lie down in green pastures; if wounded while in pursuit of their Master's interests, he healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds.

The reward for faithful use of the talents which we hold in trust for our Master is both present and future. "Godliness is profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." In the present the unfaithful man is filled with fear which makes him want to hide his trust. Unfaithfulness always works that way. The first

man had such experience when he was unfaithful in his use of the garden entrusted to his care. On the other hand faithfulness inspires confidence, one of man's greatest blessings. Confidence in one who has power to protect from all evil, and power to reward for all effort gives the peace which passeth understanding.

The final reward of the faithful cannot be termed a blessing. Blessings are for use here in this present time, but THE JOY OF OUR LORD is reserved as a future reward of the faithful man. It pays to be faithful in order that we may abound with blessings, but it is grandly more profitable to finally enter into the joy of our Lord. This means to associate with him and participate in that perfect joy that is not tarnished with sin. Who would not be faithful? Who would not use even his one talent so as to bring gain to a Master who does so much for his faithful servants?

*Mt. Morris, Ill.*

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## "NOTHING TO DO!"

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,  
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,  
Where smiles have only a fitful play,  
Where hearts are breaking every day.

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul!  
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole,  
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,  
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay  
On the altar of incense, day by day;  
There are foes to meet, within and without;  
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Savior said,  
"Follow thou me in the path I tread,"  
Lord! lend thy help the journey through,  
Lest, faint, we cry, "Too much to do!"

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## DECORATIONS.

IDA M. HELM.

I ONCE saw a picture of a large white house standing in the center of a beautiful flower garden. Vines of various descriptions crept up the sides of the house, on up over the roof and finally entwined themselves all around the chimneys, decorating the house with lovely green foliage and many bright-colored flowers. The artist had named it, "The House Beautiful."

Once, a young lady, looking in the mirror, saw that her face was fair, her eyes were sparkling, her hair was golden and her teeth were pearly, and she was greatly pleased with the house God gave her for a dwelling place for her soul. So she purchased fine silk, costly lace and rare gems and decorated her body. Then she looked in her mirror again and she said, "How charming, it just sets off my beauty! Then she christened herself, "The Lady Beautiful."

At the same time another young girl, gathering flowers, stopped to admire the beautiful, innocent things all about her. "They speak to us of the loveliness of God. What wonderful things he has made!" she murmured, "but the most wonderful thing he has created is man; he has decorated the flowers, the birds, the rainbow and the splendors of the golden sunset with beautiful colors, but to man he has given the privilege of decorating his own life. When we neglect to look in our mirror,—the Bible,—what dark colors we use sometimes in decorating our lives."

Then she sought her Bible and began studying the directions given there for life-decorating, and she found that the directions given were so beautifying that she resolved to daily study the model life she saw pictured there, and to strive, with her life, to reflect that image. So she began to fill the days with smiles, kind words, and loving deeds for the dear home folks, and with friendly greetings and helpful ways for her neighbors. She learned to be unselfish and to be true and kind at all times, and so earnestly did she follow the Guide-Book, that keeping the Golden Rule became a second nature to her.

Again she looked in her mirror, and she read these lines: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

"Ah!" she said, "all the ornaments of fashion and pomp are perishing things; they are light as bubbles and will vanish like vapor. My mirror has shown me how to obtain the true ornament that will never fade, the ornament that counts, in the sight of God, to make a beautiful life."

Ashland, Ohio.

#### SUFFICIENT GRACE.

BEAR your cross as a treasure; it is thereby that we become worthy of God, and conformed to his dear Son. Crosses are part of our daily bread; God regulates their proportions according to our real needs, which he knows, though we do not. Let us leave it all to him. Do you let yourself be the child of Providence, and let your relations and friends talk. Do not seek to penetrate the future. The manna grew cor-

rupt when, out of over-caution, it was stored up for more than a day. Do not ask, What are we to do to-morrow? "To-morrow will take thought for the things of itself." Confine yourself to the needs of to-day; God will each day give you the requisite help for those. "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good." Providence would work miracles for us, but we hinder God's miracles by trying to forestall them. In our restless activity we erect ourselves into a providence as inefficient as that of God would be effectual. God knows better than we do what he has given to each man, and what to require of him. You must be considerate, forbearing, patient, hopeful, and rely upon the Ruler of hearts, who is faithful to his promises. Be faithful and submissive yourself. Profit by your weaknesses to acquire unlimited self-mistrust, and by a childlike pliability in receiving correction. Lowliness will be your strength even amid weakness.—From "*Fenelon's Letters*."

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#### WHEN A THING IS WRONG.

THE eye may see nothing wrong in a grain of sand, and it sees correctly. But let the grain of sand get into the eye, and then it is found insufferably wrong, being out of place. Let us consider how our spiritual life fares with certain things or practices, and not what they are in themselves.

A contributor desires prominent place given to this truth as expressed by A. T. Pierson: "Many forms of pleasure not sinful in themselves are the great snare of modern disciples, and it is because they are not sinful in themselves. For every true child of God would turn aside at once from that which he perceives to be in itself wrong."

"There are enjoyments which have in themselves no necessary moral quality, but are weights that occupy time and absorb energy that ought to be absorbed in other channels."—*The Gospel Witness*.

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IF a man could take his choice of all the lives that are possible on the earth, there is none so much to be desired for its joy-producing quality as a truly self-denying, consecrated Christian life.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

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You will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve yourself.—*Ruskin*.

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THERE is no room in our healthy American life for the idler, for the man or woman whose object it is throughout life to shirk the duties which life ought to bring.—*President Roosevelt*.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## FAST LIVING.



WE have very pronounced views as to the moral and social status of the one who "wastes his substance in riotous living."

We draw about us our garments, untainted by such excesses, and pass by without seeing the prodigal. Perhaps he deserves some such treatment, I am not

saying that he does not. But one's substance, which is vested in physical strength, the social nature and the spiritual life, may be wasted in other ways than that followed by this prodigal. We may waste our physical strength by giving it first to things of secondary importance, or by giving more to one thing than is really necessary for its accomplishment. The "substance" of our social and spiritual nature may be dwarfed and weakened and wasted by being crowded out by that which has been made the "business" of life. How many removes from the old-time prodigal, now a long time bearing his sins, is the modern one, only that One can say who can see farther and is a better discerner of spirits than any of us.

The schooling in fast living begins in early childhood. Before the child has had time to make out, in his own way, what it all means, he is snatched hither and thither. First he is put into the kindergarten where he must work according to some grown-up's ideas instead of being allowed to play according to his own. Then he is put into the public school as soon as the law allows and here by means of extra pushing and urging he accomplishes the feat of jumping a grade now and then and finally leaps into the business arena a full-fledged business man at the age of sixteen. To do this it has been necessary to cut out many things that belong to childhood, and so he has no tender recollections of that period. But that is a trivial matter compared with the fact that he has made excellent speed and is already in the hurly-burly of real (?) life.

The business man begins the day by the aid of an

alarm clock. His breakfast is not exactly a hand-out, but the food has no time to form in "tempting array" before him,—it barely gets there in time. The rest of the day is a continuation of the effort to "make time." Even the closing hours cannot be spent in getting acquainted with the rest of the family because the end of some business arrangement has been left to be adjusted then.

But the punishment for this misplacing and wasting of energy is bound to come,—nay, is already upon us. Even now we are eating the husks of discontent, of wrecked health and wrecked homes. Deep down in our beings we feel somehow that we have missed the real meaning of life. The pity of it is that so many never come to themselves until it is too late to profit by their own experience.

It is quite right that we should have no time for the foolish and shallow things. We cannot go too fast in passing them by. But when the strenuous life means straining out the things that were meant to come first, the things that we shall find in the end are the only ones worth while, then it is time to call a halt and give time and place to that which constitutes the really successful life.



## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE is a great deal said about the power of music, but usually the weight of the whole discussion is thrown on the side showing its power to ennoble and inspire to a higher life. We quote the saying, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," as if that beneficent accomplishment expressed the greatest breadth of its power, when the truth is, only half the extent of its influence is covered by this expression.

Music can not only soothe the savage heart, but it can incite it to the greatest savagery as well. Music is able not only to soften the emotions of the civilized man, but it is able also to strengthen his arm and steel his nerve to take the life of his fellow-man. Music may carry one away above the groveling things of earth, even into the presence of the Infinite, and again it may move one to crawl amid the very dregs of society. In short, of itself music contains no elevating moral principle. If it has that influence it is because of the inborn or acquired virtue back of it, coupled with the surroundings of the hearer, the words accompanying the music, and the measure to which it is set. For instance, parents have no reason to neglect their teaching and watchfulness over the morals of their children simply because the children are developing their musical talents, for it may lead them to the dance as easily as to the house of prayer.

I do not believe the writer underestimates the

value of music rightly used, but the above has been written in order to set us to thinking, in the hope that we may avoid the mistake, which sometimes is a fatal one, of attributing to music qualities which in itself it does not possess. We may then, too, come to be more careful what kind of music we handle and how we handle it in order that we may play upon the emotions we wish to inspire.



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 1.

SOMETIMES we become discontented with our surroundings and think that our lives are narrow and commonplace, when the fact is that if they are it is because we fail to widen them out where we might,—right at our feet. We long to look at the things that are out of sight, while at the same time we do not really see the things at which we are looking. If our surroundings seem uninteresting perhaps it is because we have not become acquainted with them and their relations. In order to test this statement I intend making a study of some of the things seen from my window and let the reader decide whether these common, everyday sights are worth looking at a second time,—from this angle.

The INGLENOOK office is on the third floor of the building, in the southeast corner, with a double window facing the east and one of ordinary size to the south. It is the latter which serves me best at my desk from which there is a view to the southeast. First there is the paved street, then the Chicago and Milwaukee freight office and a row of coal sheds, next, the railroad with its several tracks; beyond the railroad is the river, and on its farther bank is the third-rail electric line running to Chicago; the rear view of a row of business houses comes next, with the Elgin Watch Factory at the farther end; numerous residencies meet the eye, as it travels farther up the slope, with here and there a church or schoolhouse, and towering over all are the factory chimneys and an electric light tower.

The vehicles clattering up and down the paved street attract attention first. They are of all sorts, from the swift automobiles to the little one-horse cart. Those drawn by horses are the most interesting. "One can tell that you are a farmer," says someone as I call attention to a team on the street. I do not deny that I have farmer blood in my veins, but I am sure many who know very little about the farm are interested in that noble animal who serves us so faithfully, and will deny that the farmer is the only one who appreciates him and remarks his appearance in passing by.

When the horse has been sized up the eye passes to the driver. It is remarkable how much one may learn of a man through the appearance of his horse and

his horsemanship. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." It is hard to harmonize this statement with the treatment some horses receive from their professedly Christian masters. We can only do so by allowing them to hide behind the excuse of thoughtlessness. They fail to put themselves in the horse's place to the extent of allowing that its physical make-up in the matter of the feelings of hunger and thirst, heat and cold, fear and fatigue, is much like their own.

And man's lack of mercy or charity toward his fellow-man is often due to the same thing. We fail to put ourselves in another's place and consider what our course might be were our positions thus changed. Even when a strong imagination has helped us to see his position we ought to make allowance for the fact that it is impossible for us to understand it altogether, and withhold the lash of scorn and condemnation.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

It is not wrong to be big, but wrong to try to appear bigger than we are, and thus deceive others and obstruct their progress.—*D. Z. Angle.*



I HAVE my first time to see a Chinese vegetable wagon drawn by such objects.—*Anna Shaw Barnes.*



Than one dear spot of hallowed ground  
They cannot fairer be,—  
Where'er my wife and bairns are found  
That spot is home for me.

—Robert E. Ericsen.



THE soul comes from God and his claim upon it is superior to that of any being whose claim rests merely upon the accident of birth.—*J. M. Zuck.*



HER heart turned to the man who knew the great love of the Master, and who was willing to extend the helping hand to any brothers in need, even if it were to his own disadvantage.—*Bertha M. Ireland.*



A FAITHFUL man is one who will use all his talents, whether they be one, two, or five, in a way that will bring gain to the one who has entrusted him with the same.—*M. W. Emmert.*



THE best education is self-knowledge, for by it we learn to understand ourselves and thus to better perform our work in life.—*Matilda Quellhorst.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

It is reported that Turkish physicians do not expect that the sultan, Abdul Hamid, will live more than six months, a cancerous growth having appeared.

THE forest reserves have been devastated by fires without any organized effort to oppose the destruction, until last year. Since Feb., 1905, when the forest service took charge of the reserves, the annual burned area has been reduced from 388,000 acres to 152,000.

Few boats are actually impervious to water and what leaks into the hold on sailing vessels is generally pumped out by hand. A recent invention is a wind-mill, placed on top of the mast, which operates a pump and keeps the water pumped out of the hold with little trouble for the sailors.

PROFESSOR F. G. NOVY, of the University of Michigan, is said to have identified the germ of the deadly African disease known as the sleeping fever, thus solving the problem which had baffled Koch, the great German bacteriologist. Professor Novy will try to find a curative anti-toxin.

LAST week James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, sold 750,000,000 tons of ore to the United States Steel Corporation for \$400,000,000. This is the biggest transaction in the history of finance in this country since the formation of the steel corporation itself, and the whole deal was accomplished by five men in the space of a couple of hours.

ARTIFICIAL wood is sometimes made from peat. The peat is first reduced to a fibrous condition. It is then mixed with an emulsion of two parts plaster of Paris and ten to twelve of water, and is subjected for considerable time to heavy hydraulic pressure in molds, then artificially dried, polished and boiled, painted or varnished.

It has been finally decided that the Panama Canal will be completed by contract. In a few days the commission will make public a statement setting forth

its reasons. President Roosevelt is said to favor this arrangement. The change in plans will in no way affect the employment of Chinese labor, as they can be transferred to contractors and the terms can be fulfilled in such a manner that the government can give the coolies just as much protection as if it were the direct employer.

GEORGE E. GARDNER, who is acknowledged in Oklahoma to be the corn king because of his successful efforts in developing corn-raising in that part of the country, has begun the cultivation of the white mulberry tree, to develop the raw silk industry. Already he has a number of silkworms feeding on the mulberry leaves, at work spinning cocoons, and has submitted samples of the thread to Secretary Wilson.

THE street railways at Clinton, Ia., have adopted a convenient plan for turning the switches where the lines branch. A small round hole is cut in the platform directly over the track, and thrusting an iron rod through this the motorman is able to turn the switch without leaving the car or opening the front window. This does away with the necessity of having a switchman on hand to operate the branching lines.

THE fire in Anchor colliery of the Reading Co. at Pottsville, Pa., which started thirty-seven years ago, is still burning as fiercely as ever. When the fire got beyond the control of the fire-fighters the mine was closed and filled with water. It has been filled since that time. Recently it was decided to pump out the water in the hope that the fire had been extinguished, but when much of the water had been taken out it was found that the mine was still burning.

THE government of Russia is determined to control the next дума. In order to be sure of this, all of the government employes in every grade have been ordered not to aid the liberals. A spy system has been instituted to watch the state employes and see that they vote for government candidates for the дума. If any employe is found to have disobeyed orders he will instantly be dismissed and his right to a pension forfeited.

CHICKENS are now plucked in a wholesale manner by the use of pneumatic machinery, says an exchange. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electrical fans revolving at the rate of five thousand turns per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particles of down, and the machine is ready for another.

JAMES F. SANBORN, a geologist connected with the New York Board of Water Supply, estimates that the Atlantic coast is sinking at the rate of about one foot in one hundred years. He says that the Hudson is a drowned river and that the sea bottom can be traced as far back as Albany, while the river channel extends thirty miles from land. The Island of Manhattan was formerly a mountain top as high as the Catskills. The channel of the Hudson reaches the depth of three thousand feet, being a gorge cut sheer into the flow of the sea. The bottom of this gorge was once a surface stream.

LIVERPOOL, Eng., is said to make use of the cinders left from burning city rubbish at the municipal "destructors." These are crushed and molded with cement into great wall slabs, each with its door and window openings molded in place, and even an interior iron framework for putting the whole together. The slabs, some of them weighing eleven tons, are handled by derricks. When set up the iron frames are bolted together and the joinings closed with cement. It is said an entire block of buildings, made of this cement, has been put up, which will yield the city a good per cent on the investment.

AN action which may have important bearing on Cuba's future was the organization recently of the Good Government league. Resolutions were passed to the effect that the purpose of the association should be "The promoting by all legitimate means of the establishment and maintenance of a permanent stable and lawful government, competent to administer justice, insure domestic tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and insure the blessings of liberty to all inhabitants of the island." While there was no expression to that effect, the movement is generally looked upon as pointing eventually toward some more definite degree of American control or oversight in Cuban affairs than is granted by the Platt amendment.

THE *American Inventor* says that work is now in progress on a suspension bridge over the famous

"royal gorge" of the Arkansas river in Colorado at a point where the chasm is only fifty feet wide at the bottom and 230 feet wide at the top. This bridge will span the river 2,627 feet above the surface of the water, and will be, therefore, by far the highest bridge in the world. The materials will be of flat steel and steel cables, the curved girders finding secure attachment in the solid sides of the cañon. The floor of the bridge will be of plate glass, one and one-half inches thick, to afford visitors the pleasure of looking down the chasm. On each side will be strong high steel railings. The bridge is part of an electric railway scheme, and cars from Canyon City and Florence will run over it. The Denver and Rio Grande tracks lie at the bottom of the gorge.

A REPORT made by the agricultural department says that waterfowl are steadily diminishing throughout the country and that some species are threatened with extinction. The report deals with the migration and distribution of ducks, geese, and swans and says that "these fowl were formerly abundant over the whole United States and their value for food was great. They have formed in the past, and should continue to form, a valuable asset and important source of revenue to the several states which harbor them." The report is made with the idea of giving information for legislation looking to the protection of waterfowl. Several states already have passed laws for the preservation of numerous species.

A REPORT has just been made in the *Yale Alumni Weekly* concerning the experiments conducted by Professor Irving Fischer, of the Political Economy Department, with a number of students over a period of four and one-half months to discover whether proper mastication and enjoyment of food would also affect the mental and physical power of the individual. The students took no more exercise than previously and were allowed to eat whatever they preferred, meats being served three times a day, as well as choice of fruits and cereals; in fact, whatever they ordered. At the end of two months they had increased fifty per cent in endurance, and at the end of the experiment they were able to do double the amount of physical work. It was found by thorough mastication that the men gradually lost their desire for meats, preferring cereals, fruits and nuts, and at the end they were consuming one-sixth of the meat they did at the start. Professor Fischer says in conclusion that it is in the power of the healthy individual to double his endurance in five months by thorough mastication, prolonging the enjoyment of food, acquiring a more sensitive choice of amounts and kinds to meet the varying daily needs of the body.





## SHARING ALL.

Dear, it is twilight time, the time of rest;  
 Ah! cease that weary pacing to and fro;  
 Sit down beside me in this cushioned nest,  
 Warm with the brightness of our ingle glow.  
 Dear, thou art troubled. Let me share thy lot  
 Of shadow, as I shared thy sunshine hours,  
 I am no child, though childhood, half forgot,  
 Lies close behind me with its toys and flowers.  
 I am a woman, waked by happy love  
 To keep home's sacred altar fire alight!  
 Thou hast elected me to stand above  
 All others in thine heart. I claim my right!  
 Not wife alone, but mate and comrade true!  
 I share thy roses, let me share thy rue!

Bitter? I know it. God hath made it so;  
 But from his hand shall we take good alone,  
 And evil never? Let the world's wealth go—  
 Life hath no loss which love cannot atone.  
 Show me the new hard path that we must tread.  
 I shall not faint or falter by the way;  
 And be there cloud or sunshine overhead,  
 I shall not fail thee to my dying day.  
 But love me, love me, let our hearts and lips  
 Cling closer in our sorrow than in joy,  
 Let faith outshine our fortunes in eclipse,  
 And love deem wealth a lost and broken toy.  
 Joy made us glad, let sorrow find us true!  
 God blessed our roses, he will bless our rue.

—Selected.

## MEDDLESOME CHILDREN.

WE have all had more or less experience with them, and, while we like to see them come, we are doubly glad to see them go. There seems really no excuse for such lawlessness as some children are wont to indulge in, and it is well to give a little thought to the matter and locate the blame. A child guest should not be allowed by its mother to run riot among the possessions of its hostess. How often have we been brought to the verge of hysteria by the little marauder's activity in upsetting all semblance of order or quiet in our homes, while the feeble authority of the mother died away in ineffectual "don'ts," and a little faint-hearted apology and excuse that the child was so "full of spirits," and of such an investigating frame of mind.

This spirit of lawlessness shows itself very early in life, and the mother who carries her crawling baby to a neighbor's house and allows it to handle and

displace every article that attracts its attention, lays the foundation for a habit of meddlesomeness which will occasion not only to herself, but to any hostess whose hospitality she may accept, some very trying experiences. Such children are never welcomed to the homes of our friends, and in very bad cases, even the visit of the mother is dreaded, lest the child may be brought along. On the other hand, the hostess should not allow her own children to meddle with the belongings of her guest. Children should not be allowed to pile themselves upon the visitor's lap, or to make free in handling the details of her toilet. The ideal child is, of course, spotlessly clean, but the real child too often has the remains of its last lunch or exercise on its hands or clothes, and, if one is at all neat, it occasions a nervous tremor to find this remains about to be transferred to her street gown or other clothing. A proper respect for the property of another should be very early instilled in the child's mind, and, whatever is allowed at home, no license must be tolerated in the home of another.—*The Commoner.*



## KITCHEN VS PARLOR.

THE part of the house most used in the old days was very often the only artistic part, the kitchen; and to-day in many country houses where the parlor with its atrocious ornaments, its shrieking carpets, its confusion of draperies, strikes a chill even in the hearts of those who think that they believe it answers all a parlor's requirements, the kitchen is the one lovely, livable room in the place, with the possible exception of the attic, dusky-eaved, treasure-stored, beloved of the wiser children. The kitchen is softly toned with rag carpet, "hit and miss;" the wall is of mellow ivory; Turkey red curtains hang in straight folds at the window; a copper kettle shines and sings as it shines on the stove and there is not a sofa pillow or an ornamental lamp in sight. No wonder that the household persists in gathering in the kitchen; no wonder that its members, rather than pass the parlor door when they can help themselves have made the true old back door the main entrance to the house. Cousin declares in his remarkable essay on "The Beautiful" that those indifferent to beauty "wrong their own souls." Unconsciously the souls of such households rebel against the tyranny of the unbeauti-

ful as evidenced in their state rooms, and the professional decorator is working steadily to liberate these subconscious artists of the home so that they may come to themselves and, coming, be able to "draw the thing as they see it."—*Louise Forsslund, in "Good Housekeeping."*



#### SELECTED APPLE WAYS.

APPLES fried in butter or pork fat are nice for breakfast, or with a roast of pork for dinner.



Mix a good tablespoonful of butter into two cups of flour, in which you have sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat well one egg, and fill up the cup with milk. Grease a large, shallow pan, and spread the dough about half an inch thick; have pared, cored and quartered apples ready, and press them into the dough in close, even rows. Sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. This is excellent for the little folks, and is good hot or cold.



APPLE MERINGUE PIE.—Wash and core apples that cook up quickly, boil with the least bit of water possible, and when cooked, put through a fruit-press. To one good pint of apples use the beaten yolk of one egg, a cupful of sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Use a bottom crust previously baked from some good puff paste. Place the mixtures in this and bake fifteen minutes. Over the top spread the beaten whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Put in the oven until a golden brown. Serve very cold.



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH PUDDING.—Five apples, pared and cored. Cook and run through sieve. One egg yolk, one lemon, one-fourth cup bread crumbs, very fine. Stir in and cover with the beaten whites of two eggs. Brown in hot oven and serve cold.



#### BROWN STEW WITH DUMPLING.

Cut two pounds of beef into cubes of one inch; put half a cupful of suet into a saucepan. When the fat is rendered take out the cracklings, throw the meat into the hot fat and shake it over the fire until browned. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and a quart of stock or water; stir until boiling, season with salt, pepper and small onion; cover and cook slowly for one and one-half hours.

Ten minutes before serving take half a pint of flour, add half a spoonful of salt and a teaspoonful

of baking powder, sift and add sufficient milk to moisten. Drop by spoonfuls on top of stew, cover and cook for ten minutes without lifting cover. Dish the dumplings around the edge of the platter, fill the stew in center and serve.—*Washington Star.*



#### MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

A LITTLE milk added to the water in which silver is washed will help to keep it bright.



PICTURES sometimes get spoiled by being hung on walls that are not thoroughly dry. To prevent this, nail pieces of cork at the back of the pictures so that air comes between them and the wall.



NEVER wash chamois skin in hot water. Use cold water and avoid soap, if possible. The skins clean very easily, as a matter of fact. This applies also to chamois-skin gloves.



A CANDLE may be made to fit any candlestick if it is dipped into hot water. This softens the wax, and it easily may be pushed into a candlestick that otherwise would be too small, and it will neatly fit and be firmly held.



TO CLEAN PAINT.—Dampen a clean cloth in hot water, dip it in whiting and rub the paint until the dirt is removed. Rinse well in clean water, dry with a soft cloth and polish with a chamois leather. Paint cleansed in this way looks like new.



THE white of an egg applied with a small camelhair brush will remove fly traces and soil from gilt frames; or the water in which onions have been boiled will, if rubbed over the frame, remove dust and specks and brighten the gilding wonderfully.



#### CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 6.

WHEN a man says he is too busy to talk we usually think he is trying to bluff us, but that is really the main reason these chats have been omitted for several weeks. Once or twice, however, when I felt moved to say something, and was about to take time to do so, it occurred to me that I ought to spare you awhile longer, at least. It has been slowly dawning upon me that perhaps I have been getting more pleasure out of these chats than the people on the other side of the fence. The first hint of such an idea came to me from the good woman of the house. Not that she knows anything about what the people over the back



fence think, but I just inferred what they *might* be thinking from her attitude toward my garden talk. Sometimes she is wonderfully patient and hears me through, from the time the cucumber vines were first compelled to take hospital treatment, so to speak, on through all the stages of their disease and recovery until they were able to stand on their feet again. Sometimes, however, when I am describing the doings of some plant she will ask a question which shows that she quite misunderstands the real conditions and does not realize the importance of the subject. I think I understand now, in a way, not only the feelings of the parent when he is running over with wonderful accounts of little John and Mary's remarkable precocity, but also his feelings when he realizes that his hearer is really bored and fails utterly to comprehend the unusual capabilities of the little prodigies.

But it is now the last of September, and while with abundant rains and mild weather the garden is still in a flourishing condition, the change that will bring desolation there may come at any time, and so I beg your forbearance while I get in a few more chats.

Just this week, by working at it several evenings, I managed to get the celery fixed up. I wrap each stalk separately in paper, tying a string around at the top and drawing the dirt up well at the bottom to keep the paper in place. Of course I do not wrap the paper tightly, and the tops of the stalks are left sticking out, so the growing and bleaching process go on at the same time. The celery is not as early this year as I should like to have it, as it was planted between the second planting of peas and early corn, and had little chance to grow until they were done bearing and their stalks were pulled up. I might have tied the paper around sooner, but other work hindered that. I think, however, that we shall like the celery this year better than that we had last year. Then we had the golden self-blanching, quite a favorite with many lovers of celery, but which in my estimation, does not equal in flavor and crispness the giant pascal, the kind we raised this year.

The first week in August I sowed lettuce and radish seed and planted peas and wax beans, and now at the end of the garden season we have a second chance to enjoy the first garden vegetables. To be sure one does not appreciate them as much as in the spring, but it is worth something just to be able to have them, and I shall repeat the experiment another year.



#### CLEANING PILLOWS.

Now I want to tell my way of cleaning feather pillows. Heat to boiling enough water to plunge in one pillow. To every 3 buckets of water add  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound of good laundry soap and when boiling add 3 tablespoonfuls of common coal oil, plunge in the pil-

low, feathers and all, and let them boil until the ticking looks nice and clean, rinse through about 4 or 5 waters and blue in the usual way, wring out best you can and hang out to dry. Shake up several times a day, in fact the oftener, the better it will be. Let hang out until thoroughly dry and you will find your pillow as soft and nice as can be. Some are afraid to do this for fear of spoiling the feathers, but I think it improves them. If the feathers are old and seem hard, I know it does. Besides it is so much more sanitary. Don't you know that the feathers get about as dirty as the tickings? Indeed they do and need washing just as much.

I treat the cotton from dirty comforts the same way, then a "Genuine Southern Mammy" cards it up again and I put it in my quilts that I quilt and it is just as good as new, while I get new cotton to put in my comforts. This means a big saving to one who must count the nickles and dimes before spending, like some must do.—*Selected.*



#### HEALING PROPERTIES OF WATER.

THERE is no remedy of such general application and none so easily obtained as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water and applied around the neck of a child who has croup, will usually bring relief in a few minutes. A towel folded several times, then quickly wrung out of hot water and immediately applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia, will afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. Cases on record having resisted other treatment for hours, have yielded to this treatment in ten minutes. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, then applied to sores and new cuts, bruises, and sprains is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Hot water taken freely a half hour before bed-time is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, together with proper attention to diet, will alleviate mild cases of dyspepsia.—*National Magazine.*



"IN the quiet home life of the little daily duties may arise the most beautiful opportunities, for the greatest joy can only be known when the plain duties have been rightly fulfilled."



ATTACHMENT to Christ is the only secret of detachment from the world.—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

## WINTER CARE OF HELIOTROPE.

HELIOTROPE intended for winter blooming must receive special care, being placed high where they will receive a great deal of heat and all the sunshine possible. The plants should be where they will not be brushed in passing, as it causes the edges of the leaves to curl and turn dark. If fumigation is necessary for other plants, heliotrope should be taken from the room, as the smoke will injure the foliage and cause buds to blight.—*Marian Meade.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

## THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

- "Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,  
Shining and dancing along on their way,  
Resolved that their course should be blest.  
'Let us try,' they all whispered, 'some kindness to do,  
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,  
Then meet in the eve at the west.'
- "One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,  
And played 'hide-and-seek' with a child on the floor,  
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,  
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,  
The little hands grasping in vain for the light  
That ever before them would flee.
- "One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,  
And brought him a dream of a bright summer day,  
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;  
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,  
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,  
Far away from the dim, darkened room.
- "One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,  
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,  
And lifted her white face again.  
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,  
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,  
And lightens all labor and pain.
- "And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,  
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone  
On hands that were folded and pale,  
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,  
That never would gaze on the beautiful light  
Till angels had lifted the veil.
- "At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,  
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,  
All said, 'We have found that, in seeking the pleasure  
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure.'  
Then softly they sank to their rest."

## A SNAIL'S WAYS.

ONE day I found a snail in the woods. He was crawling on a mossy log. His shell was glossy and of a light brown color. The snail, too, was pale brown. He looked soft, as if he had been made out of jelly.

He had a pair of horns thrust out from the front of his head, to warn him of danger.

When I picked up the shell, Mr. Snail quickly tucked himself out of sight inside. I took the shell home in my pocket, and at night laid it out on my table. In the morning it was gone.

Looking about the room, I found the snail climbing up the wall, half-way to the ceiling.

I stood on a chair, touched him gently on the head, and, in a fright, he drew into his shell, and it fell from the wall into my hand.

Then I took a large china dish, and put in it a nice stone from the brook. The stone had little lichens and bits of water weeds on it. I put water in the dish. Then I set the snail on the stone.

Snails like cool, moist things. My snail at once came out to see his new home. He began to travel around it at a great rate. He crept to the water on every side. I saw that he ate the lichens. So I brought a nice young lettuce leaf, wet it, and laid it on the stone. When the snail in his journey reached it, he touched it with his horns. Then he crept upon the edge of the leaf, turned sidewise, and began to eat fast.

He seemed very hungry. He moved along the edge of the leaf, gnawing as he went. After he had eaten about a quarter of the way along the leaf he turned and went back, still eating. So he kept on until he had cut a deep scallop. Then he went to another place and ate out another scallop. The children said he liked scalloped lettuce.

I kept the leaf wet. At first I thought the greedy little creature did nothing but eat. I found that he liked to play and was fond of travel. He would go to the edge of the water, and, holding fast to the stone, would dip his head in for a drink, or to get it wet.

When he did this, he drew in his horns until they could not be seen. Then he tried to cross the water and to reach the side of the dish.

He would cling fast by the hind part of his body, raise his head, and stretch himself as far as he could, and try to take hold of the dish. He often fell short and tumbled into the water. But out he would come and try again. When he succeeded, he would walk all around the rim of the dish.

One night he came out, dropped to the floor, crept over the carpet, up the leg of the table, along the top, and then traveled all over Nan's new bonnet. He tried to eat the artificial leaves on the bonnet. There I caught him in the morning.

Wherever he went he left a thin trail like glue. I could follow his steps as you can those of a careless boy who forgets to wipe his feet.—*Julia McNair Wright, in Holiday Magazine.*



## The Rural Sanctum

### HOME FOR ME.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

**L**ET others sing the well-earned praise  
 Of their own native land;  
 The glittering sands and the gorgeous bays  
 Of California's strand.

The grandeur of the northern woods  
 Where reign the stately pines;  
 Or southern forests of live oaks,  
 Festooned with moss and vines.

The pureness of the mountain air,  
 The freshness of the lakes,  
 The awful sublimity where  
 Niagara's water breaks.

Speak not to me of sunny skies  
 That southern breezes fan,  
 And scent with perfumes from the groves  
 Of dreamy Yucatan.

Than one dear spot of hallowed ground  
 They cannot fairer be,—  
 Where'er my wife and bairns are found  
 That spot is home for me.

Illinois.



### GOOD VS. BAD STYLES.

D. Z. ANGLE.



OME time ago we saw a young man dressed in clothes that were looking rather weather beaten to be his "Sunday best," but then, John is a member of a large family; his father is dead, and for years John was the main support of his widowed mother. Of course he looks kind o' shabby, but he has a firm step and kindly honest eyes, which look straight into your sight-seers, and—well, if John can put up with his clothes thus, surely the rest of us folks ought to without a murmur of disapproval. Of course, John feels pretty good in them for he paid for them himself out of his hard-earned dollars made on a poor farm out of poor crops.

In the nearby town lives Tony Goer who gets two or three new suits a year, each made up in the latest style, of the costliest fabric, because Tony believes in always presenting a good appearance, even if he has to pay on time or borrow the money to make his appearance look good. Tony associates with some of the most stylish young ladies in town, but probably they don't know that Tony gambles of

nights, hoping thus to get the money to pay for his borrowed broadcloth. His god seems to be Style, upon which he depends for all future good, and upon whose altar he is willing to sacrifice health and a good name, even to the last vestige of a dwarfed soul.

Reader! *Please decide which style is best; Johnny's or Tony's?*

Not long since we went to church where we had a fairly good seat and could hear the minister talk, but could rarely see him, because of the stupendous size of the hats perched upon the tops of the ladies' heads. Confined within such narrow limits, we had only an occasional glimpse of the good man talking to the big hats, so of course being thus cut off, like the man in jail, we had time to think. Our thoughts summed up like this:

A big hat may be all right to wear on a hot day while hoeing corn or cabbage; but they are not much use in church and may shut out the bright rays from the Son of Righteousness.

Most preachers might consider it easier work to talk to people than to a lot of nicely decorated piles of straw.

It is not wrong to be big, but wrong to try to appear bigger than we are, and thus deceive others and obstruct their progress.

A grand piano is a nice instrument in a home, but we know a man who bought one for \$300 on time, and we think that sort of style worse than going into debt for a new suit of clothes. Don't you? Clothes are a necessity, while pianos are not.

"Ruth! Why didn't you go to the concert last night? All the girls were there and we had such a pleasant evening."

"Why, Maude, I wanted to go so much, but mother was sick and I had to stay at home and do all the work, so couldn't find time for pleasure. I want to keep mother with me as long as possible, for that will be a pleasure too!"

Girls, do you follow Ruth's style?

*Mt. Vernon, Ill., R. R. 7.*



### LOCATING THE APPLE ORCHARD.

PLACE the orchard as near the dwelling as is convenient, and plant the earlier kinds nearest the house for convenience in getting them when wanted. Protect the trees, especially while young, from intrusion of any kind of stock. Do not turn the orchard out to

grass, or pasture it, but cultivate it and continue to do so until the trees begin to bear. If you seed it down use clover, and then only for two or three years at a time. On no account let it get sod bound with blue grass, as so many of the older orchards are through the country. Blue grass sod, and pasture are responsible for the decay of a large share of the orchards in this district. Prune the trees while young, a little cutting and direction then will prevent the necessity of removing large limbs in after years. Severe cutting is bad for trees at any time, and much of it can be avoided if the trees are properly cared for from the first.—*The Prairie Farmer*.



#### SMALL FARMS—GOOD ROADS.

THE Small Farm is the best ally of the Good Road. Between two counties, one occupied by eight or ten thousand farms of from ten to forty acres each; the other by fifteen hundred or two thousand farms of from one hundred and sixty to five hundred acres each, it is almost a certainty that the former will build and maintain the best roads, and get them at an earlier date than the latter. The certainty is almost as great as that every acre of land in the county of small farms will yield, on an average, twice as much as an acre in the county of large farms, and will have a market value two or three times as great.

In the Good Roads propaganda, France has been continually held up to American admiration on account of the splendid quality of its country roads. These are so invariably good that the bicycle, the automobile or the lightest family carriage can go from one border of the country to the opposite one, in any direction, without the slightest apprehension of coming upon a spot difficult of passage. But in none of our road improvement literature has sufficient attention been given to the fact that the existence of this splendid system of roads is almost wholly due to the fact that France is, next to Japan, pre-eminent among the nations of the world as a country of small farms. Not farms of ten to forty acres, but of five to twenty acres, are the rule.

It is a matter of history that the inauguration of the French system of road-building was almost coincident with the breaking up of the great estates of the ancient nobility and gentry, and the division of the land, in small holdings, among the people who had constituted the old oppressed peasantry. Not long after the Revolution, the government of France devised a great road plan, which has been worked out, decade by decade, with the results now seen.

It is safe to say that if there had been no breaking up and subdivision of the great estates of the "old regime," there would have been no such development

of the road system of France. To verify this assertion, it is only necessary to compare France with the other nations of Europe in which the system of large estates still remains. Even Great Britain ranks below France in this respect.

If there could be a general movement among American farmers for the division of all large holdings into small ones, by selling tracts of from one or two to forty acres, the general construction of good roads would follow almost as a matter of course. For a multitude of voices would then demand such roads, where now only one voice is lifted; and a multitude of purses could be tapped, where now only a few can be assessed for the work on roads.

In the inauguration of such a movement, too, lies the true secret of attracting population to many a half-populated state, and adding to the value of its lands. The subdivision of large holdings in Iowa or in Southern and Central Minnesota, for instance—the offer of five, ten, twenty-acre tracts on easy terms to immigrants—would do more in this direction, by many fold, than all endeavors to draw them to the newer and more thinly peopled sections. These have their merits; but the older sections of the states named could be made to absorb several millions of additional people with greater ease.—*Maxwell's Talisman*.



#### POTATO ONIONS PROFITABLE.

In the fall of 1903 I selected a plot ten by forty feet in the family garden and covered it with well rotted manure about one inch deep. Then I broke the ground up thoroughly and worked it with hoe and garden rake until I had a good seedbed of finely pulverized earth. Rows were then marked off about ten inches apart and deep enough to have the onions covered about one inch when the furrows were leveled up.

I set this bed with large potato onions, not the sets, placing them about six inches apart in the row. Onions of this size will grow at least one large one and a number of small ones, or sets, around it the first year. In one season the smaller ones will grow large enough for table use or for planting another year.

After the plants were covered I hauled rich earth from the woodyard and spread it over the entire bed about one-half inch deep. Nothing more was done until spring, when I hoed them twice. This was the only cultivation they received.

In July, after the tops were all dead and the onions well matured, I harvested eight bushels of large onions and thirty-five gallons of small ones or sets from this bed. The large onions sold at one dollar a bushel and the sets at forty cents a gallon, which made the gross receipts twenty-two dollars. The expenses were three



dollars for onions to start with, and two days' work, or, two dollars for one hand to plant, cultivate and harvest them, making a total of five dollars. This leaves a net profit of seventeen dollars on 400 square feet of ground, which is at the rate of \$1,850 per acre.

Having made this little side crop help so well to increase the annual income, I plan to grow these onions from year to year and shall expect even better results next season by giving them better cultivation.  
—*Vick's Magazine*.



#### HOW TO TEST THE PURITY OF WELL WATER.

If you wish to test the water of your well, you can do so in the following simple manner: Fill a quart bottle with the water. You must boil the bottle first, making sure that it is absolutely clean; also, boil the stopper that you close the bottle with. After the bottle is cool, fill it with the water just as it is taken from the well; then dissolve in the bottle a teaspoonful of sugar. Use the best granulated sugar. This should also be made perfectly clean by heating it thoroughly in the oven. The sugar being added to the water in the bottle, cork it up tightly, and let it stand. If in twenty-four or forty-eight hours the water becomes milky in color, even slightly so, you may know that it is dangerous water to use. Otherwise the water is probably perfectly safe. The test, in order to be thorough, should be made several times, on different days.—*Medical Home News*.



#### ADVANTAGEOUS POULTRY PERCHES.

For perches in the poultry house, get poles and suspend them from the roof with wire, not over two feet from the ground, or less if your fowls are heavy. Bind together by two boards, (one at each end,) with nails driven through just to fit the poles, one on each side of each end of each pole. This leaves no place for lice to gather that is not accessible to crude oil, which is the best lice exterminator we have found. Clean up the droppings each morning, and do not forget to give the poultry lawn clippings, either green or dried.—*Selected*.



#### A GOOD WAY TO PACK APPLES.

WHEN storing the winter supply of apples in the cellar, wrap each apple in a bit of newspaper, then pack them in barrels, or boxes. Last year we kept two barrels till the middle of May, and found them in good condition. They were placed in the cellar in October, and had not been sorted over all winter.—*Aileen M. Eberman*.

#### THE ART OF QUICK DRESSING.

To be able to dress rapidly and in a small space is an accomplishment, a habit which, although it takes long to acquire, will hold to one through life when once learned. Some time or other, many times, indeed, it will be necessary to dress very quickly. A child may be taken with the croup in the middle of the night, and to be able to put on one's clothes as rapidly as a boy takes them off when he goes swimming, may be the means of saving a life.

Boys may be taught to do this; the younger the better. The movements used in dressing, such as pulling on or lacing of shoes, buttoning the waist, drawing on of trousers or blouse, are a healthy exercise in themselves. If there are two boys in the family, they may race, to see which can get dressed first. No time should be allowed to hunt for things. It is a game of order, as well as speed. All the apparel needed for the day should be placed in a convenient place, so that it can be found easily and quickly.

Girls, too, need to acquire the habit of dressing quickly. From the point of view of the husband and father, one of the sterling qualities of the woman or girl is to dress quickly. She can be just as prettily attired, the prettier the better; there is such a thing as dressing well and dressing quickly. Let her get the habit as the boy has it, and it cannot be said of her, when she grows up to be a wife and mother, that her husband will need a fresh shave while waiting for her to accompany him for the evening.

Mothers make a mistake in dressing or helping to dress children after a certain age. If for no other reason than discipline, training in self-reliance and drilling the child to take care of itself, are of enough importance to deserve the attention of any mother. Watching the fireman get from his bed to his place on the hose-cart or ladder-truck, will show what can be done in the way of quick and thorough dressing.—*Youth's Companion*.



#### THE HISTORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

NEEDLEWORK is as old as human history, but the first person to attempt the making of a machine to sew with was a German tailor named Charles Frederick Weisenthal, and this was for hand embroidery only, and the needle used was double-pointed, with an eye in the middle. This was in 1755 and fifty years later a Glasgow machinist, John Duncan, made an embroidering machine which had the beginning of the loop stitch idea.

But neither of these was a sewing machine. The third character in this interesting story was a London cabinetmaker, Thomas Saint. He was of an inventive turn of mind and spent all his spare hours in inventions

of various sorts. Finally, about 1790, he took out several patents for inventions in connection with leather. Quite by accident, some eighty years later, it was discovered that among his other patents he had taken out one for "quilting, stitching and making shoes, boots, spatterdashes, clogs and other articles." Even the patent office seemed to be surprised that it had really granted a patent for a sewing-machine, yet it was the first genuine one ever constructed and was on the chain stitch principle. It was rude, to be sure, yet experts declare that it carried out most of the ingenious ideas of the inventors of the next fifty years, not one of whom could have heard of it, since it lay forgotten for eighty years.

In 1830 a Frenchman invented a machine for stitching gloves and two years later Walter Hunt of New York invented a machine having the lock-stitch. Besides this, there is in the Polytechnic at Vienna the model of a machine dated 1814, invented by Joseph Madersberg, a tailor of the Tyrol, and this had the lock-stitch idea, but this machine would not work.—*Selected.*



#### ABSTINENCE AND HEALTH.

A good temperance argument is found in the fact that reports from the hospitals of the larger cities state that most of the pneumonia and bad cold patients are people addicted to strong drink. It is the truth, supported by statistics, that the man who drinks succumbs more quickly to severe changes of the weather, both winter and summer. The one who goes down quicker under extreme cold weather is the man who drinks to brace himself up, and most of the sunstrokes in summer are among those who think they keep their systems in better shape to resist such attacks by partaking of intoxicating liquors. The man who abstains wholly from intoxicants and supports his body on wholesome food is the one best fitted to withstand the rigors of our climate. Hospitals everywhere are crowded with victims of disease brought on by the use of stimulants in the vain hope, the false idea, that this will make them stronger.



#### HOW TO EAT.

HERE are Horace Fletcher's rules for eating, which are given to all patients of the Harvard Dental School Dispensary:

1—Eat only in reponse to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.

2—Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.

3—Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be sallowed immediately.

4—Never take food while angry or worried, and

only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.

5—Remember and practice these four rules and your teeth will be fine. Equally significant of the growth of Fletcherism are the efforts made by the proprietor of a chain of fifty dairy restaurants in New York and elsewhere. It consists of the distribution of a nicely printed folder among the customers, containing a dietetic code. It includes instructions on How to Eat. Some of them are, Eat slowly and masticate thoroughly; never permit yourself to eat a meal in a condition of nervous worry; eat what you find of benefit; do not eat anything that disagrees with you. Commenting on the last rule, the folder says: "The following out of this rule will require self-denial, but some time in your life you must definitely decide whether you are to be master over your body or be its slave, and it is better to make the decision at once, and after you have practiced correct habits of eating for a short time it will be surprising how soon your true appetite for things that are wholesome and good will assert itself."



#### BUMPER CROPS AGAIN.

THE world's crop of wheat this year is said to be the largest ever harvested, and to this the decline in price since last July is said to be due, inasmuch as the American and European crops are both large. Countries in Europe that import wheat are reported as producing 90,000,000 more bushels this year than last, nearly all of the nations enjoying large gains except Russia, where a shortage of about 90,000,000 bushels is reported. Foreign crop reports say the world's output will be 3,500,000,000 bushels against the 3,366,720,000 of 1905. Indications are that the cotton crop will reach or exceed the 12,000,000 bale mark, being next to our largest, that of 1904 standing at the top. Corn as reported by the government makes a record-breaking output of 2,780,000,000 bushels.



THERE is too much college education. Two years would be better than four. One better than either. That's enough time to spend in theories. A college student in a shipwreck would drown, because he has spent his time learning how rafts should be built instead of building them. There is too much theory and not enough work. The problem of education is to eliminate the parasite.—*Elbert Hubbard.*



A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship and he who plants kindness gathers love; pleasure bestowed upon a grateful mind was never sterile, but generally gratitude begets reward.—*Basil.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Inkstand Battle.

We are making smokeless powder  
And big bombs to throw a mile,  
That will blow the foe to chowder  
In the true dynamic style.

We've a whirling gun; you start it,  
And the myriad bullets fly,  
And a hundred men a minute  
Roll their stony eyes and die.

Let us stop this wild death's revel;  
Martin Luther, so 'tis said,  
Threw his inkstand at the devil,  
And the black fiend turned and fled.

Smite your world-wrong; don't combat it  
With a fusillade of lead;  
Simply throw your inkstand at it;  
Come to-morrow, it is dead.

When the world upon the brink stands  
Of some crisis steep and dread,  
Like brave soldiers seize your inkstands,  
Hurl them at the devil's head.

Pour your ink-pots in a torrent  
Till the strangling demon sink,  
Till the struggling fiend abhorrent  
Drown in oceans of black ink.

For the man who's born a fighter,  
For the brain that's learned to think,  
There is dynamite and nitre  
In a bottle of black ink.

Though it makes no weeping nations,  
And it leaves no gaping scars,  
Placed 'neath error's strong foundations  
It may blow them to the stars.

—Our Dumb Animals.

### Items of Interest.

A curious historical legend is connected with Shetland wool. Over three hundred years ago a man-of-war belonging to the Spanish Armada was wrecked on one of the islands. The sailors who escaped taught the natives to make brilliant dyes from roots which they found, resembling those used for like purposes in Spain. Those persons who now wear bright Shetland knit "comforters" are unconsciously wearing mementos of the "Invincible" Armada.

The last time that a British jury was fined for rendering a verdict contrary to the will of the court was in 1670.

Cloth is now being successfully made from wood. Strips of fine-grained wood are boiled and crushed between rollers, and the filaments are spun into threads, from which cloth can be woven in the usual way.

In the State of Nevada the telegraph poles in damp, low-lying situations have taken root and flourished. They are of cottonwood, and planted with the bark upon them. In some parts of Java, too, a native tree is used for the poles, and this also takes root, thereby resisting the attacks of the white ants or the inroads of natural decay.

By a simple rule the length of the day and night at any time of the year may be ascertained. By doubling the time of the sun's rising, the length of the night is obtained, and by doubling the time of the setting the length of the day is given.

There are several trees and plants in the world whose

berries, juice or bark can be used as real soap. In the West Indian Islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather, and is used for washing clothes. The bark of a tree which grows in Peru, and of another which grows in the Malay Islands, yields a fine soap.

### Strange Customs.

In Mohammedan countries women are not admitted beyond the doorways of mosques.

The Chinese do everything backwards, from a European point of view. Their compass points to the south, instead of the north. The men wear their hair long, while the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men, the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning and the bridesmaids wear black.

In Russia it is unlawful to give kisses in public. A kiss in the street is penalized by a fine of \$3.75, and on a tram-car by a fine of \$5. Declaration of love on a postcard renders the sender liable to a fine of \$2.50.

A curious custom is still in force at Norwich, in virtue of which, on three days in the year, any one can claim a substantial meal for nothing. The only qualification is that the applicants shall repeat aloud in St. Giles' church a prayer for the sovereign's health. Afterwards they partake of a meal of broth, beef and bread, finished off with a liberal allowance of beer.

A very interesting account is given of the strange customs of the Bedouins of the Sinai Peninsula in Lord Cromer's annual report on Egypt and the Soudan. If a man kills another in time of peace, the relatives of the murdered man, beginning from the father to the fifth generation, have the right to revenge or pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at forty-one camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer, the latter, or his near relatives, have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a scientist?"

"A scientist, my son, is a man who tells you something you always knew in such long words that you would fail to recognize it."—Washington Star.

In Italy only incomes of \$80 a year or less are exempt from taxation. In Prussia the limit is \$225.

Mrs. Gadabout—Did Hepsy Jones ever say anything to you about me, Mirandy?

Mrs. Stayabitt—Not one word, Jane. If Hepsy Jones can't say something good of a person, she don't say anything.—Puck.

## Neff's Corner

Some weeks ago I spoke in the Messenger of digging a hole in the ground on my homestead near Lake Arthur. It's done dug" now, as we say down here, and a little house stands ready to be set over it (It's a cellar, you know), and we are moving out among the prairie dogs and jack rabbits. A few days ago I made known that our little house in town was for rent. Now it is rented at seven dollars per month. We have two lots, a two-room box house 12x20 and a tent 12x14. The lots are fenced and set to fruit trees and alfalfa. The property with all improvements cost us a few cents less than \$200. We have now rented it at the rate of \$84 per year, which is 42 per cent on the investment. I spoke in this corner recently of investments here that are bringing 20 per cent income and some of you perhaps thought it was a "fish story," but you see I now have a case to cite. If I had a few thousand dollars to use I see a way to make it multiply at a very gratifying rate here in the Pecos Valley, but I do not have the few thousand and if the homestead idea had not struck us, we would still be in our little house in town with scarcely a dream even of this seven dollars monthly income. But you who have the money (much or little) would do well to be looking this way. We shall be glad to see you come or to answer your questions by letter.

JAMES M. NEFF,  
Lake Arthur, - - - New Mexico.

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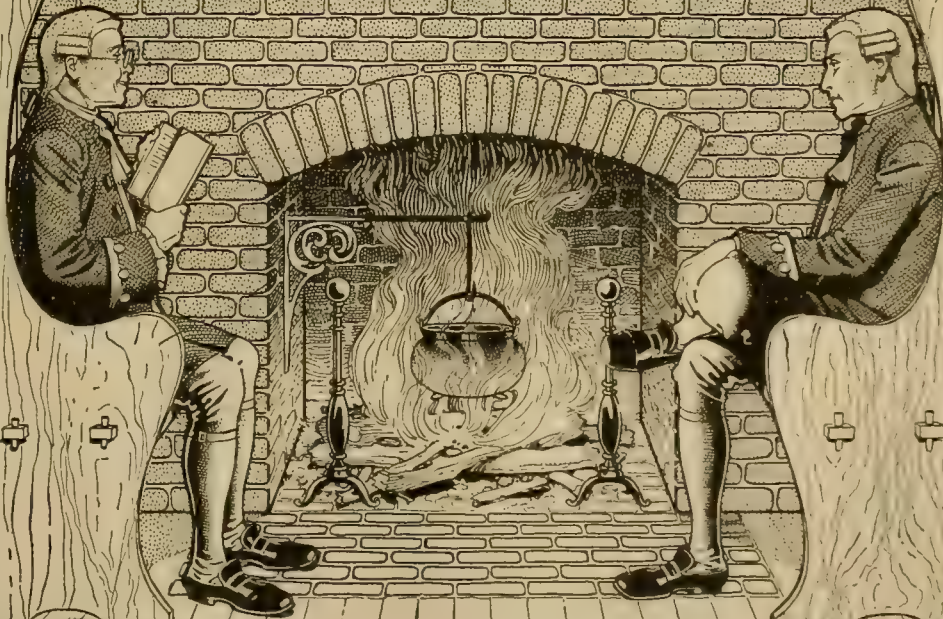
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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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M. Neff.  
A STORY OF THREE GIANTS.—Effie V. Long.  
LIGHTHOUSES AT SANDY HOOK, NEW  
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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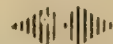


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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER 23, 1906.

No. 43

## No Question is Ever Settled Until it is Settled Right

However the battle is ended,  
Though proudly the victor comes  
With fluttering flags and prancing nags  
And echoing roll of drums,  
Still truth proclaims this motto  
In letters of living light—  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor  
May grind the weak in the dust,  
And the voices of fame with one acclaim  
May call him great and just,  
Let those who applaud take warning  
And keep this motto in sight—  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;  
Though the enemy seems to have won,  
Though his ranks are strong, if he be in the  
wrong  
The battle is not yet done,  
For, sure as the morning follows  
The darkest hour of the night,  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

O man, bowed down with sorrow;  
O woman, young, yet old;  
O heart oppressed in the drunkard's breast  
And crushed by the power of gold,  
Keep on with your weary battle  
Against triumphant might—  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

—Unknown.

## The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff

### Their Education and Evangelization.



SOON after the settlement of the Mescaleros upon their present reservation in New Mexico, and before the government had opened a school for their benefit there seemed to be among them some appreciation of the advantages of an education. In one of the earlier annual reports from this

agency the superintendent in charge makes the following statement: "The education of these Indians is a subject of vital importance. Quite a number of chiefs, who are fully alive to the importance of this subject, have requested me to open a school. They say they will compel the children to attend, and otherwise assist me in every way possible. The children themselves seem anxious to learn. As a tribe they are very intellectual, nearly all speaking the Spanish language in addition to their native tongue." This same report contains the following gratuitous criticism of the evangelizing efforts which at that time were being made by the churches: "When I consider the immense amounts annually expended by the different religious bodies of the United States for the conversion of savages in Africa and other distant countries, and see the number of uneducated heathen

growing up in our very midst, I am compelled to ask why charity should not begin at home."

It might be stated in this connection that Padre Sombrano, a Catholic missionary, visited the agency in 1883 and baptized one hundred and seventy-three Indians. And during the twenty-three years since then practically the only effort at the evangelization of this band of Indians has consisted in the monthly visits during the sessions of the government school of a French priest who holds mass and visits some of the camps. During the school session the government officers and employes conduct a weekly Sunday-school service in the school building for the benefit of the pupils. This, however, is educative rather than evangelistic in the character of the work done, and, being wholly undenominational, is entirely devoid of any effort to induce the Indians to seek the advantages and blessings of church fellowship. The accompanying cut represents a class of Indian girls taught by one of the lady teachers in the government school.

The effort to educate the young Mescaleros and to get them to adopt the ways of civilization it must not be supposed has always been without its obstacles and discouragements. In one of his annual reports soon after the first opening of the school, the officer



in charge complains that many of the parents and tribal leaders, while outwardly pretending to be favorable to the school and interested in the education of their children, were secretly aiding in hiding the children out and otherwise keeping them out of school. Some parents would even hire their neighbors to assist them in keeping their children concealed from the officers. There is a very high standard of

Indian women of good influence in the tribe as matrons in the girls' dormitory was finally adopted, and since then little difficulty has been experienced in getting the girls into school. Thus by continued and persistent efforts the officers of the Mescalero agency have at last secured an enrollment even somewhat above the tribal enumeration of children of school age. This reflects credit upon the officers and gives them a



An Indian Sunday-school Class at Mescalero.

virtue among the women of this tribe and it has long been a custom among them to never allow a girl to go beyond the immediate bounds of the camp in which the family live unless she is accompanied by her mother or some other adult female relative. This custom made it especially difficult for some years to get the girls from home into the boarding schools. The school continues in session for forty weeks during the year. The pupils are fed and clothed at the expense of the government during the school session and are expected to remain in the school dormitories, with the privilege, of course, of brief visits now and then to the family wigwam. The plan of employing

record such as, perhaps, has been made by no other reservation Indian school in the United States. But even of this high enrollment the present superintendent takes, I think, a somewhat pessimistic view when in a recent report he laconically remarks that this is by no means to be taken as indicating a thirst for knowledge but a desire for something to eat and wear.

As bearing upon the matter of educating these Indians I glean the following from the official report of 1887: "The progress of the pupils, when once they have acquired some knowledge of English, compares favorably with that of white children. One of the

most difficult things to impress upon them is a regard for neatness and a care for their clothing. Fondness for dirt and rags seems to be inherent in them. No amount of washing and mending is adequate to keep them decent with the amount of clothing prescribed by the regulations."

The above report, it will be observed, was written nine years ago. If it is a true statement of conditions then existing, a very considerable improvement has been made since then. As I saw them a few weeks ago they compare very favorably in their general

appearance and seeming regard for neatness with the average white farmer, and are a considerable improvement over the average rural colored man of the south. This remark applies particularly to the men and boys among the Mescaleros, the women apparently adopting the ways of civilization somewhat more slowly. On the whole, my personal contact and association with the Mescalero Indians gave me a very favorable impression of the results of the efforts that have been made for their education.

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*

## A Story of Three Giants

Effie V. Long

[Translation from Fifth Book. Gujarati Government Standard.]



NE evening when Kussan Dashay was sitting on his veranda, smoking, and the children were playing about the door, a Brahman came up. He was quite old and had come a long distance, so was very tired. He said: "Sir, I was going to the city yonder, but now it is night and how can I yet go eight miles? If anyone in this village will allow me to stay with him to-night, the Lord will surely bless him."

When Kussan heard this he said: "Sir, my house is small and moreover we have a large family, but there is a cowshed back of our house; if you say so, I will put a cot there for you."

The Brahman said, "That is very good. May the Lord bless you greatly."

So he put the cot in the shed and the Brahman put his own bedding on it and sat upon it. Then he called Kussan's children to him and asked their names. The oldest was Hereo; the second, Ramo; and the smallest was called Nano. Hereo was going to school but the other two were not. The Brahman asked the boys whether they knew any good stories. They all answered, "No, we do not, but if any one would tell us we would listen and remember it." Hereo said, "Sir, please tell us a good sensible story," but the other two cried out, "No, tell us a giant story, a giant story."

Then the gentleman said, "Don't be in such haste. I will tell you a story that will please you all, then you may think for yourselves whether it is true or not."

"One time there was a famine in the Kumbat province in India, and the people, suffering from hunger, went by boat to a foreign country. On the way there was a great storm at sea and the boat was tossed about on the waves. The sailors did all they could but could not save it. At last, the ship, striking against an island, was stranded. Many of the people

swam to the shore. They found that they were on an uninhabited island.

"Among those who came to the shore was a farmer by the name of Jugga Patell and his children. He thought it was good they had come here, for there was plenty of land and no money needed to buy it. But he needed farming implements, so he went back to the old boat to search and found many useful things. He brought them to shore and afterwards tilled the land and raised crops. But a great difficulty arose,—he had no mill with which to grind flour. But he got two stones of equal size, and, chiseling them down, made a mill and ground daily as much flour as was needed."

When Hereo heard this he said, "Oh! Ho! Is the whole story like that? What a story that is!"

The Brahman replied, "Boy, why are you in a hurry? We old people cannot go so swiftly like you young ones. But be patient; it will be interesting after a bit."

"One day Jugga Patell went out to see what was on the island. As he walked along he saw a river flowing down out of a mountain, and at a distance from him, near the water, he saw something very large. So he stood still and looked very intently at it. It appeared to him like a huge giant stretched out upon the ground, sleeping. Then he became frightened and thought of running, but he saw the giant's eyes were closed and thinking he was asleep he stood still. His face was not at all terrible and so Jugga began to look at him more closely. He had on a very white robe which glistened in the sunshine, but much of it was covered by the shade of the trees. When the giant opened his eyes Jugga became much frightened, but the giant looked kindly at him."

When Ramo heard this he said, "Oh, then the giant looked good!"

"Yes, very good; but the story of his goodness is yet to come."

"When the giant rose up, Jugga took to his heels,



but the giant called after him, saying, 'Why do you run from me? Do not fear me; I will do a great deal of work for you; I will do whatever you say.'

"This gave Jugga courage and he said, 'How can you help me? How can you do my work?'

"The giant again assured him that he would do anything that he was asked.

"Jugga thought that fine and said, 'Come along. Come to my house.'

"'But why do you walk?' said this big fellow, sit on my back and I will take you home.'

"So Jugga quickly made a saddle of wood and sat upon it. They reached home in a very little time, and Jugga's wife, seeing her husband coming home on a giant's back, almost fainted from fear. She thought he had been taken by force. But Jugga came down and explained to her, saying, 'He is very useful and will do much work for us.'

"'But,' the woman asked, 'where will he get his food and where will he live? He would gulp down in a moment enough to last us ten days; and, moreover, how can he get into our house?'

"Jugga Patell said to her, 'It does not make any difference to him. I have already asked him about all these things, and he says he does not need food, and only when he works will he be thirsty, but a little water will be sufficient, and I do not need a house because it is our custom to live outdoors.'

"Mrs. Patell became very happy to know this and said: 'Grinding flour is very hard work and my back is almost gone from so much grinding, so let him do it. We use so much flour and if he will grind every day as much as we need, it will be the very thing.'

"Jugga at once showed him how to turn the mill and it really seemed like fun for the giant. Seeing this, the thought came to Jugga that he could make a much larger mill and still the giant could turn it with ease. He went and cut two large stones from the quarry and the giant brought them home on his back; he made a large mill and the giant turned it. Soon they had a good supply of flour. All day Jugga would keep him at work, while at night if he gave him permission to go, he would sleep; if not, it made no difference to the giant. He kept working night and day but did not get tired.

"So time went on and one day Jugga said to his wife, 'Our house is so damp, I think we ought to have an upper story made, but I do not know how to get the boards. There is plenty of timber in the forest near by, but I have no way to saw it.' But he had a plan. He went into the forest and cut down the very largest trees; the giant brought them home on his back. Next he borrowed a saw from a carpenter and taught this great fellow how to hold it and how to turn it. He soon saw that if he had a great many saws like that one, the giant could keep them all going

and turn off so much work. Accordingly all the saws in the island were brought together and the carpenter joined them onto a frame; then they were given into the giant's care and the boards and rafters were quickly prepared. The joining of the frame was the carpenter's work, so he engaged him and soon had a beautiful room with doors and windows. Jugga paid his workmen by having their flour ground at his mill.

"Soon the story of him and his giant spread over the whole island, and people would come to him and say, 'Sir, have so and so much grain ground for us and we will give you so and so much, or will do so much work for you.' Some bringing forty or eighty pounds of grain would say, 'Take this and grind so and so many pounds of grain for us.' And others would bring twenty pounds of cotton and say, 'Take this and have sawed so many boards for our house.'

Thus they brought to him yams, and vegetables, and many kinds of fruits, and in exchange had work done by the giant. One man brought a bag of rupees (money) which he had gotten from the boat, and said, 'Will you please keep these and have some wood cut in exchange?'

"Jugga replied, 'What can I do with money? It will not be of use to me in getting food, clothing, or anything else. We do not need it.'

"But the man plead so earnestly that Mrs. Patell said, 'Well, take it; money may be of use some time. There is a proverb that says, "All things may sometime be of use."' So he took them.

"One day a poor old woman brought two or three roots in a basket to their house and said, 'I must have wood and it is very difficult to bring it from the forest. Do have pity on me and let your giant do the work for me and may the Lord bless you. Please accept this little present which I have brought.'

"Jugga, pitying her, said, 'You are so poor I do not wish to take anything from you. I will have the work done for you. Take back your present.'

"In this way Jugga Patell became great on account of his giant. He received quite a variety of food and clothing and gave much for religious work.

"One day two stout men came to his house and asked to have a certain number of boards sawed. Jugga said to them, 'You eat and drink and are strong, yet you will not work, and come to my house to beg. Go! I cannot give you anything. Work for yourselves and do not be so lazy!'

The Brahman now asked, "Do you know the giant's name? It is Uduck Pravah."

"Oh! ho! What a big name!" spoke up Hereo.

"Yes," replied the traveler, "giant's names are not small like ours; their names are large like their bodies.

"One day Jugga Patell and Uduck Pravah were sitting talking, when Jugga asked, 'Are there any other giants like you on this island?'

"Yes, I have a brother, but we seldom meet. I live at the foot of the mountain and he lives on the top."

"Can he work like you?" asked Jugga.

"Yes, he works when he wishes, but he likes much to wander about and makes a great noise as he goes. He often comes near me and worries me with his loud crying."

"A rich man was sitting near and heard this conversation. He went at once out into the forest and while walking about, saw something like a great shadow on top of a distant hill. As he got nearer he saw that it had two wings, not like a bird's but rather thin and transparent like those of a mosquito, and as large as the sails of a ship. The man really felt afraid to go near it, but he thought that it might be giant Uduck's brother and have a good disposition too. So he went near and asked, 'Who are you, and what is your name?'"

"My name is Wat Pravah. I like to sit on high places and I am this way,—if anyone gives me work to do, I do it at once. I have a poor brother who has a very different nature from mine. He goes about very slowly. Sometimes, indeed, when I see him dragging his feet about I have to laugh at him and then he gets vexed. Sometimes, too, I help him."

"Morardas, for that was the man's name, was much surprised that Wat Bravah would thus ridicule Uduck who had done so much for them all. He said, 'What do you mean? He makes us all very happy. The whole land calls him blessed.'

"Wat replied, 'If you will just compare our work, you will see that he is like a gnat beside me. Would you like to see my strength? Shall I show you?' Saying this, he spread his wings and flew from the mountain and Morardas thought he had really gone away, but finally he came back and Morardas said, 'Will you come to my house and work for me?'"

"Yes, but I must have a high place to live."

"Never fear. My house is built on top of a hill and on top of it I will make a house for you."

"So off they went both together. While walking on the road, the giant said, 'If you will give me two stones for a mill, in a little time I will grind as much flour as you need.'

"Morardas brought the stones for him and daily he ground the flour, thus making the housewife very glad.

"One day Wat went down into the cave of the hill to see his brother. He found him carrying on his back the boards which he had sawn. Wat cried, 'Come, I will help you take them home. You go so slowly, when will you ever get home?' The boy who was sitting on Uduck's back, said, 'Why do you say that? Who can go as fast as he?'"

"Wat Pravah replied, 'That is true, but we are

not little dwarfs like you people, and do not walk so slowly.'

"So he sat up beside the boy and spreading his wings, in a little time brought them all home and they unloaded the boards. Then Uduck said, 'Please give me help to go back, brother.' But Wat replied, 'No, I never go backward. I always have to go forward. If you will come with me, I will help you. Do as you like. From this, Uduck felt very bad and began to argue and then to quarrel, and finally became so angry that he began to cry out and to throw up his hands and feet. The boy became much frightened and stood trembling at a distance. The giant on whose back he had been sitting made a mouth as if he would eat him up. At last Wat fled away and Uduck remained growling for some time, but at last became quiet.

"Wat did not do as much work for these island people as Uduck, but by the efforts of both, the people became very happy and prosperous. The giants built good houses, made furniture and helped them to get plenty of food, so they were happy in every respect.

"One day a company of people had gathered together, and Uduck Pravah began to speak to them. He said: 'Friends, I had a son. Many days ago he ran away from me. If any one will help me find him it will be a great favor. Ushernta is his mother's name. One day it was very hot and he picked up and went away.'

"The people said, 'It is very hard to tell where he is. If he has gone from this island we may never see him again.'

"There was a bold and daring weaver by the name of Vetal. He would not easily become discouraged. One day he secretly went to the giant and gathered all the details concerning the flight of his son. Then he concluded that he had not gone far from the island. Uduck said, 'There is a mountain near here on which is a spring of hot water. Sometimes he goes there to bathe and play but not very often.'

"Then Vetal thought; 'He must be just like his mother; he likes so much to stay right beside her, and they generally live where it is very hot,' so he asked, 'Is he very strong?'"

"Oh yes, sir. What may I say of his strength? Wat Pravah and I are nothing compared with him. But you have to keep him in prison if you want to get any work out of him. His disposition is just the opposite of Wat's; if you let him out he runs away. And then there is another difference,—he needs so much food.'

"Vetal replied: 'Then he is not very useful; for if he is as large as you, and needs food, he would eat up as much as his work amounts to.'

"Oh no, do not be alarmed. He does not eat grain and grass but only coal and trees; and he asks for food only while he works; no more.'



"Vetal thought that fine. 'But,' said he, 'where can I keep such a strong fellow?'"

"He was becoming alarmed, but the giant explained that though he was so large, yet he could be put into a rather small bottle, but when he would come out of it, he had the power of reaching to the heavens.

"Vetal got a bottle and asked Uduck to go with him to the spring on the mountain side. When he was ready he sat upon Uduck's back, and when they neared the spring they could see that it was so hot the steam was coming up out of its mouth. Uduck said: 'Hold the bottle inverted, over the water and he will come into it.' He did so and caught him. At once he put in the cork and away they both went.

"When they reached home, Vetal did as the giant had said and kept the bottle very warm. But the giant within, whose name was Varaleo, becoming very strong, burst out and fled away. Vetal told Uduck what had happened. He said, 'I am not surprised that he got away. We must have a strong vessel in which to put him.'

"'Wait and I will get one,' said Vetal, and he brought a metal vessel with a long neck. 'That is all right; he cannot break out of that. If it has a strong lid that fits well there is no danger.'

"The next day, these two, taking the kettle, went back to the spring and caught Varaleo just as they had in the bottle. After being captured, he said, 'I will do whatever work you give me, but please give me something to eat. And, moreover, do not have me do such work as grinding flour or sawing boards. I can do it, true, but I do not like it. If you say so, I will weave cloth for you.'

"Vetal was very glad to hear this, because the people of the island had plenty to eat and drink, but found it very difficult to get clothing. Many, indeed, were walking about without clothing, and Vetal thought that now they would pick their cotton and all get clothing. When he told the people so, they were glad to do it. At once they brought the cotton from the field and Varaleo wove cloth. All were very happy to have clothing again."

The Brahman traveler said to the boys: "Listen! The people of that island became very wealthy by means of the strength of those three giants, and they were very much delighted."

Then Hereo spoke up, "You say they were wealthy, but if they had no gold nor silver, how could they be rich?"

The traveler answered, "Where could they get gold and silver in such a jungle? But they got a quantity of goods together, and I will now tell you what they did with the goods, then you will know whether it was truly wealth or not."

Kussan, the boys' father, said: "That is fine; the three giants made the people happy, but sir, when they

began to do all of the work, did the people sit around idly, with their hands folded?"

"Why do you speak so, Mr. Kussan? The people had to plant and raise their crops for the giants' work. Could they have raised crops by sitting around? And when there was no work to do, both Wat Pravah and Varaleo would sit and yawn. And if they did not cut trees, Uduck Pravah also would sit about idle, so you must not think they were all sitting at ease.

"Just have patience a little yet; my story is almost at an end. One day the people said: 'We have much more goods and grain than we need, and if we exchange it in some other country for money, we may get quite wealthy.' They therefore built a large ship and at once the three giants began to quarrel. One said: 'I am going to take it,' and another said, 'No, I am the one.' Uduck Pravah said, 'It cannot go without my help.' 'What do you say? You can hold it up but you cannot walk with it; if you try you may get along slowly like an ant, but if I am with you and spread my wings, the ship will go swiftly,' replied Wat.

"Uduck's son was standing near and heard this conversation, so he came up and said, 'Both of you go whenever you are compelled to, but I go whenever I wish, and I do not have to be helped along as you do.'

"His father then became silent, but he and his uncle undertook the work of taking the vessel. Sometimes the uncle would become angry and push the ship backward, but Varaleo, by struggling hard, would take it on.—These people exchanged their goods for that which their country did not produce, and became very prosperous."

The children were much pleased with this story, and as Hereo did not get the full meaning, he began to ask questions.

The Brahman explained it thus to him: "God has put into this world three great powers for the use of mankind. Work can be done by them. One giant's name is Uduck Pravah. Its meaning is, a stream of water, a river. In our country there are many large rivers that go murmuring along, but we do not use them. In England, there are large rivers which turn water wheels to grind flour, saw boards, and to do a thousand other such things.

"The other giant's name which was Wat Pravah, means the power of the wind. In England, the wind also turns wheels to grind flour. And Varaleo giant is the power of steam. By his power steamboats and steam engines move, cloth is woven, and hundreds of things are done. If our people, like those, would be attentive, and make an effort to use what they see, and build such machines, they would become wealthy and happy."

Hereo said, "That is a true story, sir, and I am

going to remember it and tell it to my schoolmates. By and by we will be men and then will try to make such machinery for this country. Because we have learned in this story, that these people had nothing, still they used their brains and invented machinery and so became very prosperous."

"That's true, little man; we also were once in school and there read this story which we have told to you.

Well, Mr. Kussan, do you like the story or not?"

Kussan replied, "Yes, sir, it is fine. It is a perfect story. But come, sir, it is time to eat supper. Come, take some of the food." The Brahman said, "no," but Mr. Kussan insisted, so he ate some candy, grain, rice, and vegetables. Then it had become very late so they all went to bed.

*Jalalpor, India.*

## Lighthouses at Sandy Hook, New Jersey

Richard Seidel



THREE Lighthouses situated at different points of the Hook, give warnings to the seafaring mariner at night. The North Hook Beacon Light, standing at the north-west side of the Hook, is a rather important one, and is provided with a fixed white light. It is an iron structure, lined with brick, forty-five feet high, and about sixty years, old; the light is visible about eleven miles dis-

1762 by subscriptions of New York merchants, is ninety-three feet high from the level of the sea and provided with a white fixed light. The tower is built of stone and whitewashed on the outside; thickness of the walls at the base, twelve feet. In 1864 repairs were made, the walls inside were lined with bricks and a new spiral stairway put in. The window frames and sashes are made of brass, shining like gold in the bright sunshine. Surrounded by a magnificent



South Hook Beacon Light, Facing Shrewsbury River.

tant. The keeper resides in a comfortable dwelling, erected at an elevated point.

The South Hook Beacon Light, carries a white fixed light visible about twelve miles distant. It occupies a point close to the beach at the south side of the Hook, facing the Shrewsbury river. It is a wooden structure, fifty feet high and about sixty years old. The lighthouse stands in the vicinity of the officers residential quarters, which line the south side of the Hook.

The "Mainlight" lighthouse stands inland at a point north of the "12" Mortar Battery; the south faces the Shrewsbury river; the west the Horseshoe; and the east Military Hospital. It was erected in

grove of walnut, cherry and swamp maple trees, it presents a fine appearance. The present keeper, Mr. Jewellson, and his family are earnest Christian workers. He has held the position of keeper for the last thirty-seven years and served sixteen years as assistant keeper. When this lighthouse was erected, it stood at the "Point of the Hook," but since the years have gone by, the restless waves have added acre by acre, until finally it became located inland.

The Proving Ground is located on the north-western shore of the Hook, and contains about four hundred acres. The battery for tests, containing guns of all calibers, extends in a parallel line of one hundred yards from south to north. Guns and pro-



jectiles of different calibers are piled up in every spare place. The guns are parked, resting on concrete foundations, four feet high and four feet thick at the base. The various projectiles are piled up neatly in correct formation and ready for immediate use. Twenty-five yards in rear of the battery is a solid concrete wall, fifteen feet high, twelve feet thick and sloping on the top. It is used as a cover for man,



"Mainlight" Lighthouse.

guarding against a possible explosion while firing a gun.

Guns are mostly fired by electricity, the wires passing over the wall and connected with an electric battery. When firing a gun for rapidity, the gunner stands close to the gun, his right shoulder resting against a wooden shoulder lined with rubber, and his left hand at the pistol grip. The pistol grip contains a small electric battery, connected by wire with the primer, which is inserted in the firing device. At

the command "fire," the gunner pulls the trigger with the forefinger of the left hand and the projectile speeds on its errand, perhaps at a muzzle velocity of 3,500 feet per second. Eight hundred rounds per minute have been successfully fired with the thirty-calibre infantry in the field.

Headquarters, storehouses, repair shops, engine-house, officers' mess, barracks for the enlisted men of the ordnance detachment and chemical and electrical laboratory are within limits of the Proving Ground. The machine and carpenter shop was destroyed by fire, November 28, 1905; its present business is carried on in temporary buildings. The ordnance department operates a railway from the Hook to the Highlands, and a daily steamer, *Ordnance*, from and to New York.

*Fort Hancock, New Jersey.*



#### A TEMPERANCE STORY.

MRS. G. E. YOUNGER.

ONCE upon a time there lived on Fourth street a very poor family in the quaint old town of Idlewild, a beautiful mountainous country town. It was surrounded by lovely pines, and a small river ran past at the foot of the rugged hills, making an ideal place to live. But a dark cloud hovered over this grand old town in the shape of saloons that loomed up, causing many a shadow over homes that otherwise would have been happy.

Now we had been in this place only a short time until we discovered that a temperance paper was needed. My husband was an editor, and as our great desire was to down the saloons, the great *Temperance Advocate* was started, and much good came of it.

Well, I must finish the little incident which I began to relate in regard to the poor family, living in a miserable tenement house a few blocks from us, by the name of Forde. The father was a drunkard, the mother an invalid. Of the several children the eldest boy, John, earned a small pittance toward their support by selling papers. The father was not much help, often taking John's money for whiskey.

We came to know them in taking a paper of John. He associated with bad boys of the street and did not know what religion meant. Our children, Bessie and Ralph, attended Sabbath school and were good, obedient children. They had seen few rude children and were not used to anyone so wicked, so they talked to John and tried to get him to go to Sunday school. At last John accepted their invitation and Bessie and Ralph were in great glee. At Ralph's request we furnished the money to buy John a suit of clothes and he was indeed delighted. Sunday dawned a lovely day for the children. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed

Ralph, "our boy is coming!" They scampered to meet him, eager to take a new scholar to Sunday school.

John soon became a regular attendant at Sunday school and seemed to have a good influence over his father. He began selling temperance papers after awhile and his father sometimes read them.

One Sunday afternoon we thought it our duty to go over to see how they were getting along. We found Mrs. Forde sick of a fever and the two little children half starved. Oh how desolate everything looked! We told her that we came over to see if she was in need of help and would gladly do all we could, promising at once to give John work at our home. Mrs. Forde was very grateful, and said she felt my children had made a good boy of John, and that he talked to his father about religion. "I think there will be a happy change before long, and I owe it all to your dear children," she said.

My husband gave Mr. Forde a job as our gardener, paying him good wages; Mr. Forde promising to abstain from all intoxicants. John gave up selling papers to take care of our horses and do chores for us. The small children were cared for, and Mrs. Forde became well and so happy in the hope of the glorious change of her husband becoming a gentleman instead of a drunkard.

*Mexico, Mo.*



#### A DANGEROUS THING.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

ANGER is the most destructive of all passions. What crimes have not been committed in the paroxysms of anger! It is in our fits of anger that we sin most.

It does no one any good to get angry. We feel no better for it, but worse. After a fit of anger has subsided, then we have deep regrets for harm done. It may cause us a lifetime of sorrow.

True, anger will come, but resist it strongly. "Be ye angry, and sin not." For "anger rests only in the bosom of fools." Anger brings disease. Many persons die in a rage. How dangerous!

No trait of character is more valuable than an even temper. It is like the shining rays of the sun,—sheds its brightness over everything.

It is human nature to get angry. It does not belong to the graces God has given us.

Some people are always looking for something to get angry about. If they meet their associates, and they happen to be engaged in business, or are not in a talkative mood, they think they have been slighted, and get mad, when it has all been within themselves.

Many persons get "touchy," or reserved in their manners and they imagine everyone slights them.

People get afraid of them, and innocent persons become their enemies without cause.

This habit is unfortunate, to say the least. Many persons have pet jealousies and superstitions and imagine someone has done them some harm and they fly up like dynamite, if approached on the subject. You can't tell them anything. Did you ever see anyone this way?

We ought always to be kind and gentle. "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

No person that is angry is fit for advice. It deprives him of reason. He is unfit to talk. It is better not to talk when angry, for one's words will burn and kindle a fire.

When angry our tongues are misused. Then we speak worse than we really think. When we come to ourselves, we would give worlds, if we could, to recall the angry words spoken.

Let us be on our guard, and save these unnecessary heartaches. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty: and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

It does no good to get angry at others for not doing as they should. True we may get provoked with their ways, but you cannot help them while angry, that is certain. And he that gets angry when justly reprov'd only kindles the anger of the just Avenger.

While in a fit of anger, God is far from us. He cannot use us then. The best antidote for anger is the Word of God. Have yourselves completely filled with his Spirit. Where the Spirit dwells, anger cannot be. Have implicit confidence in him.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



#### SMOKING INJURIOUS TO BOYS.

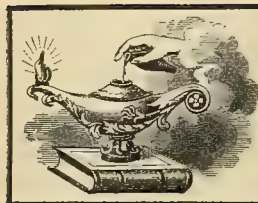
GEORGE S. GRIM.

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may be upon the advisability of men smoking, there certainly can be but one opinion in regard to the boys. It affects the action of the heart in youth, and reduces the capacity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted by the trainers to smoke at all, because they think it reduces the breathing capacity.

But the one argument which appeals most forcibly to the boys is that smoking stunts the growth. Cigarettes contain a particularly injurious nicotine. The active principle of tobacco is said by chemists to be next to prussic acid, a rapidly fatal poison. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb it without great injury. Why then should we trifle with such a dangerous foe? Boys, take warning!

*Louisville, Ohio.*





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.—A Good Work.

L. W. TEETER.

"She hath wrought a good work upon me."

THIS woman, did this good work at a *venture*,—prompted by a motive originating wholly in her own breast.

So far as we can know, Jesus had not commanded her nor had he any prearrangement with her, to do this noted act. Hence, we may reason, that she took advantage of every precaution to make her service the most acceptable to Jesus that was possible—determined to do her best, with the hope that at least she might accomplish the work without his disapproval, and possible rebuke.

In the background of her heart was, evidently, a burning desire to do more for Jesus than sit at "Jesus' feet," and hear "his word," for she had, previous to this "chosen that good part, which," should "not be taken away from her."

In the performance of this service, she was a silent actress; she gave no notice of her approach. She made no reply when she was so severely criticised for her apparent extravagance, but went bravely on with her service to completion.

She, having been a diligent learner at the feet of Jesus, and, they having been intimately acquainted with each other, it is quite possible that he had told her much more about his passing out of this world than is recorded. He may have intimated its nearness, which would suggest to her such a service, now.

As to her real *design*, we dare not reject Jesus' interpretation, that she did it for his burial. She dedicated his body, for its burial, in her own way, as an expression to him, before his death, of her high estimate of his bodily presence, companionship, and sociability. He had proven himself the greatest of comforters in her own home in raising her brother to life again. She is not forgetful of how much of heaven's blessings he had brought into her home and into the world. She must now, yet, do her *very best* to him, at the eve of his departure. Now, let us notice:

I. 1. That this woman was the author and finisher of this service. (1) She planned it. (2) She prepared for it. (3) She set her own time and place as most appropriate to perform it. (4) She executed it deliberately and soberly. 2. She used a precious

opportunity while Jesus was yet in her reach, to do a good work. 3. She went bravely on, in the midst of severe criticism and opposition. 4. She proceeded in the most humble manner, without any effort to be noticed by anyone but Jesus. 5. She made the greatest sacrifice possible.—"She hath done what she could." 6. All she did pleased Jesus.

II. 1. Jesus reproves her opposers. 2. Jesus accepts her service. 3. Jesus defends her.—"Why trouble ye the woman?" "She hath wrought a good work upon me." "Whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

This narrative teaches us in a general way, that it is possible for us to plan and do works to meet the approval of God, if our plans and actions are according to the will of God in Christ Jesus. We may plan a thousand ways to do good to the poor who are always with us, and if we do so, it will be told by Jesus everlastingly, for a memorial of us, in heaven, as if done to himself. Matt. 25:34-40.

Hagerstown, Ind.



## NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard;  
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
These are not lost!

The sacred music of a tender strain  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To hurrying crowds who scarcely pause to hear—  
It is not lost!

The silent tear that falls at dead of night,  
Over soiled robes which once were pure and white.  
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole—  
These are not lost!

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—  
These are not lost!

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love, which strove to win  
Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin—  
These are not lost!

Not lost, O Lord! for in that city bright  
 Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
 And things long hidden from our gaze below  
 Thou wilt reveal, and we shall clearly know  
 They were not lost!

—Selected.

❖ ❖ ❖  
**CHEERFULNESS.**

IDA M. HELM.

How much easier it is to sit down and sigh and fret than it is to be cheerful and hope for the best when things go wrong, especially when we have tried to do our very best and still everything seems to go against us. We may use these very trials as stepping-stones by which we may rise to higher things. If we cheerfully bear our disappointments we will grow stronger for the next trial, and in time the small annoyances that disturb our peace so much will become much less aggravating.

Habit is a powerful thing, and surely no one wants to become a slave to the habit of fretting. There is much more real pleasure in forming the habit of cheerfulness than in getting "the blues" every time things go wrong and it is much more pleasant for those around us. It is much more noble to try to be cheerful.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary."

*Ashland, Ohio.*

❖ ❖ ❖  
**KEEP THE CHILD-HEART.**

CHILDREN are pleased with little things. Grown up people may be dissatisfied and captious because their plans go wrong, but children live in a beautiful land where grains of yellow sand are better than golden coins, and flowers in a daisied meadow are worth more than the treasures men most prize. Blessed beyond all others are the men and women who keep to the end of life the sweet and trustful spirit of childhood.

Jesus once said to his disciples, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." I think we do not understand this fully until life has taught us some of its lessons. But let me explain to young people that they have only to remember certain days when they were out of tune with everyone, and certain other days when their aim was to make everyone happy, to know precisely what our Savior meant. Let us believe that we have the kingdom of heaven within us, and say daily with the children:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
 For the Bible tells me so."

The consciousness of belonging to Jesus brings heaven into every heart.

To go a step farther. Suppose that day by day we stop at intervals, and send a prayer up to the Lord for heavenly calm amid agitations. You and I might say, "What would Jesus do if he were here? What would he wish me to do, to be?" Younger or older, let us be as children in his service.

Jesus is still extending his arms to encircle you. He still says, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And still the most blessed of all people, even if they have silver hair, are those who have kept the child-heart in touch with Jesus, through the years.

Here is another thought for you. Jesus blessed each little child. He does not look at you as if you were a stranger. He knows who you are, and where you live, and what your name is. When you have had a hard time over your lessons, and have been discouraged, it is worth while to tell him. When you have made a mistake, when you have had a disappointment, tell Jesus. The greatest wisdom in the world is to tell Jesus everything.—From "*That Sweet Story of Old*," by Margaret E. Sangster.

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**IN THE SHADOW.**

We must all go there sometimes. The glare of the daylight is too brilliant; our eyes become injured and unable to discern the delicate shades of color or appreciative of neutral tints—the shadowed chamber of sickness, the shadowed house of mourning, the shadowed life from which the sunlight has gone. But fear not; it is the shadow of God's hand. He is leading thee. There are lessons which can be learned only there. The photograph of his face can only be fixed in the dark chamber.

But do not suppose that he has cast thee aside. Thou art still in his quiver; he has not flung thee away as a worthless thing. He is only keeping thee close till the moment comes when he can send thee most swiftly and surely on some errand in which he will be glorified. Oh, shadowed solitary one, remember how closely the quiver is bound to the warrior, within easy reach of the hand, and guarded jealously.—F. B. Meyer.

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 PAUL never described himself as a prisoner of Rome, but always as the prisoner of Jesus Christ. What a glory this adds to life! The chain which Rome imposes is transferred into the golden bracelet of a great love token.—G. Campbell Morgan.

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 THERE is no more reason to doubt that we shall live again than that we have lived at all.—Joseph Cook.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## THE COST OF KINDNESS.



WHEN we say that kindness, in the form of smiles, words, and little deeds, costs nothing, we run up against the universal saying that everything of any value costs something. For all will agree that kindness has a value,—sometimes so great that we cannot estimate it. How, then,

can we harmonize the two statements? For my part, I would not undertake to do it. A better way would be to try to discover whether both are true. We all know that merely saying that a thing is so does not make it so.

First, is it true that kindness costs nothing? By kindness, I do not mean that facial expression that is called a smile, and that wagging of the tongue and contraction of the vocal cords which together produce smooth words, but that welling up of the inner being which finds expression in the things that bring comfort and pleasure to others. To be sure, the former may be said to cost nothing, 'since nothing has been sacrificed or expended except a little energy for the movement of certain muscles, but can we say the same of the condition that gives us the genuine article?

If genuine kindness is an overflow of genuine love,—and we are convinced that it is,—the abundance of the love proves that it could not have its source in the natural man who is altogether self-centered. There must have been some self-surrender, some self-denial, some self-sacrifice before there could be such an outflow. And all these things are costly, as every one knows who has tried to apply their inherent principle to his own life.

Well, says the sharp bargainer, if kindness costs so much, perhaps it isn't worth the investment. That is exactly the question I wanted him to spring. While kindness is produced by a condition that has cost much, all the cost has been paid for a different purpose,—for the soul's own good. Kindness, then, is a by-product, and a wonderfully paying one, too,

just as it often is in the business world. And just as in the business world the failure to properly utilize the by-product sometimes tends to clog the main business, so the failure to make use of this avenue of the heart's overflow hinders the growth and development of the soul itself. The soul's business cannot move on to perfection without the constant manufacture of this by-product. How thankful we should be that this is so,—that while we "work out our own salvation," there is that influence coming from our "work" which will aid in the salvation of others!



## THE ROAD TO THE TOP.

I SUPPOSE we might preach a sermon every day to young men and women about the surest road to success, and some of them would go right on and try to get there by taking a road widely divergent from the one pointed out. Of course experience is the best teacher, but it is hard to understand why people, in this short life, will trust to her methods, which sometimes consume almost a lifetime, when the taking of a little wholesome advice will often give one the necessary angle of vision.

The thing that has brought this subject to my notice just now is the daily repetition before my eyes of the old story of wanting,—I will not say "trying,"—to climb to the top by other methods than the sure and unchangeable one of faithfulness. Young men and women take positions and expect regular and rapid promotion and increase of wages without being willing to show their worthiness by thoroughness and earnest application in the duties now belonging to them. And as to doing more than was laid out before them as their work, when the opportunity is afforded, why, the mere suggestion of such a thing causes them to think seriously of throwing up their positions at once. They think that the "firm" is the only party who ever benefits by extra work.

A hearty desire to do a task well is pretty sure to grow into a love for the task itself. And when this love is fostered, the possessor of it wonders how anyone can designate the path of faithfulness as a "monotonous grind." He on his side, however, wonders how anyone can worse than waste his time, and bore himself besides, by following the dilly-dally or short-cut methods, when he might enjoy himself while he climbs by the steps of honest endeavor.

The trouble is to get the would-be climber to see the close relation existing between a desire to do one's duty well, and the ability to place one's feet on the steps that lead to the top. He cannot get rid of the idea, so prevalent, that somewhere there is a secret spring which, if he can lay his hand on it, will boost him to the heights, no effort on his part being demanded except that spent in finding the spring. And

so while this idea rules, we feel that we ought to keep on preaching, trusting that perchance some of the seed may fall on good ground.



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 2.

I AM still watching the horses. The teams of big draft horses that haul the freight and coal and lumber on the lower side of the street come within range of my eyes every time I look out of the window and I cannot help noticing them. They are such patient, steady fellows and most of them have very sensible drivers, so the mere sight of them is a pleasure. Now and then a teamster urges his horses into a trot over the hard pavement, ignorant of, or indifferent to, the fact that such haste is a waste, as in these heavy animals it cuts short their allotted period of usefulness. However, it is gratifying to note the manner in which most of the drivers deal with the horse that is fearful of the big, puffing engines that pass so near. Their patience and forbearance show clearly that they do not expect the horse to know as much as or more than they themselves do about such things. I am sorry this cannot be said of all drivers.

One team of horses in particular comes in for a good deal of admiration along with their driver. I do not know just how handsome the man is, as the distance is too great to determine, and besides, his features are usually hidden behind a layer of coal dust; but the appearance of his horses gives him a better title to one's admiration than any physical beauty he might possess. Their broad, shiny backs tell of good feeding and care. Their slow and steady gait speaks of tender consideration and patience; and the fact that they can stretch their necks and throw their heads from side to side in unreined freedom shows such mercy and genuine common sense that one feels like going down and shaking hands with the man and letting him know that others, besides his horses, have some idea what a big heart and broad mind he has. For, after all, big-heartedness and broad-mindedness signify very little if they do not comprehend the nature of the most insignificant and dependent things about them.

And this is one of the things that the world looks at from the wrong angle. It measures a man's heart and mind by the number and importance of the things he is able to take in which are far removed from his own everyday life, ignoring the fact that his sphere of knowledge may be a hollow one, the inside being occupied by things of which he knows little and for which he feels less. But we can make our own estimates in this matter, using the home as a starting point. Then some of these modest, unassuming men will have to march up and take their places in the front ranks.

#### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS NEW AND OLD.

THE INGLENOOK family has grown considerably within the last few weeks, in fact, far beyond our highest expectations. Our number has been increased by fully one-seventh of what it was previous to October 1. We are glad for this large addition to our circle and bid them a hearty welcome. We hope that they will give each issue of the magazine a careful reading, and trust that such a close acquaintance will lead them to feel that their investment has been a good one. They may then be willing to become a permanent part of the family.

Owing to the fact that the INGLENOOK is printed several days before the date it bears, not enough copies were printed of the first issue in October to supply all the new subscribers. However, they will receive the paper for the full three months, as promised.

We wish to extend our hearty thanks to our old subscribers, as we are sure that many of them were instrumental in helping to increase the circulation of our magazine. We conscientiously believe that there is a large field for a paper such as the INGLENOOK aspires to be,—to furnish clear wholesome literature that will so combine the higher life with the practical, everyday life that they may be one in deed and in truth. If in our efforts we are able, in any measure, to approach our ideal, those who have encouraged us and helped to place the paper in the hands of others must be considered real benefactors.

As an encouraging feature for our old subscribers, and an inducement to would-be subscribers we mentioned the weekly letters we expected to publish from Brother M. Roy Murray and his party, now journeying in the Orient. We did this in full faith, as Brother Murray said a short time before setting sail that we could depend upon them. That we have had nothing from the party for our readers is as inexplicable to us as to any of our readers. We still, trust, however, that we shall not be wholly disappointed.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

THE active principle of tobacco is said by chemists to be next to prussic acid, a rapidly fatal poison.  
—George S. Grim.



If we cheerfully bear our disappointments we will grow stronger for the next trial.—Ida M. Helm.



No trait of character is more valuable than an even temper.—Ettie E. Holler.



WE may plan a thousand ways to do good to the poor who are always with us, and if we do so, it will be told by Jesus, for a memorial of us, in heaven, as if done to himself.—L. W. Teeter.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE earthquakes in Sicily continue and are causing serious damage to dwellings and churches. Within five days, more than one hundred shocks were felt at Trabia.

A LONDON paper states that the admiralty intends to lay off eight first-class battleships and four armored cruisers and to strike eight first-class battleships from the seagoing list before the end of the year. The seagoing strength of the fleet will thus be reduced about one-fourth.

MANY attempts have been made to find an unfailing supply of pearls. The Chinese, it is said, have solved in their own way the problem of how to make a mussel "lay" pearls. Five or six small beads, made of mother-of-pearl and strung together by a thread, are dropped at the proper season into the open mouth of the shell. Two years later the mussel, when recovered is made to disgorge the beads, now covered with a pearly crust, indistinguishable from the naturally made pearl.

MEMBERS of the liberal party in Cuba seem doomed to disappointment under the provisional reign of Gov. Magoon. Their hopes for office were deferred by Mr. Taft, who told them he could not think of embarrassing his successor by turning out moderates and installing liberals, but would leave that pleasure to him. Now Gov. Magoon declares that all Cuban statesmen look alike to him and he must wait till he knows a good one when he sees him. He believes there are many such, but it will take time to find the man exactly suited for each place.

A CONSIGNMENT of several thousand revolvers purchased by the Russian government in Berlin recently fell into the hands of the Polish revolutionists. Shortly after the arrival of the car containing the arms at the Warsaw freight yards, an artillery officer and a squad of soldiers appeared, presented the bills of lading and an authorization to receive the weapons, which were loaded upon a wagon and hauled away. It came out later that the soldiers were disguised revolutionists and the documents forged. It has been found that since last December the revolutionists have been gathering up large stocks of rifles and revolvers

in Poland, the greater part of these being purchased in Berlin.

THE Pennsylvania railroad announces that after Nov. 1 passengers who pay fare on the train, not having secured tickets, will be charged fifteen per cent more than they would if they had bought tickets at the station.

THE new British battleship, *Dreadnaught* has undergone her final official trial and is proved to have a maximum speed of 22.4 knots, thus making her the fastest battleship. This performance is regarded as a great triumph for the turbine engine with which the *Dreadnaught* is fitted.

SAM P. JONES, the noted evangelist, died suddenly on a Rock Island train at Perry, a few miles west of Little Rock, Arkansas, October 15. He was on his way to his home at Cartersville, Ga., from Oklahoma City, when he was stricken with heart failure and expired in a few minutes.

IN an interview concerning the recent race riots at Atlanta and elsewhere in the South, Governor Jelks, of Alabama, said that the white people indicted the whole colored race on the ground "that even the better element lend no assistance whatever in ferreting out criminals of their own color." He said that the two races could never get on amicably until there was an understanding on the part of both to make common cause with the law-abiding against criminals of any color. No good citizen could afford to countenance defiance of the law, no matter what the provocation.

ON Gray's Bay, sixteen miles above the mouth of the Columbia river, in Washington, James J. Hill has planned the construction of a new port city to be known as St. James. This will be the terminus of his North Bank Railroad, now being built down the Columbia river from Pasco to Vancouver. This will be extended westward to Gray's Bay, and it is expected that the new city will become one of the most important on the Pacific coast. The site is to be laid and controlled by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroads.

THE Burlington railroad has given a single order for 130 locomotives that will weigh in all over 48,000,000 pounds, and if coupled together, says a scientific journal, would reach about two miles.

A FRENCH scientist announces that he has discovered a new method of sterilizing milk without boiling it or destroying any of its essential principles. The method is based on the qualities of perhydrol simply oxygenated. Milk thus sterilized can be kept for a long time, while it is not injured by traveling, he claims. Prof. Behring says that he has proved that light has a very harmful effect on milk, whether sterilized or not. He recommends that it be kept in the dark or in red or green bottles.

THE Columbia University committee of students reports that out of 581 who applied for positions during the recent summer vacation, 313 reported earnings aggregating \$140,240. Most of the men received positions as tutors, but some worked as secretaries, clerks and salesmen. Their earnings averaged \$113.43. The law students averaged \$334.59, and the medical students \$202.19. The women of Barnard, however, did a little better. They were employed as clerks, stenographers, companions and governesses, and their earnings averaged \$117.10.

IN Chicago and other large cities the big department stores are gradually building up banking departments which are becoming a great convenience to mail order customers and people who live in the suburbs, as they have no good opportunities for banking, and in connection with shopping they find depositing in department store banks a great convenience. Some of these banks in Chicago are reported to offer as much as six per cent on deposits. The New York *Independent* notes that "mail order houses are important commercial factors, particularly in the West, and if their plan to attract deposits succeeds, it cannot help hurting country bankers, who have heretofore limited themselves in the payment of interest to three or four per cent per annum. Department store banking will soon have to be reckoned with."

AN experiment in pupil self-government has been in progress in a village school in Macon county, Mo. In the main room, where the older pupils assemble, the self-governing class gathered about the table and elected its own officers, and the principal used a phonograph to dictate problems so that the pupils should be relieved entirely of the supervision of the teacher. As the machine was set in motion, the pupils copied the problems, discussed or worked out the answers, which were then tabulated by the teacher

and turned over to the principal. Not one pupil was returned to the regular classes from failure to keep up with the studies. This year the experiment is to be extended to a number of other districts.

THE birth rate in Paris continues to shrink, according to the latest report of the health authorities. There have been fewer births this year than last in all wards of the city except two, including one where the population is growing at the rate of 3,000 annually. One shows fewer births by 400 than two years ago.

By the will of the late Bloodgood H. Cutter, of Little Neck, L. I., whose chief title to fame was that of being the original of Mark Twain's "Poet Lariat," \$600,000 of his \$1,000,000 estate is left to the American Bible Society, to be spent in the distribution of Bibles, and only a small fraction is distributed among some two hundred heirs. The latter are already talking of contest. The fine collection of pictures goes to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the library to the Long Island Historical Society.

THE serious continuance of the bubonic plague and the large number of deaths resulting from malaria and other diseases in the British army have led to the establishment of a service of sanitary engineers to pay especial attention to the protecting of public health. A course of lectures is delivered on sanitation in every military cantonment. The supposed close connection between rats and the plague is considered to have been proved by the extraordinary success in decreasing the scourge which has resulted from the war of extermination against rats that has been carried on in sixty towns in the Punjab. The experiment is regarded as of immense importance in view of the fact that a million people already have died of the plague in the Punjab alone.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued regulations controlling the manufacture of denatured alcohol and its uses, pursuant to an act of Congress, which goes into effect January 1, 1907. The commissioner says there will be two classes of alcohol, first, that which is completely denatured, which will pass into general use and be purchased without limitation as against private consumers, and secondly, specially denatured alcohol in which the material demanded by the needs of manufacturing interests will be regarded. Denatured alcohol will supplant a large consumption of wood alcohol, and the price, it is believed, will not be more than thirty-five cents per gallon. The denaturing process will have to be accomplished on the premises where the distilling is done, in specially bonded warehouses designated.





### THE INTRUDER.



E is so little to be so loved!  
He came unbooted, ungarbed, ungloved.  
Naked and shameless,  
Beggared and blameless,  
And, for all he could tell us, even nameless.

Yet everyone in the house bows down  
As if the mendicant wore a crown.

He is so little to be so loud!  
O, I own I should be wondrous proud  
If I had a tongue

All swiveled and swung,  
With a double-back action twin-screw lung,  
Which brought me victual and keep and care,  
Whenever I shook the surrounding air.

He is so little to be so large!  
Why, a train of cars or a whaleback barge  
Couldn't carry the freight  
Of the monstrous weight  
Of all his qualities good and great.  
And, though one view is as good as another,  
Don't take my word for it. Ask his mother.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

### DOES SHE LIVE IN YOUR TOWN?

THE wart on the side of her chin first attracted my attention, then the hard, twisted coil of hair wound in a large circle and held in place by an old-fashioned comb and two hairpins, one brass and one wire. Next I saw her laundered, handsome, cream satin neck ribbon, which was fastened with large, cheap pins to the binding of the neck of her striped calico wrapper, with its puckered ruffle simulating a slight round yoke. The cream ribbon was tied in an awkward double bowknot at the back of her neck, with one end quite long and one loop short, the other long. I lifted my eyes to her face. Her complexion was remarkable for thickness, pimples, and color. And she sat in the front pew!

When the services were over the minister came down to meet the strangers, and after his greeting to me was over a lady touched my arm and said: "I want to introduce you to a friend of mine."

I turned and looked into the kindest, strongest, most luminous gray eyes I ever met. We clasped each other's hand warmly, and my heart went out to her. I felt lifted up and strengthened in a peculiar way by

this contact. We walked together down the aisle and out of the church. As she turned to leave me and my eyes followed her down the street, gradually I became aware of the impossible complexion, the striped calico wrapper, and the laundered cream satin neck ribbon with its awkward bow and uneven ends, and said to my own heart: "How wonderfully beautiful must be the character that covers up and hides physical imperfections!"—*Mrs. George Langston, in Epworth Era.*

### FUSSY MOTHERS.

ACROSS the aisle from me sat one of the "fussy" kind of mothers with her little girl, evidently about five years old. The mother didn't leave the child in peace for one minute. She took off her hat, she smoothed her hair, she repinned her collar, she wiped her face with her pocket handkerchief, she took her from her seat and stood her on the floor to straighten her frock, then she set her back again; she took off her hair ribbon and retied it, she looked in her eye to see if there was a cinder in it, then she began at the beginning and did all these things over again.

The child grimly endured. Evidently she had been accustomed to it all her short life. The world to her was a queer, tiresome place, in which mothers exhausted their energies and got their nerves on edge by paying useless attentions to little girls.

A physician who sat behind me watched the scene. "Has the woman no sense?" he said to me in an undertone. "Every touch pushes that child nearer the sanitarium that will one day open its doors to take her in as sure as fate."

"Poor little one!" I said. "Is there no hope for her?"

"Not with that mother," grimly replied the doctor. —*Boston Herald.*

### THE TRUE WIFE.

Do you ask from whence comes the beautiful word *wife*? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it, instead of that dreadful word *femme*.

But where do you think it comes from? The beau-

tiful characteristic of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless. This, then, I belive to be the woman's true sphere and power.—*Ruskin*.



#### APPLE PUDDING.

IDA M. HELM.

FILL the pudding dish half full of tart apples, add half a pint of hot water and set on the stove. Take one-half cup of sugar, butter the size of a small egg and two tablespoons of flour, and mix together and spread over the apples. Let it cook while you prepare a dough by taking one pint of flour, two table-spoonsfuls of butter and two of baking-powder. Wet it with enough sweet milk to make a soft dough, roll it out and put it over the apples and place it in the oven to bake.

*Ashland, Ohio.*



#### BAKED POTATOES.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

TAKE large potatoes, bake till tender, cut in two lengthwise, remove from shell, salt, and mash with a little milk; then replace in shells, putting in the oven with a small lump of butter on each half. When a light brown, serve on platter or in side dishes. Appetizing for the sick room.

*Franklin Grove, Ill.*



#### THE ART OF COOKY MAKING.

MANY otherwise good cooks, protest their utter inability to make good cookies, and almost seem to imply their belief in the necessity for exercising some occult art, in order to secure the desired results in this particular branch of cake making. That cooky making is an art, no one will deny; but there is really nothing occult about it. Merely a matter of knowledge and skill,—certain causes producing certain results.

To begin with, the good old mammy's infallible rule for all her toothsome dainties: "Jess put all

de ingregients into dat big pan, an' stir um all togedder wid dat big spoon," is not available in cooky making; as the manner of putting the "ingregients" together, is quite as important as are the "ingregients" in themselves. Then, the baking of the cookies, is of no little importance; the best of "ingregients" may, although put together in the most approved manner, fail in being the best of cookies, through the fault of the baking.

If the following formulas, with accompanying directions, are carefully followed, the result will be very satisfactory cookies.

**Sugar Cookies.**—Two eggs; two cups of granulated sugar; one cup of butter and lard in about equal quantities; one cup sour milk; one-half grated nutmeg; one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus, sifted in with flour to roll. Beat the eggs to a froth; add the sugar and mix smooth; add the butter and lard, warmed until soft but not melted, and work to a cream; add the milk and nutmeg, stir until well mixed; then add the flour and saleratus; stirring often until as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; then take out, one spoonful at a time, upon a well floured molding board, mold lightly with the fingers, until stiff enough to roll out, using plenty of flour; roll to about one-fourth inch in thickness and cut out; place upon a floured tin, lifting carefully with a knife; bake to a light brown in a quick oven; take from the tin with a knife and lay upon a folded paper to cool before piling together. It is best to test the cooky dough, before beginning to bake, by baking a bit of the dough. If too soft, add more flour.

**Good brown cookies:**—Two eggs; one and one-half cups brown sugar; one cup "shortening," meat fryings are best; one cup molasses; one cup sour milk; one teaspoonful each of ginger and ground cinnamon; two teaspoonfuls of saleratus sifted in with the flour. In mixing, follow the directions given for mixing sugar cookies. Bake to a nice, rich brown in a moderate oven.

There are a few important "don'ts" that it is well to remember, in cooky making: Don't knead cooky dough. Don't handle the dough any more than necessary, nor make it too stiff. Don't take the cookies up, from the board after cutting out, with the fingers. Don't remove from the tin, after baking, by turning the tin upside down on the table. Don't pile the cookies together while warm, nor put away until thoroughly cool.

The recipes given, are also excellent for jumbles: roll to one half-inch in thickness and cut with a jumble cutter; glaze with the white of egg, and sprinkle with sugar.

If sour milk for these cookies is not at hand, stir a teaspoonful of cream of tartar into a cup of sweet milk and use in place of sour milk.—*Gertrude K. Lambert*.



## CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 7.

NIGHT before last, October 9, we had our first killing frost, or freeze, and it was followed last night by another even more severe. Both evenings I worked in the garden from the time I reached home till I could no longer see, bringing in the last of the perishing vegetables and potting plants from the flower garden. It is pretty hard to be cut off so suddenly from the pleasure the outdoor things bring. The late rains had kept many of them in fine growing condition so that their taking off was much more sudden than in most seasons. But one can dream and plan for them around the fireside this winter and have his energy and zeal renewed for another year so that he will not feel that anything has been lost.

Among the beets pulled up last night were three, each fully 17 inches in circumference. The reason I mention them is because of their unusual raising. Like Topsy, they "jes growed up." Last summer our neighbor set out a beet for seed. The seed matured early and much of it was scattered on the ground. Early last spring I was quite surprised to find the ground for several feet around literally covered with beet plants. They did not seem to take note of the fact that they had not been made welcome in the usual beet way, but began the business of growing at once, though their hold on the unbroken ground was indeed slender. That some of them grew to the size already mentioned is sufficient proof that they overcame this handicap. They furnished us the first cooked beets we had in the spring, and our neighbor used of them all summer. The three I rescued last night stood a little distance from the main patch. I am going to take a hint from their early appearance and put in a few seeds next spring when we have our first thaw.



## DON'T FORGET THE SALT.

"HERE I am," said one of my friends to me, as we met on the street corner, "taking home a box of salt. I'm not out, but I wanted to be sure to have it on hand."

"That reminds me," I answered, "that I am out. The very hardest thing for me to remember in all my housekeeping is to order salt before the box is quite empty."

Then we stood a moment. She dropped into pleasant little reminiscences of her younger days when her mother was very ill at one time, and she, a mere girl, took upon herself the care of the house. "Along with my other duties I made the bread—and I almost always had good bread, too; light and nice, but so often I would forget to put in the salt."

Did you ever hear the words, and comprehend them too, and yet have them say something else to you? That is what her words did. I had been feeling quite de-

pressed, because I could not do the great things of the world. I wanted to be a Joan of Arc, I expect, and lead armies to battle, or a Raphael, and paint a Sistine Madonna; and because I could not, I was upset, and it didn't seem at all worth while to do the little that I could do. But as she talked, my small sermon preached itself to me through her words.

Here you are fretting, it seemed to say, and letting some one's bread spoil for the lack of your pinch of salt, just because you can't be the whole flour-barrel. Must you then choose your part in the world's work? If you were the flour, would you be pleased to have the salt refuse its aid?

Then I noticed that my friend was saying good-by, and all unconsciously she emphasized my text by saying, as she looked back over her shoulder, "Don't forget the salt."

All the way home I thought about that, and the submeaning it had for me. I even remembered the boy's definition of salt as "something that makes things taste bad when it is left out," and I said to myself, "Not only are you failing to bring out the best flavor in things, you are positively spoiling the flavor of good things by your neglect." The uses and significance of salt began to crowd upon me. Its office is not to create, that is true, but it is the world's preservative. Without it the foods of the world would quickly decay; all work and care of preparation would go for little, because of the inevitable waste. It is the world's greatest antiseptic.

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Salt is good, but if the salt have lost his saltiness, wherewith will ye season it? Have salt in yourselves.

So my sermon preached itself, and long before I had reached the store to place my order for the actual article, I began to realize the necessity of my tiny grain in the world's ingredients.

Perhaps a kind greeting might add a flavor to an insipid day for my neighbor, and leave a pleasant taste in her mouth. My constant attendance at the prayer meeting, though I had no word to speak, might be a preservative to sustain someone who had a grand message. A gentle word—"the soft answer"—might turn away the wrath of my hasty friend, and keep his temper from having a bad odor. My hope and faith might help to make a gulf stream that should fertilize the shores of some barren soul.

Only a grain of salt. No priceless jewels from the world's mines of art and learning; no wonderful radium to startle and heal; no sparkling diamond, imperishable, glittering. Only a grain of salt that must dissolve and lose itself, become a part of that which it goes to develop, or to save; yet, when it is so lost to itself, how much its presence means! No praise for the salt, but only for that which it saves; only when it is left out is it remembered. Not how good the salt, but how nice the bread! Then I thought

of some contexts: "He that loses his life shall save it."  
"Only remembered by what we have done."

As I walked thoughtfully home I no longer dreamed of the great things that I might not do in the world, but I said to myself, "Don't forget the salt."—*The Interior.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

### WHEN I GROW UP.

Our grocer's man comes every day,  
Though why he should I cannot say,  
For mother mostly orders beans,  
And soap and mustard, salt and greens,  
And tea, and starch, and lard, and rice—  
Not much of anything that's nice.

Such food for some folks may seem best,  
But scarce excites my interest.  
When I grow up my grocer's clerk  
Will very seldom need to work;  
The butcher's boy I'll ask to call  
Just once in spring and once in fall.

I'll have the candy boy call twice  
Each day, and sometimes even thrice!  
Mornings it will be best, I judge,  
To order caramels and fudge;  
At night a box of chocolate creams,  
To make me sure of pleasant dreams!

I mean to have the toy-shop man  
Stop just as often as he can.  
New toys grow tiresome soon, you know;  
And, then, too, one's friends do break them so!  
Heigh-ho! what bliss will fill my cup  
When I grow up! When I grow up!

—W. E. Knollys.

### MRS. MURAL'S HIRED MAN.

"PLEASE, Mrs. Mural, have you found a man to do your work yet?" asked Ben, in what he thought was a very grown-up tone.

"No, sonny," said the old lady, pleasantly, "men seem to be very scarce just now. Do you know of any one wanting such a place?"

"Yes, Johnny Hilt and me," said the visitor, modestly. "You see Johnny is awful poor, and his mother cries all the time, so I thought I'd like to help him a little."

"How old is Johnny, and what sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Mural. "I want someone who will be kind to the dog, and carry out ashes, and do Mary's errands, and all sorts of jobs."

"Johnny is ten, and he's the nicest boy in our class," said Ben, promptly. "He gets a hundred in 'rithmetic most every day."

"But I want a man," said Mrs. Mural, "or a great, big boy of seventeen or eighteen."

"I asked papa, and he said a boy was only half a

man," explained Ben, "so I thought mebbe Johnny and I would do together. I don't want any of the money, because Johnny's mother needs it so much, but I'm willing to help a lot. I carry ashes at home, and sweep paths and run errands, and mind the baby, and lots of other things. Johnny, he's ten, and me eight, so together we would be as good as an eighteen-year-old boy. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I really couldn't say about that," said Mrs. Mural. "I am very sorry for your little friend, and I want you to bring him up to see me this very evening. I will not promise to hire you boys, but we'll talk it over."

So in the evening Johnny came in his patched clothes, and Mrs. Mural was very much pleased with him. "Do you think he could do the work, Mary?" she asked of her faithful maid.

"With me to help," put in Ben before Mary could say a word.

"And me to help, too," said Mary, heartily. "Yes, I think he'll do, ma'am. He don't come in with his cap on, nor forget to wipe his shoes, I notice, so I think he'll get along all right."

So Johnny and Ben faithfully did the work about the big house as best they could, and never suspected that kind-hearted Mrs. Mural found a man to do the heavy work while they were in school. Mrs. Hilt soon had good food and a warm fire, through the efforts of the hired man, as her son and Ben always called themselves. "It takes both of us to make Mrs. Mural a hired man," they always said, "but we try to be a good one."

"We never had such clean walks and fine kindlings and good work all around before the hired man came, did we, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mural one day, looking at the porch newly scrubbed. "I didn't think those little chaps could do anything, but they are real workers."

"And worth all the rest that went before," said Mary, trying her iron to see if it was hot enough. "I thought sure they would soon give it up, but I guess they're going to stick."

And stick they did till Mrs. Hilt's father came to take her and Johnny to her old home. "I don't know how I am to get along without this half of my hired man," said Mrs. Mural, kissing Johnny good-by with tears in her eyes. "I am glad you are to be so well taken care of, but we'll miss him, won't we, Bennie?"

"He was more than half of the hired man," said Ben, sadly. "He was most all of him. I'm sorry to see him go, but he's promised to come back and visit us as soon as he can. I suppose you'll have a hired man in one piece now, Mrs. Mural."

"I think I'll have to," said the old lady, gently. "but I'll never find a better one than my two-piece man has been."—*The Religious Telescope.*





# THE RURAL LIFE

## THE CRAFTSMAN.

**W**HENCE comes this message clear and sweet  
That bids war's fierce alarms to cease;  
That calls a halt to martial feet,  
And bids the world to live in peace?

Not from the palace of the great  
Who rule by might of yellow gold;  
Not from the kings of high estate  
Whose hands the sceptered power hold.  
A Craftsman's voice that ringeth free—  
The Carpenter of Galilee!

Kings crowned by earthly hands have died  
And long since crumbled into dust;  
Their kingdoms with their boundaries wide  
Long since succumbed to wreck and rust.  
The gorgeous edifice of power  
Raised high by force of warrior might,  
Shone forth resplendent one brief hour,  
Then faded out of human sight.  
Yes, these are gone; yet still we see  
The Carpenter of Galilee!

Soothsayer, prophet, poet, sage,  
The statesman and the warrior bold,  
Their one brief hour have held the stage—  
Then to the graveyard dust and mold,  
But through the years has greater grown  
The humble Craftsman's peaceful sway;  
And 'round the world his love has flown  
Until it rules mankind to-day.  
Forth from an humble workshop he,  
This Carpenter of Galilee.

When right is might, when wrong shall cease,  
When all shall seek the common good;  
When all shall seek to bring increase  
Of joys of common brotherhood,  
Then shall the world full tribute pay  
Unto the Craftsman who has wrought  
Through all the years the better way,  
And into it the nations brought --  
This Craftsman raised on Calvary,  
The Carpenter of Galilee!

--Selected.



## THE CALL OF THE FARM.

ONE of the most remarkable addresses of the year as we have previously noted was made recently by James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway at Hamline, Minn., on the occasion of the dedication of the new live stock pavilion. "Back to the soil" was the burden of Mr. Hill's address. It was a call to the farmer for better work; not the thread-

bare eulogy of wonderful riches and bone and sinew of the nation.

Not half the land owned by private interests is under cultivation, asserts Mr. Hill, and, further, the land that it tilled is not producing more than one-half of what it ought to yield.

It is not what land produces that robs it of its fertility, but how it is managed. It is on this point that Mr. Hill urges that proper tillage would double our yield, and still not diminish fertility of the land.

Farmers lack concentration. They are not as a class putting the thought into their business that they should. Large manufacturing plants conducted on the same plan as the average farmer does his work, says Mr. Hill, would go to ruin forthwith. The manufacturer has reduced the absolute waste to a fraction of a per cent, but the farmer has been and is content to go on producing only half what his land will yield and yearly wasting the inherent fertility of his soil.

Even though Mr. Hill depreciated the methods of the farmer he lauds agriculture as a calling. He pleads for the time when farming will be looked upon as one of the most praiseworthy and profitable businesses that a man may engage in. To this end it is necessary that the farmer of the present and future should put his intelligence and effort into making the soil yield its maximum by soil manuring, crop rotation, systematic cultivation not only retaining but enhancing soil fertility.

Such a future for agriculture is possible, and such far-sighted men as James J. Hill are able to see it. Soil fertility is the great question before the farmer of to-day. It is not a question how he will reduce his yield; but rather how he can increase his output, reduce the cost and not depreciate his soil fertility.

—*The Prairie Farmer.*



## THE TRUE STANDARD OF SUPERIORITY.

NOT the man who owns the largest number of acres, and who thereby keeps the largest number of his fellow-beings from owning any land at all, but the man who puts whatever land he holds to the best possible use, is worthy of the homage of his fellows. The farmer who by the use of intense cultivation, irrigation and "brains" draws an income of \$5,000 a year from ten acres of ground—and there are such farmers—is worth twenty times as much to the com-

munity as he who gets a bare living off of one hundred acres. The country will by and by, it is hoped, abandon the false standard which makes the mere possession of many acres a token of superiority, and award the palm to the man who gets the most out of an acre.—*Maxwell's Talisman*.



### ESSENTIALS FOR SUCCESS.

A MAN with the right qualities and no other capital may start in a small way in the dairy business and slowly increase his holdings. But a man who has not the right natural qualities will make a failure even if provided with a good outfit at the start.

Good health, intelligence, common sense and a common school education are all absolutely necessary. A dairy school or agricultural college course helps materially, but the best school of all is experience.

If he yells at his cows, or pounds them with a milking stool, lets his calves grow up wild, or fails to keep things clean, he is not built right for the business and he will not succeed.

The true dairyman will make pets, friends, comrades of his cattle. There is money as well as pleasure in this kind of management. A good cow will trust her worthy attendant.—*Farm and Home*.



### PLANTING OR HUNTING.

AN old Indian chief said to his people: "Do you not see the whites living upon seeds while we eat fish? that flesh requires more than thirty moons to grow up, and is then often scarce? that each of the wonderful seeds they sow in the earth, returns to them a hundredfold? The flesh on which we subsist has four legs with which to escape, while we have but two with which to pursue and capture it.

"The grain remains where the white men plant it, and grows. With them winter is a period of rest, while with us it is a time of laborious hunting. For these reasons they have large families, and live longer than we do. I say, therefore, unto every one that will hear me, that before the cedars of your village shall have died down with age, and the maple-trees of the valley have ceased to give us sugar, the race of little corn-eaters will exterminate the race of flesh-eaters, provided their huntsmen do not become sowers.—*Exchange*.



### RUSTING VS. WEARING IMPLEMENTS.

"ACCORDING to my observations extending over a term of years there are more farm implements destroyed each year by rust, than there are by wear. The trouble is that the farmer buys a good machine, and then often fails to provide it with shelter. My

experience is that every farmer who allows costly implements to remain exposed to the weather is hastening the time when he will have to buy a new machine."

Observations made by any impartial man will concede that the above is correct. If statistics were collected on the relative losses from rust and wear, it is not unlikely that it would be found that four machines out of every five have suffered more from exposure to the weather than from use in the field.

Probably more grain binders give out before the fourth or fifth season than there are machines that last longer. As a matter of fact with reasonable care a binder should do at least ten seasons' work. Considering the fact that few binders do more than five weeks' work during the year, and the majority of them do less, it does not seem unreasonable to expect that a binder should be able to do at least fifty weeks' work before it is sent to the scrap heap.

If the average manufacturer did not get any more service from his machinery for the money invested than many farmers do, he would be forced into bankruptcy in very short order. On the other hand the farmer will struggle on for years, raising crops and buying new machinery.

There are always farmers who are complaining about the hard times. Markets and the value of their crops cut very little figure with them—they are always hard up. In most cases it will be found that these men are among those who profess to believe that it does not pay to shelter machinery. They work on the principle that it is cheaper to rust a machine into uselessness than it is to destroy it by legitimate wear.—*Selected*.



### MANUAL LABOR.

It seems strange that there are some boys who feel above engaging in occupations calling for manual labor, says a successful man. Yet it is true that the boy who does not choose to associate with common workmen or is ashamed to carry a dinner-pail is not likely to become worthy, or as famous, as he who has no such false pride.

Many of the men who are doing the great work of the world in religion, in politics, in literature and finance began as workmen, perhaps on a farm, possibly in a shop. The avenues for a bright and fairly educated boy who begins in this way are better than his chance of earning success as a clerk.

I have known many a young man whose taste called him to learn a trade, but who refused to do so, preferring to become a clerk, working fifteen hours a day, perhaps for six dollars a week, which is nearly half as long again as the average mechanic works, and but seventy-five per cent of the wages the most unskilled laborers can command. I have known other



boys who escaped clerkships and studied one of their professions. The result was that the young man who had the making of a successful manufacturer or a prosperous farmer, became one of the ninety-nine professional men of moderate ability who struggled for a bare existence.

The wise boy who has mechanical abilities should begin in a shop with a warm determination to rise higher. He should study his craft and also keep on learning the higher branches of mathematics and other sciences which will be useful to him in his trade. If he has special aptitude for mechanical trades, let him attend school, at which both his hand and head will become educated. When he leaves his school he will be able to find employment in some of the trades for which his instruction has fitted him, the education which he has had will also give him an advantage in the race for fame and fortune.

Mechanical work, besides presenting better opportunities for ultimate success, pays better in most cases than clerking and book-keeping. Often the clerks in a big store will average not more than a day's wages, while the engineer downstairs who has charge of the machinery that runs the elevators, and who presents a very sorry appearance alongside the well-dressed clerk, may receive very much larger wages.

So compositors on the newspapers often receive better pay than the reporter, while the bookkeepers are frequently not so well paid as the skilled workman in big factories. A little investigation will convince any boy of the truth of this.

Not only are the skilled mechanics better paid than the clerks, but their hours are shorter. The clerk often works twelve or more hours a day; the workman from eight to ten hours, and then, if necessity arises for his working over time, the employer, as a matter of course, pays him extra wages as compensation. But when the clerk has to do extra work, or the bookkeeper has to stay in to balance his books, he does not get any more in his envelope at the end of the week.

The argument is used that the clerk may sometime become one of the firm. The chances are by no means good; not nearly so good, in fact, as are the chances for the skilled ambitious mechanic to rise. The whole argument against a boy's engaging in mechanical trade seems to be that his hands may be soiled.

Well, what of it? They can be washed after work is over.—*Exchange.*



#### GETTING RID OF DUST ON STREETS.

MANY attempts are being made throughout the world to supply to travel dustless streets and roads. Dust has come to be recognized as a medium for transmitting disease, and it causes very great wear and tear on machinery, so that the more it is done away

with the better it will be for man and his vehicles.

In France several years ago the system of tarring macadamized roads was tried with success, and recently the idea has spread so that the plan is being tried in various places. The macadam-paved street is swept clean of dust and then hot tar is poured on until the crevices are all filled and the surface is even. On top of this a thin layer of stone screenings is distributed and a steam roller is passed over the road leveling it and making it more compact. It is claimed that a 16-ft. roadway can be supplied with tar and screenings for about \$400 a mile.

Some road authorities say that the tarred macadam road is a success and that in some cases repairs are reduced twenty-five per cent, while the paving lasts from six to twelve years longer. By using the tar, mud and dust are done away with, no sprinkling of the streets is necessary and there is very little noise made by passing vehicles. A method that is being gradually adopted in this country is the sprinkling of the roads with oil. In some districts it is said the sprinkling has to be done but once a year and that automobiles traveling at twenty miles an hour over them raise practically no dust.

The experiment of paving the roads with straw is said to have been tried with success by the farmers in some portions of the West. Every autumn the roads are covered with dust, which, after the heavy rains, becomes thick mud, making travel hard for man and beast. After straw had been laid on the main thoroughfare to a depth of a foot or more, traveling became easy, it is said.—*The Pathfinder.*



#### FIT YOURSELF FOR THE PLACE.

You would like to occupy a prominent place; you would like to be honored, looked up to, respected, talented. Suppose to-day you were offered the place you would like to fill, could you fill it? Not at all. Are you fit for it? By no means. And if by some mysterious miracle you could be thrown to-day into the place, your heart desires, you would simply dishonor yourself by your awkwardness and unfitness, and be disgraced in the eyes of all who know you.

If you wish a place among the learned you must fit yourself to occupy a position with the learned. If you wish to fill a place among the wise, you must seek and cultivate wisdom. If you wish to fill a place among the rich, you must fit yourself for all that such a position involves. If you would live to be the head of an intelligent and intellectual household you must cultivate intelligence and intellect. If you would like to be the husband of a noble woman, you must seek to be a noble man. If you would like to be the wife of a learned and cultivated man, you must

become learned and cultured yourself, so that you would not disgrace and disgust him.

When the time comes to fill a position, it is too late to prepare for it. The preparation must be made in advance; and if you have any high ideals or hopes, you should begin to work towards them the very first thing; for the higher the position of a fool the more he shows his folly. There are thousands of positions which men covet that they are unable to fill, simply because they have neglected to do what they might have done to fit themselves for better things.—*Unknown.*



### THIRD BRIGADE OF PARIS.

I HAVE no desire to write a technical account of the Paris police organization, but you could not understand the reason of its efficiency unless you knew a little about the famous Third Brigade. Its business is to supervise the police. It is under the direct command of the chief of the municipal police, and is composed of an *officier de paix*, a principal inspector, a brigadier, five sub-brigadiers, and a number of men averaging usually seventy-five. One and all they are picked men. About half of them are assigned to watch the regular patrolmen; by day and by night they slip about the streets, noting down all infractions of the rules of the service. He is a bold policeman who runs the risk of visiting a wine shop for a sly glass, or commits any of the other little sins dear to the patrolman's heart. There is hardly a chance that he will not be detected in time; reprimand follows and, after that, fine, and lastly, dismissal. The discipline is extremely severe. And, moreover, every man knows that a very slight breach of the rules entails the loss of his place. There is always a long "waiting list" of candidates, sound young fellows, fresh from the army, and the city can choose its new servants among the best. The other half of the Third Brigade is engaged in work of a subtler and a more typically Latin kind. In the first place it investigates all complaints made against the patrolmen by chiefs or citizens; these investigations are rigorous and quite impartial; the agent who is taken in fault must go. And, in the second place, the Third Brigade maintains a regular system of *espionage* upon the private lives of all policemen, be their rank what it may. This of course, is the Latin way of doing things. Wrong as it may be in principle it serves to weed out the men of bad character and bad habits and bad associations. And it prevents that monstrous alliance—which New York has known—of the police and the lawbreakers. At all events, this method of policing the police has been justified by its results. It does not stop wholly at the Third Brigade, for these supervisors are, in turn, watched by a smaller body of

detectives who report directly to M. Lépine, the prefect of police. In one way or another there is a spy upon every man on the force.—*Vance Thomson in "The Thief-Taker of Paris," in Everybody's Magazine for October.*



### MAKING MARBLES.

MANY of the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of school-boys are made in the state of Thuringia, Germany. In winter days the poor people who live in the villages gather together small square stones, place them in moulds something like big coffee mills, and grind them until they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common, painted, and glazed china, and imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble-player's heart—the real agate. Glass alleys are blown by glassblowers in the town of Lauscha. The expert workmen take a bit of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them red hot, blow them together, give them a twist, and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside in the form of the letter S. Large twisted glass alleys with the figure of a dog or a sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles that are most prized are the real agates.—*Unidentified.*



### A PRETTY DOG STORY.

HERE is a pretty dog story, which is also quite true. During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated singer. The lady was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her, as if fascinated, listening with delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished, he came and put his paw very gently into her hand, and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'" The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and when she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.—*Scottish American.*



LAWS and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks they must be occasionally cleaned, and wound up and set to true time.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Song on the Way.

Any way the old world goes  
Happy be the weather!  
With the red thorn or the rose,  
Singin' all together!  
Don't you see that sky o' blue!  
Good Lord painted it for you!  
Reap the daisies in the dew,  
Singin' all together.

Springtime sweet, an' frosty fall,  
Happy be the weather!  
Earth has garden for us all,  
Goin' on together.  
Sweet the labor in the light,  
To the harvest's gold and white—  
Till the toilers say "Good night,"  
Singin' all together!

### Breaking It Gently.

A small boy went to his mamma, and asked her to lend him a pencil.

"But," said the mother, "I left a pen and ink for you to do your lessons with on the nursery table. Why don't you use that instead of a pencil?"

Clarence hesitated for a moment.

"Don't you think, mamma," he said at length, "that the Times is a very useful paper?"

"Of course I do," answered mamma; "but what—"

"Well, you see," the little lad explained, "I want a pencil to write to the editor and ask him what'll take ink stains out of a carpet."—Exchange.

First boy: "The preacher said that when the collection plates went round every one thought to themselves not how much they could give, but how little they could give without feelin' ashamed. Now I'd jest like to know how he can tell what people is thinkin' about."

Second boy: "Of course he knows how folks feel. Before he got to be a minister he used to sit in the congregation himself."—Selected.

A medical man declares that flute playing is highly beneficial to the lungs, and may prevent consumption. The strain on the lungs in flute playing is gentle, yet sufficient to force air into every cell without over-pressure.

The roaring heard when the hand covers the ear has been traced by a physiological experimenter to the muscles of the palm and arm when at work. The sound was absent when closed by a book, and the roaring became louder as the tension of the muscles were increased.

A novel burglar alarm made in Berlin consists of a small box containing a dry battery with an electric bell on top. The apparatus is fastened on the door above the key, and contacts are so arranged that any attempt to turn the key or open the door rings the bell. If desired the bell can be placed at a distance, as in the usual form of alarm.

Microscopists sell copies of the Lord's prayer written in a circle only the five hundredth part of an inch in diameter. To read the prayer it is necessary to use a lens magnifying five hundred times. Writing so incredibly small is accomplished by means of levers six feet long. These levers are so adjusted that the motion is gradually lessened as it travels along them, till when it reaches the delicate end, armed with minute diamond pen that rests on a glass surface, it causes the pen to register on the glass, writing so small as to be invisible.

"Judy and I got into a terrible tangle shopping to-day." "How?" "I owed her ten cents, and borrowed five cents and then fifty cents." "Well?" "Then I paid thirty cents for something she bought—" "Yes?" "And she paid forty cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice-cream soda." "Well?" "She says I still owe her a nickel."—Detroit Free Press.

"What's that sign you're making there?"

"Fresh eggs," replied the new clerk.

"Make it 'Fresh-laid eggs.'"

"Why—er—everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid."

"Exactly, and that's all that it's safe for us to say about them."—Philadelphia Press.

### A Bit of Honey.

Just a bit of honey on the daily bread,  
Just a waft of perfume on the path we tread.

Just a taste of sweetness in the bitter brew  
That is dashed too deeply with the poignant rue.

Just a winning patience when the day is long,  
Just a cheery lifting of the pilgrim's song.

Just a thought of heaven; earth will soon be o'er;  
Oh, the fadeless flowers on that other shore!

Just a bit of honey in the cup we take,  
Just a little sweetness in the bread we break.  
—Margaret E. Sangster in Christian Advocate.

Jim Johnson: "Am your horse afraid ob automobiles?"

Joe Jackson: "Yais."

Jim Johnson: "Ah thought he was blind and deaf?"

Joe Jackson: "He ais; but he kin smell."—Puck.

"Do you know how to tell a bad egg?"

"I am not really versed in the culinary arts, but if I had anything to tell a bad egg, I should certainly break it gently."—Boston Transcript.

"Ugh!" grunted Mr. Newliwed, "what is this stuff, anyway?" "Why what's the matter with it, George?" exclaimed Mrs. Newliwed. "I made it out of Mrs. Spouters cook book, and—" "Ah, I guess this is a chunk of the binding I've got here then."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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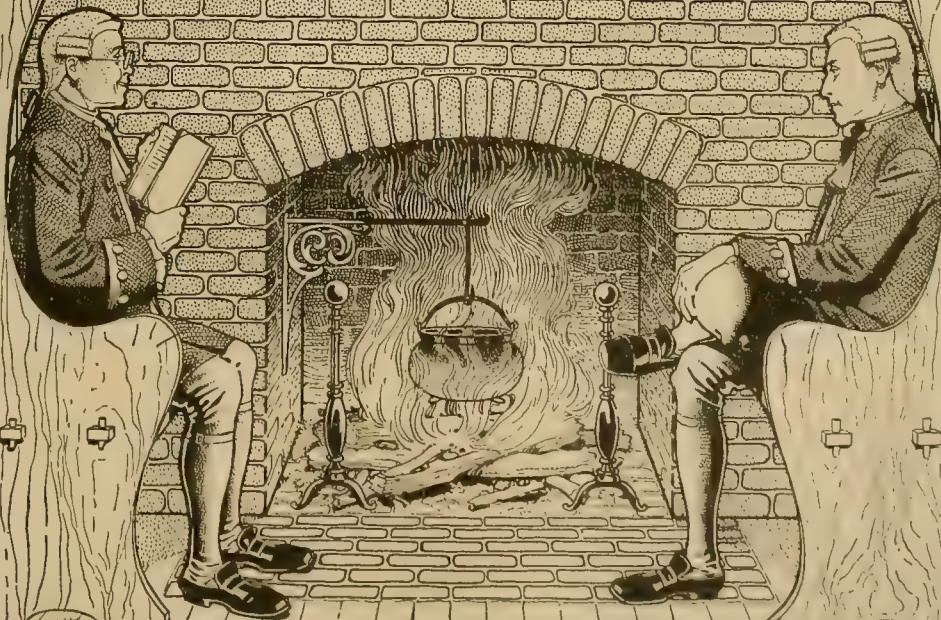
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Then the first ten thousand acres will be gone.

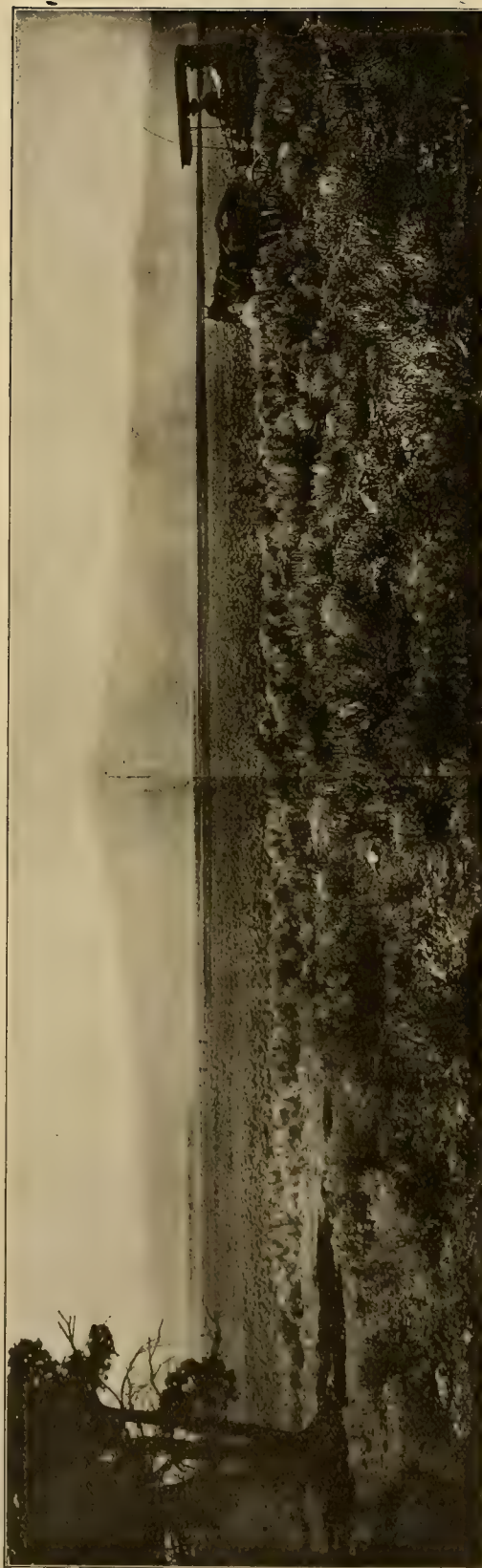
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History tells us that the powerful Alexander the Great once called to see him, out of curiosity, owing to the stories he had heard about him. He found him sitting in his characteristic position drinking in the beauties of God's sunlight. Having probably been told of his poverty, Alexander the Great, standing in front of him, asked him if there was anything he could do for him. Not in the least over-awed by the presence of his imperial visitor, he quickly made reply, asking him to step out of his light. This cynical remark coupled with his other utterances must have made a deep impression on Alexander, for, as he rode away with his staff, he is reported to have said that if he were not Alexander the Great, he should want to be Diogenes.

This old, yet interesting story brings to mind many utterances of a similar import which have been made, not by cynics but by skeptics—persons who have been slow to believe the reported merits of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER and who according to their own admissions, have been "standing in their own light" in neglecting to make use of this old time-tried remedy—a medicine which has proven such a blessing in thousands of homes, not only in our country, but even in foreign lands.

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Very respectfully,

Aug. A. Johnson.

## HE WANTED A GUARANTEE.

Otes, Tenn., March 26.

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# THE INGLENOOK

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## Manitou's Springs

N. J. Miller



NESTLING in a narrow cañon on the flanks of Pike's Peak is one of the greatest health resorts in Colorado. In and about this small town, Manitou, is a charm one likes to keep fresh in memory. But one street extends through the entire length of the resort, and follows a sinuous course

laid out in compliance with the topography of the chasm holding it. All the business blocks are arranged along this broad thoroughfare, and the majority of the hotels and dwellings are built farther back on the steep hillsides or sloping cliffs. The various styles of architecture of the hotels, dwellings and cottages are pleasing and give novelty to the place.

Aside from the attractive scenery, classed with the most famous in Colorado, the greatest interest centers about Manitou's mineral springs. They were long known before the first hamlet was built in the valley. The Indians traced their knowledge of the springs' health-giving properties way back to legendary times.



Pavilion over Iron Ute Springs.

The early Jesuits, explorers and hunters speak of the gurgling springs and delicious waters.

Of these springs there are two groups, one in the heart of Manitou, and the other at the mouth of Engleman's cañon. The first group comprises a half-dozen or more, the most prominent of which are, namely:

the famous Shoshone; a few rods farther up the stream is the largest of the group, the Navajo; near are a few smaller mineral springs, and to the right across



Pavilion over Manitou Spring, with Navajo, Shoshone and Others in Foreground.

the cañon's stream a few rods is the Manitou spring. All of these now are enclosed, either by a small beehive-like structure of brick, excluding all observation, or like the Manitou spring, by handsome pavilions within which one can see the waters bubble up and hiss from below. From these the public drinks or carries off in bottles, free of charge, all the spring water, soda water, hissing and effervescing, it wishes.

These waters are palatable, as good and perhaps better than patent soda water. The Navajo, Manitou and Shoshone are naturally charged with carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, chloride of sodium (common table salt), etc. For example, the Navajo has eight and three-fourths grains of carbonate of soda in every pint of its waters. The average tourist enjoys his first cool draughts of mineral water at the Manitou, yet he perhaps does not find them so delicious and effervescent as Mr. Geo. Ruxton, an English hunter and traveler, found them in the year 1847. Then the springs were just as nature had formed them free, open and easy of access to the wild animal, the savage redskin or the civilized white, whichever chanced



along to quench his thirst. Then, Mr. Ruxton, all alone, found no village or hamlet near, only cunning and merciless savages eager for his scalp. He writes of what he saw at the springs and of the waters of the Shoshone and Navajo springs. He writes: "For myself, I had not only abstained from drinking that day, but with the aid of a handful of salt, which I had brought with me for the purpose, had so highly seasoned my breakfast of venison, that I was in a most satisfactory state of thirst. I therefore at once proceeded to the other spring, and found it about forty yards from the first (Shoshone), but immediately above the river, issuing from a little basin in the flat white rock, and trickling over the edge into the stream. The escape of gas in this was much stronger than in the other, and was similar to water boiling smartly. . . . I had provided myself with a tin-cup holding about a pint, but before dipping it in, I divested myself of my pouch and belt, and sat down in order to enjoy the draught at my leisure. I was half dead with thirst, and tucking up the sleeves of my hunting shirt, I dipped the cup in the midst of the bubbles and raised it hissing and sparkling to my lips. Such a draught! Three times, without drawing a breath, it was replenished and emptied, almost blowing up the roof of my mouth with its effervescence. It was equal to the very best soda water, but possessed that fresh, natural flavor, which manufactured water cannot impart."

Enough of Ruxton. The waters of these springs are considered so delicious and healthful that the bottling of "Manitou water," to be consumed the world over, has become an industry of magnitude. The water, we are told, is put up in bottles just as nature leaves it gurgle and bubble from the mineral springs.

Then, too, it must not be overlooked that the water of Navajo spring is led into a large bath-house, having every modern convenience one might wish. Here one may enjoy a splash in the large swimming pool or in one of the many private bath rooms. The water is either cold, warm or hot, just as one may desire. Bathing of this sort is enjoyable for one who loves bathing, and has health-giving claims.

The group of mineral springs at the mouth of Engleman's cañon comprise several gushes of water, including the Little Chief and the famous Iron Ute spring. Over the last is built a large pavilion, a favorite resort for tourists. Stone steps lead to the iron railing about a circular and subconical pot built for the "laughing springs of living water" to pour in. Here at your services is a man dipping from the bubbling and boiling pot glasses brimful of iron water. These waters are fairly palatable, and do not at all taste like tincture of iron. The chemists' analysis of the water of Iron Ute shows these waters to have

in every pint two-tenths of a grain of iron, four grains of lime, three of sodium sulphate and five of sodium and magnesium carbonates. These chalybeate waters are used in large quantities by the invalids, tourists and others who daily visit the place. Its "health ministrations" do not stop here for the bottled Iron Ute finds its way into many chalybeate water-markets of the world.

"And the gods, revived and grateful,  
Wandered up the pass before them;  
While the flowers grew in their footsteps  
On the margin of the cool stream,  
And the rolling hills, with verdure  
Smiled to see the great god's gladness,  
So they wandered up the wild pass  
That the rocks had made to aid them.  
But before they left the valley,  
Paused they at its farther limits,  
Turning back with words of blessing  
For its gracious ministrations.  
As the health god spoke, there babbled  
Laughing springs of living water  
For the healing of diseases,  
Gleamed like red lights down the valley  
In the sunset's glow of crimson.  
And the god of mountain streamlets  
Blessed the brooks, and made them constant,  
As the snow-god blessed their fountains.  
Next, with outstretched arms, the flower-god  
Smiling, breathed his benediction,  
And the sweet, rare flowers like manna  
Rained upon the happy valley.  
Last, united rose their voice  
In a benison that lingered  
In the soft, sweet air of even,  
Rose and fell, and would not perish:  
'Be to mankind in their wanderings,  
Balm for pain, and ease for sorrow!'  
Then their moccasined feet trod lightly  
Up the green pass in the gloaming,  
Up the pass and far beyond it.  
Red men came, and found the valley  
Clinging to the wild, bare mountains,  
Smiling ever 'neath its blessing;  
And in gratitude they named it  
Manitou, the Smile of Heaven."

—Marie James.



A LANDSCAPE painter may be said to possess the land he lives in, so far at least as he can appreciate its beauty, just as a student who lives near a public library possesses the library, or at least so much of it as he can use and understand. And the longer I live, the more profoundly am I convinced that this kind of possession is the truest and most satisfying kind of ownership; nay, even that it is the only ownership, which being infinite in its nature, is adequate to our infinite desires.—P. G. Hamerton.



"LIFE is like a cistern—if nothing is put into it, nothing can come out of it."

# Almost—

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"Almost, is but to fail."



ALMO LOUISE EVANS," she wrote at the head of a large sheet of foolscap. Then she turned her attention to the blackboard and anxiously studied the list of examination questions placed there. The first three were easy and her pen fairly flew over the clean white pages as she remembered facts, dates and incidents of the War of 1812. The fourth question was more difficult, but after looking vacantly into space, and absently adjusting the bow in her hair, she mentally decided that she could answer it perfectly, and she wrote rapidly in a fine clear hand the particulars about the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. But the fifth and last, ah! there was the real test. Almo gazed at the innocent question reproachfully and almost vengefully. "I just had not time to review the entire lesson and now I do not know what forts fell into the hands of the English, nor what territory was held by the French at the close of the war." But Ray Morris knew, so Almo's grade was not the best.

That evening she was going out with her brother for a drive. "Are you ready?" he called. "Almost," she answered, but it was fifteen minutes before she came down stairs. "It took you a long time," said her brother, half impatiently. "I think we shall change your name from Almo to Almost."

"It does seem as if I never could quite finish anything," answered Almo, humbly. She was so anxious to rank first in her class, that she really was trying to overcome her habit of putting things off, and leaving them lie unfinished,

"Labor with what zeal we will  
Something still remains undone,"

quoted her big brother lightly; "surely, Sis, you'll win out at last." But she found time to study only a part of her spelling-lesson that night.

At school, the following morning, the girls surrounded her; all were discussing the prize to be given for good scholarship. "If I could study my lessons as easily as you can, I'd get that prize" said one. "Only three days more, then Almo will wear the laurel," said her affectionate friend. "Surely you will win," said another. Her heart failed to respond to these girlish compliments. She was afraid of disappointing them all. And when she spelled indelible "indelible" she placed her name second on the list and the prize went to Ray Morris.

For a few weeks she tried earnestly to keep at her work even when she wanted to run away. Her brother's occasional "Almost" served as a timely

warning against slighting her tasks. Her mother's gentle reminder to "finish it," also helped her to do things more thoroughly than she had ever done before. Then one day as she entered her father's office on her way home from school, as she often did, he met her, saying, "Almo, take this letter and hurry to the post office on your bicycle; you must reach it by five o'clock, or I shall have to go to Cincinnati to-night."

Without a word, Almo took the letter and mounted her wheel, then rode swiftly down the street, among vehicles of all description; in and out of the crowd she rode, hoping only to be able to mail that letter, thinking, "If I only can reach it! I believe I can unless that screw should loosen, and the wheel go to pieces as it did the other day. How worried poor father looked. Oh, I must make it!"

Yet, even so, when but six squares from the post office, she felt the earth rise up beneath her, and before she could alight, the machine almost imperceptibly, but surely collapsed, and there was only the law of gravitation between her and the street. She picked herself up unaided. Then her glance fell on one of the girls in the passing crowd; she called, and Katie stopped, willing to do anything she could. But she was surprised when Almo said, "Just look after my wheel," and then fairly ran down the street, dusty and disheveled as she was. But Almo soon realized that it was no use, the mail was gone even now. Then she took a car direct for her father's office.

Words were not needed. Father saw that she had failed. Pausing only long enough to get his hat and lock the office door, he took the first street car bound for Water Street, so he must be trying to reach the boat. Almo went with him. But when they arrived at the wharf, the boat was gone. In desperate haste he called a cab; Almo climbed in while he was directing the cabman to drive to the Union depot with all possible speed. Arrived there, Almo saw her father grip the railing and climb the steps of the last car as the train for Cincinnati pulled slowly out of the station.

Gazing after him until he was but a speck in the distance, she turned away at last with the tears rolling down her face. This last hour with its stress and excitement had revealed to her some of the burdens of her father's life. He was always so good and patient with them all at home, she never dreamed how hard he worked to keep them comfortable. She had not told him that her broken bicycle was the cause of her failure,—that humiliating confession must be made when he returned. Perhaps he guessed,



but no, he had not heard the others urging her to get her wheel repaired. Once she had started to the shop with it, but Evalyn Brant had called her in, and in talking over Evalyn's coming fudge-party, the wheel was forgotten.

It was a very subdued penitent, who reached home after tea. She went directly to her mother's room and they had a long talk about the broken bicycle and other things of mutual interest.

"If I had only gone to the repair shop, when I started, last Monday, I could have prevented all the trouble," was her one regret, "I believe that laziness gets me into these scrapes."

"You know who has promised, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and after you have overcome this bad habit, you will be a better girl because of the struggle," said her mother. Then she gave Almo a small booklet: "It has been a help to me," she said. Almo took it with her, and this one chapter on "Keeping at it" she claimed as her own special message. It was as follows:

"High up in the mountains, where the snow lies for long months, and the sun shines on the clouds below, a little stream trickles timidly down into a narrow channel. A few stones block the way for a short time; but the water slowly rises around them, and

then flows on a little faster than before. Here and there a tiny streamlet joins it, then larger streams flow into it, and a deeper channel is worn into the mountain side, as the stream flows steadily onward.

"But farther down are a menacing crag and barrier, barring the way effectually. Now the river pauses and hesitates as if in fear, or as if seeking a passage around it, but there was none. Then creeping ever higher and higher, until it reached the summit, and then gathering all its force, it leaped over the rocky wall, and with a wild, fitful song of triumph, moved onward. There was a shower of silver spray in which the rainbow colors were reflected, a presage of the coming triumph when it should flow out to the sea. Such is the mystic power of hindrance, of obstruction, of difficulty. The strength, the song, the radiance come only in this way. He who seeks to escape the crags and barriers, shall wander on in dull and sluggish content, until lost and spent."

The next day her father returned. Almo told him about her broken bicycle, nor did she spare herself in the recital. He was very kind, very patient, only saying, "And shall this bad habit of leaving things unfinished cause any more trouble?" To which Almo answered, "No, indeed, father, I must conquer it."

*Covington, Ohio.*

## "The Greater Half of the Continent"

Grant Mahan

So accustomed have we become to speaking and hearing others speak about the greatness of our country that we do not think that there may be others having as large an area, as productive a soil and many other physical advantages equal to or surpassing those of the United States; and if someone suggests that such is the case, we are inclined to resent the statement or to think it was made through ignorance. But, as a matter of fact, it is we who have been ignorant and too proud of the vast wealth of the best country in the world.

Several years ago I read with incredulity in one of our leading magazines an article headed as this one is. It seemed impossible then that there could be, and that so close to us, farming and grazing and timber and mineral land equal to any in the world, and of such vast extent. However, youth is the time when we are prone to think that our possessions are the best, if not the only, ones in the world. And it is good to have this feeling, for it inspires confidence and urges on to endeavors which otherwise would be deemed impossible.

The country in question is the one to the north of us, which borders us from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If we consider merely size, we shall find that British America contains about half a million square miles

more territory than does the United States exclusive of Alaska. We speak of Great Britain as the country on whose possessions the sun never sets; yet nearly forty per cent of those possessions lie north of us. We think of India as a great empire, and yet from Canada could be carved out three Indias and there would be territory left. We take just pride in the size and resources of our States; but the single province of Ontario is larger than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan combined. And the statistician of the province said several years ago: "It has a fertile soil, an invigorating climate, vast forests of merchantable timber, treasures of mineral wealth, and water power of limitless capacity. It has extensive areas which grow a better sample and a larger yield of the staple cereals than any other portion of the continent; and it has more extensive areas not yet brought under cultivation which may be converted into grazing fields of unsurpassed richness."

The writer who called Canada "the greater half of the continent" says: "It would be a startling statement to make, as showing the advantages of the much derided Canadian climate, that even in its extreme northern latitudes, the Dominion possesses a greater wheat producing area than does the entire United States; that the soil of this wheat area is

richer, will last longer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than can be produced anywhere else on the continent, if not in the world. Wheat is known to have been grown in the vicinity of numerous Hudson's Bay Company's stations for twenty consecutive years, without rotation, without fertilization, and annually producing crops averaging thirty bushels to the acre!"

We who have been boasting of our six or seven hundred million bushels of wheat a year find it hard to believe that to the north is a larger area than ours that will yield more bushels to the acre. But if we go up there about the beginning of August we shall see fields of wheat and oats and barley such as we never saw before; and if we travel from Winnipeg, west through Saskatchewan and Alberta, and north as far as the railroad goes we shall pass through a beautiful country which seems unlimited in extent, and of which but a small part has been brought under cultivation. The Canadian West has just begun to develop, and yet in the harvest season of 1906 it is said that thirty thousand men went to Manitoba to help care for the crops. In 1905 nearly sixty million bushels of wheat were marketed, and there is no doubt that this amount will increase steadily for many years to come.

Canada has an abundance of timber, and in the West much of it is finding its way across the border to the south, in spite of the tariff. There are great deposits of iron ore, and of copper and nickel. Gold and silver are also there in great abundance in some localities. Large quantities of phosphates of the purest character are possessed by Canada, as also of asbestos, mica, antimony, arsenic, pirites, oxides of iron, marble, graphites, plumbago, gypsum, white quartz for potter's use, siliceous sand-stones for glass, emery and numerous other products. Canada possesses more iron than any other country in the world, and it is more easily mined and more accessible to market. And in coal it is a surprising fact that Canada possesses the only source of supply on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and between these two there are stretches of coal deposits amounting to ninety-seven thousand square miles.

What has been set down here will give something of an idea of the extent and resources of Canada. There are, of course, objections to be urged against Canada, as against every other country. One of these is the cold. And it does get cold up there; but those who have lived there for years say they do not mind it as much as the damp climate of some sections where it does not get nearly as cold. The man who is seeking a home where the winters are mild, must not expect to find it north of the forty-ninth parallel. But if in the past America has meant opportunity, Canada means it now for him who seeks what she has to give in so great abundance. And as to the

rate at which the country is developing the growth of Winnipeg will give one a very good idea. In 1870 the inhabitants numbered 215; in 1874 there were 1,869; in 1902 there were 48,411 and in 1906 there are 100,000.

Many Americans have crossed the border and many others will continue to cross. They will help in the development and receive their reward. Some things strike the visitor as peculiar, and in at least two respects Americans are unjust. One of them is in the tariff. There ought to be, and we believe there soon will be, better and closer trade relations between the United States and Canada; for an increase of trade will be to the advantage of both nations. It seems evident that we have more to gain by such a change than have they. The other point is the way Canadian money is treated in the States. Our money passes at its face value up there—though they prefer paper dollars to our heavy silver ones—and theirs ought to pass at par here, for it is just as good as ours. It is not right to discount their money as is done everywhere except close to the border. They don't like to be treated in that way. Who would? It is pure robbery to discount good money as we do; or so it seems to the uninitiated. We should not want to give a man ten dollars in good money and have him give us as little as eight in return; but that is what we are doing right along. We ought to change our practice, first of all, because it is wrong; and in the second place because if we do not change it the Canadians may treat us in the same way.

Something more will be said next week about our large and close neighbor to whom we should be more neighborly.



#### THE THINGS THAT ARE CAESAR'S.

ALTHOUGH almost a score of centuries have rolled into eternity since the Great Teacher said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," the effect of the command is unchanged.

Often the child is taught by the act of a parent that if the "Cæsar" be a corporation one is justified in making this command null and void. One need not travel far on any line of railroad to see the above assertion verified. Mothers who would shrink from cheating their grocer or butcher coolly avow that John is below the half-fare age when John knows that the statement is false.

Recently the writer observed a young mother and her son of eight years enter a Chicago trolley car. They were accompanied by a woman friend, who gave the conductor a quarter, he offering her fifteen cents in change. She took the dime, saying, "That boy across the aisle, too," paying the half fare without the thought of doing more than right. To her surprise the well-dressed mother from a home of plenty



remarked, "I never pay a cent for him unless I am asked. You must learn those things."

The one who was learning "those things"—lessons of graft and crookedness—was the bright lad who, at his impressionable age, took in the whole deal.

This very mother if asked about her hopes for her boy's future would shudder at a possible hint of his becoming a criminal, and yet for a paltry farthing she sows the seed whose fruit is lawlessness.

Stenslands are not made in a day, but grow by degrees, as do all the forces of evil. How the acorn contains the mighty oak is beyond our divining, but our ignorance does not change the fact. How the boy contains the man is a problem which silences the philosopher, but the indisputable truth of the matter remains and the business of parents and citizens should be to make the conditions as favorable and easy as possible for the development of an American manhood which will bring no blushes to the cheek or apologies to the lips.—*Emma Freeman Booth, in Chicago Daily News.*



## TWO BEAUTIFUL MOTHS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

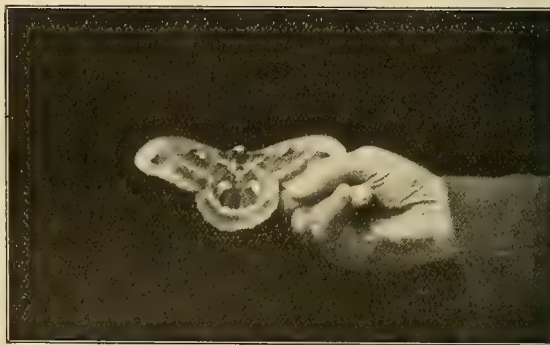
THE cocoons of two of our most beautiful moths may be found on the branches after the leaves have fallen from the trees in autumn. While they are quite common, it will take considerable searching to find them. You may walk miles with observant eyes, taking care to scan every bush and twig without success, and come home to find them on the bushes in your own dooryard.

The two kinds referred to are members of the giant silkworm family, and are the Cecropia and Prometheus. The moth will often measure six inches across its expanded wings which are most beautifully feathered, and ornamented with spots and bands. The silk of which the cocoons are made is very tough, and you fairly need a knife to separate it from the twig. These cocoons are different and you can tell at a glance which variety you have, merely by the shape and the way it is attached to its branch. The Cecropia does not often use a leaf as a foundation on which to spin its cocoon, but attaches it to the bare limb. In the autumn the silk is pale brown, but after the leaves drop it becomes a dull gray which renders it less conspicuous.

The cocoon of the Prometheus is, on the other hand, often quite securely hidden by two or three leaves, within which the silk is cleverly spun, and the silk, tough and fibrous, binds the leaf to the twig where it originally grew, giving the cocoon firm anchorage. The cocoons of this moth are usually found low down on willow, sassafras or spicewood bushes, while the

Cecropia chooses higher branches, and is as likely to select the apple or cherry tree as any other.

If these cocoons are kept in a cool room they will hatch early, and the surprising thing will be, how so large an insect can emerge from so small a hole. It moistens the silk before it begins to come out so that it is very pliable. The wings are wet and crumpled



Cecropia Moth.

when it first emerges, but vigorous fanning soon dries them and brings out the colors. It seems a pity that the life of such a beautiful creature should be so short.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



## AUTUMN DAYS.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

Around us the golden sunlight lies,  
Above us the dark blue autumn skies;  
Green and crimson, brown and gold,  
Are colors the woodlands now unfold.

The chestnut burrs are dropping down  
Their store of brown nuts to the ground;  
And the cunning squirrel, the livelong day,  
Is storing his winter's food away.

In the tangled thickets deep,  
Where the brown leaves drift and heap,  
Quails are piping, this they say,  
"The winter king is coming this way."

Purple mist, like a gauzy veil,  
Wreathes the hills above the dale;  
While chattering blackbirds, loud and clear,  
Tell us they will soon leave here.

Dark blue skies and golden days,  
Mottled leaves in woodland's naves,  
All too soon will fade away,  
Into winter, cold and gray.

Glen Easton, W. Va.



HE who does not see the heroic in the commonplaces of life would not find them elsewhere. After all, the heroic is in us, not in the circumstances or the occasion. These are but the opportunities for its exercise.—*The United Presbyterian.*

## A LETTER.

DEAR GIRL:—Perhaps you read in *The Ladies' Home Journal* how Juliana drove in the coaching parade and remember how Pierce Johnston again entered her life, and of the ring he slipped on her finger with the request that she make a man of him, but if she did not mean to undertake the task it was to be returned to him. Pierce, you remember, had sneaked off to Algeria after some money disappeared in a way it sometimes does in these days. Uncle Ned was kind and squared the account.

Now Juliana was young, like us, or she would have known better than to undertake such a problem that I doubt not his own mother felt her weakness, with the help of God, to cope with. And even through the love-blinded eyes of a mother was convinced no transformation would ever come, for her boy was not "a mighty man of valor."

I earnestly pray to God, that our eyes shall be opened wide as was Juliana's, and we may be as strong to put away our pity and vanity that it might not forever steal our happiness. For poor little Christine, the German maid who married Olaf, after he solemnly promised never to touch his drink again if she would give him her most priceless gift—her love and herself, was come to Juliana's home that day when she came from her glorious driving in the box seat, leading that gay parade.

Flaxen-haired Christine was velvety cheeked and dimpled on her wedding day, but that was two long years ago and Juliana hardly knew her "as she stared down at her, reading the piteous story in every line of her gaunt, young face, in every fold of her torn, faded gown," with a sick baby on her arm. She came asking for only two dollars, for Olaf had no work as his boss and he could not agree on the drink question, and the baby needed many things.

This is the result of Christine's call:

"What are you rummaging in my desk for, Juliana?" Uncle Leonidas glanced up from his magazine.

"I just wanted to find a small box of some sort. Anything small and strong will do. I want to send away a ring to-night." Juliana bent fairly into the desk.

"Is it something you've broken, child? Why are you sending it away?"

"Because I don't want the box seat," said Juliana, absently.

"Because you don't want the box seat!" Uncle Leonidas's teasing shout drowned Aunt Melissa's mild ripple. "My lamb, your triumphs have been altogether too much for you. Your head is pretty badly turned."

"It was this morning, perhaps," said Juliana, quietly, "but you may be sure it's turned back now."

Wasn't she fine and sensible?

I liked so much your thought that a woman at her best is patient, not feeling all unstrung and unreasonable over every injustice, real or fancied. Learning to suffer all alone, for each must fight his own battles, as there are regions where even our best beloved cannot follow.

A woman's life is grand, her suffering a part of her nature that ennobles and perfects her beauty, for Ruskin wrote these words so true: "The woman must be incorruptibly good, instinctively, infallibly wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation."

But you and I don't want to be martyrs as every woman must be who undertakes to reform a man. Every girl owes it to herself to live the best life she knows how—and she owes it to others more who may sometime be dependent on her. How can she if influences around her be unrefined? I just now remember some glorious thoughts in one of Mrs. James Farley Cox's splendid articles. I shall pass them on to you for hers is a grander pen than mine:

"Let the man reform himself first. Beauty and fascination, the light partnership in youth's pleasant things; a winning manner, a power to give interest to a dull day and fill the evening hours with music and laughter, may, and continually do, set a young man's heart aflame with longing to call all these lovely things his own forever, but they do not reach that deep place into which the spirit of God must enter before a man can kill his evil propensities. When a mother has patiently watched and loved and prayed for the boy to whom she gave birth and pleaded with him to master his enemies in vain, do not let any gay, sweet girl think that she can count on his faithful effort because of her bright eyes and youthful witchery.

"The man who knows his errors, and is ashamed of them in the presence of a girl with whom he has 'fallen in love,' will first of all free himself and cleanse his life before he asks her to share it. He will wait until he feels himself firm and free before he ventures to make himself responsible for her safety and happiness. And above all, let every young woman distrust and fear him who tells her: 'If you refuse me there is no hope for me; I shall be irrevocably lost.' He is simply selfish enough—even when sincere—to try to win her to give herself to him for fear of doing him an injury, and has no compunction whatever about asking her to share so dangerous an experiment.

"Many a long year ago one of the most beautiful young women I ever saw was told by such a man if she refused him he would kill himself upon her doorsteps, and he carried out his cruel threat. The social world of her native city dreaded lest she should be made morbid and wretched for life by this terrible event. All it ever knew of what she thought or felt was that she went away for a little while and that



her father said: 'We are so grateful that she was not moved to try to spend her life with such a weak and selfish man. Her suffering would have been endless and yet have done no good.' Had she been a less thoughtful and serious woman she might readily have been made to believe that her extraordinary gifts would suffice to transform his nature and make him good, faithful and unselfish. Mercifully God revealed to her that a man who uttered such threats was irreclaimable and cruel by nature.

"There are many men and women who love each other and live enviably happy wedded lives when the wife is the larger nature and has the nobler mind. But if the result is thus fortunate she must be unconscious of her superiority and not have accepted a man whom she felt to be in any way her inferior. The first requisite in the love which becomes indestructible and grows strong through trial is honor. A woman cannot perfectly love a husband whom she does not respect. The way of the world is hard, dear sisters, and you cannot look forward to a home-life that uplifts and is exalted unless your husband, the master of the house, is not also the head of the family."

I would rather by far live a life as did the wife of Frederick the Great, who was selected for him and he was wedded to her against his wishes. This indignity he made her when he introduced her to a sister he greatly admired, "I wish you to do nothing without her consent. The young bride, scarcely eighteen, was speechless. She expected "care" and "advice" from her husband, and not from his sister. Thus began the long and sorrowful story of her wedded life.

According to Hezekiah Butterworth, she was a good woman and bore her husband's neglect with patience. Strangely enough, in his old age Frederick came to love her; for he discovered, after a prejudice of years, that she had a noble soul.

In his will he made a most liberal allowance for his wife, and bore testimony to her excellent character, saying that she never had caused him the least discontent, and her incorruptible virtue was worthy of love and consideration.

*Leeton, Missouri.*

LULU C. MOHLER.

### JANETTE AND LEANDER.

IDA M. HELM.

Quoth Janette, "I'm going to marry a man,  
That, when cooking, dish-washing or baking's on hand  
He will never ask me if I can,  
And will not even ask me to sew up a seam,  
But he'll say, 'Sit on this cushion and dream,  
And live upon strawberries, sugar and cream.'"

Then she put on her best dress and curled her hair

and went out on the street to see if any young man, looking as though he might be her ideal, should pass that way.

It was autumn and Leander walking through the corn-field looked at the ripened pumpkins and ears of corn and said:

"Pumpkin pie and corn-cake  
Must the girl that I marry know how to bake,  
And also pudding, fry young chicken,  
And with flour the gravy thicken."

Then he went to the house and put on his best suit and his new necktie and hastened to the village to get the evening mail. As he was walking up the street he saw a young lady with laughing blue eyes and soft curly hair; she had a graceful figure and she wore a wonderful blue ribbon at her throat. It was Janette.

Leander's eyes sparkled with admiration; he took a second look and all visions of pudding and pumpkin pie vanished in a moment.

Each looked at the other and graciously smiled.  
Two hearts won a conquest that day.  
Thought Janette, "My ideal I've met."

And Leander did coo, "Pies weigh light in the scales beside you."

They both were so earnest and active in their decision that before many "moons" had passed she agreed to fry chicken and bake corn-cakes for him and again his "mouth watered" for those delicious goodies, and he soliloquized:

"She surely knows, for she is so smart.  
That by the stomach is the best way to reach a man's heart."

So they began housekeeping. But, alas, when Leander came in to dinner he found that she had omitted putting soda in the corn-cakes and they were heavy; she did not know that milk, eggs, and spice should be put in pumpkin pies, and she had forgotten to salt the chicken and also to thicken the gravy and what was worse, she said:

"Leander, dear, I cannot cook,"  
And then her lovely curls she shook,  
"Mamma says I needn't work,  
So I intend this part to shirk."

So Leander hitched up and drove over to O'Flanagan's and hired Bridget to come and do their work at a consideration of three dollars a week.

As he started home with Irish Biddy by his side he thought:

"I've married Janette  
With the blue ribbonette,  
She's mine, I don't need to fret.  
She sits on a cushion and reads a book,  
And I am wishing I'd married the cook."

*Ashland, Ohio.*

## CIGARETTE SMOKERS NOT WANTED.

"I WENT to fourteen places to-day," said the boy, "and was turned down at every shot. I've read about such things in the Sunday-school books and in the funny papers, but I thought it was all gab. The guys that I applied to didn't ask me if I lived with my mother; they didn't ask me if I wrote a good hand; they didn't ask me if I knew the city, and they didn't ask me nothing at all that I expected them to ask me. The first thing four of them says was: 'Hold up your mitts,' while the others says, 'Please let us look at your hands.' There was one look and four of them says 'Git' and the rest says, polite like, 'We don't think we require your services.'"

"What was the matter?" asked his uncle.

The boy held up the forefinger of his left hand, along the inner side of which a yellow stain showed as far as the second knuckle. "That," he said simply.

"H'm," said the uncle, "the boss in our shop won't allow cigarette smoking either, but I didn't know things had gone as far as this. Why don't you quit?"

"I have. I quit last night. One of the guys that said 'Git' called me back just as I got to the elevator and says, 'What makes you smoke cigarettes?'"

"I don't," says I."

"There's some things worse than cigar-smokin'," he says.

"I quit last night," I told him. Then he grinned a little and said I might not be such a liar as he thought, after all, but it was a fact that Chicago men had quit hiring cigarette kids. Then he says, 'You're sure you quit last night, are you? Well, you come back in a week and show me your mitt.'

"The stain'll wear by that time, Jim, and I kinder think that feller'll give me a job."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

BRINGING TOGETHER OF ALIEN RACES  
AT ELLIS ISLAND.

A low, deep babel in a dozen different tongues. Close squeezed here are races that have been apart for tens of thousands of years—races now to be slowly welded together. How absolutely different are the faces. A broad, stolid Polish face close by an excited little Italian mother who fills the air with gestures. Gestures rise from all the sluiceways. For the southeast of Europe loves gestures, and it is from the southeast that most of our immigrants come. Three-fourths are from Italy, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and South Russia. *Three-fourths are peasants from farms and little hamlets. Three-fourths are unskilled laborers bringing an average of only \$22 each. Three-fourths are men under forty coming first alone, their wives and children to follow them later. They are the strong men of their countries; you can see it*

now as you look down into the sluiceways. They are the healthy picked out of the vast poverty-stricken areas of the southeast—the peasants on whose shoulders for centuries Europe has rested.

These men are not coming here because of the Declaration of Independence. They come moved by the deep primeval instinct of man—to get for himself and his family more of the good things of life.

A vast primeval horde. Coarse, massive, honest faces. And on these faces—big, simple, human feelings.—*Ernest Poole in "The Men Who are to Vote," in Everybody's Magazine for October.*



## THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN.

A NEWSBOY, thinly clad and drenched to the skin by the soaking rain, stood shivering in a doorway on a cold day in November. First one bare foot and then another was lifted from the pavement for a moment and placed against his leg to get a little warmth. Every now and then his shrill cry could be heard as he shouted, "Morning papers! Morning papers!"

A gentleman, well protected by oil-cloth coat and umbrella, in passing, stopped to buy a paper, and, noticing the boy's plight, said: "This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad."

Looking up with a cheery smile, he replied, "I don't mind this much, Mister. The sun will shine again."

What a philosopher the boy was! How much better would it be if we all could learn to look at things from his standpoint! When tasks come and the path of life is difficult, cheer up. Keep a bright face and a brave heart. "The sun will shine again!"—*Selected.*



## CHARACTER.

It is a very curious and interesting fact that the word "character," which comes into our English speech directly and without change of sound from the Greek, signifies first the sharp tool with which a seal or die is engraved, and then the inscription or object which is cut in the seal or die. Our character, then, is the image and superscription which we have cut upon our life: I say which we cut for, however much happens to us and bears upon us from outside causes beyond our control, it is true, in the last analysis, that we determine our own character. We hold the tool which cuts the legends on our life, we grave the die, we incise the seal. What are the tools with which we cut character upon ourselves? The tools are thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—*Charles Cuthbert Hall.*



"AMERICA looks to-day not to legislative enactments nor to public organization, but to her homes as containing the bud and promise of her future glory."





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

"This do in remembrance of me."

OUR Lord never forgets us: he wants us to remember him. How he does thereby honor us! Should some great one of the earth, some prince or king of a realm renowned, condescend to visit us in our retired, humble home, and say on parting, with a feeling hand-clasp, "Here is a precious gift: Keep it before you; and when you look upon it think of me; for I hold you as a friend, and desire to live always in your memory," would we not treasure the gift, and treasure yet more dearly our relation to the giver? Christ wants to live in our memory; in our daily thought and action; in our inmost heart of love. He honors us by asking to dwell in our thought. Moreover, he blesses us by giving us the means to remember him; he leaves in our possession something connected inseparably with himself—something that invariably suggests him: he places his cup of blessing in our hand, and thereby fixes and stimulates our thought of him. Indeed, the power of memory itself is his precious gift. By it we have within ourselves the power to treasure his words; to hold at ready command the pictures of his holy life; to recall the scenes of his unselfish agony; to display before us the glories of his triumph over death and sin.

Memory has been called the spinal column of our mental faculties. It is at least the handmaid of them all, without which all would be helpless. Memory is the treasure house of the soul. In it we store our jewels of thought; the materials wherewith we garnish our spiritual palaces; and the things of joy and beauty for our lonely, weary hours. Here are nuggets of gold from the western mountains; there are shining pearls from the eastern seas; yonder are some cunning devices wrought out and perfected by skilled craftsmen of old, side by side with the wonders of modern invention and art; here and there is a cherished picture of long gone, innocent childhood, close by the sacred image of a toilworn, but kind and patient mother's face. But alas! among these treasures that my heart holds dear, I find now and then a hideous, filthy thing,—a deadly cancer of the mind,—that has often been plucked out and cast away, but which is found even yet close side by side with beautiful and holy things. Oh, if only this treasure house of mine were so full of things

true, things honest, things just, things pure, things lovely, things virtuous and of good report,—so full of the wisdom and sinless beauty of Christ himself,—that there were left not a niche of room for aught of defiling evil!

May it be that our Lord had regard for the weakness of our humanity in this particular? Knowing as he did that we can keep out the evil only by seeking after the good and harboring it in our thought, did he not consciously give us an anchor of safety in the holy sacrament and in his precious command, "This do in remembrance of me"?

Finally, let us observe that our remembrance is claimed for our Lord's suffering and death, rather than for any moment of joy or act of triumph. Is this strange to us? It may be for awhile, as it has been to many; but Christ thus finished his work for us, as a suffering, dying Savior. Thus he saves the world, through the atonement by blood. Therefore, let us remember Calvary. Let us remember the cross of Christ, and him who suffered for us.

*University of Virginia.*



## THE FEAST ETERNAL.

But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—John 4: 14.

HOWEVER much store we place in them, we are constantly reminded that the things of this world cannot satisfy that peculiar longing of the being for something that is not purely ephemeral. Despite our best and noblest efforts, we come sometime sooner or later to a full realization that the things of our hands, well done as they may be, decay and vanish.

It is even so in a great measure with the things of our heads and our hearts. We would cling to the joys of youth, but they slip by and are gone beyond recall. We would hold fast the knowledge that once was ours, but it drains away as through a sieve, and we no longer have it. We build of hardest stone, and the winds and rains of a few years reduce our work to ruins.

This fact of our own inability to rear lasting achievements of any sort so long as we work in the material realm should not hinder us in the efforts we make. The work we do is not done because we desire to rest in the result, if we work as we should, because we must press on, and having but these materials

wherewith to work, we must use them. Nor should this fact blind us to its deeper meaning.

It shows us in very truth that there must be some place where this desire paramount will not be throttled as it is here.

It tells us in a language stronger and more convincing than can be put into words that the thirst for infinity proves infinity. It impresses upon us the mighty fact that the only material of lasting value with which we can build here are those born of the spirit; that brick and stone and bronze may perish and disintegrate, but Faith, Hope and Love will not, because they are high parts of the days to come.

These are the wells of water springing up in our hearts here which will mount to eternity and quench there the thirst which is now beyond quenching. These are the things we should pay great heed to.

Life has its business, and unless we debase our talents, this business of life harmonizes with the plans of the Creator. The man who despises his human abilities is not a man. God has given everything for some purpose, some good reason, and it is our first duty to make the best possible use of the thing given into our particular keeping. But the moment we let this gift usurp the business of the spirit we begin to lose grasp on the higher estate which some day will be put within our reach.

The minute the business of life crowds out faith or hope or love it is no longer the business of life, but that of death. No man is so dead as that one who has no room for these divine qualities.

Christ lived and died to teach men the truth of this great fact. His chief effort was to show us how useless is all we do unless behind every act is a motive reaching out beyond the mere visible and tangible limits of the deed. He chose the simplest of symbols that we might understand clearly what he meant.

We thirst for water and drink, and quench the thirst. Presently we thirst again. And thus it goes on until we close our lips to drink here no more.

We thirst for power and freedom. By hard work we achieve some little share of one or the other, or both, perhaps. But we find, when we have got this little, that our thirst is with us again. And so it goes, no matter how much we gain.

But there is a thirst which arises within each one of us that can be quenched little by little in such measure that when we have worked for years we may come to a place where there remains only the possibility of an added satisfaction of knowing beyond peradventure that our thirst having been quenched somewhat here, will be quenched eternally in some other state.

This is the thirst for righteousness. Every good does something towards quenching that thirst, until finally we come to a sweet consciousness that it is capable of full satisfaction. Then we know as much as we

can here of the joys that are to be ours in the hereafter.  
—*The Philadelphia North American.*



### AT HOME.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

I'm so glad there's one beautiful place,  
Where we shall see him, face to face;  
I'm glad that my Savior knows me down here:  
So shall we know each other there.

I am so glad, in that heavenly home,  
That we shall know, as we are known;  
There, misunderstanding never can come,  
In that lovely, heavenly home.

The good, the beautiful, there we shall see;  
Only purity, there shall be;  
Every dear soul shall most lovely appear—  
Precious ones there—precious ones here.

Collbran, Colo.



### SENTENCE SERMONS.

THE love that lifts lightens its own load.

It takes more than a vindication to restore virtue.

The highest service is that which raises others.

In many a burden is hidden the blessing of strength.

A little help is worth a lot of talk about happiness.

Poverty cannot be cured by making charity a pastime.

New paths are the best penance for old wanderings.

Meekness is the secret of the maintenance of mastery.

The only way to keep kindness is to keep it in circulation.

He never says anything who never has anything to unsay.

You cannot reach the Divine by climbing upon your dignity.

You do not have to empty your head to fill your heart.

No man ever succeeded in preaching truth by acting a lie.

People who are self-satisfied are not always of a contented mind.

Some men seem to think that repenting of borrowing pays the debt.

They who do their work well do not need to speak ill of another's.

The power of the preacher is in inverse ratio to his professionalism.

Men who are too tired to think are always ready to believe that intelligence is a sin.

If all the rest of the world seems crooked, it is a sure sign that you need to set yourself straight.—*Selected.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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## POOR PEOPLE AND POOR PEOPLE.



HOUGH we usually throw all classes and degrees of the poor together in referring to them in any way, generally there should be some distinction. Some of these have no realization of their poverty, in any sense, while some that we have not included at all are poor indeed, according to their own estimate.

The general characteristic of those universally acknowledged to be poor is the lack of the things really necessary for the normal development and health of the body. Even cutting the number down in this manner we yet have several classes.

First, there are those who always have been poor and always will remain so. Some of these are honest and hardworking, but that dread spoiler, bad luck, which in this case might be termed mismanagement, forever keeps in their neighborhood the gaunt wolf of poverty. The rest of this class is made up of the "shiftless" poor. Often their degree of poverty can be measured by the number of dogs they keep, the more extreme the degree, the greater the number. They are really proud of their rags because they plead so eloquently and effectively for alms.

Then there are the poor who keenly feel their poverty, with its attendant inconveniences, and wisely use it as a sort of exercising ground by which their circumstances may be improved. These have no need of our pity or advice unless they give themselves so fully to the exercise induced by poverty that everything else is crowded out.

There are many people, who, while not generally acknowledged to be poor, must yet be considered under that head, in a sense. Most of us know something about the miserly poor, because there are so many of them. They are far removed from want in the actual sense, and yet their whole life is summed up in one mighty "want" which remains insatiated, for all their hoarding. They miss a great many of

the really good things of life, because they cannot afford them; and they miss the larger view of life, because they have narrowed their vision down to the mighty dollar. So, after all, perhaps they are as poor in one sense as they feel that they are in another.

And, lastly, there are the poor rich people. They have all the money they care for and all that money can buy to make them comfortable, and yet they are not satisfied. They may be even more miserable than those who lack in food and clothing. Perhaps the secret of their discontent is that with all their investing they have not invested in the pearl of great price. After all, the lack of earthly riches is a little thing compared with the lack of the heavenly. Poverty of purse passes with the fleeting years, but the poverty of soul,—who can endure its eternity?



## "THE INEFFICIENCY OF NIGHT WORK."

THE habit of working and even shopping and visiting at night seems to be growing on our strenuous American people, though it has very little to commend it. The tendency to prolong the working day into the night in order to accomplish more work is pretty sure to defeat its own purpose. And it is in the very nature of things that it should. It is sheer presumption to attempt to improve on the arrangement that was made to fit in and harmonize with the eternal order of things. The one who is "early to bed and early to rise" has little patience with the one who works far into the night and as a consequence loses several of the best hours of the day by late rising. The former may not have made a fair test of the two ways, but he is willing to trust to nature's way as being the best, and he has on his side the conclusion reached from actual experience of factories working overtime or with night shifts. Concerning this experience *The Iron Age* says the following, editorially:

"Formerly, during times of great demand, most works ran with night gangs, on the theory that production could be increased correspondingly. While it was well recognized that practice did not work out according to theory, there was little realization of the actual difference between shop production during a night hour as compared to a day hour. The cost system put the matter beyond a possibility of doubt; demonstrating that the difference in production is really very large.

"Of course, automatic machinery will produce as much by night as by day, and the coarser products, where brute strength or elementary skill is the chief element in the make-up of the workman, may be advantageously manufactured at night, though the production is seldom that of a day force. But when it comes to such labor that the skill of the operator is the chief factor of production, or at least a very important

factor, then the showing of night labor is much less satisfactory. The same thing is true of overtime work.

"Men cannot and will not do the same work at night as they do in the daytime. They have not the same energy; they are not living the natural existence, for, by reversing the periods of waking hours and sleep when they are not accustomed to it, the normal poise is upset. Men working nights are very apt to take insufficient sleep, with drowsiness and lethargy as the natural result. Overtime workers wear out after a short time, and must be permitted to recuperate. Even by putting its best men in a night force and filling their places during the day with the best that could be obtained, an Eastern company proved that the night gang did not pay, excepting as a bridge upon which to pass over an unusual emergency of orders."



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 3.

WHEN a person has been used to doing his work away in some corner or quiet place, any change that will bring him within hearing distance of the noise of paved streets and railroads is bound to be met with stubborn opposition. If, however, the change is unavoidable, and he is disposed to make the best of things, it is really wonderful how much noise he will be able to stand after a time, and yet do his work as well as before. In fact, the noise will become as necessary to the even progress of his work as the absence of it was previously. One unconsciously comes to depend on the regular arrival and departure of the big, noisy iron horses, and he may learn to appreciate more fully their real value through his dependence upon their noise.

What wonderful illustrations of the inventive power of man are the steam engines as we have them on our railroads to-day! Sometimes when I see them come puffing and snorting up to the station across the way they seem more like giant living creatures than a mass of iron and steel. We need not wonder that the small boy, and the larger one, too, longs to shape his future so that he may one day control one of these mighty monsters. Most of us experience no little elation in being able to drive a spirited horse and guide it at will; if such feelings increased in proportion to the power controlled, it is hard to imagine what they might be when we felt under our hand the power of many hundred horses. No wonder the engineer looks out of his cab window with such scorn and condescension upon us *ordinary mortals*!

The desire to rule the forces of earth may well be called instinctive in man, since the right to do so was given him in the beginning. And his efforts to prove title to his trust are indeed praiseworthy. But another duty which he holds lightly, or neglects

altogether, really should come first, and that is the ruling of his own spirit. However masterful we may be in controlling other men and other forces, our power in this direction will signify very little in the eyes of our Creator if we are not able to hold in subjection "every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."



#### NOTICE.

THE head bookkeeper wishes us to make this request of our readers:

For the great convenience of our agents please be ready to pay for your renewal when called upon. This not only saves the agent the extra work of calling a second time, but saves work for the House also. We like to think that you will want the INGLENOOK another year, so lay aside \$1 now and thus be ready at the proper time.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

I LIKED so much your thought that a woman at her best is patient, not feeling all unstrung and unreasonable over every injustice, real or fancied.—*Lulu C. Mohler.*



HE who seeks to escape the crags and barriers, shall wander on in dull and sluggish content, until lost and spent.—*Elizabeth D. Rosenberger.*



"Red men came, and found the valley  
Clinging to the wild, bare mountains,  
Smiling ever 'neath its blessing:  
And in gratitude they named it  
Manitou, the smile of heaven."

N. J. Miller.



How the boy contains the man is a problem which silences the philosopher, but the indisputable truth of the matter remains, and the business of parents and citizens should be to make the conditions as favorable and easy as possible for the development of an American manhood which will bring no blushes to the cheek or apologies to the lips.—*Emma Freeman Booth.*



THE minute the business of life crowds out faith or hope or love, it is no longer the business of life, but that of death.—*Selected.*



In the tangled thickets deep,  
Where the brown leaves drift and heap,  
Quails are piping, this they say,  
"The winter king is coming this way."

Maggie M. Winesburg.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

STATISTICS of immigration just issued show that during the six months, ending last September, over 680,000 immigrants were admitted to this country as compared with some 594,000 last year. The total number debarred during that period was 9,236.

THE last expedition, sent to Greenland by a Copenhagen merchant to make mineralogical researches, returned recently. It reports the discovery of vast deposits of copper ore at Alanjarzsnak which, it is believed, may prove the richest and best in the world.

A NEW YORK corporation has just received the first shipment of elephants to stock an elephant breeding ranch near Valentine, Texas. Provision is made for one hundred elephants. It is the first experiment ever attempted in this country in breeding elephants on a large scale.

DURING the Esperantist conference at Geneva, Switz., a Protestant service was conducted in the new language and the first Protestant sermon was preached in Esperanto, in the ancient church near the cathedral of St. Peter's, in the hall where John Knox listened to Calvin's lessons.

To prevent firemen from being overcome by the heat in which they are compelled to work, in Germany they are beginning to use a newly-invented "heat-veil." It is made after the principle of a safety lamp, with double windows. It is composed of fibers of cane, which, as is known, possesses a peculiar property of retaining water for a considerable length of time. The veil is made damp before being fastened to the fireman's ordinary brass helmet.

A GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY bulletin prepared by Henry Gennett has just been issued, representing the combined work of the Land Office, Census Bureau and Survey, in determining what constitutes the "area of the United States." The result is 3,026,789 square miles. The area of Alaska is given as 590,884; the Philippines, 115,026; Hawaii, 6,449; Porto Rico, 3,435; Guam, 210; Samoa, 77, and the Panama Canal strip, 474 square miles. All the detached territory is subject to change as the limits become more closely defined.

THE separation of church and state in France left Spain the only stronghold of the Catholic church in that part of Europe. Now the Spanish government has repudiated the concordat of 1851 and asks the vatican to frame a new one more in keeping with present-day ideals. One of the provisions of the concordat of 1851, especially objectionable, is that which lays upon the state the duty of supporting the Roman Catholic clergy.

SKIM milk as a fertilizer for crops is interesting many farmers abroad, several of whom declare that astonishing results have come from its use. Two farmers took a lot of skim milk that could not be used and poured it on their lands as an experiment. One emptied seventy-five cans and another one hundred and fifty cans. Remarkable results are said to have been obtained. Their grass is now many times as vigorous as on the adjoining fields where the milk was not used, but which were covered with commercial fertilizers.

MRS. WILLIAM ZIEGLER, the widow of the late baking powder king has supplied funds for the publication of a magazine for the sightless. It will contain news of the day, short stories, reports from state schools and contributions from readers. It will be sent free to all the blind who apply. In applying to be placed on the magazine's mailing list the manager has asked that it be stated whether they read "New York Point" or "Braille," as it is likely the magazine will be printed in both. The names and addresses of the blind should be sent to 1931 Broadway, New York.

THE Paris papers report that a well-known inventor, M. Maiche, has succeeded in working out a pretty successful wireless telephone system. His apparatus consists of two posts, each post having a telephone, battery, special form of induction coil and a frame, formed of a series of insulated wires. With the posts one hundred feet apart they say conversation can be carried on easily. This inventor has succeeded in talking by wireless telephone over a distance of two miles, using the ground as a conductor. Using the sea as a conductor he is said to have communicated between points one hundred and eighty miles apart. His new apparatus, however, works without the use of ground.

THE Shah of Persia has opened the first Parliament of his realm with great pomp and show. On account of impaired health his speech from the throne was read by the Governor of Teheran. He expressed his belief that the people would not abuse the freedom given them and that Parliament would support the government. His words were received with enthusiasm, and there were great festivities in the capital, the city being illuminated at night.

THE fact that the citizens of San Francisco have asked for separate schools for the Japanese school children has caused much feeling in Japan. They consider the act equal to a declaration of a racial war. For nineteen years the Japanese press has not been so agitated against Americans. It is shown that the government regards the situation as extremely serious. Prompt repudiation of the anti-Japanese sentiment by the United States at large is necessary to avert a crisis that would result in the destruction of the historic friendly political, financial and commercial relations between the two nations. The reason for the protest against the Japanese in California is the complete unionization of all trades. Because the Japanese are more reliable and work for less than the union men the cry of coolie labor has been turned from the Chinese to the Japanese.

IN 1903 a group of German authors, painters, and philosophers formed a colony on the island of Kabakon in the Bismarck archipelago. They called themselves the "Sun Brothers," their idea being to follow as nearly as possible the habits of primitive man, believing that by so doing they would escape all forms of sickness. They went without clothing, lived upon nuts and fruit, and worked only when they felt so inclined. Events proved that man needs more than nuts, fruits and sun baths to sustain life. Two of the party died as the result of exposure and exhaustion, and one was killed by the natives. The others have returned in despair to civilization.

IN a letter to President Roosevelt, published Tuesday, Secretary of State Root gave his impression of the condition of the Panama Canal work. He said that the various heads of departments were active and competent Americans who seemed intensely interested in their work, and that there were 30,000 people on the Isthmus, of whom an average of 25,000 worked daily. The actual excavation which had been done near Culebro Cut had gratified and surprised him. He saw thirty steam shovels eating into the earth and rock with a capacity which made the old French machines seem like toys. During August, 235,000 cubic yards were taken out, and 289,000 in September. Most of the work of sanitation, houses, wharves, shops,

railroads, etc., was now done, so that all the forces would be concentrated on the excavation of the canal construction. The excavation which has been done and is being done will form the basis of speculations for future contractors. Mr. Root thinks that the greatest danger now is to keep good and competent men in the service "under indiscriminate misrepresentation and abuse."

AN article published in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, widely copied, has drawn attention to the new marvel of education for the defective. The case is that of eleven-year-old Maud Scott, who was born blind and deaf, and who up to her seventh year lived in a cradle without the first beginning of normal existence. She was then taken to the institution for the deaf at Jackson, Miss., and found a devoted teacher in Miss M. A. Bodkin. By patient repetition of directed movements the child was first taught to walk, and then to feed herself. Now she knows her alphabet and has a vocabulary of about two hundred words. Lessons are read in the Braille system and copies made on a typewriter. The child is physically well and active and seems to enjoy life.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE deals with the county in the first of his civic essays for *Collier's*, and starts out with the assumption that the county is now the basis of American government rather than the township. He believes that few of the people who steal from the public funds or who lie out of public obligations do so with clear vision of what they are doing, and so he thinks it better to teach men what dishonesty is than to put them in jail for things that do not seem "wrong to them, until it has been spelled out." He thinks that too little attention is paid to teaching morals and too much to arithmetic and percentage. The citizen must be taught to keep the law, not only with the neighbors that see and know him, but with the unknown and unseen who deal with him through the vast and invisible compact we call life. So if the country is to be improved politically, he thinks it will do little good to begin reforming presidents, senators, etc. If there is treason in the senate, it is the same kind that is found among the people, and it will do little good to show the people the kind of rascals they have hired "unless we show the people they are the rascals who hired them." Nevertheless, he concludes that we are merely in a hallway which soon must open into a wider field, and at least that politics is no worse than it was a generation ago. Our antiquated system of politics, through conversions, has got to go. He believes that the movement for direct primaries is bound to prevail, and that it will take the American people a long step nearer the real government of and by the people.





### A SONG TO BRAVE WOMEN.



HEY were married in the autumn when the leaves were turning gold,  
And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold;

Side by side they stood and promised, hand in hand, to walk through life,

And the parson said, "God bless you!" as he named them man and wife.

They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew;

But he whispered: "Oh, my darling, I have riches,—I have —you."

Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and hand in hand,

They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss,

Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss;

But the battle-stress was on them, and the foeman bade them yield,

And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field;

And his heart grew faint within him as he murmured: "I must fall,

For the foeman presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all."

But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered: "You shall win!

You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battlement and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide,

Listening ever for a whisper,—*"I am battling by your side."*

Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about;

Beaten downward by the foeman, lost in mists of gloom and doubt;

Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey  
Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray.

Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!"

For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these,  
Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize;

Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed or stricken in the din,

But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall win!"

And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray,

Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way;

Just some little, loyal woman forcing back the tears that blur,—

You may honor your brave hero; I will sing a song to her.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse.



### THE MISUNDERSTOOD GIRL.

SHE is to be found everywhere, in all classes of society—and to recognize her is to avoid her. Nothing is more fatal to the peace and happiness of a community or household than to count a "misunderstood" girl among its members. As a rule they are not misunderstood at all, but on the contrary, are understood far too well, for they are taken at the valuation of the many, which is more likely to be true than that which is set by the individual herself upon her own character.

A misunderstood girl is often a selfish, always a foolish, girl; for if she is clever she will soon discover the reason why she is not a domestic success.

In some instances we are really misjudged, in the same way as we often misjudge others. But, as a broad rule, the judgment formed by the world—or rather that small portion of it in which we live—is more often the true one.

"Nobody loves me at home; they don't understand me," the "misunderstood" girl will say, with a melancholy smile, and thinks herself well deserving of the pity and sympathy of her friends. But is she?

You are filled, perhaps, with the desire of improving your own mind; you love the study of poetry, art or literature, and you are extremely ruffled when your sister begs you to assist her in retrimming an old dress, or to take the younger children out for a walk. Don't you think you could put down your book with a good grace, help your sister and at the same time interest and amuse her with an account of your reading?

One day you are keenly interested and excited over an article in a magazine, where your own ideas are brought out in powerful language. You rush down like an avalanche and pour forth a volume of talk upon the head of your favorite brother who has just come home tired from a hard day's work, and then you are angry and hurt that he takes no interest in the subject and wonders what on earth you are so excited about.

The truth is you are not misunderstood—you are incorrigibly selfish.—*Woman's Life.*



### HELPS.

AUNT MARY.

ONE morning as I was finishing my work, I heard a quick, brisk step on the walk, and in a moment the rosy face of my little friend appeared, and in the gladness of her greeting, I knew that something had happened.

"Oh, Mrs. Watson, just see what some unknown friend has sent to me; a great box of plants and bulbs. Come quickly and see," and she began, all in a tremor, to open the packages. "Just look; great fat, brown tulips, and just as many hyacinths. And here is a package of dicentra, lily of the valley, peonies, red, white and pink, iris, blue and white, and a lot of snug little crocus bulbs. Here are the plants. Chinese primrose, primula obconica, cyclamen, a petunia ready to bloom, and a lovely Zanzibar balsam, full of flowers and buds. I feel immensely rich, indeed I do, and I came to ask your advice, Mrs. Watson, about getting them started."

"I am glad you did, Lois, for I love to work with bulbs, and flowering plants too. You will have to ask your papa's "right hand man," as he calls his trusty hired man, to prepare the border. Papa will select the place for it; then have it well fertilized, and deeply spaded about two and a half feet in width. Then we can do the planting. We can do the planning now. How would you like this way? Plant a dicentra—bleeding heart it is commonly called, and a more wonderful and lovelier flower never bloomed—then a white iris, then a plant each of red, white and pink peony, then the blue iris. Then leave a space of eighteen inches to set a Madonna Lily, which should be done in August when the plant is dormant, and then begin again with the dicentra, planting in the same way until all are used."

"Do they all bloom at once, Mrs. Watson?"

"No, no; the dicentra will bloom first, then the red peony, and so on; but the idea is to have a whole row of bloom of the same kind at *one time*. I had a border of this kind at the "old home," and I often think of one particular springtime, when the dicentra were blooming lavishly, an old gentleman came through the gate at the end of the border, and when his eyes took in the scene, he just stopped, and smiling broadly, said slowly, 'Well, - if - that - isn't - the - prettiest - sight - I - ever - saw.' I said, 'Do you like them, Uncle John?' 'Indeed I do, Mrs. Watson.' 'Well, come over, in September, and I will give you all you want.' He said he would, but I supposed he would forget all about it, but when September came

round, the old gentleman came also, and I thought he *never would* tell me to stop digging roots. So when I had his basket full I said, 'I believe that is as many as you will want to plant to-day.' 'Certainly that will do, and thank you heartily,' he said; and he has all the 'spring beauties,' as he calls them, that he wants."

"Do all gentlemen love flowers that much, do you think, Mrs. Watson?"

"No, Lois; neither do *all ladies* care that much for those gifts from him who said, 'Consider the lilies.' It has been said that God might have made this earth without one flower to bloom thereon, but how glad we are that he did not."

"I am truly glad," said Lois, putting an arm lovingly around her treasures, "but how about the tulips, hyacinths, etc.?"

"Plant the tulips in front of the taller growing kinds, then the hyacinths in front of the tulips, and leave the little crocuses for an edge, leaving a few inches of the spaded border for the wheel of the lawn mower. These bloom first of all, and after the flowers are gone the leaves make lovely tufts of green for a long time. Your growing plants are all winter bloomers, and since they have been sent by express, with the ball of earth attached, they will not even wilt,—but should be kept out of sunshine and draft a few days. Put your crocks, about three-inch ones, into a bucket of water to absorb all they want, and the girls and I will come and help you pot them, and do the planting, too."



### CHATS OVER THE BACK FENCE.—No. 8.

A THOROUGH business man would not consider my gardening experience complete without a summing up to see on which side the greatest number of dollars figure.

In the first place, the garden spot is thirty-three feet long, east and west, and twenty-five feet wide. On the east side there is a high board fence and on the north side a barn. In the northeast corner of the garden there is an old well-rotted manure pile and in the southwest corner there is a clay bank, thrown up when a cesspool was dug. At first I did not attempt to farm this,—I had learned something back East about the nature of clay soil, but not enough to know how to manage it. However, I have been reclaiming a little of it every year, till this year there were only a few square feet of it that could be called waste land. The main part of the garden is composed of excellent black soil with just enough sand in it to make it light and loose.

We did not keep a strict account of the garden products, but just lumped them off, being sure that the "lumps" were quite generous considering the prices of such things here in the markets. According



to this very rough estimate our crops, which included lettuce, radishes, peas, beans, beets, onions, cabbage, tomatoes, corn, cucumbers, squash, celery and turnips, amounted to \$6.20. Deducting from this \$1.05, the price paid for spading and seeds, we have \$5.15 to stand against the few hours given to the work. For an acre of ground this would amount to about \$275 dollars. That is not a large increase for garden crops, but considering that at least two other lines of work claimed the greatest part of my time, even these figures are very satisfactory.

Now that the business man is satisfied, there is another point worth taking into account, and that is the pleasure and profit that cannot be estimated in paltry dollars and cents. There was the exercise and contact with the soil and fresh air and sunshine which in themselves are a reliable cure for indigestion. I usually visited the garden twice a day. Often I had no time to work in it, but simply standing there and looking about rested and refreshed me and gave me new and better views of life. Best of all, such work brings one into very close relations with the great Creator of all, and as we dig and delve and train the plants that he has made, we realize more and more his wonderful power and wisdom.



#### THE ART OF MENDING NEATLY.

It is well to learn the value of the stitch in time, for rents in clothes and household linen are not difficult to repair at first; but if they are neglected till the second washing, they may become hopelessly torn. When hemming a new tablecloth, the ravelings should be wound in a ball and saved for darning the linen, and thin places in towels and table linen can be greatly strengthened if the thread is run through the place and far enough around it to keep the fabric from immediately playing out; and if small holes are darned as soon as they appear, the clothes will last twice as long.

A nice way to darn a worn place in a rag carpet is to cut some rags fine enough to thread a darning-needle, and darn as you would a stocking, and it will not only last longer, but will look better than when yarn is used for darning.

Sometimes a rent in a woolen garment can be easily darned with ravelings of the same material. Thread an embroidery-needle with them, and carefully darn the place; then dampen and press on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron.

An easy way to mend a hole in a lace or muslin curtain or in a calico garment, is to take a piece of the goods, dip it in starch, then carefully trim the frayed edges and place the piece on the under side of the rent, and iron first on the right and then on the wrong side. Mucilage can be used instead of the

starch for a silk or woolen garment, and after placing a piece of the material under the torn place, put a heavy weight upon it instead of pressing with an iron.  
—*Religious Telescope*.



#### SELECTED RECIPES.

CREAM GINGERBREAD.—Put one cup of molasses and one cup of sour cream into a mixing bowl, add one level teaspoon of sifted soda and stir. Add level teaspoon of ginger, a saltspoon of salt, and two and one-half cups of sifted pastry flour. Bake in a sheet and serve while fresh and not quite cold.



BREAD griddle cakes serve not only as a means of disposing of left-overs, but are delicious if well made. Soak two cupfuls of breadcrumbs in two cupfuls of scalding milk over night, having the milk scalding hot when it is poured over the bread. In the morning rub the crumbs through a sieve or potato ricer. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a cupful of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs and cold milk if the batter needs thinning. Bake on a moderately hot griddle.



MOCK CHERRY PIE.—One cup cranberries, cut in halves, one-half cup stoned raisins, one cup sugar (scant cup), one tablespoonful flour, two teaspoonfuls vanilla, one-half cup of boiling water. These ingredients are sufficient for one pie, with upper and lower crusts.



#### THE HOME DOCTOR.

A PIECE of raw onion rubbed on a troublesome chilblain is very soothing.



PLAIN boiled water, given between feedings, will often aid the digestion and satisfy the child when restless.



IN cases of inflammation of the stomach and bowels, try cloths wrung out of hot water in which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been put.



A THOROUGHLY tested and invaluable poultice for wounds from rusty nails, needles, bruises, felons or boils is made by mixing thick sweet cream and flour to the consistency of biscuit dough.



A REMEDY for gout is a raw egg in its shell put in a cup filled with vinegar. In about two days the shell will be dissolved. Mix this with a small quantity

of turpentine oil, and with this liquid rub the afflicted part. If this does not alleviate the pain, it will at least do no harm. In many cases it has produced excellent results.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### THE BOOK OF MEMORY.

My grandma has a curious book she often lets me see,  
When at the dusk I leave my play to sit upon her knee.  
I can not touch the book at all, but shut my eyes up tight,  
While grandma tells the pictures, and I see them clear and bright.  
I see the dear old farmhouse, where my grandma used to play.  
The barn with all the cattle and the fragrant mows of hay.  
The pets that grandma used to have, and all her queer old toys,  
And the little country schoolhouse, full of merry girls and boys.  
And there are other pictures, too, which make my grandma sigh;  
She says I must not see them now, but wait till by and by.  
But though she thinks they're far too sad to show to little me,  
She's sure they all look brighter when I'm sitting on her knee.  
My grandma says I'm making now a book to be my own,  
And that I'll often look at it and smile, when I am grown;  
And then I'm sure the picture that I'll like the best to see  
Will be myself a-sitting in the dusk on grandma's knee.  
—Baptist Standard.



### HOW MARTIN'S PENNY GREW.

"MISS NELLIE gave us each a penny to-day," said Martin, when he came home from the little party his Sunday-school teacher had given her class, "and she said we should try to make them grow. At first I thought she was in fun, but when Ted whispered that he meant to buy an egg with his cent and raise a chicken, I knew what she meant. What can I do to make mine grow, mamma?"

"Did Miss Nellie want you to ask anyone or think out a plan for yourselves?" asked mamma.

"Well—I guess she does want us to think for ourselves, but I just can't find a way at all. I couldn't have an egg to set, could I?"

"No, dearie, we have no place for chickens. There are plenty of ways to make a penny bring a big harvest if a boy keeps his eyes open. I know of three plans this minute."

She would not tell, but Martin saw she was looking at the three tin cans the garbage man had dropped off his load in the alley. "It's something about those cans," said the little boy, but his mother only laughed. "I'll go and get them before the man comes back and maybe I can guess your plan after while."

"I have it," he screamed, before he reached the tomato cans. "I could plant flowers in these cans and sell them. Is that it?"

"You are very good at guessing," said mama. "Yes, that is one of the plans. I will sell you a slip off my red geranium for your penny, and if you take good care of it you will be able to sell it when it gets a nice start."

"I will buy the plant when it is in blossom," said grandma, "to give to Mrs. Saunders. She was crying yesterday because she had no plant to put on her daughter's grave."

Martin took the greatest pains with his plant, and it would have been very naughty not to grow in the nice soil he found for it. He first punched three holes in the bottom of the can and covered them carefully with a piece of broken dish. This was to let the extra water have a chance to run out when the plant had its daily drink. Then he filled it with rich soil and pressed the dirt firmly around the stalk to give it a good start, for he wanted it to blossom soon. In three weeks grandma gave him ten cents for it, and he started at once for Miss Nellie's house to give it to her for the missionary box.

"You were not gone very long," said Martin's mama, when he came hurrying back with shining eyes. "What did Miss Nellie say?"

"I didn't go to her house," said Martin, all out of breath. "I thought I'd buy some more plants and fill more tin cans."

"I wondered if you would think of that or whether Miss Nellie would have to tell you," laughed mama. "I am glad my boy wants to make his penny grow still larger."

Such fun as it was to watch that little shining coin grow into dimes and quarters! Martin begged all the tin cans he could get from the neighbors and wanted his mama to cook only things that came in the vessels he could make into flower pots so easily. Grandma bought plants to send to sick people and a great many of mama's friends heard of the plan to make missionary money, so the little gardener had his hands full.

"I'm going to begin saving tin cans for next year," said Martin, when he proudly started off with two bright dollars in his missionary box. "I've got lots of plants engaged already, so I'll have to start earlier than this year. Ted sold his chicken for seventy-five cents, and Rob had a dollar from his pop corn, but I have more than any one."

"I wish more boys and girls would make their pennies grow for a good cause, rather than give them all for candy and nuts," said mama. "Just think how many nice things we could do for poor people by planting a few pennies every year before Christmas and then carefully taking care of them."

"I believe I'll try it, mama," said Martin, and he has a nice little sum in his bank now, though Christmas is a long way off yet.—*Selected.*





# THE RURAL LIFE

## HARVEST BLESSINGS.

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

—Whittier.



## MY SWEETHEART WIFE.

[The following lines were handed to the Editor by one of our earnest, active ministers. He happened upon them while away from home and appreciated them so thoroughly that he thought some of the Inglenook readers might also consider them good.]

Tis very sweet as the world goes ill  
To know you are faithful and love me still,  
To feel when the sunshine has left the skies,  
The light still shines in your dear eyes.  
It is very sweet to see you near,  
When life with its cares seems hard to bear;  
To feel when I falter the clasp divine  
Of your tender and kindly hand in mine.

Sometimes to each the world goes wrong  
And the birds forget their joyous song,  
But listen, dear one, while you live  
The world has something sweet to give.  
Together may we onward go,  
Thro' all the years of weal and woe,  
Loving each other till Death shall part,  
Ever and always my own sweetheart.

—E. G. Dewey.



## PRESERVATION OF SAUSAGE AND OTHER PORK PRODUCTS.

D. Z. ANGLE.

AFTER grinding sausage it should be seasoned with salt and black pepper and coriander. The salt should be put into the sausage at the rate of one pound or two handfuls of salt, and one-eighth pound or two handfuls of ground black pepper or ground coriander to every fifty pounds of sausage. With the hands mix sausage, salt and pepper well together.

Now make sausage into round flat cakes of the size usually prepared for the table, place cakes in a bread pan and put in the baker of a hot stove and fry

until well browned and done through. This may be done at odd times while preparing meals or doing other cooking. After sausage cakes are well fried, pack them in one or two gallon stone jars. Fill jars within an inch of the top, then pour onto sausage melted lard sufficient to cover the meat to about one inch in depth.

Sausage put up this way will keep for months or through the summer season and be like fresh when taken out for use. The lard from over it may be used, too. The methods much employed in some localities of stuffing sausage into casings or small cotton sacks by means of machinery or by hand, requires probably more labor with rather less satisfactory results than the packing process. But for immediate use during cold weather, it might prove most convenient and best to put the sausage into long narrow sacks of thin muslin which after filling can be hung up by hooks in the meat house. The sacks made be made of empty flour sacks or old sheets, and of a size so that when filled they will be about as thick as a teacup, and eighteen inches in length. Hang up and smoke either by old way of green hickory wood fire, or by applying with a brush the newly-patented liquid smoke. Make two or three applications of the liquid smoke to sausage and other meats.

Hams, shoulders and sides should be trimmed nicely, all corners and sharp edges cut off and the legs severed two or three inches above the knees. Let the meat lay in a cool place until all animal heat is out, but do not let it freeze. Then to preserve it as plain salt pork, rub each piece with fine common salt and pack closely in a barrel, sprinkle salt on each layer after placing in barrel. Hams should be put in first, shoulders next and sides and other light pieces on top. Let stand over night. Then pour over meat a brine made by adding ten pounds of salt and two ounces of saltpetre to four gallons of boiling water, this amount for each one hundred pounds of meat. Pour this brine over the meat when cold, cover and weight down to keep it under the brine. Keep the pork in brine till used, or hang up and smoke.

*Dry or sugar-cured pork.* For each one hundred pounds of meat weigh out five pounds of salt, two pounds of granulated sugar and two ounces of saltpetre and mix them together thoroughly. Rub the meat once every three days with a third of the mixture.

While meat is curing it may be packed in a barrel or laid on a table in a cool room where it is not subject to either artificial heat or freezing. Two barrels may be used, changing meat from one to the other each time it is rubbed. After last rubbing, meat should lay in barrel for a week or ten days, when it will be cured and may be taken out and smoked. Before smoking, the meat should be washed off and allowed to dry a day or two and then smoked same as sausage. After meat is smoked and well dried it should be hung up in a cool dry place. Its keeping qualities will be furthered by wrapping each piece in paper and then encasing in heavy muslin sacks, which keeps out flies and modifies the effects of extreme changes in temperature.

Pig feet may be cooked, then chopped fine, mixed with vinegar, salt and pepper, then it is ready to serve, after cooling, as souse.

*Mt. Vernon, Ill.*



#### THE EIGHT HOUR LAW ON THE FARM.

THE Massachusetts Agricultural college one of the best institutions of the kind in the country, is in a quandary this year. The Massachusetts legislature has passed a law limiting to eight hours the work of all employés of the state. The agricultural college finds it necessary to employ a number of helpers in the stables and on the land attached to the school, and under the law none of these helpers must work more than eight hours. The authorities of the college have not yet hit upon a program which permits all farm labor to be done within the eight hour limit without causing an expense not contemplated in the last annual appropriation, and in any case there is a waste of time which is not relished by the men any more than it is by the managers.

For example, it is twelve hours between one milking of a cow and the next milking. If the same man has been set to milk the cow both times the law has been violated unless he has been in a state of enforced idleness during four or five hours of the intervening time. Contemplate the feelings of the farm superintendent when a summer thunder storm is muttering in the distance, at, say, three o'clock in the afternoon, and the hay must be left exposed to the rain because the men have already worked eight hours. Fines and imprisonment are the reward of the man who tries to save the state's property under such conditions.

Other complications, such as can readily be imagined by any one who knows of the manifold duties of life on the farm, are not jesting matters to the unhappy state officials. It has needed only this revelation of the actual workings of the eight hour law on the farm to set the Massachusetts farmer to thinking. In the last analysis it is the farmer who pays the taxes.

The farmer works all day himself, and when he is driving along the road and sees the farm laborer, whose wages he pays, swinging in a hammock, reading novels or playing golf for exercise, while the sun is still high in the heavens, he may well begin to wonder why his representative in the legislature is so much more sparing of the paid employé of the state than of the hard-working taxpayer. He may even question whether a farm can be considered a model for his sons to study where the law compels the hiring of twice as many men as the farmer himself could afford to use for the same work. First lessons in bankruptcy should not be substituted for instruction in scientific agriculture.—*Chicago Tribune.*



#### APPLE TREES AND RABBITS.

WHEN rabbits run in the orchard it is not safe to let young apple trees go through the winter without protection, declares the *Farmer's Review*. As other food becomes scarce the rabbits are almost sure to bark the young trees, especially when there is snow on the ground. I have seen various preventives recommended, and, among them, rubbing the trees with soap. I tried this last winter and lost some of my best trees—not by rabbits, but by the preventive, soap. It killed the bark and the trees gradually died during the summer. The best thing I have tried as a protection is wrapping the tree with common newspapers, folded two or three thicknesses and tied on with twine or the ravelings of a tow sack. Expert hands can make the application very rapidly and it seems to be perfectly successful. If you could be sure of killing all the rabbits that would be another good plan.



#### THE WASTE AND EXPENSES.

TALK to almost any good business man and he will tell you that one of the most important points to be considered in conducting a business of any kind successfully is to keep down the expenses and wastes. That's just the thing that the farmer wants to look into. There are so many things on the farm that this little piece of advice could be applied to, that it would take more than this page to tell of them all. The manure pile on many farms is probably being drained of the equivalent of good hard cash every day that it stands. Many a cow in the stables of some dairy is eating her allotment of food every day and returning only fifty or seventy-five per cent of its cost. Farmers should go around and keep their eyes open and look into these matters and they would be money in pocket. And making money by merely keeping your eyes opened and using a little thought comes much easier than by hoeing corn or potatoes.



# THE CALIFORNIA PRUNE FROM TREE TO TABLE.



WHEN a certain class of self-styled jokers selected prunes for a target, they led the public to undervalue what is really a delicious, healthful breakfast food, when the right kind is rightly prepared. Because of these uncertainties concerning kinds and preparation, and, also because of the interesting processes involved, we give this life-history of prunes from the tree to the table.

Let us look first at the parent trees. In form they resemble vines which have their trunks supported by posts. This resemblance is due to the long, straggling, drooping branches, many of which would touch the ground but for props.

These trees are not trimmed symmetrically, because the centers as well as the branches bear, and sunlight must reach all parts, as it could not do if limbs and branches were densely intertwined. Their spreading outline makes them seem low, but their height is from ten to fifteen feet. The trees are set in corners of squares having twenty-foot sides. The leaves and blossoms are like those of any other plum tree.

All prunes are plums but not all plums are prunes. The sweetest of "green" fruit is required. (Californians call all undried fruit "green.") Our standard variety is the French prune. Its fruit is olive-shaped, averaging about an inch and a half in its long diameter, and the purplish blue skin has a delicate white bloom. The prunes are beautifully tempting as they hang heavily clustered under their leafy awning, which is just sufficient to prevent burning without proving an obstacle to the warmth of the constant sunshine of California's summer. About the first of September they begin dropping, maturely sugar-laden, to the clayey soil below.

Then comes a busy time. Whole families camp near the prune orchard, for even small children can become wage-earners. Each morning, the "boss" tells at what rows the empty boxes are to be left. Most growers prefer the forty-pound size. Picking prunes is merely gathering the fallen fruit into these boxes and is paid for by the box,—commonly five cents apiece. Sometimes the tree is gently shaken to hasten the fall of the ripest prunes, but the aim is to allow them to fall from their own ripe weight, as such fruit dries best. The full boxes are collected by teamsters and hauled to the "dip." As the skins of the fruit in their natural state are so tough that the likelihood of evaporation and of decay are nearly equal, a weak boiling lye-water is used to craze and make them tender. Then Old Sol is unresisted as he woos away the juices from the saccharine deposits, or sugar. No efficient substitute for this lye-dip has yet been found. A machine was devised to perforate the skins while

grading the prunes for drying, but it did not affect the strength of the rest of the covering as the lye-water does.

The ingeniousness of the dipping apparatus justifies a description. Upon an upright pole is pivoted a long arm balancing equal weights at the ends, one being a weight-holder and the other the oblong dipper made of perforated galvanized-iron. In the arc described by the dipper are placed two vats and a tray support. A tray of prunes is emptied into the dipper and the balancing weights are adjusted. The dipper is now ready for the season's use. A trifling hand pressure sends it into the seething lye-dip. In a few moments, the removal of the hand allows the weights to pull up the dripping dipper. It is swung over to the rinsing-vat, soused again, and allowed to rise from the pull of the weights. It is then swung over the waiting tray, a hook catches a projection on the frame of the dipper, and the fruit is spread on the tray. The dipper is then sent back to be re-filled from the chute above the lye-vat, while a new tray is being placed and the full one is added to the pile on the truck. Two men are required to handle each of the trays, which are three by eight feet, strongly cleated, and hold about eighty pounds of "green" fruit.

Several changes can be seen in the looks of the prunes after dipping. The color has varied from purplish blue to reddish purple. A network of fine welts is traced on the once smooth skin, but the flesh beneath cannot be seen as when the perforator is used, nor is any of the juice oozing out to waste upon the trays. All the sweetness is within, waiting to be solidified for future consumers to enjoy.

The trays are now ready to be spread in the open sunshine. A man levels the prunes on each tray so that they lie side by side in a single layer. From four to ten days are allowed for early drying, while three weeks are often needed late in the season. The slower the process the better are the results. When the prunes are dry enough, the trays are stacked at the drying ground, where about a week's exposure to air alone dries them still more. A great shrinkage in weight as well as in size is now observed, thirty-three pounds being the average weight per tray. Each tray's contents are then sorted before being boxed, so that no unsound fruit may go to the "sweat."

The sweat-bins are usually eight by eighteen feet. One end and both sides can be raised and lowered, board by board, so that the contents can be shoveled from one bin to the other. Into these bins the dried prunes are dumped to a depth of about five feet, and left no less than ten days. A handful from the mass shows some striking and significant contrasts. One is wrinkled and dry as a bone; another is smoother and less dry; here is a shiny black one; there is one of dull red. What a change the "sweating" has made! The dry prunes have become moist; the damp ones

have dried; the black ones have turned brownish; and the red ones have deepened to brown. The prune grower has applied the natural law which compels like bodies in close contact to equalize the qualities of their kind. Even the sweetness has obeyed the law, for that is the cause of the color change. Naturally, the color of prunes indicates their ripeness with its corresponding degree of sweetness. The riper, the sweeter, the blacker—is the rule. But one significant fact is noted: the natural black of the ripe-dried prune is neither shiny nor like jet but is distinguished by a sugary coating which merits the term "sugar bloom," and is to the color of dried fruit what the "whitish bloom" is to the purplish blue skin of the green fruit.

The sweat completed, the prunes are shoveled into sacks or large boxes for their journey to the packing-house. Sometimes, they are shoveled into a box-car to make this trip, and are dug out in the same way by the packing-house men but this is not the usual system.

Soon after being received at the packing-house, they are graded into ten sizes, known as 10-20's, 20-30's, 30-40's, etc. A pound of 10-20's would average fifteen prunes; of 20-30's, twenty-five prunes; of 30-40's, thirty-five prunes; etc. Grading is entirely mechanical. The grader consists of an enclosed row of hoppers each surmounted by its "screen," a sheet of metal closely perforated with circular openings, the size of which determines the grade of the "screen." Thus, the screen for 10-20's has openings a size larger than the screen for 20-30's, which, in turn, has openings a size larger than the 30-40 screen, and so on through the grades. An endless chain of buckets carries the fruit to the top and throws it upon the first screen of the series, a sort of descending flight of constantly moving steps. The first screen, of course, has the smallest openings and is above the hopper for the smallest prunes. Through this, the tiniest ones are sifted. The rest fall upon the second screen, through which second grade prunes fall into their hopper. So they hop and dance down the whole flight of screens, decreasing in number as each sieve releases its sort, until all have been sifted into their respective hoppers or have bounced over the last screen into the "jumbo's." The prunes are kept moving by boys beside the grader. The hoppers are emptied by men who wheel a barrow over the running-boards above the great bins and drop its contents into the proper one, there to remain until that grade is to be packed.

Upon receipt of an order, the prunes from the proper bin are again loaded upon wheelbarrows, this time with picks and shovels. The need of a bath is apparent; as the fruit is both dusty and too dry for packing. A belt-elevator carries this mass up to a distributing sieve over the supply hoppers of the vats. Beneath each hopper is a galvanized-iron dipper for

immersing the prunes in the boiling water, which usually contains soda, to prevent fermentation; salt, to "keep and harden;" and glucose, to make good any possible loss of sweetness, to facilitate handling, and to give a pleasing gloss to the finished product. After their bath, the steaming prunes are dumped upon trays to dry sufficiently for packing. Then some trays go to the "weigher" and others go to the "facers." We will follow the latter first.

Around a tray stand or sit half a dozen women and girls. An attendant gives each a box previously "lined," so that the lace paper "display collars" lie face down in the bottom, which becomes the finished top. One by one, the prunes are pressed and pulled into rectangular form and laid in rows in the bottom. The second layer, as it seems when opened, is an effect made by placing a prune wherever the white paper shows. The box is now ready to be filled. The prunes are in their great hopper above the scale. This fruit was the contents of the trays not needed for facing and was hand-cleared of defective fruit as it was carried up into the hopper upon a belt,—its third trip of the sort. But the box does not go directly from the facer to the scales. It must be temporarily enlarged to accommodate the larger bulk of the unpacked weight. So a "form" resembling a bottomless box is set on top of the real box, making it twice its real depth. Then the weigher sets it upon the scales, opens the hopper, fills the box with either twenty-five or fifty pounds net, and shoves it over to the pressman. The latter sets a wooden block inside, runs box, form, and block through a heavy press, and removes the block and form. Another man lays a sheet of waxed paper upon the warm, moist mass, and nails on the bottom of the box.

Grade numbers, such as 60-70, on a box signify more than the size of its contents. They indicate genuine California packing. Their absence indicates the mixing of grades and qualities by some grafter in the guise of an Eastern middleman who relies upon the consumers not knowing that the numbers should be there. The consumer's short-sightedness extends also to serving prunes. Californians use them in pies, cakes, puddings, soufflés and even for prune butter. There is little excuse for clinging to the indifferently stewed dish when these tried recipes can be found at the grocer's or secured by a stamp-accompanied request addressed to the Chamber of Commerce of any prune center, such as San Jose, California. For three-fifths of all the prunes produced in the United States are grown in the section known as the Santa Clara valley of that State.—*Myrtle F. Akin, in Vick's Magazine.*



If we save the children of to-day, we have saved the nation of to-morrow.—*Mary H. Hunt.*



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### To Make Us Glad.

If apples grew on lightning rods  
And pies came down like rain,  
If fish would only chase us home  
Or meet us at the train,  
If every day were Christmas eve  
And street car riding free,  
And every one was good to us,  
How happy we would be!

If lightning called to bake the bread  
And thunder played a tune,  
And babies never cried at night  
For candy or the moon,  
If money only were a fruit  
That grew upon a tree,  
And it were ripe the whole year round,  
How happy we would be.

If offices were close at hand  
To hear our faintest call,  
With salaries attached to them  
That didn't look so small,  
If we could sit around and smoke  
And still draw double fee,  
Without a blessed thing to do,  
How happy we would be!

If monkeys did the kitchen work  
And bees would only come  
And dump their honey at the door,  
I think it would help some.  
If every dollar bill we had  
Would straightway grow to three  
And we could always keep the change,  
How happy we would be! —Exchange.

Teacher—William, I hope you have a good excuse for being absent from school yesterday.

William—Yes 'um. You see, I went home for my lunch, and it took me so long to get there that the lunch was all cleared away, so I had to wait till suppertime, an' that made it too late to come back.

An experiment has shown that 1000 tons of soot settle yearly on the 110 square miles of London area.

"Noah's wife," wrote a boy in an examination, "was called Joan of Arc." "Water," wrote another, "is composed of two gases, oxygen and cambrigen." "Lava," said a third, "is what the barber puts on your face." "A blizzard," declared another child, "is the inside of a fowl."—New York Tribune.

In many of the Greek islands diving for sponges forms a considerable part of the occupation of the inhabitants. The natives make it a trade to gather these, and their income from this source is good. In one of the islands a girl is not permitted to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, and given proof of her skill by taking them from a certain depth. But in some of the islands this custom is reversed. The father of a marriageable daughter bestows her on the best diver among her suitors. He who can stay longest in the water and bring up the biggest cargo of sponges marries the maid.

### Lucky.

"Hurrah! My reputation's made!" shouted the young physician.

"How's that?" queried the old practitioner. "Cured some heretofore incurable disease?"

"No, not yet. But I've discovered a rattling good name for the next new disease that is discovered."

### What He Struck.

One day in Washington recently a group of politicians were talking, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon was reminded of a story.

"There was a friend of mine in Ohio," said he, "who once joyfully sought an oil expert, declaring that he had struck this fluid on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Now, evidently my friend had been in a great hurry, hastily grabbing the first bottle at hand, for, when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted, he sent the following telegraphic report:

"Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."—Woman's Home Companion.

Lady (traveling on an electric railway for the first time)—Conductor, please, which door do I get out by?

Conductor—Whichever you like, mum, the car stops at both ends.

Never in the history of the English Parliament have the full number of members been present at one sitting.

### Items of Interest.

The smallest coin now current in Europe is the Greek lepton. It is worth one-tenth of a penny.

In many parts of Switzerland the government buries the dead, supplying coffin and undertaker free of charge.

Mountain sheep are used as beasts of burden in some of the higher ranges of the Himalayas. Each animal carries from seventeen to twenty-five pounds of baggage, and lives entirely on wayside herbage.

The gray eye is an almost universal characteristic of people of great intellect. Black eyes indicate an ardent temper, while light-blue eyes, which are found chiefly among the Scandinavians, denote a cheerful disposition and a constant nature.

In the little town of Munsiedel, in Bavaria, there exists one of the most curious charitable foundations in the world. One of the burghers, Christopher Wanner, died in 1451, and left his fortune for the establishment of a home for aged poor. He attached, however, the condition that every old man who was taken in should wear his beard, and the same cut of clothes and cap as he himself used to wear. Consequently, after the lapse of 450 years, the ancient pensioners are still to be seen wandering about the streets of Munsiedel in the costumes of the fifteenth century.

Every Tibetan family is compelled to devote its first-born male child to a monastic life. Soon after birth the child is taken to a Buddhist monastery, to be henceforth brought up and trained in priestly mysteries.

## Neff's Corner

Most people prefer to deal in facts rather than theories, hence a statement of some things that are actually being done in the Pecos Valley of New Mexico may interest you. One young man without money to invest bought forty acres of land, agreeing to pay \$150 for it in labor, which he did. Three months later he was offered but refused \$20 per acre for the land, which would have been equivalent to 2133 per cent per annum for the time the investment was carried. Another young man bought 320 acres of land at \$1 per acre and at the end of four months sold it for \$750, this yielding him an increase at the rate of 403 per cent per annum. Another made a homestead filing on 160 acres and in two years commuted and sold for \$4800. Other cases might be cited, many more, but of course, everybody will not do so well. They don't in any country. But here are certainly chances for the wide-awake man. No matter what line you are interested in, we will try to answer your questions. If you inclose stamps, it will help. Address,

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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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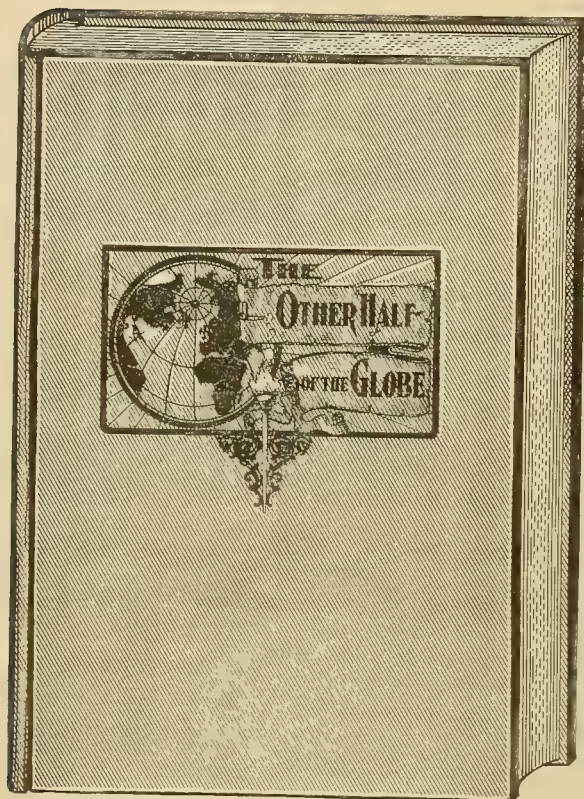
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## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Building of Character.—W. H. Ziegler.

Fort Hancock, New Jersey.—Richard Seidel.

The Awakening of Kit Carlton.—Maggie M. Winesburg.

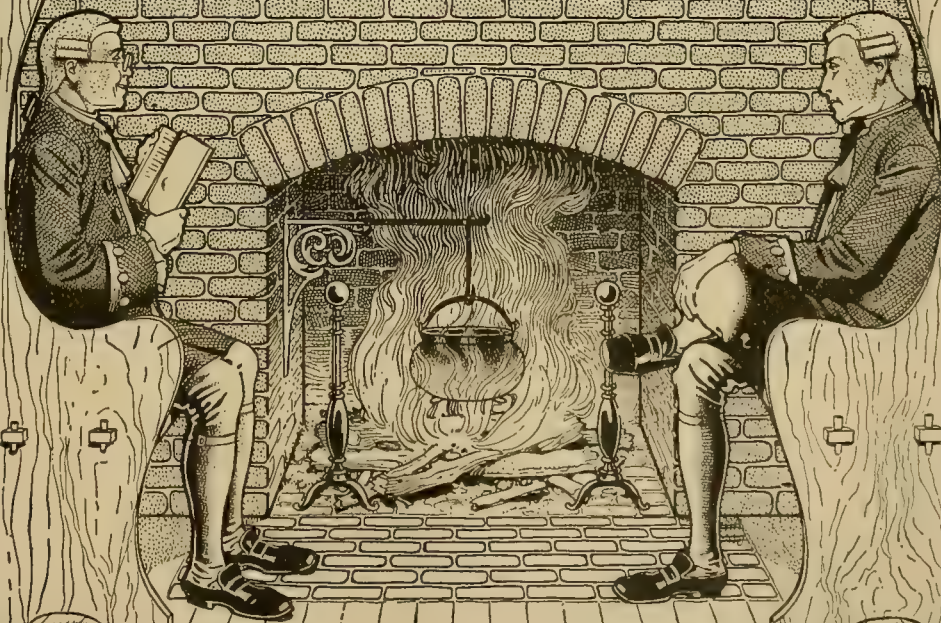
Aunt Barbara's Way.—Ida M. Helm.

What Little Boys Need.—Grace Long-anecker.

Indian Head, Medicine Hat and Beyond.—Grant Mahan.

Pumpkin Pie Day at Longmont, Colo.—Mrs. J. H. Jones.

Sermonette.—F. F. Holsopple.



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FACTORIES IN THE  
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VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado,  
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manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts  
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ERECTED IN 1906.**

to be owned by the same parties.  
Farmers can do most of the labor  
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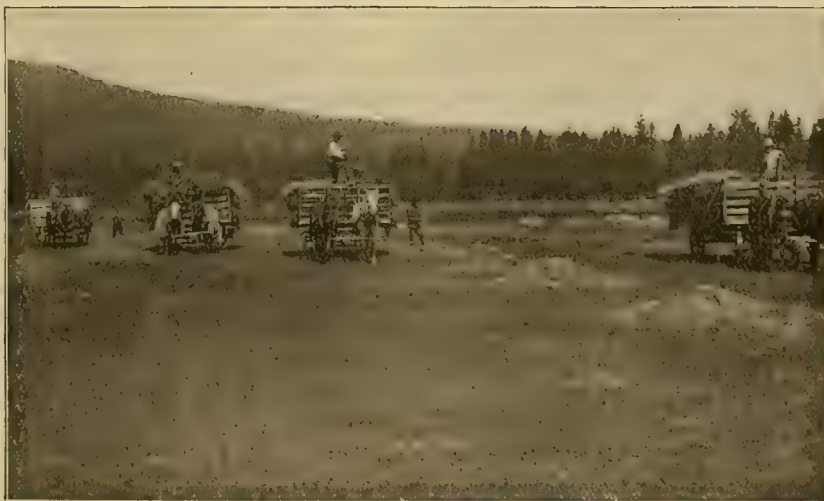
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A Hay Harvest in Butte Valley.



Timothy and Clover Hay, Averaging Five Tons per Acre.



# Standing in the Light

AMONG ancient philosophers there was probably no character more unique than the celebrated Diogenes. It is related of him that he made his residence in a large tub or barrel which he would roll around from place to place as suited his fancy. This tub would always be turned with its open end to the sun and here Diogenes would sit in the sunlight, the center of a group of interested listeners, who would gather around him to hear his witty and philosophical sayings. Although deeply cynical in his utterances, he had many friends and followers who admired him for the brilliant mind that God had given him.

History tells us that the powerful Alexander the Great once called to see him, out of curiosity, owing to the stories he had heard about him. He found him sitting in his characteristic position drinking in the beauties of God's sunlight. Having probably been told of his poverty, Alexander the Great, standing in front of him, asked him if there was anything he could do for him. Not in the least over-awed by the presence of his imperial visitor, he quickly made reply, asking him to step out of his light. This cynical remark coupled with his other utterances must have made a deep impression on Alexander, for, as he rode away with his staff, he is reported to have said that if he were not Alexander the Great, he should want to be Diogenes.

This old, yet interesting story brings to mind many utterances of a similar import which have been made, not by cynics but by skeptics—persons who have been slow to believe the reported merits of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER and who according to their own admissions, have been "standing in their own light" in neglecting to make use of this old time-tried remedy—a medicine which has proven such a blessing in thousands of homes, not only in our country, but even in foreign lands.

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## SAYS HE WAS BLIND TO HIS OWN INTERESTS.

Ashton, Nebr., April 22.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

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Very respectfully,

Aug. A. Johnson.

## HE WANTED A GUARANTEE.

Otes, Tenn., March 26.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I send you my deepest respects and I feel that I ought to laud you for the good your medicine has done for the human family; I know it has prolonged my life. I once offered you a hundred dollars to cure a blood disease with which I was afflicted. You answered me and said you were not running an "insurance business," but that you believed your **Blood Vitalizer** would cure me. I said to myself, "He cannot cure me or he would accept my offer." I did not know you at that time. I thought it singular that you did not take my money. I don't know why, but I decided to try your **Blood Vitalizer** any way. I followed your directions and was cured, hence I saw your honesty and my own folly. That is now twenty-five years ago and I have been your agent ever since and will be as long as I live. Since then it has cured me of rheumatism and other ailments.

Yours very truly,

Thos. Barry.

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Most respectfully,

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Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

## Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,

Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,  
64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

Dec. 26, 1905.

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Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, of Amboy, Ind., cured of cancer of both sides of the cheek and nose.



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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER 6, 1906.

NO. 45.

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

ROBT. E. ERICSON.

There is a path that we all must tread  
In our childhood's fleeting days,  
But the time will come when we must arrive  
At the parting of the ways.

The one to the right is a rugged path  
With ferns and trees overgrown,  
While amid the grass for unwary feet  
Lurks many a hidden stone.

But beneath the ferns flows the crystal rill  
From the far-off bubbling spring,  
And the heart is cheered by the songs of birds  
That in bending branches swing.

The gilded saloon with music and song  
And the sounds of revelry,  
Where the wine is bright in the sparkling light  
On the road to the left we see.

That downward road with the stranded wrecks  
Of the brightest hopes is strewn.  
Many brilliant lives have been brought to grief  
By the demon, drink, o'erthrown.

Look not on the wine with a longing eye,  
As with sparkling bead it flows,  
'Tis the deadly foe of the right, we know,  
And the cause of untold woes.

Though it seemeth right to our mortal sight—  
Though the path of wrong we praise,  
We may learn too late that we toyed with fate  
At the parting of the ways.

Illinois.

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## THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

W. H. ZIEGLER.

All are architects of fate,  
Building in these walls of time,  
Some with massive deed and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low,  
Each thing in its place is best,  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

THE first consideration in the erection of a building is the foundation, and unless the foundation is sure the building is doomed. What then shall be our founda-

tion for this building each is raising? Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says, "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ." I get from this figure that the foundation which he speaks of and the foundation for every true character is the eternal principles of right fixed in the beginning by God and revealed to us by Christ and the prophets. We see Paul expressing the same idea, for in writing to the Ephesians he speaks of "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."

Having now a firm foundation, let us build a building worthy of the admiration of our fellow-men.

Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,  
Leave no yawning gaps between,  
Think not that, as no man sees,  
It will yet remain unseen.

So it is our daily actions that determine our character. "Sow an act," says somebody, "and reap a habit: sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny." This being true, our smallest acts are the ones to watch. It is the little foxes that spoil the vines. The person who says he would be a philanthropist if he had a million dollars but being poor turns a beggar from his door without a crust, may deceive himself about it, but he will deceive no one else.

A story is told of two travelers entering a valley just about nightfall. They looked about for a place to spend the night and at last espied a small house. Said one, "It is useless to try to get lodging there, they are so poor." "Nay," replied the other, "that is the more reason why we should do so for they will be less likely to refuse." This story is often verified in actual life if we pause to look.

Honor and worth from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Elgin, Ill.

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"LIFE has a prize for everyone who will open his heart to receive it, though it may be a very different one from the spirit of his early dreams."—L. H. Grindon.



## Fort Hancock, New Jersey

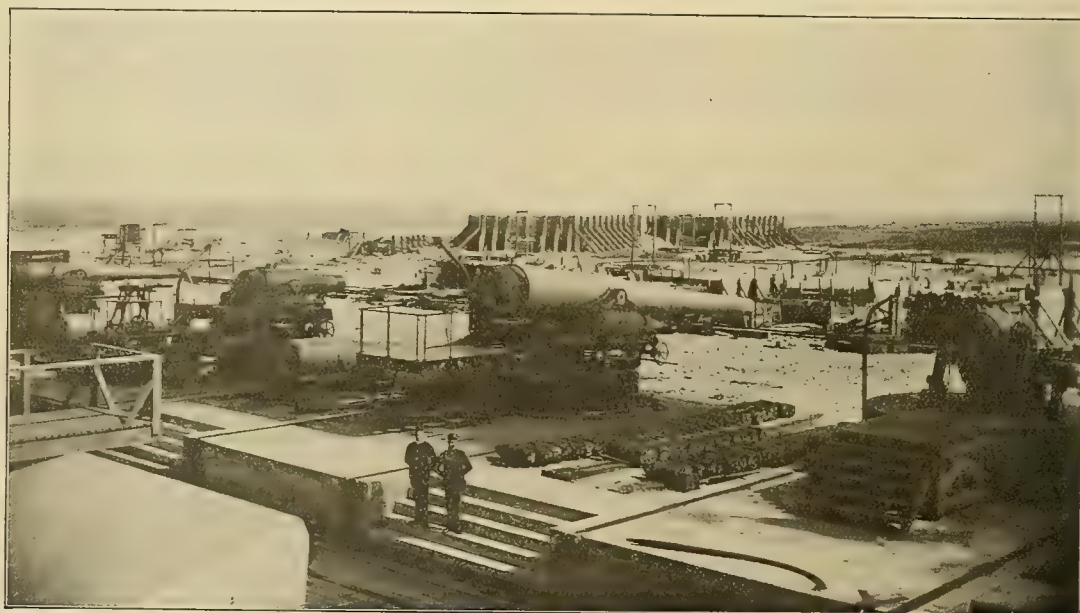
Richard Seidel



PORT HANCOCK was established in 1895, and occupies the southern portion of Sandy Hook. It is a military post of four companies of coast artillery. There are six distinct fortifications at the Hook, occupying different points of vantage, and all manned by the coast artillery. They are strongly built of concrete, containing bomb-proof magazines and lighted by electricity.

All long range guns are mounted on disappearing carriages. The gun in the position of firing occupies a slightly elevated position above the parapet, thus

The range-finder consists of a first-class telescope, fastened to an azimuth circle which revolves in every direction. Two towers constitute the base line. The observer places the telescope on the moving vessel, reads off the angle and immediately reports the result per 'phone to the officer in charge of the gun. This manipulation is repeated by the observers at the other towers and the results computed. An accurate estimate is thus obtained of the distance from the gun to the moving ship, including the required elevation. Each gun is provided with range tables which add greatly to the accuracy of the computation.



Portion of Testing Battery.

offering a very small target for the guns of an attacking fleet. The recoil of the gun, after firing, causes the piece to resume the position of loading, which is under cover of the parapet. A night drill on the guns is very interesting and tends to improve the efficiency of the men.

The short range guns consist of mortars, mounted on spring return carriages and traversing in a circle of 360 degrees. They are designed to engage a fleet at short range; a projectile hitting a man-of-war at a vital point, would sink it. A "12" mortar is considerably shorter than a long range gun; he measures 142 inches, weighs 13 tons and throws a projectile of 1,000 pounds. Three range towers, provided with range finders, are located at different points of the Hook.

The officers' quarters, consisting of eighteen houses, are facing the Shrewsbury river. Fine macadamized roads, lined with ornamental trees, pass in front and rear of these residences. At various points, groups of old, round "20" shells are seen; a large "20" smooth-bore gun (muzzle loader) adorns its northern entrance and various flower beds add greatly in beautifying the grounds.

The parade ground is one-quarter of a mile wide and one mile long, and is nicely smoothed and provided with a lawn tennis court. Football is the favorite game of the enlisted men, but other games, as baseball, foot races, etc., are often played.

The barracks for the enlisted men, four large and commodious buildings, are situated one-quarter of a mile north of the officers' quarters; two macadamized

roads pass in front and rear. The mess hall and wash room are in separate buildings adjoining the barracks; each company has a nice library in the day-room, where daily papers and magazines are read. The houses pertaining to the Post are built in modern style and all lighted by electricity. A fine Young Men's Christian Association building, dedicated five years ago by a benevolent lady, is a great inducement to the men to spend the hours of recreation. A bronze tablet in the day-room bears the following inscription: "This building is the gift of Clara Sayles Gladding to the young men of the army, 1901." "The gift of God is eternal life in Jesus Christ." It is equipped with a gymnasium, large reception room and a fine library. The books are all selected ones and mostly

general appearance of the Post, as everything pertaining to it is scrupulously clean and in first-class order.

A member of the Ordnance Detachment owns a black mongrel dog, which is the mascot of the soldiers. His owner has taught him to perform different tricks. He cries, stretches himself, jumps the rope, shuts the door, leaps on his hind feet, turns somersaults to the front and plays death, etc. Being of a gentle disposition he is loved and petted by all. A few weeks ago, while hunting by himself after rabbits, he fell in a cistern twenty feet deep. Fortunately for him, the cistern at the time of accident contained only about two feet of water. After twenty-four hours he was missed and a searching party organized which dis-



Various Guns on Hand, Parked, Including Projectiles.

provided through the kindness of Miss Helen Gould, New York. A secretary has charge of the management of the interests of the Association; membership fee for enlisted men is two dollars per year; present membership, sixty men.

Divine service is held twice on the Sabbath, conducted by the Post Chaplain, a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church. At 2:20 P. M. a Bible class meets, presided over by the Post chaplain.

The Post has a fine and well-equipped hospital, commissary, bakery, quartermaster department and stables for the horses, etc. A pumping station supplies the post with pure water; several cisterns located at various points add greatly to the supply of water. Visitors often visit the reservation for various purposes, mostly sight-seeing, but all are pleased with the

covered him through his barking. He was utterly exhausted when rescued, and had to be carried to the barracks; through careful nursing he is again his own self, happy and contented.

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"SMALL" drops from the spring of endeavor—one following the other—wear deep holes in the stone of opposing influences. A barrel of energy splashed upon the stone will do no more than wash away the mud and exhaust our water supply. Persistent, tireless repeated effort is the key-note to the great accomplishment."

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If we are going to let our lights shine simply to illumine our own faces we might as well let them go out.—A. J. Gordon.



# The Awakening of Kit Carlton

Maggie M. Winesburg



RED Earth mining camp was in a state of hilarious excitement, and for some reason, too. During the day a piano had arrived at the Red Dog hotel, and a man had also been found in the camp, who could extract music from the instrument. So of course the advent in camp of such an important object as a piano, could not be celebrated in any other way but with a rousing dance in the evening at the dancing hall of Red Dog saloon, by courtesy called a hotel.

When night came the dancing-hall was filled to overflow with miners and cowboys, the most of them pretty wild fellows; but there were few among them that could outdo Kit Carlton in wildness.

Five years ago Kit Carlton had struck the mining section of the West, a fresh-faced innocent boy of twenty. Like many other boys, he had started out to make his fortune, and also like many others had, at the very moment of his arrival in the West, fallen in with a couple of wild fellows, and with them he had drifted from one mining camp to another, gradually forgetting home and its influence; and a year ago when he came to Red Earth camp, he could outdo his wild companions in wildness.

For several years Kit had written an occasional letter home and when he was in luck had sent sums of money also; but during the past year, he had been too wild to even remember that he had a home; for he and his chums had taken a mining claim together and they had struck fairly rich ore. An unlimited supply of dust had meant unlimited carousals; and even in a camp of wild fellows there were many who wondered how long Carlton would stand the pace he was going.

On this gala night Kit had been the madest, and merriest of all that hilarious crowd, until fatigue called a halt in the pattering of feet on the floor. Then the ladies and gentlemen all filed out into the barroom to partake of refreshments, both solid and liquid.

All of the people left the dancing hall but the musician and Kit Carlton; Kit was sleepy drunk now, and he straddled a chair, and crossing his arms on the back of it, dropped his head on his arms for a nap, while the tired pianist leaned back in his chair for a rest.

From the barroom came a muffled roar of human voices, but within the hall all was silent. Suddenly the musician straightened up in his seat and looked around the room. No one was in sight but the sleeping Kit Carlton, and, after a moment's hesitation, the

musician turned to the piano and ran his fingers over the keys, and then clear and sweet floated out the words and music of the "Suwanee River."

During the first verse Kit Carlton stirred uneasily in his seat, and when the singer came to—

"All dis world am sad an' dreary,  
Everywhere I roam,  
Oh darkeys, how my heart grows weary  
Far from de ole folks at home,"

Kit was sitting upright, and staring at the pianist with drink-bleared eyes, seeing—or thinking he did—the form of his mother leaning against the piano and looking at him with pleading eyes, while she beckoned him to come to her.

Kit Carlton rubbed his eyes and looked again; but the form had vanished and when the song ended, he sprang to his feet now thoroughly awake and strode over to the piano, saying in a shaky voice, "What in the plague made you sing that song here?"

The pianist looked up with a troubled expression on his face, and replied, "I don't know, it seemed to me that I just had to."

Kit Carlton turned away with eyes that just then were dimmed with something else besides whiskey, while the dancers again trooped noisily into the hall, and the revelry began again, to last until the wee small hours of morning.

Kit Carlton rushed out into the barroom, and drank glass after glass of the strong liquor; but he could not drown the figure he thought he had seen, neither could he keep the lingering refrain of "The Old Folks At Home" from ringing in his ears.

There was no more revelry for Kit, that night; for sleep had left his mental eyes and his bodily ones at the same time, and he left the saloon and went to the shanty occupied by himself and companions; there he threw himself on his bunk, and gazed out through the apology of a window, at the stars in the bejeweled sky.

One particular large bright star seemed to be looking at him, just as a similar star had often looked in on him as he lay in bed in his own room of that far-away southern home. Outside of the shanty the wind crooned among the fir trees and the sound brought a memory of the pines that grew near his old home, while the rush of the little mountain stream near by reminded him of the river that rippled at the foot of the old orchard; and through it all the pleading face of his mother appeared.

Kit Carlton groaned aloud as he thought of his mother he had left at home; and the brother he had played with in other days; and then he drew his

breath hard as another face arose before his mind's eye. Again he felt the clasp of a small hand and heard a low voice say, "I will not forget you, Kit."

But Kit had forgotten all he should have remembered; he had smothered all sweet memories of mother, brother and sweetheart in wild revelry. Oh! the shame of it; and the now quickened conscience burned like red hot coals, and he groaned again and rolled over on his face to shut out the sight of the star and the faces he saw with it. But it was of no use for Kit to bury his face in his hard pillow, for those haunting faces would not be banished, neither would the firs and stream stop singing of home.

In the light of the following day, some of Kit's former bravado returned to him; and early in the forenoon they struck a rich pocket in their tunnel, the contents of which would make each of them fairly comfortable, if they took care of it. The find caused a great excitement for a while and they celebrated the event by drinking up a quart of liquor, with actions just as foolish.

But Kit Carlton was not happy, for he had awakened for all the time to come, and neither gold nor whiskey could bring the slumber of forgetfulness to his mind again. After the hasty noon-day meal, while he was leaning against a fir-tree, the rustle of its leaves again recalled the whispering pines, and suddenly an awful thought darted through his brain: Was his mother dead, and it had been her disembodied spirit he had seen?

All that afternoon Kit worked with a feverish energy, and that same evening when they divided their day's find, he offered his partners his interest in their claim at a reasonable figure; and at the same time he announced his intention of going home.

Kit's partners, took him up at his offer even while they tried to dissuade him from going home; but Kit had made up his mind to go home, and go he would, in spite of all they could say.

That night it seemed to Kit that the star again beckoned to him, and the firs crooned, and the stream sang of the "Old Folks at Home." But there had been only his mother there when he left home, and perhaps she, too, was gone now.

The next morning Kit was up early and the papers that conveyed his interest in the mine to his partners was made out, and the proceeds of the deal—along with what he already had—were safely stowed away in his pocket long before the stagecoach started for the world beyond Red Earth camp.

All of that long journey home, Kit Carlton was consumed with direful thoughts and a burning impatience. At last he reached his native town. The shades of night had fallen, and Kit was glad of the darkness, for he did not wish to meet any one he knew. He wanted to be at home before he heard any bad news, and pulling his hat well down over his face, he passed

through the town without meeting anyone he knew; although in that southern clime the evening was the time for everyone to be abroad.

Along the soft rippling river Kit walked, with the fresh wind cooling his hot face, and the scent of the pines wafted to his nostrils. A walk of a quarter of a mile or more brought Kit to his old home; and full of conflicting emotions he stopped at the gate to steady his nerves. How quiet and still everything around the house was, and his heart throbbed with a fierce pain as he opened the gate and went up the walk to the house. The sweet, spicy breath of the blooming roses seemed almost to smother him, so intense was the stillness; even the old house-dog, seemed afraid to bark, and crept quietly up to him.

A light shone out through the white muslin curtains of the dining room window, and Kit stole silently up to the open window and peered eagerly through the fluttering white curtains. His mother was not in there, but the room was occupied by a man and woman. The man was slim and boyish looking and Kit's eyes blurred with a mist, for it was his brother that he had left a curly-headed lad of fifteen, now grown up; and something familiar in the girlish figure, caused his heart to leap and the blood to rush through his veins, even before she turned her face towards the window. It was his sweetheart of five years ago unchanged in the least.

While Kit was still peering through the curtains his brother arose from his seat and walked over to the window and looked out, saying to the girl, "Flossie, I do wish that Kit would either write or come home; I believe that mother would get well then, for she would quit worrying about him."

The girl crossed the room, and stood beside the boy, saying as she did so, "Let us hope he will come home soon. Your mother is more hopeful of his coming ever since the night of her long swoon when she thinks she saw him."

Kit could stand no more, and he burst into the room, and stood before them as an answer to their expressed wish. "Mother?" he asked, even as he greeted the girl, and his brother.

"Your mother is very ill, she has been ill for some weeks. I will go and prepare her to see you," replied the girl softly; and with shining eyes and a noiseless step she left the room.

In a few moments the girl returned and motioned Kit to follow her, and in another moment his mother's arms were around his neck, while she weakly sobbed out her joy at seeing him at home once more.

"I knew you would come home, when you heard that old song;" she said, when later on she lay looking with a mother's loving eyes in the face of her firstborn.

Kit felt a lump come up into his throat at his mother's words. Later on when his mother had



fallen into a life-giving sleep, he heard how one night his mother had fallen into a death-like swoon, and when she came out of it she had declared that she had seen Kit sitting on a chair asleep, and at her request a man had awakened him by singing and playing her favorite song. The night of her swoon was the night of the ball at the Red Dog hotel, and the hour corresponded with the time that Kit had thought he had seen his mother.

The mother got well and lived long years to enjoy the comforts brought by Kit's gold. For he now made good use of his money, but she never knew how far on the road to ruin her boy had trodden when the "Old Folks at Home" awakened him bodily and

mentally. Kit often wondered if it was his mother's spirit he had seen that night. But it saved him, whatever it was.

It was some months after his home coming, that one night under the southern sky, with the stars smiling down on him, and the river and pines singing their song of home, Kit made a full and free confession of all of his past sins to a shy-eyed girl, and received absolution from her rosy lips, while the little hand stole into his, and the low sweet voice said earnestly, "Kit, I was badly frightened that night your mother lay so long unconscious, but now I really believe that it proved your salvation."

Glen Easton, W. Va.

## Indian Head, Medicine Hat and Beyond

Grant Mahan



NE of the most interesting places to visit in Canada is the experimental farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. Those in charge are men of ability and experience who take pleasure in showing the visitor what they have done and are trying to do.

Different kinds of grain are tried in order to learn which are best adapted to the climate and the soil; and of course a complete record of everything is kept. Many varieties of wheat and oats and barley, of peas and beans, of berries and vegetables have been and are constantly being tried; and here a person can learn why one variety should be chosen in preference to another. The farm is of great value to the farmer and saves him many losses. The amount of grain produced to the acre on the small pieces of land assigned, is almost marvelous and shows clearly what is possible under the most favorable conditions and the best of care.

The attempt to develop an apple that will survive the extreme cold of the winter is one that promises much for the future. The Siberian crab, originally hardly as large as the end of the thumb, has been crossed and hardened until now an apple somewhat larger than our wild crabapple is grown. The crossing and hardening process will be continued and in time it is hoped that an apple of the right kind may be developed.

But the main business is raising small grain and cattle. Indian Head has already become an important grain shipping station; and as more of the land is brought under cultivation the amount raised will continue to increase. The increase in grain acreage means a decrease in pasture lands; and cattlemen in Canada have shown themselves to be much like their brothers in the States, so much opposed to having their grazing land become farm land that they some-

times have said about the character of the soil things that experience has shown to be false. But they were looking out for their own interests and did not want to be disturbed.

Medicine Hat, Alberta, is one of the most promising towns of the Canadian Northwest. It is located in the southeastern part of Alberta, and notwithstanding what is said about its temperature in winter is about the most pleasant place of the whole country, being much warmer than many other places. Quite recently a writer in the *Scientific American* wrote thus of the section in which Medicine Hat is located: "The southern part of this great province is called Sunny Alberta, and the name is well earned. It is the land of mild winter and of perennial sunshine. The soft kiss of the Japan current and the warm breath of the Chinook winds are felt through its sheltered valleys and over its open plains, and horses and cattle range at will the winter through without being fed or sheltered."

In addition to being one of the best sections for grazing, the soil is very productive, reminding one very much of what he sees in Colorado. Good crops are produced without irrigation; but no doubt much better ones will be produced when the Canadian Pacific Railway Company completes its irrigation project. The great tract to be irrigated lies in Southern Alberta, between Medicine Hat and Calgary. It is a hundred and fifty miles in length and forty miles in width. To the north of it is the Red Deer River and to the south the Bow River, the supply from which even at low water is more than double the demand. The Canadian rivers belong to the crown, and the water right is as good as the land title; the amount stipulated is guaranteed. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the center of the district. There are advantages here for irrigating that are too

often absent where water is needed in order to make the earth yield her full harvest. One of them is the abundant supply, and another is that the banks of the Bow are not deep-cut below the plain, but are near the lands to be irrigated.

Natural gas is adding to the importance of Medicine Hat and is attracting to it much business. At their shops the Canadian Pacific Company have a gas well which shows a pressure of over five hundred pounds after all is taken out that is needed for heating, lighting, etc. And it is cheaper to let the gas burn than to hire men to turn it out. Gas is supplied to consumers for less than one-fifth what the manufactured article costs us at Elgin; and it is offered to factories that will locate there for about one-twentieth the price we pay. Much of the repair work which has been done at other places is being transferred to the Hat, and it is reasonable to suppose that more of it will be, for it can be done with gas more economically and quickly than with coal. It is thought that the town is at the center of a vast gas basin and that the supply, if not wasted, will supply all needs for many years to come. Much that is interesting could be written about the discovery and use of gas at Medicine Hat, and more concerning what the most enthusiastic think it will do in the future. What to-day seems impossible, or at any rate improbable, may in a few short years be more than realized by the inventive skill of man. Nature has stored much here and has kept it well until the time for its use for man's profit and well-being has come.

To the west and northwest is a beautiful country which in the near future will be a garden spot dotted with the homes of a prosperous and contented people. Some of this land is held by companies for sale at a reasonable price, and a little farther away there is government land for homeseekers. Both kinds are rapidly passing into the hands of the men who are going there to develop the country and not to hold as much as possible of it for speculative purposes. We do not like to see a man buy a piece of land just in order to hold it until the improvements made by men owning the land adjacent to his has made him a handsome profit. Each who is to gain by the development of the country should do his part. The land companies—those that had good land—have done a real service by subdividing the large sections and getting men to settle there and build up homes for themselves and their families. The possibilities are marvelous, and what to-day is considered the idle fancy of a visionary will to-morrow be a blessed reality.

A few miles above the Hat the banks of the river are steep and rather high. The different strata have been examined, and some of them have been found to contain a very superior quality of clay, which will be very valuable in manufactures. If this proves to

be what there is every reason to believe it will be, it will mean a great and profitable industry added; and all those anywhere near will be greatly benefited. It is not impossible that coal in large quantities will be found not far away. Taken altogether, it would be difficult to find another section of so great promise.

And yet when one travels farther west and northwest, and gets some distance north of the thriving city of Calgary he sees just as beautiful a country as man ever looked at, and one that apparently is very productive. Much the same scene lies spread out before one all the way up to Edmonton. Everywhere there is seen the new life. But it is of the solid character which promises permanency. The foundations are being laid deep and strong, and the years just ahead of us will see great changes, as great and as rapid as almost any that have taken place in our wonderful country—America. Whether we are above or below the forty-ninth parallel matters not—on both sides it is America, the home of the freest and most enlightened people of the world.

The subject is inexhaustible, and one must perforce leave it before he has said his say. But there is the grand and beautiful as well as the beautiful and useful. He who sees this part and communes here with nature is lifted above the common and the earthy. A description of a little of it may be interesting and not unprofitable.



#### PUMPKIN PIE DAY AT LONGMONT, COLORADO.

MRS. J. H. JONES.



COLORADO, the Centennial State, is known the world over as a great producer of gold and silver. So much has been said about the precious metals in connection with the State that sometimes people get the idea that the State is good for nothing else, has no other resources, which is an idea very much opposed to the facts in the case. Figures show that the annual value of the agricultural products and live stock is twice as great as the total output of all the gold and silver mines in the State. If one takes a trip over some of the better sections of Colorado, those best adapted to agriculture, he will be convinced that more valuable products come from the soil than from the mines.

Longmont is in the center of one of these rich agricultural districts and is one of the most prosperous towns. Its site was once a barren plain, but it has been transformed by irrigation into a beautiful, thriving, second-class city. Longmont is known far and near, and one of the things which have served to make the city famous is her pumpkin pies.

Pumpkin pie day is an annual event of much interest



to the town and also to the country people in the vicinity. The women of the town bake several thousand pies each year, the day before the day of days. Business houses and a great number of private residences are decorated with green and yellow—the colors of the day.

Pumpkins! pumpkins everywhere!

Early in the morning trains begin to arrive from other towns and cities in the State, with apparently all available space inside as well as outside taken, until one is reminded of the picture in the "Mother Goose" book of the old woman who lived in her shoe. The last special incoming train arrives about eleven A. M. These crowds that come are given a cordial welcome by the thousands of town and country people who await their coming.

The parade is one of the attractive features of the day. It embraces many handsomely decorated floats (representing the various business firms), the firemen in uniform, and cowgirls as well as cowboys, and many humorous features, besides several brass bands that come from other towns in the State to help make music all the day. With the Longmont band in the lead, the parade is headed for the park, where the thousands of pumpkin pies and other refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, apples and coffee, donated by the people of the town, are served free to all who come that way. It does not take the throng long to eat the thousands of pies.

Besides all this there are dinners served by different churches and societies in other parts of town. These are all well patronized; in fact, they have always found it necessary to close their doors leaving some unfed for want of food to supply their wants.

In the afternoon there are races and such like for those who care to go; but many prefer to mingle with the throng and clasp the hand of some dear friend whom they have not met "since last pie day." Tissue paper pumpkin blossoms and miniature pumpkins are in evidence everywhere, and he who is too modest thus to decorate himself on this gala day had better stay away.

The annual pumpkin pie day serves much the same purpose that the old settlers' meetings do in other parts of the country. Here friends meet and renew acquaintances, living over again as they sit and talk together the days of long ago. And the absent ones—some never to be present again on pie day—are remembered. The people derive pleasure from the day before it comes, while it is with them, and after it is gone. But one cannot tell what it is like. If you really want to know, come out next fall and see for yourselves.

*Longmont, Colo.*

## WHAT LITTLE BOYS NEED.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

ONCE there was a little boy who often wished to be president of the United States. He would quietly meditate when he was told not to steal, swear, lie or drink if he ever hoped to attain the coveted position. His youthful mind could not yet comprehend that through preparation, struggle, and trial, he must come out conqueror—thoroughly qualified. Mind and body must develop and grow strong.

Before becoming a magistrate and ruling many, man should be great in power, physically, intellectually, morally, socially and spiritually. What long years of labor and seasons of trial our dear president must have had, to become competent to sway the scepter of power over a nation!

It is the same in any great and noble calling. Nothing is gained by idle dreaming. Much safer and nobler is it to be prepared for a work and fail for want of opportunity, than to accept the grandest position and fail for want of qualification.

One frequently hears of a little man taking up a great position and failing because of his incompetency—a lack of power physically, intellectually and more often morally. The East Indian fable of a mouse illustrates nicely: "A mouse dwelt near the abode of a great magician and was kept in distress by its fear of a cat. The magician took pity on it and turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from its fear of a tiger. So the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from its fear of huntsmen and the magician, in disgust, said, 'Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal.' And the poor creature again became a mouse."

So with the little man. He may want to be, appear so, and even think himself competent, but when placed in a position too high for him he may not be so reputable as he hoped to be. He cannot be helped by being given a high position if he be not qualified for the same.

Then if we ever hope to attain to any position or succeed in any worthy calling, our first and most requisite duty is to be prepared. Let us take a lesson from the mouse and meet the conditions of a change when it comes to us.

*Hartville, Ohio.*

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A GOOD woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and good in all change; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

## INVALIDISM AND WORK.

A RECORD of the magnificent courage of the world's invalid heroes is Sophia P. Shaler's newly published book, "The Masters of Fate." One of these heroes was Green, the English historian, who could sign himself, "Faithfully (feebly, weakly, dizzily, mopily, faintly, dreamily, dully), J. R. Green." Another was Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote: "I am about knocked out of time now; a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, nightmare-ridden, knee-tottering, hoast-hoast-hoasting shadow and remains of a man." "But," continues Stevenson, "the medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not color my view of life." It was an octogenarian United States senator who, when asked for rules for longevity, replied: "Acquire a chronic ailment in youth, and nurse yourself through life—and work." Kant furnishes a lesson of this kind; although the great metaphysician was never entirely well, he performed a prodigious amount of intellectual work, and lived to be eighty years of age. "He obtained such control over his discomfiture," writes Mrs. Shaler, "that when suffering from a pain in his head he could concentrate his mind so perfectly on a chosen subject that the pain was treated as if it did not exist. By sheer force of will he would also overcome sleeplessness caused by rheumatic attacks. 'That these,' he says, 'were not imaginary pains was proved by the glowing redness which was seen the next morning on the toes of my left foot.'"

That pitiful account which Johnson gives of Pope's physical condition rests upon the authority of an old servant of Lord Oxford's, who knew him after middle age. "He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of attendance; he was extremely sensitive to cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet under a shirt of coarse, warm linen, with fine sleeves. When he arose he was invested in bodices made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and then he put on a flannel waistcoat. One side of his body was contracted; his legs were so slender that he enlarged their bulk with two pairs of stockings."

Great soldiers have borne afflictions they could neither overcome nor avoid. "Some of the world's foremost commanders—Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington and Archduke Charles of Austria—appear to have been epileptics. At the battle of Wagram the archduke, it is said, had a seizure which lasted about an hour; it was then that Napoleon gained the ascendancy. At the critical moment the fate of two great armies was in the hands of two epileptics. Cambyse, the conqueror of Egypt; Alfred the Great,

and two of the greatest poets of Europe—Tasso and Byron—were subject to this disease, as was also the prophet Mohammed."—*Selected*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE MAN  
HIS HUMAN SIDE

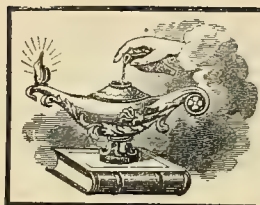
THERE was something in the rugged honesty of Abraham Lincoln's character which made him an attractive man. It had centered there in the early time when, having sold a woman a pound of tea in a country store and afterward found that there was a defect in the scales by which he had unwittingly weighed out less than a pound, he walked four miles after the day's work was ended to carry the remainder of the tea to the purchaser.

Having in his boyhood borrowed Weems's "Life of Washington" from a neighbor, and being so unfortunate as to let it drop into a keg of water, he put in three days of hard work to pay for the book, which he carefully dried and kept, reading it with great interest and believing it. How many of us at the present day can recall the Golden Age in which we, too, put faith in Weems?

His honesty seems to have taken deep root by the time he went to the Capitol to represent his district in Congress, for a sketch of his life having been published in which Plutarch was mentioned as one of the authors with whose works he was familiar, he sent for the writer of the article, and told him that at the time the sketch was prepared it was not true that he had read Plutarch, but he had since bought the book and read it, in order that the story might be in every way accurate, even though it was only a campaign sketch. In 1860, when he received a telegram saying that he could not win the nomination unless he promised to give two cabinet positions to certain men who were mentioned, he replied, "I authorize no bargains and shall be bound by none."

Some one has said that few, if any, men have been called to the presidency with as little knowledge of statesmanship. This may be true, but does not his subsequent life show how much more important is a knowledge of life and humanity? With little of the training that is usually necessary to raise men to political magnitude, he was yet so much greater than those who had climbed the ladder of public life in the ordinary way that one who met him daily at the White House, surrounded by men of whom he had formed exaggerated opinions, noted that all whom he had regarded as the giants of the arena seemed to diminish in size as they came in any way in comparison with Mr. Lincoln.—*Mrs. General Pickett, in Lippincott's Magazine.*





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

F. F. HOLSOPPLE.

"Not my will, but thine be done."

"BEAUTIFUL prayer of Gethsemane." The greatest triumph of the human spirit is that which brings self into subjection. In the life of Jesus we find the epitome of all human experiences. The "Word made flesh" expresses his humanity. Man is primarily selfish. Many never enter a broader sphere of being. In Gethsemane, our Exemplar gave us a pattern of a broader altruism. A crucial moment has come. Before him is Calvary. His divine mission and character are to be challenged by the recognized ecclesiastical authorities and he is doomed to die with malefactors. The work of his lifetime is, to all human seeming, to be hopelessly defeated. Peter is to deny him; and his nearest followers are on the verge of disbanding to go to their former secular employments. The dark hour of God's withdrawal from his Son casts its shadow over him, and the flesh, the human, cries out in agony against the impending doom. Then it is that triumph comes. Absolute self-abnegation is the price of victory—Jesus paid that price. "God is my Father," is the basis of his claim to divinity. "He is my keeper. His love is infinite; his wisdom absolute, and his power supreme. Him will I trust. His will shall be my will. "Then was the agonizing cry of the human, "Let this cup pass from me," followed by the divine triumph, "Not my will but thine be done."

Herein lies the possibility of the victory of faith for every child of God. In hours of uncertainty, of distress and doubt, we are rebellious. We love ease. Self is supreme. While we pray to be purified from sin we are not willing to have our prayer answered. God's ways are not ours. We are limited in wisdom, ignorant of the divine method, and too selfish to submit to necessary pain. Could we but realize that God is our father, that his love is unfailing and his care constant and that his mercy endureth forever, we would be able to say, "Not my will but thine be done." It is in this resignation and abnegation of self that we get the power that carries us victoriously through the trial hour.

The greatest triumph that can come to the Christian is the moment when he can look up, maybe with eyes

dimmed with tears, to his Father and from his heart say, "Not my will but thine be done."

Huntingdon, Pa.



## GOD'S WAY.

God never would send you the darkness  
If he felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to the guiding hand  
If the way were always bright.  
And you would not care to walk by faith  
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true, he has many an anguish  
For your sorrowful heart to bear;  
And many a cruel thorn-crown  
For your tired head to wear.  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all,  
If pain did not guide them there.

So he sends you the blinding darkness,  
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;  
'Tis the only way, believe me,  
To keep you close to his feet,  
For 'tis always so easy to wander  
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in the Father's,  
And sing, if you can, as you go;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you,  
Whose courage is sinking low.  
And—well—if your lips do quiver,  
God will love you the better so.

—Selected.



## NOT MEANT FOR WEAR.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, and finding it was beginning to rain, caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming: "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article to be looked at, but must not be dampened in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.—*Spurgeon.*

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"I PRAY you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, or a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread, and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe."—*Emerson.*



## THE MAN WHO NEEDS NO APOLOGY.

"BE men," said the doctor to his class of bright-eyed students, "strong, self-controlled, manly men. Build your character up to full measure; make it such that others can rely upon it and not be disappointed. Don't be apologies for men, nor men that need apologizing for. Did you ever notice how many people there are for whom their friends are continually having to make excuses. 'That's his way; but he's good-hearted down under it all.'"

"I charge you, boys, to be masters of your moods, your tempers, and your ways. Never let them get so strong that they shall represent you to the world; that you shall be known by them rather than by anything else that may be in you. No one has a right to do business on the patience of his friends, or expect those about him to excuse the faults and weaknesses he can remedy. What the world wants is the man who has honestly made the best of himself and who needs no apology."—*Forward.*



## TRY AGAIN.

You say you have tried a dozen times, and failed. Well, what of it? Try again. Nothing worth while is won without effort. "Keeping everlastingly at it" brings success—but be sure you go at it in the right way. It isn't so much the doing, as the manner of doing.

Suppose conditions are adverse to success. Are you going to let that handicap you, or are you going to rise above it and make things easier for some one else? The world wants your smiles, your hopes, your aspirations. She already has too many frowns and tears.

Open mind and heart. Be awake to possibilities of

the moment. Opportunity, like a will-'o-the-wisp, flits before him who is too timid or too indolent to stretch forth his hand and make her his own. Lovingly she comrades with him whose wish is will; whose will is to dare; whose daring is to achieve.

Remember, energy, ambition, and tireless effort alone spell the great secret of success. Be sure your vision is clear, your purpose right, then push on with might and main. "Let nothing you dismay."—*Selected.*



## THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think  
That this is really the price of a drink?  
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;  
"Why that isn't very much to pay."  
Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum  
You are passing o'er 'twixt finger and thumb,  
And if that were all that you gave away,  
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide  
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,  
And lies a groveling heap of clay,  
Not far removed from beast to-day.  
The price of a drink? Let that one tell  
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,  
And feels within him the fires of hell.  
Honor and virtue, love and truth,  
All the glory and pride of youth,  
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,  
High endeavor, and noble aim—  
These are the treasures thrown away,  
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass." How Satan laughed  
As o'er the bar the young man quaffed  
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew  
The terrible work that drink would do.  
And before the morning the victim lay  
With his life blood swiftly ebbing away;  
And that was the price he paid, alas!  
For the pleasure of taking a social glass!

The price of a drink? If you want to know  
What some are willing to pay for it, go  
Through that wretched tenement over there,  
With dingy windows and broken stair,  
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls  
With outstretched wing o'er the mouldy walls,  
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,  
Wild eyed as demons for lack of food;  
There shame in a corner crouches low,  
There violence deals its cruel blow,  
And innocent ones are thus accursed,  
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,  
The sacrifice would indeed be small,  
But the money's worth is the least amount  
We pay, and whoever will keep account  
Will learn the terrible waste and blight  
That follows this ruinous appetite.  
"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think  
That this is really the price of a drink?

—Josephine Pollard.



# THE INGLENOOK

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## THE JOY OF LIVING.



WHILE it is quite evident that nearly all people do cling most tenaciously to this life, few of them stop to analyze the feelings that lead them to do so. They are so busy in crowding into life's short span all that it will possibly contain that they have had no time to consider what constitutes the chief attractions,—the joy of living.

However, if they would take the time, they would find an additional joy in the mere act, and besides, each separate attraction would increase in value many fold.

Before going further, perhaps it should be said that "joy" here is used only in a good sense,—that feeling which is born of good, honest, clean, wholesome conditions. In fact, the word joy ought never to be used in any other sense.

Most of us will put down, as chief of these joys, our friends, those whom we love and who love us,—the ones who cheer and uphold us, the ones who try us and scold us. Each good trait of these friends gives occasion for a separate feeling of joy, and though they serve us differently, ministering to the different needs of our nature, each in his peculiar way, we enjoy the association of all. Just how large a place this association holds in the sum of our happiness we seldom realize till we have been deprived of it.

Some look upon nature as being the largest contributor to the joy of living. They are pantheists, in a sense. Their whole being thrills with the emotions of the true worshiper in the contemplation of nature's works and ways. There is little danger of ever losing this joy by disappointment, or ever being able to sound the depth of its source. On and on it leads one, into ever fresh, ever new, ever broader fields, increasing in strength, till it brings him before the Creator of all.

Then there is the joy of the daily duties. How one

glories in the strength given him to do them! And how he glories, too, in the doing that places him in the ranks of the world's benefactors! Not all have the gift of making and using friends. Not all find nature companionable. But surely the joy of the worker whose work is worthy may be common to all. He has much the same feeling, at the close of a day,—half satisfaction, half anticipation,—as the reader, who, in the midst of an interesting paragraph, finds staring him in the face the words, "To be continued in our next."

All these sources of joy are open alike to the Christian and to the one who knows nothing of Christian experiences. But when one takes a step farther and contemplates the service of Christ and its relation to the joy of living, he finds that this outweighs them all. And this joy is not confined to the service which is manifested in our daily life, it is an earnest of that which awaits in the beyond,—the joy that is "unspeakable and full of glory." Perhaps it is designed by the Father that *all* the joy of this life should be but a foretaste of that which is "ready to be revealed in the last time."



## AUTUMN MUSINGS.

Is the mournful air attributed to autumn an inseparable part of the season itself, or has it been cultivated, largely by the imagination, under the influence of the poet who announces,

"The melancholy days are come,  
The saddest of the year?"

And was the poet himself under the spell of the season when he wrote, or was he influenced by personal conditions,—for instance, an attack of indigestion?

The child apparently does not share in this feeling of sadness. He finds the season a gay and happy one, promising long excursions through rustling, fallen leaves, in which he vies with the squirrels in his efforts to secure an ample supply of nuts. The season also excites a pleasurable feeling in him in that it points so directly to the joys of the season to follow.

But is the child a safe thermometer of the season? Does the spirit of melancholy lie below the surface, and is it recognized only by those whose experiences in life have led them to look farther than that for the real meaning of things? Perhaps that is why the poet said,

"Around us fall the autumn leaves in showers of red  
and gold,  
While each a silent warning gives,—we, too, are growing  
ing old;"

and so if the season has brought us any feeling of melancholy it is because some part of our nature realizes that we, too, are fading, that we are growing old.

There are those, however, who object to this interpretation and conclusion. They are compelled to admit that they are affected strongly by that indefinable feeling of sadness which accompanies the season, but as they are not now "growing old" and are not even thinking of doing so in the distant future, the autumn's spell of sadness is, therefore, in no way connected with that condition.

And so we leave the season to work out its influence along its own lines, undirected by our awkward logic. To the child let it be a gay and happy companion, sporting in the woods and fields, while it leads him gradually from the admiration of its gorgeous colors to a frolic in the snow-banks of winter. To the strong let it speak in words, subdued, yet forceful, of the more serious things of life, and while they may be unconscious of the real meaning of the language, they may, under its indefinable influence, be the better prepared to meet these things when they come. To those who are growing old let it be a sure evidence of the fact that life is fleeting, that "we all do fade as a leaf."



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 4.

ONE can spend a good deal of time, and even feel that it is not misspent, in simply watching the smoke pour out of one of those big railroad engines. Sometimes it appears light in color and fleecy in make-up and it is easy to imagine that it is a pure cloud, as pure as the air on which it floats away. And then, just as with the real cloud, one's fancy can give it life and various forms and witness tragic and comic performances in mid-air, or he himself can float away, away, a-w-a-y, until the transparency of his float compels him to return to terra firma.

If one is inclined to see the tragic or pessimistic side of everything and a good many of us are, he can turn the big volumes of black smoke, pouring from an engine, into a terrible cyclone, sweeping across the land. Suppose his view of the engine and the cars that may follow is cut off and he sees only the smoke as it issues from the smoke-stack, churning and writhing, as it spreads out a little and mingles with the clouds above. The appearance and shape are there,—that terrible funnel. The sound is there in the roar and rumble of the engine and train. Look! Let go of your judgment, concentrate your thought on the approaching monster, and—where is the cyclone cellar!

Now you may think that requires a mighty stretch of the imagination and that women and children are the only ones who are equal to such efforts in that line. Perhaps; but I have seen many people, and some of them generally passed for strong men, who suffered genuine anxiety and distress from troubles

which were as farfetched as this make-believe cyclone. In fact, they did not have a substance equal to smoke in substantiality to support them. The imagination is a wonderful servant of the mind. But with the power it is able to control one ought to be careful how he uses it. He had better not develop it at all than have it sap him of strength that is needed for the stern and real things of life.



#### BEING A CITIZEN.

THE more one attempts to wade through and look into affairs political, the more he is impressed with the responsibility of even the least influential voter, and the more he sees the folly of trying to load this responsibility onto those elected to office. To be sure, the office holders have a responsibility, too, but however much we may rightly charge to them, it does not lessen by one iota that which belongs to the man who holds the right of franchise.

There is much boasting about American liberty and the free American government. Yes, it is so free that any oppression the citizen may feel exists because of his own sufferance. The trouble lies in the fact that men generally are so devoted to a few principles of their party that they ignore all others, and ignore, too, the fact that the man they would have represent them may hold to principles that the party bothers itself very little about, or that he may be devoid of any whatever.

Be ye *men* and prove your title to the name!



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

THE person who says he would be a philanthropist if he had a million dollars, but, being poor, turns a beggar from his door without a crust, may deceive himself about it, but he will deceive no one else.—*W. H. Ziegler.*



MUCH safer and nobler is it to be prepared for a work and fail for want of opportunity, than to accept the grandest position and fail for want of qualification.—*Grace Longanecker.*



Though it seemeth right to our mortal sight—  
Though the path of wrong we praise—  
We may learn too late that we toyed with fate  
At the parting of the ways.

—Robert Eriksen.



THE greatest triumph that can come to the Christian is the moment when he can look up, may be with eyes dimmed with tears, to his Father and from his heart say, "Not my will but thine be done."—*F. F. Holsoffe.*



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

CANADA is said to have a curious well which yields sand instead of water, the fine sand coming up in a stream like a fountain.

THE city of Boston has just installed in its fire-fighting service a motor-driven chemical wagon. This has the advantage of being started instantly with a single turn of a crank, and its speed will be double that of horse-drawn wagons.

As was feared, the movement made by San Francisco toward providing separate schools for the Japanese is causing not a little stir. San Franciscans, on their side claim the action is in conformity with the state laws and the constitutionality of the law is the point that must first be settled.

A. DE L. LITTLE, of Gamewell, N. C., has invented a swingletree in which the strain of starting a load will be relieved by the spring action, so that injury to the draft devices, as well as to the team is avoided, and the tension spring is arranged in such a manner as to prevent any danger of breaking it. Altogether, he furnishes a satisfactory and durable device at a small cost.

ANOTHER of the many uses made of concrete is for making piles, especially for docks that front on salt water, for there the teredo or ship-worm eats into the wooden pile and destroys it. The concrete pile cannot be handled as quickly as the wooden, about fifteen minutes being required to raise it from the ground and get into position for driving, after which from two hundred to three hundred blows are necessary to drive it down.

THE Italian railways are said to have been trying, with satisfactory results, a new invention for ticket officials. It is a machine that prints the ticket on heavy cardboard whenever it is called for. The ticket contains the name of the place of departure and destination as well as date, number, and whether single fare or round trip. An exact duplicate of the ticket is made at the same time on another cardboard. The agent merely makes a few movements of his hands in order to get out the ticket called for and at the same time an indicator outside the counter shows the purchaser the cost.

THE manufacture of sponge mattresses along the Florida coast is said to be a paying business. The sponges are cleaned of all foreign matter, thoroughly dried, and then shredded by machinery. They are sterilized and all odor is taken away by chemicals. One of the virtues is said to be the lightness of these mattresses, as they weigh only about one-third as much as do hair mattresses of the same size. It is claimed that they are springy, sanitary, and durable.

SEVERAL weeks ago it was stated in these columns that the motormen at Clinton, Iowa, turn the switches by means of a hole in the car floor through which the switch bar is worked. An INGLENOOK reader, of St. Louis, Mo., in connection with this, says it may be news to some that at important street-car junctions in St. Louis the motorman needs but to turn the power off or on at a certain place, and the switch is thrown by electricity.

NEARLY all the state-owned railways of Bavaria are equipped with a telephone service that can be made use of at any point. A single copper wire is stretched along on the telegraph poles and is used in connection with the track rails. A track-walker or other employee of the railway company is supplied with an extension pole and portable instrument for speaking and receiving. This latter is connected with the copper wire by means of the pole and with the track by a clamp, and then communication is established.

It is reported that the Democratic state central committee, of Idaho, is prepared to challenge the votes of all Mormons, Nov. 6. "The state committee takes the stand that under the sworn testimony of the leaders of the church given in the Smoot case, no Mormon can vote under the provisions of the Idaho state constitution. The challenge will lay the foundation for a contest in congress as to the right of Mormons to exercise elective franchise under the provisions of the Idaho state constitution.

ON the southwest coast of Norway there are great forests of seaweed. It is not the common grass variety, but attains a height of five and six feet, with stems like ropes and leaves as tough as leather. "It begins to sprout in March and April, and gradually covers the ocean bed with a dense, impenetrable

brush. In the fall the stems become tender, the roots release their suction-like grip on the rocky bottom, and the autumn winds wash it ashore in such great quantities that it looks like a huge brown wall." The seaweed is burned in the spring, when it sells for from \$2.25 to \$3.75 per pound. "The ashes contain many valuable chemical properties, among which iodine is the most important."

SOME of the scientific papers are predicting wooden suits of clothes that will wear like leather. Vests, napkins, and other things are already made of wood. The wood is ground to a soft pulp and pressed through small holes, coming out in ropes about one-half inch in diameter. These are dried, then twisted into fine threads, and afterwards woven into cloth. The material resembles a stiff thick cloth.

THE loss of many English fishing boats, says *Popular Mechanics*, is now believed to have been due to the fact that the man at the wheel carried in his pocket a specially forged fisherman's knife. These knives possess strong magnetic properties sufficient to deflect the compass needle two or three points. Many wrecks have occurred while steering apparently a true course, and the discovery of the knives is now believed to account for many of them.

THOUGH the use of asbestos has recently come to have more commercial popularity, it is by no means a new thing on the market. Long years ago the Eastern potentates were using it for tablecloths and napkins which could be cleansed by throwing them into the fire, and Napoleon had the Parisian firemen to wear asbestos uniforms for protection. It is used now to cover locomotive and stationary engine boilers and as a covering for cornices, pillars and balustrades, being worked up like plaster of paris. When covering iron pillars, braces and the like, it prevents their bending where subjected to extreme heat. The asbestos becomes hot but resists the action of the fire.

AFTER months of hard work the engineers of the Southern Pacific Railway succeeded recently in damming up the inlet to the Salton Sea, in Southern California, and turning the Colorado river back into its original channel leading to the Gulf of California. Thus \$25,000,000 worth of property and the homes of 10,000 are rescued from inundation. The Salton Sea is a vast inland body of water created during the two years that the river has been pouring into the lowlands of the desert. The break in the river bank was caused by the digging of an irrigation canal. Now

the engineers have completed a concrete dam, supplemented by rock and gravel.

RECENT autopsies performed upon the bodies of human beings killed by the caisson disease, otherwise known as "bends," according to press reports, indicate that the trouble was caused by air bubbles in the blood, due to sudden passage of tunnel workmen into the ordinary atmospheric pressure. Such bubbles have been found in the heart, blood vessels and various tissues. The bubble acts as a block to the circulation of the blood at some point. Where the result is not severe recovery is usual, because in the course of time the air is reabsorbed into the body's tissues.

IN the course of the discussion before the New York Board of Education, Wednesday, on the question of adopting the simplified spelling, letters were read from numerous story writers, disapproving of the reform. Professor Brander Matthews, who was present, was greatly incensed by a letter from Molly Elliot Sewall, referring to "the crazy spelling advocated by certain cranks of high and low degree." Other writers quoted against the movement were Wharton, Aldrich, Schollard, Page, Johnston, Crawford, Allen, Wiggin and Green. The vote was deferred until a subsequent meeting.

A CURRENT number of the *Living Church* reflects the movement among Episcopalians in favor of reintroducing the ancient sacramental rite of unction as a means of protecting the church against the inroads of Christian Science and other healing cults. The article points out that technically and potentially the American churches have never abandoned the healing office, but that by practice the rite has fallen into disuse. The rite consists in the anointing of the sick with holy oils and in a prayer for the recovery of the patient's health. We might add that the Brethren church has never abandoned the practice, not simply because it is an ancient rite, but because it is a gospel command.

THE annual Mohonk conference has closed after the adoption of its platform. This expresses the belief that all the people under American control, whether Indians, Porto Ricans or Eskimos, should be developed as rapidly as possible by moral, intellectual and spiritual education into the exercise of full self-governing citizenship. Citizenship was recommended for the Alaskans who can read and write, and also additional schools, hospitals and courts for the people in that section. It urges that the Senate adopt the House bill reducing the tariff on Philippine products.





## A QUESTION ANSWERED.



HE world is such a cheery place

If we but see it so;

There's beauty everywhere we step

To set the heart aglow,

The air is full of rhythmic joy,

The blue sky throbs with love,

And every leaf and flower and bird

By pure delight in life is stirred,

Its ecstasy to prove.

The world is such a sorry place,

If we but see it so;

There's sadness in the skies above

And on the earth below.

The children weep, the birds are mute,

The flowers droop and die;

All sounds are tuned in minor key,

All sights but picture misery;

We wonder, wonder why.

How can we solve the problem—we

Who fain the earth would know?

How can earth be so beautiful,

And how so full of woe?

O human heart give answer, for

In thee that answer lies;

'Tis not for birds, or flowers, or air

To make life either dull or fair

Or prove its mysteries.

Life's radiance from within must shine,

Its harmony express

The aspirations of the soul,

The power to cheer and bless.

'Tis love, love only, in the air,

The sky, the birds, the flowers,

That glorifies the common life,

That triumphs over care and strife

In this sweet world of ours.

—Emily Hartley in *Sunset*.



## AUNT BARBARA'S WAY.

IDA M. HELM.

AUNT BARBARA had a keen sense of the value of money. She did not believe in hoarding it and making it her idol, but she said, "I believe in being economical. The Great Teacher taught us to 'gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,' and I believe he meant to teach us to make the best use of every thing that he has given into our power to use." She said, "Though we may have mines of gold and silver, they are useless as long as they are hidden away in the

earth; it is only when put to a proper use that gold and silver can be a blessing to mankind, and though our coffers may be filled with dollars and cents they can never do any good unless they are put to a proper use."

She never wasted her money, she always counted the cost when making her plans and she always planned so that both ends would meet, and she was always free from debt. She kept a tin box stowed away in her bureau in which she always deposited her surplus money and when mission supplies were to be collected, or the needy applied to her for help, she always had the needed money on hand. She said, "It is not right for us to spend so much money for luxuries when so many of our fellow-beings are in need of the comforts of life."

Her own home was a model of comfort, plenty, and cheerfulness. When I spoke to her about her pleasant home, she said, "Oh I have such a good husband; Jonathan is a good financier and he is always pleasant."

I always believed that Aunt Barbara helped Uncle Jonathan and that the two *always* worked together and that was why they always had such a comfortable, happy home.

The old saying is, "Betsy can throw out more with a spoon, if she does not manage right, than Peter can throw in with a shovel." That would certainly be unpleasant. Aunt Barbara managed right and did not waste anything.

*Ashland, Ohio.*



## A FEW QUALITIES WHICH GO TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE.

TUCKED away in the depths of every girl's heart is the thought that some day she will marry the man of her choice and live happy ever after. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this—a woman's thoughts turn to love and marriage as naturally as a flower to the sun.

But even though it is so often in a girl's mind, one doubts sometimes whether she realizes what it all means. Even at the altar the solemnity of the vows she makes weighs but lightly on her mind. She loves the man and means to make him a good wife, but her ideas of the duties of a wife are of the vaguest.

The woman who is a good wife and mother is filling the highest vocation that is granted to woman. There is no career equal to it. We do best that which we are most naturally fitted for, and every true woman should be at her best when fulfilling the duties of wife and motherhood.

The good wife should be her husband's comfort, strengthening him when he is weak, walking proudly with him in success, giving him tenderest love and sympathy in adversity. She should spend his money wisely, remembering that every penny represents work and thought on his part. His good name she should hold more precious than gold.

Many a man has lost heart and courage simply because he could not keep pace with the demands of his wife. The young woman finds it hard to realize that she cannot have all the luxuries she had in her father's house. Even if she does not actually complain, she looks hurt and surprised when the husband hints that expenses are running a little too high. He loves her and wants her to have as many pretty clothes and comforts as she has been accustomed to, and that is the beginning of the trouble. Try to remember, girls, that if you wish to help your husbands to success, you must be content with small beginnings.

You can either be the guiding star and helpmate of a man's life, or you can be a clog and drawback, dragging him to failure. So when you are building your castles in the air, add a practical touch to your day-dreams by asking yourselves: "How am I preparing myself for this happy dream should it come true? Am I training myself to fit this vocation properly, or am I just frittering away my time, an idle butterfly, with no practical attainments—a mere drawing-room ornament?"

If you want to make good wives, you must know something about the practical side of life. Married life is not all romance, you know; after the first glamour has worn off there will be many hours when the sordid side of life is uppermost, and love seems perilously near flitting. Your husband, absorbed by business cares, will not always remember to kiss you and tell you he loves you, and that you keep house beautifully. Then is your chance to prove the stuff of which you are made.—*The Young Women*.



#### SELECTED HELPS.

To remove a splinter from the hand fill a wide mouthed bottle nearly full of hot water and placing the affected part over the mouth, press slightly. In a short time the steam will draw out the splinter and stop the pain.



I WASH my willow chairs with a stiff brush, warm,

soft water and white soap. While they are still wet I shut them into a tight, tiny closet just off the woodshed and place a pan of burning sulphur on the floor. In about an hour they will be nearly dry and almost as pretty as when new.



My stove had become rusty and I could not make the blacking stick. I took a cup of cold coffee and added one tablespoon of coal oil, one tablespoon of laundry soap shaved in blacking to make it as thick as cream. I set it on the stove and let it come to a boil, then used it on the stove while quite warm. It gave a nice lustre and did not brush off.



To each pound of rosin add three ounces of tallow and when all is melted and hot, stir in pine saw-dust to make it very thick, and while still hot, spread it out about one inch thick upon boards which have fine saw-dust sprinkled upon them, to prevent it from sticking. When cold break up into lumps one inch square. One of these blocks will easily ignite with a match and burn with a strong blaze strong enough to kindle any wood fit to burn. It does not soil the hands in the least and is the nicest and best fire-kindler I have ever used. Try it.



#### MINUTE CAKE.

MRS. J. A. FILSON.

BEAT three eggs one minute; one and a half cup soft A sugar, beat five minutes; one cup of flour, beat one minute. Another cup of flour with two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one minute; one cup of cold water, beat one minute.

#### Caramel Icing.

HALF-POUND maple sugar; one cup granulated sugar; one-half cup sweet milk; one-half cup butter; one cup of any kind of nuts crushed fine.

Boil altogether on a slow fire till thick enough to spread on any kind of a layer cake; the icing must be spread on while warm.

*Burnham, Pa.*



#### SOUTHERN CORN PONE.

BREAKFAST HOECAKE.—We in the south know many ways of cooking this inestimable food. Thousands will tell you this is one of the best recipes for breakfast hoe cake. Take good, fresh meal, water ground and not too fine, work up quickly with hot water till the dough is so thin that it will not crack in spreading out, spread it on a hot "hoe," over live coals, and turn as soon as the side next the iron plate or "hoe" is done brown. Let this brown, and



serve while hot. No salt or grease or any other ingredient. A hoecake made this way is esteemed by us as the very best way you can cook corn meal. It is not good cold.

VIRGINIA PONE No. 1.—Take one quart sour milk, one egg, a little salt, one-half teaspoon baking soda, enough meal to make batter, and bake in hot oven.

VIRGINIA PONE No. 2.—Of sour milk one quart, one small teaspoon baking soda, three eggs and sufficient corn meal to make a thin batter. Add a little salt. Heat well greased pan before putting in batter, bake in a quick oven.

GEORGIA HOECAKE.—Sift one pint fine water-ground meal, sufficient for two hoecakes, into a pan, adding a good pinch of salt. Pour in enough water, stirring constantly, to produce a thin batter. Have two round, flat batter-cake irons, on top of a moderately hot stove. Upon one of them place five level tablespoons fat. When very hot, add to batter and mix thoroughly. If, while standing, meal has swelled so that batter is a trifle stiff, thin with water as before. Have iron smoking hot, grease well and pour on half the batter. In a few moments, run a knife beneath, lifting up slightly to note progress of cooking. When a rich, even brown, turn by placing the other iron which has been heated and greased, upon the hoecake, greased side down, then with towel invert irons and brown the other side. When done, never lay upon a cold plate, as the steam generated by so doing will cause bread to become clammy. Serve upon a hot plate and eat at once, while crisp.

GEORGIA PONE BREAD.—In order that corn bread shall be its best, two things are absolutely essential,—first that white corn be used, and second that it be properly ground, as with poor meal it is simply impossible to prepare good bread. Meal that has been ground on a water mill is best, for the reason that such mill grinds slower and more evenly, without heating the meal in the process, as does a steam mill, which will seriously impair the product. Sift one quart water-ground meal in pan, adding one heaping teaspoon salt, a small pinch of soda and five tablespoons sour milk, with water sufficient to make a stiff dough that can be easily handled. Divide in two portions, and with the hands shape into two oblong pones, some two inches in thickness. Place on a well greased tin and bake in a hot oven till nicely browned. Serve at once. Half a pint of lard cracklings stirred in dough will greatly improve.—*Farm and Home.*

### POLLY'S "PERSNICATIVENESS."

"POLLY PAINE! don't be so painfully careful. You wear yourself out for these roomers. What do you suppose a college boy cares if there is a little dust out of sight, or if a wrinkle crawls across a pillow? There! that's the way I'd do it," Lura Mayne threw a plump pillow toward the head of the bed and danced across the room to the dresser, adding, as she hastily dusted the toilet articles there, "Oh, don't be so persnivative!"

"W-h-a-t?" gasped Polly, settling the pillow carefully into place. "What is that new word? Remember, please, that I am not studying Greek."

Lura laughed, in spite of her pretended indignation. "I wish you were! Mr. Phelps could not quote to you 'Woman's Greek, without the accent.' You are persnivative enough to get it in every time. But if the word is Greek to you, I much fear the quality is foreign to my nature. There! I call this room finished. Now, come on, and let's dig out those Latin roots together."

Off to Polly's room she whirled, while Polly, saying, "In a moment!" hastened to rearrange the window curtains, dust an overlooked bookshelf, and to replace some papers that Lura's dash past the table had dislodged.

"Perhaps I am too careful," she said, as she went down the stair with broom and dustpan. "Yet there was an English poet once who said:

" 'Who sweeps a room as to thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.'"

"I do want those boys to have cleanliness and sweetness in their rooms to remind them of the ones at home, cared for by their mother and sister. Coming, Lura!" as a complaining voice called, "Saturday morning is half gone, Miss Persnivativeness!"

Mrs. Prentiss looked up from the figs she was preserving as her husband dismounted at the gate.

"Polly Paine Prentiss," he read from an envelope he took from his pocket. "And it's from your old home!"

Mrs. Prentiss smiled as she opened the letter. "It is from Arthur Maxim. He and John roomed with mother at Baldwin. This is what he says." She read:

"John is going into the ministry, and I am ready to enter upon my practice as a lawyer; and I shall be a Christian in that work, too. Did I ever tell you, Mrs. Prentiss, how John and I came to take up the Master's work? You deserve to know. It was the careful way in which you did your work, both in the classroom and at home. There were never any dusty corners, and everything was always in place. It was so different from what some of the fellows had to

put up with, and, talking one day of things in general, as boys will, Fred Faber said, "The kind of religion that Polly Paine has is genuine. If you don't believe it, look at her work, compared to what that girl at Dunn's does."

"Just at that time a lot of the boys were reading all sorts of things that made them think less of the old ways, but Fred's speech set us thinking, and soon after that, when there was a call for decision, three of us at least chose as we did because of your work."

"Oh, Lester!" said Mrs. Prentiss, a soft light in her eyes, "Cousin Lura used to call me persnivative."

"That is a new word to me, Polly," returned Mr. Prentiss, "but if she meant the kind of work you do, she may well call you that, and I will, too."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

SELECTED BY VINIA MAHORNEY.

[Here are some verses learned by an Inglenook reader when she was a little girl. They were written by her mother ninety-eight years ago.—Ed.]

January brings the snow,  
And makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,  
And thaws the frozen lakes again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
And stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings flocks of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their fleecy mams.

May brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
And fills the children's hands with posies.

June brings cooling showers,  
Apricots and tula flowers.

July brings the summer heat,  
Then the farmer cuts the wheat.

August brings the shocks of corn,  
Then the harvest home is borne.

September brings the pheasant,  
Then to gather nuts 'tis pleasant.

October brings the fruit,  
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

November brings the blast,  
Then the leaves are falling fast.

December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fires, and Christmas treat.

Ladoga, Ind.



### A SHAGGY NEWSBOY.

A RAILROAD ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great State of New York.

I stood at the rear end of the train looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat at the end of the train, near the door, asked if I wanted to see a "real country newsboy." I, of course, answered "Yes." So he stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on a lower step of the car, holding on by his left.

I saw him begin to wave the paper just as he swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farmhouse came into view, 'way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black, shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big, black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields toward the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows.

"What will he do with the paper?" I asked the tall young conductor by my side.

"Carry it to the folks at the house," he answered.

"Is that your home?" I inquired.

"Yes," he responded; "my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day."

"Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?"

"No," said he, "they never send him. He knows when it is train time, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter."

"But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?" I asked with considerable curiosity.

"Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this."

"How can a dog tell what time it is, so as to know when to go to meet the train?" I asked again.

"That is more than I can tell," answered the conductor, "but he is always there, and the engineer whistles to call attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo."

"So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself," I remarked.

The conductor laughed, and I wondered as he walked away, who of your friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not "tell the time by the clock."—*Unknown*.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## COUNTRY LIFE.

**H**ERE'S love to the fields that are rolling far  
 With golden harvest grain,  
 And here's to the fields of waving corn  
 That cover hill and plain.  
 And here's to the orchard bending low  
 O'er clover blossoms sweet,  
 And here's a love of the quiet life  
 Away from the noisy street.

Oh yes, there's work on the busy farm—  
 There's work for hand and brain;  
 There's something more than empty tasks  
 In raising stock and grain.  
 Don't count the farmer as a dunce  
 Nor scoff his work in life,  
 For better is our living made  
 By the farmer and his wife.

And here's to the sunburnt hands and face,  
 And shoes spread out in dirt;  
 And here's to the wide-brimmed old straw hat  
 And colored "hickory" shirt;  
 And here's to the farmer boy and girl  
 And their work for me and you.  
 Without the blessings of their toil  
 What would the town folk do?

Their ways can just as polished be,  
 Though hands are not as fair,  
 As what are met in stores, at desks,  
 Or on city's thoroughfare.  
 But come, don't call them awkward, green,  
 Nor scoff their badge of tan;  
 To make a first-class farmer  
 It takes a first-class man.

—Laura Hall Reed.



## JOTTINGS FOR BUSY FARMERS.

**THE BARN IN WINTER.**—Those who keep stock should see to it that their barns are so arranged that they can be kept comfortably warm during the winter. They should be sufficiently large to accommodate comfortably, avoiding all overcrowding, all the stock that you keep; in addition to all this they should be well lighted and ventilated. Have things so arranged that the place where the animals stand will have some sort of drainage, so that it will always be reasonably dry.



**BE PREPARED.**—There will surely be no loss of time and a great deal of time might be gained if those on the farm start in right away to be fully prepared

for winter. Do not, by any means, undertake to carry over more stock than you can properly take care of, or so many that you will not have sufficient food to give them all that they will require to carry them along nicely up to spring. We all know what becomes of the man who is "land poor," and the same thing is liable to happen to the one who is "stock poor."



**BRANS FOR SHEEP.**—A report from a German experiment has been received at the Department of Agriculture of the digestibility of brans fed to sheep—wheat and rye brans and brans resulting from old-fashioned milling, as against that from modern machinery. It appears that the rye bran was more thoroughly digested than wheat bran, and that, as it might be expected, the bran obtained by modern milling has a lower nutritive value than old-fashioned bran, since the latter is not so entirely divested of the other portions of the grain.



**AN EXCELLENT TONIC FOR HORSES.**—In the address by Professor Grisdale upon feeding work horses, we want to call particular attention to the suggestion that he makes of feeding gentian root and sulphate of iron. The writer has used this for a number of years, and has never known it to fail. Many a horse does not look as he should because of being "hide-bound," and if you should have such an animal, just take the advice given in the address referred to, and you will see how quickly the animal's hide will loosen up and the horse get back into normal condition again.



**DO YOU KNOW.**—That the farm horse that is regularly groomed will always have better health and be capable of increased endurance over the one that is not? That the farmer who is satisfied with scrub stock is exactly like the one who can see no use in sending his children to school, as they both figure that improvement of any kind is of no value? That some flocks of common poultry pay a profit, but under the same conditions the pure-breds would pay an increased profit? That the horse is an animal worth the best of care, for when a farmer loses one his bank account generally suffers quite a little? That the successful stock raiser always shelters his animals from the storms, and sees that their stomachs are

taken good care of as well? That some farmers make a fatal error by continually growing small crops of grass on land that is naturally adapted for such a crop, when with a little effort it could be made to produce large, if not enormous, crops of hay? That a cow testing less than two and five-tenths per cent fat in her milk is an unprofitable animal to keep, unless, of course, she gives an extraordinary amount of milk?—*Weekly Witness*.



#### TO PREVENT GOOD SOIL FROM WASHING.

WRITING in a station publication, J. S. Mosier, soil department, Illinois College of Agriculture, says:

"When soils are likely to wash, an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. The best remedy is a preventive one. This applies especially to the formation of gullies on hillsides, by which a farm may be completely ruined in a very few years. When these ditches are small, they may be filled with rubbish that will check the current of water and cause the sediment to be deposited there, which will result in the filling of the ditch.

"The general washing that takes place from the surface of all hilly and even slightly rolling land, should be looked after as well. This washing removes the best soil and lowers the productive capacity of very large areas of land in Illinois. Much of this was not of the best to begin with, and the removal of the thin top soil has rendered many tracts almost worthless.

"Silt and clay soils are much more liable to wash than sandy ones, because the particles are smaller and consequently more easily carried by water; and, as these soils do not absorb the rainfall readily, because the pores are small, so there is more water to run off.

"While it is impossible to change the inorganic constituents of soils to any appreciable extent, yet they may be treated in such a way as to change the texture in a few years. This may be done by incorporating organic matter in them. The partially decayed material cements the soil particles into granules or grains, giving it somewhat the porosity and looseness of a sandy soil. The granules thus formed are too large to be carried readily. When in this condition water will be absorbed rapidly, and if deep plowing is practiced the ground will be in condition to absorb a heavy rainfall.

"It is estimated that ten inches of loose soil will absorb two inches of rainfall. A large supply of organic matter should be maintained, if possible, by growing legumes and cover crops. In fact, a soil that is liable to wash badly should never pass through the winter without a cover crop. The roots will hold the soil particles together, and the top will prevent rapid surface currents from forming."

#### WINTER FEEDING FOR POULTRY.

THIS winter we have fed our chickens in a new way. We have about sixty and we give them fifteen ears of corn daily which we hang by stout strings long enough to allow it to hang about eighteen inches from the ground.

Fasten one end of your string near the roof and make a loop that will not slip in the other end. Take the string and draw it through the loop. This makes a slip noose which you place around an ear of corn. Be sure to have a strong string or the whirling of the corn as the hens pick at it will break the string. This method keeps the corn clean, forces the hens to take exercise, and allows one to provide plenty of corn for they will not eat too much.

Besides the corn, we feed our chickens one gallon of oats scattered in the straw and an occasional mess of meat scraps, chopped vegetable rinds, milk, etc. We also give our chickens warm water. We take out a cup of hot water each time we go for eggs and this keeps the water from freezing.

This does not take much time and when one thinks of the difference between the prices we get for winter and summer eggs the balance is decidedly in favor of winter eggs.

This is all the feed our chickens have had this winter and we have gotten an average of fifteen eggs a day for the last four months.—*Katie B. Rigoulot*.



#### "RAT PROOF."

NOT long ago a neighbor went down her cellar with a basket of broken glassware. We called: "What are you doing, anyway?" and then followed after. The rats had been troublesome. The cement on the floor was worn and the ratholes, numerous and all along the cellar sides of the walls, needed a little plaster.

"First," said this handy worker, "I scatter these bits of broken glass in all these ratholes, and lay in flattened tin cans. Next, with my trowel, I plaster over the places a mortar of garden clay. It is a homely, clumsy device, but it works. The rats will not work in the broken glass, and the clay hardens. If cement could be had it would be better. I have, when minus a trowel, laid on the plaster with a shingle. I am not an adept worker in plaster, but I manage to make it hold the glass in place.

"I have been saving old tin cans and broken glass the past year. The rats, after getting noses scratched, will cease working in this cellar and will go to the next neighbor. When one thinks of it, homely remedies for minor evils are close to us. It is not always pleasant work, but I try to keep my cellar in fairly good order. I think cellars should be carefully looked after."—*Selected*.



### RHUBARB FOR WINTER.

DIRECTIONS for forcing winter rhubarb are frequently given in the farm journals, but as there are often inquiries about it, a few words on the subject may not be out of place at this time. A greenhouse is not necessary. All it requires is to be kept at a temperature suitable for growth, which may range from forty-five to seventy-five degrees. In houses that are heated by a furnace it can be grown in the basement quite well.

In the fall a thrifty hill is lifted. It need not be transferred at once to a box, in fact, is better left where it may freeze and thaw a little. Frosts seem to prepare it for growth. About the middle of November or perhaps a little earlier, it is set in a box containing from four to six inches of good soil. The box is then filled with soil till the top of the root is covered three or four inches.

Water should be given freely enough to prevent drying out, but not enough to make mud. No light is required. The stalks are better if grown without. A high temperature forces rapidly, but does not give as great a yield as a low degree of heat. A box with handles is best, so that it can be moved, as changes of temperature may make advisable. In from six to eight weeks there should be material for rhubarb pies.—*The Prairie Farmer*.



### THE BUSY ARE THE HAPPY.

HAPPINESS, according to the laws of nature and God, inheres in voluntary and pleasurable activities; and activity increases happiness in proportion as it is diffusive. No man can be so happy as he who is engaged in a regular business that takes the greatest part of his mind. It is the beau ideal of happiness for a man to be so busy that he does not know whether he is happy or is not happy; who has not time to think about himself at all. The man who rises early in the morning, joyful and happy, with an appetite for business as well as breakfast; who has a love for his work, runs eagerly to it as a child its play; who finds himself refreshed by it in every part of his play, and rests after it as from a wholesome and delightful fatigue—has one great and very essential element of happiness.—*Exchange*.



### A MISSIONARY PEAR.

It was not a Sheldon pear, with its color of russet brown, that passed through such an experience, nor yet one of the excellent aristocracy known as the Duchess, albeit they are slightly coarse-grained; but it was the very queen of pears—a Bartlett; color, light yellow, slightly tinged with red; large size,

weighing nearly eight ounces; smooth as a baby's cheek, and tapering gracefully at the top into a stout stem of twice the usual thickness. It was exhibited at the Agricultural Fair, standing alone upon a plate, the perfection of its kind.

"I am going to send this pear to your wife, Colonel," said its owner, on the morning of the second day of the exhibition. "Tell her it has taken a premium, and, besides, is the finest specimen that I ever had the pleasure of raising."

"Or seeing either," replied the Colonel, "my wife will appreciate the honor, I assure you."

So home it went with him to dinner, and Mrs. Colonel could not admire it enough, and, instead of giving it a place with the other fruit, brought out a china dish and an embroidered doily for its reception.

"But we must never eat it ourselves," she said, "such a pear as this ought to have a mission. What do you say to my sending it to old Mr. Swallow?" Of course the Colonel assented.

A few streets farther on, Mr. Swallow was found, sitting by the window of his farmhouse. On one side was the sunny orchard; on the other, the barn that the old gentleman, now a cripple, liked to keep in view. The Colonel's little daughter brought in the pear.

"Your mother was very kind to send me such a present," he said, putting it down upon the window sill before him, "it beats any that I ever saw raised."

"But I won't eat it," he added to himself after the child left, "it was a mighty kind thing to spare one so nice, and I'll do the same by somebody else. There's Jimmy's school-teacher. She's another kind one, and she shall have it."

When Jimmy had run home at recess, he was greatly delighted by his grandfather's commission to take the pear carefully in a box to Miss Brown.

Miss Brown placed it upon her table, and allowed the whole school to look and admire without handling. Into the exercises of the afternoon she introduced an object-lesson upon fruit, and, after school was dismissed, sat down to decide what should be done with her gift.

"I couldn't have the heart to cut such a wonderful pear. How kind of old Mr. Swallow to send it to me. There's Mary Burch just getting over a fever. How pleased she'd be to have it!" And so again the pear found another resting-place.

"I won't ask to eat it, mother, if you'll just let me hold it and smell it. Oh, what a beauty!"

Mary's eyes sparkled, and she took, figuratively speaking, a long stride toward health from the vision of green fields and shady roadside brought to her by its mellow fragrance.

"Now, mother, who shall have it? for I wouldn't

eat such a beauty if I could. Perhaps Mr. Jules will paint it. Let me send it to him."

Mr. Jules's studio was a pleasant place, but its owner was a little too fond of the fascinating easel, and a little too forgetful of other people's comfort. An invisible influence from the pear before him began to make helpful suggestions.

"Very kind in that sick young lady. I'll sketch and paint it for her. I'll do it at once, before it grows dark; and I'll not eat such a present, either."

About eight o'clock that evening, the minister, who had entered into an argument with the artist the day before, and had left a little wounded and sore in feeling, was surprised and pleased by the present of an uncommonly fine pear.

"So kind in Brother Jules to take such a pleasant way of assuring me that he wasn't offended; and such a magnificent specimen! If Catharine agrees, we'll pass it along to-morrow for somebody else to enjoy. How much comfort there is in kindness!"

One might begin to wonder by this time, how the pear escaped bruises, but each owner had held it so carefully and admiringly that not a pressure was to be seen upon its surface.

In a doctor's office the next morning, a young man sat reading, when a tap at the door, and the minister entered.

"I was just going by, and I thought I'd step in a minute, and show you what New England could do in the way of raising pears."

Half an hour later, and the young doctor stood alone holding the pear.

"Well, I'll hire a seat in his church,—see if I don't. I won't neglect it any longer. I didn't know before that ministers could be so friendly. Now, what shall I do with this beauty? It has helped me enough already. Somebody else must have it, to be sure."

Now, Mrs. Colonel, its first owner, was blessed with excellent health. To use her own words, she was "never sick." But this particular morning she awoke with a headache. The pain became so intense that she sought a lounge and a darkened room, and the Colonel went down town with an anxious face. Meeting the doctor's clerk, and knowing him well, he mentioned the fact of this unusual illness.

"Just the time," said the young man to himself as he hurried home, "for a chance to send her my splendid pear. She has been so kind to me here, I wonder I never thought of such a thing before."

Biddy, the maid at the Colonel's, answered the bell, and took the message and the plate to her mistress's room.

"The jittleman has called, mum, to say he's sorry you're sick, and he's left the finest pear that was ever seen."

"A pear? Roll up the curtain a little, Biddy, and let me see it."

Then, greatly to Biddy's surprise and even terror, as she turned to leave the room, Mrs. Colonel began to laugh.

"Sure, I believe she's losin' her senses. I wish the Colonel would come;" and when he arrived an hour later, she sent him hastily up to the room. Mrs. Colonel was sitting up in her rocking chair, with a face as bright as if a headache had never troubled her.

"Look her, Ben. See my present."

"Why, it's our very pear again! Where did you get it, wife?"

"Charles Hadley brought it, and there's no guessing where it may have traveled. It's so funny to have it come back to me; and I've enjoyed thinking of it so much that my headache has all gone, and I'm going down to dinner."

Mrs. Colonel decided to take a walk that afternoon, and trace the pear's wanderings. Being of a cheerful turn herself, she brought a gleam of sunshine into every call. Old Mr. Swallow told his part, and he hadn't felt so merry or laughed so much for a long time. The teacher, Miss Brown, wished she could put it into a story. Mary, the sick girl, was sure she could go downstairs the next day, that pear had been such a strengthener; and "Just look," she said, "at my present!" And there it was in a lovely painting. Then Mr. Jules put on his hat to walk over to the minister's, too. At the parsonage the story of the "missionary pear" was again repeated, and they only wished it could have gone all through town; and the young man who gave it away at the last decided that his move was the best of all.

The pear was finally cut into seven pieces, one for each stopping-place, and, of course, was delicious. The decision was made that its history should be written out, for a suggestion to all holders of fruit in this season of abundant harvest.—*Henrietta Rea, in Christian Register.*

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## WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Best Way.

This world is a difficult world, indeed,  
And people are hard to suit,  
And the man who plays on the violin  
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

And I myself have often thought  
How very much better 'twould be  
If every one of the folks I know  
Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, then the very best way  
To make this world look bright  
Is never to mind what people say,  
But to do what you think is right.

❀

The other day Johnnie saw a branded mustang on the street. "O, mamma," he shouted, "just look how they've gone and vaccinated the poor thing!"—Harper's Young People.

### A Suitable Reply.

Miss Folla La Follette, the daughter of Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, has inherited some of her father's quick wit and audacity. She was passing a collection plate one day, when she was waved away by a man distinguished for his wealth and parsimony.

"Nothing," he said gruffly, "I have nothing."

"Take something, then," the young woman replied; "this collection is for the poor, you know."—Everybody's Magazine.

❀

A little girl was asked to write a sentence containing the words "bitter end," and, after some effort, produced the following: "Our neighbor's dog chased my kitty, and as she ran under the porch he bit her end."

❀

When people see a man quick to invest in labor saving devices they are quick to say that he is progressive. But wouldn't it be well to investigate and see if he puts as many labor saving devices in his wife's kitchen as he puts in his office or on his farm?

### Items of Interest.

Telegraph poles are not popular with the Chinese. This is because the Celestials will not allow a shadow to fall on the graves of their ancestors, which are scattered thickly over the whole country. Consequently telegraph wires are laid underground.

In the Island of Sark the most serious offenses are trespassing and leaving gates unlocked, for the result is that often the cattle get on to the cliffs and fall into the sea. There are 400 inhabitants and one prison, but it has had only prisoner, a small girl, who had stolen a handkerchief, and she sobbed so loudly that they let her out.

Wearers of eyeglasses have noticed how they become dim when subjected to a sudden change of temperature—as, for instance, when the wearer goes from the cold outer air into a warm room. This may be prevented by rubbing the glasses with soap every morning. They may be polished bright after the soap is applied, but an invisible film is left on them that will prevent the deposit of moisture.

In the jewel house of the Tower of London there is a book bound throughout in gold, even to the wires of the hinges. Its clasps are two rubies set at opposite ends of four golden links.

A pretty little custom is observed in the English navy whenever an officer gets married. Two wreaths are hoisted in the most conspicuous manner, and interlocked with them and hanging from them are colored ribbons. These hang from 8 A. M. till sunset on the wedding day. The cost of the wreaths is generally subscribed by the officer's shipmates.

❀

The Farmer—My son, Reuben, who's in New York, tells me there's a bank down there thet keeps open day an' night. The Storekeeper turning to his clerk)—Hear thet, Jason? An' sometimes you growl becuz you have tew work only frum 6 A. M. tew 10 P. M.—Puck.

❀

A little French lady, on moving to the United States, decided to have her house remodeled to suit her own delicate ideas. After the carpenter had finished the work he presented his bill to her, which amounted to more than she was prepared to pay. He was very much embarrassed when she said, "It is, sair, that you are to me more dear than when we first engaged."

### Three Years.

❀

"How long," asked the judge of a vagrant negro, "have you been without any means of support?"

"Since my wife died in 1903, suh," responded the dardy, respectfully.—October Lippincott's.

❀

We rely think Mr. Ruzvelt (or Rusevelt) and his friends mite leve (or lev) us our own langwidge. They have not left us much else (or els). In sum instanses it may be puzzling, espeshuly to the foriner and imature skoolboy, but its orthograpy has a sertain historikal valu, and we do not like to part with it. Of kors if Mr. Ruzvelt (or Rusevelt), baked up by Mr. Karnegi (or Karnege), sees we have got to reform our spelling we shal hav to, and that wil be the end of it, for Mr. Karnegi (or Karnege) has awl the dolers and Mr. Ruzvelt (or Rusevelt) has awl the branes. But awl the same it wil be hard lines (or lins).—London Sun.

❀

It is reported that a woman when accused of having spoken ungrammatically, replied: "I never spoke ungrammatically but once, and as soon as I done it I seen it."

❀

"Think gently of the erring one;

Oh, let us ne'er forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet.

"Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may be;  
Deal gently with the erring one,  
As God hath dealt with thee."

## Neff's Corner

Here is a proposition for your consideration. For \$250 I can buy you a lot and have you a house built and finished complete that will readily rent for \$5 per month, which would be 24 per cent on your investment. I think it would rent for \$7, but \$5 sure. Of if you fear you would not always have a tenant and would prefer a more moderate income, but something sure and regular, I would lease it for three years at \$25 per year, payable at your bank semi-annually in advance. I would like to lease several houses in Lake Arthur on these terms. That would be 10 per cent for you sure, and at the rate property values here have been advancing, you could sell the property, if you desired, at a nice margin above cost. I would personally look after the buying of material and building of house for you if you could not come and do it yourself. On this plan you can invest \$250 in Lake Arthur, or as much more as you like. And after you have it awhile the investment will please you so well, you will want to come down and see your property. Perhaps we can't get you to come in any other way. Write me about it.

JAMES M. NEFF,  
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

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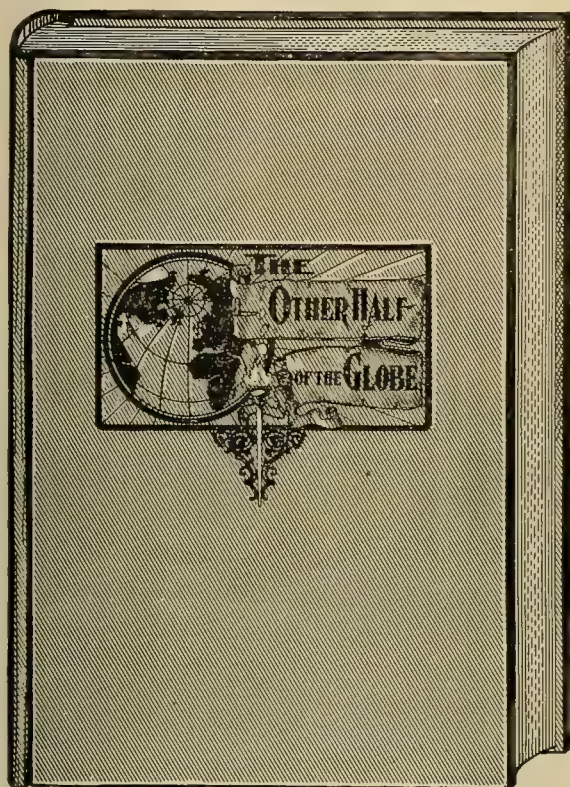
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MY AFFLICTED FRIEND, do not suffer longer from this cruel Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.) MY NEW TREATMENT is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises, does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head **CLEAR AS A BELL**. IT IS FOLLY to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

My treatment cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

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Ninety-three per cent of the people of this country are suffering from some form of catarrh.

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Should realize the fact that Catarrh is a very dangerous ailment. It is the beginning of nearly all diseases of the head, throat and larynx and is the forerunner of Consumption.

First a slight cold, acute in form, being neglected becomes worse, finally chronic, and leads to still worse conditions. How important it is that every person consider this matter seriously for himself.

Catarrh is constantly on the increase. There is more to-day than five years ago. Almost all people are subject to frequent colds. They are seemingly becoming more susceptible to this influence each year. Various causes lead to this condition. I am offering you my Spray Medicator, and Liquid Spray to counteract these emergencies.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a medicator on trial free.

See special trial offer.  
Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in nose?  
Do you have pains across front part of head?  
Do you have pain across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
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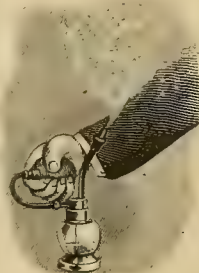
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# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### TABLE OF CONTENTS]

Capturing Earthworms.—N. J. Miller.

The Kicking Mule.—J. S. Flory.

Spiders and their Homes.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

In the Canadian National Park.—Grant Mahan.

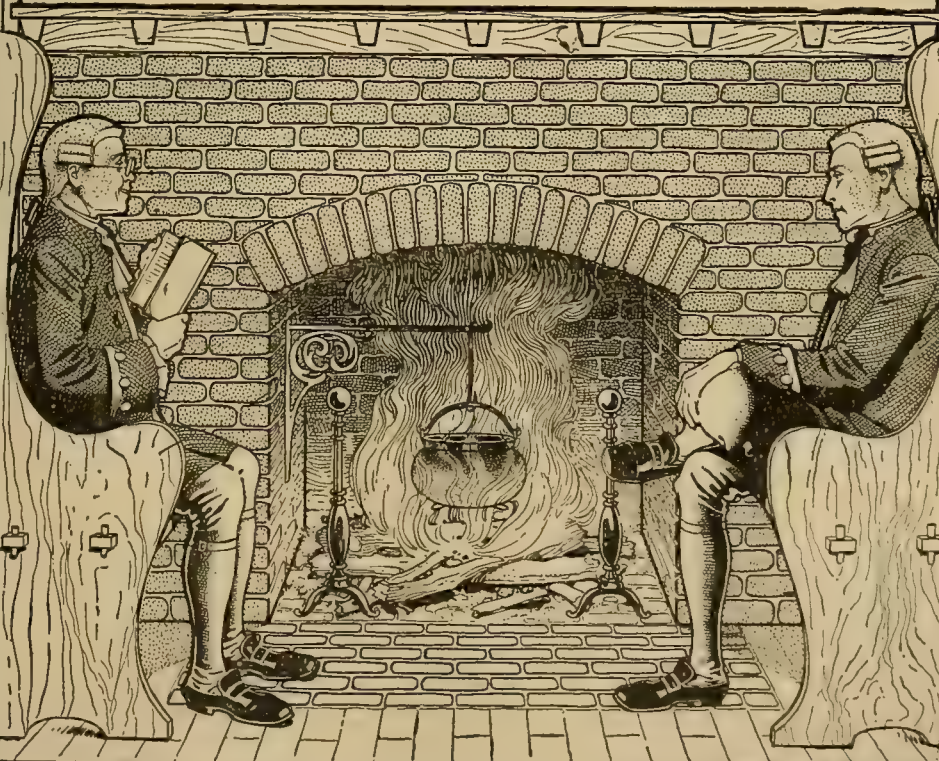
Victory in Defeat.—J. B. Stutzman.

Sermonette.—D. D. Culler.

Up in the Mountain.—D. D. Thomas.

The Misfit Boy.—Hattie Preston Rider.

Government Meat Inspection.—N. C. Frick.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 13, 1906

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No. 46. Vol. VIII



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VALLEY.**

out of the ten that are in Colorado, which are owned and operated by parties who made their money in the manufacture of cane sugar. Contracts are now out for

**TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE  
ERECTED IN 1906.**

to be owned by the same parties. Farmers can do most of the labor themselves without hiring any help except during the thinning season, and the sugar factories are always willing and glad to furnish additional laborers during the thinning season, advancing the money to pay their wages, taking it out of the returns from the sugar beet crop.

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# Latest from Butte Valley

---

Forest Meadows Ranch,  
Ball, P. O., Siskiyou Co., Calif.

E. M. Wolf, McCune, Kans.

Dear Brother:—Your letter of the 27th ult. just received. Was somewhat late arriving on account of its having been missent. There is a postoffice in the southern part of this State named "Bell"—and as this Ball is not a postoffice, consequently in absence of the County on envelope, many letters addressed Ball or Ball, P. O., go to Bell,—delaying, etc., from three to five days.

I have gone over the list again and again of those who came into the valley last August, and wondered who would be the first to move in, etc. It now looks as though it would be Brother Wolf (self and family excepted). We are all well pleased—healthy and sharp appetites. The climate is ideal—has rained a few times. Fruit and garden stuff has ripened up nicely. Other homeseekers have come, selected land, to return with families next Spring, mostly members—the latest a Brother Moor from Longmont, Colo. A big party is scheduled to be here from the Eastern States, October 23rd. It looks like there will be a large immigration in the Spring to Butte Valley. All kinds of household goods, as well as farm implements, will come in place in shipping a car. Horses and mules are high here now. I have been trying to get some chickens,—not able to do so yet. Eggs, 40 cents per dozen at Montague; butter, 50 cents per roll or brick of 1½ pounds.

I have ordered some dried peaches and raisins—both seedless and Muscats from Fresno Co., Calif., two hundred miles below Sacramento,—9½ cents for peaches and 4 cents per pound for dried grapes. I pay \$1.25 per sack,—50 pounds,—good flour here on the Prather Ranch. He hauls it from a mill over in Oregon, 35 miles and east of Klamath Falls; probably gets it over there for about \$1.50 per 100 pounds. I am going to order a bill of groceries from Sacramento. All kinds of cereals and meats are about what they can be bought at in Colorado: Arbuckles' package Coffee, 14 cents one-half pound; breakfast bacon, 12 cents to 17 cents; dry salt pork, 13 cents; hams, 12 to 17 cents. The freight from Sacramento to Montague per hundredweight, \$1.18; per express, \$1.25 for 25 pounds. We buy our fresh beef of Mr. Prather. Last week we took 25 pounds round steak at 10 cents. He butchers every week. Others get of him.

We are getting our potatoes, onions, carrots, turnips and beets of Prather at 2½ cents per pound. Potatoes are fine. Onions, some that weigh 2 pounds each unexcelled, etc., in quality and taste. We get one-half gallon milk each morning, paying 5 cents per quart. Apples are scarce here in the valley, worth 3 cents to 4 cents per pound. One man bought a load of apples in boxes,—one-third bushel each; sold them at \$1.00 per box—good eating apples. Of course you will not forget the apples when you load your car. I shall want a couple barrels about Thanksgiving time, etc. Cows—good ones—are worth from \$50.00 to \$65.00. We are living in the old creamery log building adjoining the cottage up in the pines—probably you remember it. Fixed it up. Cold and hot water in kitchen; five electric lights and wood for \$10.00 per month. Shifting along, awaiting our goods, etc., from Rockyford, Colo., which should be in Montague next week. Thought I would finish on this page but will have to use another.

The new railroad from Weed through the valley is being pushed, so they say. We hear blasting day and night. The Southern Pacific has purchased the line and will make it a through traffic and freight route. You recollect the two-story frame house over at Mount Hebron, in which Mr. McGuire was living the day we visited that point. It is now empty and can be rented cheap,—so Mr. McGuire stated this week, he having moved into his new house. Seems to me that would suit you till you build, etc. I believe it is not more than three or four miles from your land; eight or nine rooms, and can be rented for about \$8.00 per month; in fact, he said not over \$10.00 and possibly \$5.00 per month. I told him to keep the house for some of our people. He said he would.

Mr. McGuire is going to put in a little stock of groceries and have the post office. I signed his petition for the post office. Bro. W. C. Heisel, Moreland, Kans., was here two weeks ago and bought 160 acres not far from your land. He has seven children and will move in April. The house will suit them if not you, etc. Why not ship your car to "Grass Meadow"?—better road and nearer. Brother Early left this morning in company with Brother and Sister Buck, of Illinois—here to select eighty acres. Early thought: "Grass Lake" or "Grass meadow," as some call it, would be the best stopping point for a car, etc. I believe the freight would not be any more.

Myself and older boy, Isaac, seventeen past, are working on the ranch,—just common labor. We get \$1.50 each per day and board at home, etc. Had been getting \$1.75 each and board till first of October. Well, I will close. Write me when you expect to start. Anything I can do for you,—command me.

Yours in Christian love and fellowship,

Jacob C. Funderburgh,

Ball, Cal.

Siskiyou County.



# ABDALLAH, THE TEACHER

sat in the porches of Cairo, the great university of Egypt, near the close of the day, surrounded by his pupils who squatted about him in a semicircle upon the well-worn pavement.

"What have you learned to-day, my son?" asked the teacher of a lithe and swarthy youth, with curling locks, who sat at his right.

"I have been learning of physical good of many kinds," replied the pupil respectfully.

"Of what sorts have you been learning?"

"Of health, of strength, of beauty and many other things."

"And which do you decide to be the greater good?"

"One cannot say that this one or that one is the better, since they are all good and equally to be desired," replied Hafed.

"What, then, shall we say? That there is no physical good which is more to be desired by mankind than the others?" interrogated the teacher.

"No, I think there is one which is better than any of the others."

"And what one do you say is the best of all, then?"

"Health."

"Why do you think health to be more desirable than either strength or beauty?"

"Because if one have health, he then has the other two also; but if he have not health, he can then have neither of the others."

"My son, you have done well, and you may count this as your best day, since you have indeed learned the great secret of happy living and long life. Seek, Hafed, to profit well by what thou hast learned."

We who count ourselves of a more progressive civilization may well learn for ourselves this oriental lesson and keep it ever before us. But what is the prime essential of good health? Pure, rich blood. The vital fluid must be kept pure and healthy or all physical happiness ends. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER will accomplish this for you as no other medicine can, enriching and purifying the springs of your life, and making health, strength and beauty all possible to you.

## CAN WORK AGAIN.

Smithfield, Texas, May 17, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I used all of the trial bottles of **Blood**

**Vitalizer** which I ordered of you except one. I had suffered terribly with rheumatism especially in my joints so that I was simply dragging out a miserable existence. All the sickness has disappeared so I can go to work with pleasure. I had used so many medicines without success that I had very little faith in yours either, but I bless the day when I ordered the **Blood Vitalizer**.

Yours gratefully,

August Wolff.

## DISAPPOINTED THE DOCTORS.

Millville, Minn., June 26, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your **Blood Vitalizer** has done a great deal of good. My mother had been sick for years. The doctors seemed unable to help her and finally declared that she could not live longer than a year at the utmost, and yet she has lived seven years since through the use of the **Blood Vitalizer**. She gives your medicine all the credit for the present condition of her health.

Yours very truly,

E. P. Walscott.

## WAS CONVINCED.

East Orange, N. J., July 10th, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I hope you will excuse me for not having written you sooner. I will tell you frankly that I wanted to convince myself first that the **Blood Vitalizer** would do me good. I had been sickly since the birth of my little girl and had peculiar pains in my limbs. All this has disappeared since using the **Blood Vitalizer**. I have gained in weight and people tell me that I am looking so well. I know that the **Blood Vitalizer** has done me good.

My little girl was taken down with the whooping cough and the **Blood Vitalizer** checked her coughing in a week. When I gave her the medicine she would smack her lips and ask for more. I recommend your **Blood Vitalizer** at every opportunity.

Yours very truly,

69 Midland Ave.

Mrs. John Gabale.

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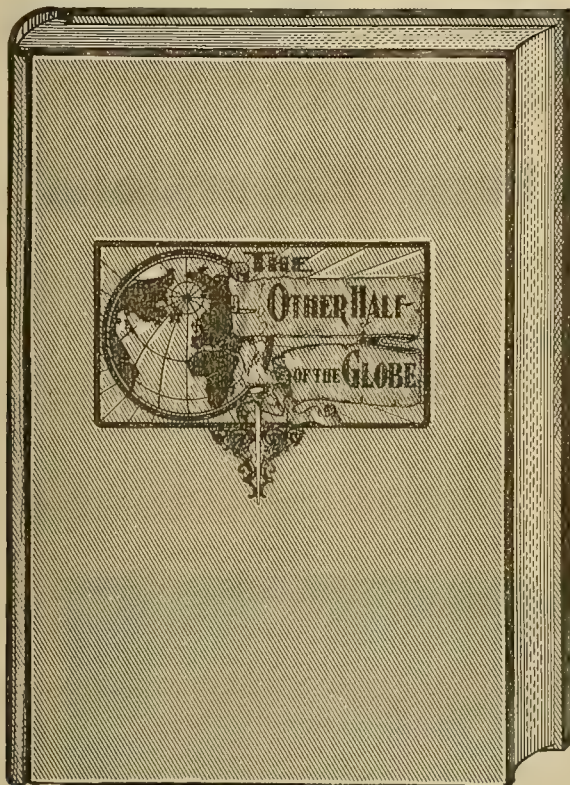
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G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER 13, 1906.

No. 46

## Capturing Earthworms

N. J. Miller



HE professor of zoology wanted some angleworms or earthworms (whichever way you wish to designate them) for class study. He needed scores of them, the largest and the most nearly perfect specimens to be had. One might have used a spade to dig for them; but those would be mangled and cut forms. Then, too, few of the individuals, though very good to use to angle fishes, would be large enough for desirable study. Another common expedient might have been resorted to to capture the segmented fellows, namely, pouring on the ground salt-water, soap-suds, etc., and then waiting for the angleworms to come to the surface. These methods, however, are too crude and slow to obtain specimens plentiful and desirable enough for scientific study.

Do you enjoy going out into the rain at night? If so, you may be delighted in capturing earthworms during dark rainy nights. At least, the experience proved fascinating for us. It was evening and raining very fast when the professor made the request. The rain fell in great big drops. It poured down and rattled and splashed against the windows and upon the roof, making almost as great a noise and symphony as any made by the great orchestra of Theodore Thomas. Plenty of music with swells and recessions as the late October wind increased and decreased in violence. The side-ditches ran yellow everywhere and the streets a sea. So much the better!

That night my friend and I dressed for the occasion. Rubber boots, thick coats and rain hats kept us dry. The rest of our luggage and hunting outfit was a good lantern and two tin pails. It was quite a walk before we reached a favorable place, a back-yard or garden partly beneath spreading trees. The soil was loose and partly covered with fallen leaves,—just right in texture and composition for the favorable development of earthworms.

Almost everyone knows that earthworms come from their burrows at night in search of food, etc. Rain-

fall, too, brings them to the surface in large numbers. Even the pattering of rain on the soil, though the water does not touch the angleworms, brings the segmented creatures from their burrows. A French naturalist found that if he beat the earth with apparatus so the tremors imparted to the soil were like those caused by rainfall the earthworms would make their appearance. So accustomed were they to coming to the surface when they felt the rainfall tremors that they were certain to respond when like tremors were produced by other means. The slimy fellows always recognized the certain tremors though their causes may have been very different.

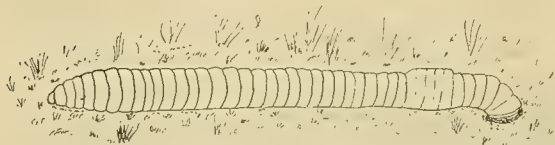
That dark rainy night many earthworms came to the surface of the garden soil. Some were stretched out exposed full length: others exposed all but their flat posterior ends: and others had only their darker colored anterior ends projecting from their burrows. When the rain was not pouring too fast they took advantage of the situation, reaching their entire lengths in every direction from their burrows for food, or visiting or making love with their neighbors out in the night air. When searching for food, earthworms usually retain the posterior portions of their bodies in their burrows so as to draw themselves back at anytime. Especially at times of danger is this precaution helpful. Sometimes in broad daylight they venture partly out of their burrows beneath the moist blades of grass. Alas! the keen eye of the robin, or someone of the feathered tribe notices one of them. Peck! As quick as a wink, Robin has hold of it with his horny beak. Then follows a pull for dear life on one hand and for food on the other. The annelid tries its utmost to pull itself into the burrow and the bird tries to extricate its captive. The latter, bracing itself firmly, pulls steadily until the worm's muscles must relax; then it flies away with its trophy.

That rainy night the earthworms were true to their habit, darting into their burrows for safety; should one talk loud or step too heavily on the ground nearly all would quickly disappear. Though without eyes and



organs to perceive sound these annelids, should we be careless in speech or step, would quickly escape to their safe retreats. Of course, those weak and sick or wholly out of reach of their tubular homes did not behave in this way. The others, however, recognized that danger was near, since their bodies, so sensitive to touch, felt the tremors of the air caused by our speech, and the tremors produced by our walking imparted to them through the earth. This sense power, together with their habits, made it imperative that talking out loud and heavy careless walking could not be engaged in if the collection of these nocturnal forms was to be successful. It was one of those fascinating and exciting hours which demanded quiet and light footsteps.

It is also well known that if angleworms are placed in intense light they try to creep into the shadow and darkness. Though without eyes they are sensitive to light. Nevertheless, that made by our lantern seemed not to excite them at all. Yet, we had to be quick in



our movements to get hold of the slim creatures or even they would escape. The hand usually had to be put down slowly toward the desired fellow: then a quick and certain grasp by the fingers would decide matters; in this way they were quickly or slowly pulled from their burrows as the circumstances demanded.

The angleworms' burrows are easily recognized by the characteristic bits of dirt about the mouths of the small opening to the surface of the soil. This tells the story. The burrow is made by the earthworm swallowing the dirt as it eats and pushes its way into the earth. The digestible parts of the soil serve as food and the rest is usually excreted at the mouth of the burrow. Whatever else may be said of burrow-making it is self-evident that the fields and gardens are tunnelled and kept fairly mellow by the soil being tunnelled, swallowed and excreted.

Scientific investigators have learned that the earthworms' tilling of the soil brings about a porous condition essential for successful agriculture. It is recognized that their presence in a field is helpful and of vast importance to gardening and farming. At any rate, the soil of the garden to which we made our nocturnal visit was very porous. No one knows how much energy the lowly creatures expend in tilling the garden in their own fashion and how many were engaged in the task, but that night we picked over one thousand of them. We picked up only the large ones, those about as large as young snakes. Actual

measurement of the largest showed that after being preserved and hardened in alcohol, they were almost as large round as the tip of your little finger and thirteen inches long! A large catch in every way for one evening! and fascinating at that!

*Denver, Colo.*

\*\*\*

### THE KICKING MULE.

J. S. FLORY.

BEING down town to-day, I passed a blacksmith shop where I noticed quite an interesting exhibition of man's ingenuity in arranging a novel machine or kind of stocks in which to put a vicious mule that he might be shod. In the first place the mule was led up to a ring in the wall and hitched short with a heavy halter about his head. Then two strong gate-like frames were swung around, one on each side, fitting up close to the animal's sides. A belt of heavy cloth over two feet wide was adjusted to a roller so that when it was turned similar to that of a large derrick it raised the animal off its feet bodily. By the manipulating of chains and pulleys and levers the foot to be shod was clamped and held in place for the workman. Of course the workman could do his job all right perfectly free from danger.

As I walked away I could not help but think how like the mule are some people that always seem holding in readiness a kick, that the moment you want something of necessary use done, don't for an instant stand on the withholding of the kick, but let it come, regardless of consequences.

Now it was to the interest of the dumb animal to be shod, but that made no difference; the kick was always in readiness to be delivered. The contrivance simply curbed his power to exercise his disposition.

That is about the way it is with law, natural or divine. You can fix up a contrivance or combination of regulations to curb the disposition of a person; when he can do no better he has to yield; but do these arbitrary means change the disposition? Not at all. There can be no change of disposition until the will is changed.

A man may be curbed or restrained in a certain respect by the regulations of the marriage bond or bonds, but these laws, right as they are in purpose, cannot make the man free from "kicking over the traces" and abusing his wife. His disposition has to be right before he will make a right kind of a husband.

Signing a pledge don't change a man's disposition; it might be an incentive to fulfil his desire or purpose, but it is no stronger than a determination born in a man to do right without the pledge, and be a man and then stick to his word.

The whole sinful world is an army of kickers. Paul was a kicker against the goads. Man-made contrivances of doctrines may curb a man's liberty, but cannot change his disposition. The old things cling like a leach to him. His disposition must be changed. *All things must become new;* then he becomes docile as a lamb, ready to be and do the right thing without a murmur.

Thus from daily occurrences that meet us we can get lessons of profit if we will only *think*.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



### SPIDERS AND THEIR HOMES.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.



We are apt to think of spiders as objectionable creatures, and avoid them whenever possible. But when we take time to study their habits and characteristics, we find them very interesting and often amusing.

Spiders have six true legs, with which they run, jump or climb, also a front pair used ordinarily as feelers, yet, if occasion demands an extra pair, they answer for legs to a nicety.

There are two general classes of these insects, the "sedentary" and the "wandering." The former are the stay-at-homes, the latter are the runabouts. The web-spinning group, as a rule, form nests late in fall, in which the eggs are laid. These survive the winter and hatch out in spring, as soon as the food supply of gnats, flies and mosquitoes appear. They spin webs in which they catch their prey. The evening is the best time to see them at work. As early as five o'clock some species begin, though their plans are more or less affected by the weather.

The "wandering" spiders never spin webs, but hunt their food upon the ground, and pounce upon it with a tiger-like spring. They have no fixed homes except at breeding time or in the winter, when they may often be found beneath logs and chunks, being often frozen solid during cold weather, but thawing out as healthy as ever when warm weather comes.

Many species live only one year, hatching out in the winter, leaving the cocoon in early summer, laying eggs and dying in autumn. Other kinds require two years to get their full growth, moulting several times during the process. The curious skin-like shells often seen hanging on a web are the old skin or suit of clothes. When it gets too small, the skin cracks just over the first joint of the legs. It breaks next all along the sides and back and shrinks together in a bunch. The spider now hangs by a short thread and works and struggles to get its legs free. When

the old clothes are shed, it hangs, quite tired out, by the thread and would scarcely move if you touched it. The spider keeps very quiet until it gains a little strength when it climbs back into the web again.

Along the sides, near the end of the body are the spinnerets, of which there are three pairs, the spider's thread differing from that of other insects in being made of a number of finer threads laid together and forming one. If you will notice, especially in autumn, you may see thousands of strands of spider's threads floating from fence posts, and whatever affords anchorage. Look across a field of stubble or dried up weed stalks and a perfect tangle of threads over the surface presents itself to your view. These are spun by countless numbers of very small spiders. When a spider begins a thread, it places its spinnerets against some object and a little of the sticky substance from each tube adheres to it. Then as the spider moves, this fluid is drawn out and hardens when exposed to the air.

The mother spider exhibits much intelligence in providing and caring for the spiderlings. The eggs are laid in a bunch and covered with the soft, fine silk which the mother spins, in some cases in an oval mass, but more often in a pitcher-shaped receptacle; sometimes it is firmly anchored, sometimes hung by long threads so that the little spiders are fairly rocked in it. This devotion of the mother spider is necessary in order to protect the cocoons from the numerous enemies always ready to attack them.

*Spiceland, Ind.*



### A SWINGING ROCK.

ONE of the most remarkable natural curiosities in South America is "*la piedra hovediza*" or swinging rock near the city of Tandil, Argentina. It is twenty-one feet long and twenty-eight feet high and its weight is judged to be about six hundred and twenty-five tons; yet it is so lightly poised on the rocky slope that it seems as if you were watching a stone rolling down hill and resting for a second upon a very small base. But when you approach this swinging rock you are astonished by a new wonder: you can set the stone in motion by merely pushing it with the hand. Very often the traveler is spared even the trouble of pushing the stone, as the wind will cause it to swing.

Early in the last century the Argentine Republic was ruled by the Dictator Rosa with unparalleled cruelty, for about twenty-five years. To show his supreme power the tyrant ordered that the stone be encircled with ropes and many horses to be harnessed to these ropes—but the stone could not be moved one inch from its resting place—according to tradition. —*The Pathfinder*.



## In the Canadian National Park

Grant Mahan

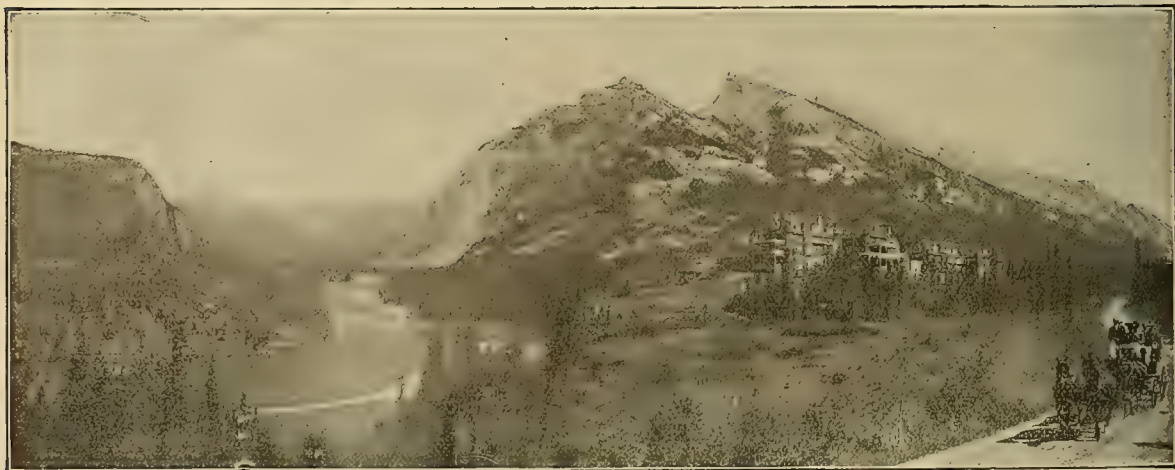


FOR one who has not seen the Yellowstone National Park, a comparison between it and the Canadian National Park is out of the question, except so far as size is concerned; and in this respect the Canadian park has the advantage, being the larger by about a half. Its area is given as 5,732 square miles. Within its boundaries are embraced many picturesque features—far too many to be seen in a short stay.

Banff, about eighty miles west of Calgary, is the headquarters of the park. It is sometimes called the Sulphur City, and "is a collection of rustic frame and log houses with pretty cottages nestling among the spruce, poplar and jack pine, or else in the shadow

abundance of water—in the river and in numerous lakes. The Bow Falls are little more than rapids, and yet their surroundings and their beauty are sufficient to draw one to them time and again. The roar of the water as it dashes over the rocks is sweet music to lovers of nature. The visitor is loath to say good-bye to the falls, and turns to look back at them as long as they can be seen and listens to their music as long as it can be heard. When one sees water clear as crystal it makes him think of the pure river of life; for purity and life—all the life that is valuable and lasting—go hand in hand.

There are several hotels which during the seasons are filled with guests. One can take his choice, and from any of them look up to Mount Rundle, Cascade



Banff Springs Hotel and Mount Rundle.

of the huge mountains that surround the town. A population of some five hundred souls in winter and a transient one of as many thousands in summer." Such is Banff; but it must be seen to be appreciated. One can hardly imagine a more delightful situation for a town. The altitude is about four thousand five hundred feet. The one great advantage of the town is the ease with which places of interest can be reached from it. About four hundred and fifty miles of good roads and bridle paths have been made, which make walking, riding or driving a pleasure. And for him who desires rough climbing there are the mountains round about.

The Bow River runs through the town, and it adds much to the charm of the place. A climb to the top of Tunnel Mountain and a look up the valley affords a view never to be forgotten. Here is an

Mountain, Sulphur Mountain, etc., and from some of them views of the water are added. No mistake will be made by one choosing any of the good hotels in the park.

A mile above the town are the Cave and Basins, both famous for their warm sulphur water which has given pleasure and health to many thousands. The Cave was known to the Indians long before white men went there, and the dusky red man went to it, offered his sacrifice and took medicine out of the waters. Until a few years ago the only entrance to the Cave was through the top on the trunk of a tree to which steps were attached. On this kind of a ladder many climbed down the forty-five feet to the water, some of them being women. But now a passageway has been cut and one walks in and in comfort sees the rocky chamber in which the water must have been

long confined before an opening was made. The Cave was formerly used for bathing, but holes in the bottom have become so large that it is not considered safe. The bathers now go to the two basins close at hand, where even in winter, when the mercury shows perhaps forty degrees below zero, they amuse themselves; for the water is always warm, the temperature being above ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and is richer in sulphuretted hydrogen than any other in the park. There are seven of these hot sulphur springs situated around the base of Sulphur Mountain. On top of this mountain, nearly eight thousand feet high, is the government observatory. The machinery which operates for the weather bureau at Ottawa,



Cascade Mountain and Bow River.

registers its report at the government museum at Banff, being connected by cable. The tower is visited once a week and the clock is wound which keeps the machinery in motion.

Three miles east of Banff are the Hoodoos, peculiarly shaped mixtures of hard earth, gravel and stone, standing on the banks of the Bow. The softer portions of the soil have been washed away, and these harder parts remain, having for years withstood the elements. The ground around the base is gradually washing away, and each year the height of the Hoodoos is increased some inches. This will continue until they topple over one by one, with perhaps others to take their places.

The Paddock is about three miles from the town. It is an enclosure of eight hundred acres over which buffalo, moose, elk, blacktail deer, mule deer, mountain goat and angora goat graze. Eight years ago sixteen buffaloes were placed here, and have more than doubled their number; now it is one of the best herds of this noble animal which more than thirty years ago we saw on the plains in herds of thousands. But the wanton hand of man in a short time almost destroyed



The Hoodoos.

them. With proper care they can in a generation be fine herds. The buffalo reminds one of the time when our West was almost a wilderness, of the time which was, and is not, and never shall be.

Nine miles from Banff is lake Minnewanka—an Indian name which means "Spirit Waters"—a beautiful body of water; and the drive to reach it takes one through and past scenery that can hardly be surpassed. Many legends are told of these waters. According to one, the lake is inhabited by a wonderful and hideous spirit which takes great offense at any noise pertaining to singing. The story is told that this was demonstrated one day, for while a canoe full of Indian women and children were fishing for trout that abound in these waters, they thoughtlessly commenced a chant. Suddenly

out of the water appeared the huge back of a fish many yards broad, only to disappear when out shot



In the Paddock.

a beautifully shaped arm and hand which clutched not in vain at one of the singers. Immediately a



companion seized a knife and stabbed the arm through and through. The hand only clung the tighter to its victim, and the surrounding waters were churned and lashed about as if the winds of heaven were let loose all at once. The canoe was finally capsized, and only one of the party got to the shore to tell the story.

The legend dates from long ago, and he who looks into the clear water cannot imagine a spirit dwelling there who is opposed to music. Rather does all that is round about urge one to break forth into inspiring song, and there is no spirit but will join as the sound

who made all that eye can see and the infinite universe beyond. It is a good place to sit down and think of God and his work and love.

Perhaps the scenes of one's youth have much to do with his feelings in later life. Such seems to be the case with me, for getting back to the mountains seems like going home. And when the Rocky Mountains are the ones to which a return is made, a sense of joy fills one; for it was among them that the days of youth were spent. Many places in the mountains have been visited, but none with more to afford pleasure than the part of the Canadian National Park visited, only a few of whose beauties and attractions have been mentioned. However, these places can be fully appreciated only by him who goes and sees; and when you have an opportunity go and see Banff and its surroundings. You will not regret it; for strength and inspiration come to him who among the mountains feels at home; for here, at least for the time being, he is lifted out of and above his petty self, and the cares which have so worried him vanish away like the mist from before the bright beams of the sun. As he looks up to the snow-capped heights he feels that each mountain is a monarch and that



Lake Minnewanka.

is borne across the smooth waters and up to the tops of the mountains standing as sentinels round about. Here is not the abode of a hideous spirit who is provoked to wrath by song.

One could hardly find, or wish to find, a more charming place than "Sundance Cañon," four miles southwest of the town. It is a remarkable cleft in the solid rock, over and through which falls the purest spring water. The falls, which are some hundreds of feet high, can be followed to the summit by a well-beaten bridle path cut in the solid rock. Some think the name was given because of the sun's rays dancing merrily through the dashing waters, casting many reflections and rainbows on the walls. Others think the name was given because in ancient times just above the falls the Indians kept a spot to hold their "sundance" when young Indians were made fullfledged braves. Each one is at liberty to accept either explanation. But not in a long time have I been more delighted than when climbing up the steep path alongside the dashing, sparkling water; overhead the sun shining in his glory from the blue vault of heaven, and all around the mountains which proclaimed the glory and majesty and power of him

"They crowned him long ago  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."



#### VICTORY IN DEFEAT.

J. B. STUTZMAN.



NE of the first great lessons of life is to learn how to get victory out of defeat.

You cannot measure a man by his failures. You must know what use he makes of them. What did they mean to him? What did he get out of them?

It is interesting to watch a young man's first failure; not so much the fact that he failed, but how he took his defeat. Was he discouraged? Did he sneak out of sight? Did he conclude he had made a mistake in his calling and dabble into something else, or did he up and at it again with a determination that knows no defeat?

There is something grand and inspiring in a young man who fails squarely after doing his level best but enters the contest again and again with new courage and redoubled energy.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "You are never so near to victory as when defeated in a good cause."

No cause is a failure which is in the right. There

is but one failure and that is not to be true to the best that is in us. Not everything that succeeds is a success. A man may make millions and still be a failure.

Is there not a great inspiration for discouraged souls in the life of Eli Whitney? In the year 1792 he left his Massachusetts home to teach school in Georgia. Being a man of great integrity and ingenuity, he soon saw what the south needed and set to work to make a machine to separate the cotton seed from the fiber. After hammering and tinkering away at it all winter his machine was finished and proved a success. Thousands of people came to see it, but as it was not yet patented he refused to show it. Some visitors broke open the building by night and carried off the gin. He soon found that other machines similar to his were upon the market. Mr. Whitney established a manufactory at New Haven but was hampered greatly by a long sickness, and scarcely had he recovered when his manufactory burned with all his machines and papers, leaving him a bankrupt. Just then came the news that British manufacturers rejected cotton cleaned by his machine, saying that the process was injurious. He went to England and at last overcame this prejudice when his cotton gin was again on the market. A suit against an infringer was decided against him by a Georgia jury. The market was flooded with infringements, and he was obliged to engage in another kind of business to gain a livelihood on account of the injustice of his fellow countrymen. Yet one of the world's greatest victories grew out of his apparent defeat. His invention meant millions to the United States.

You all know the story of Columbus, how he spent his last days as a poor beggar, although he discovered the greatest continent on the globe. Was his life a failure?

The defeat at Bull Run was really the greatest victory of the Civil War, for it sent the cowards to the rear, the politicians home, and gave us glimpses of the weak places in our army. It was the mirror which showed us the faces of the political aspirants.

McKinley became the victim of an assassin, but still his work goes on.

The mountain oak, tossed and swayed in the tempest until its proud tops sweep the earth, is all the stronger for its hundred battles with the elements, if it only straightens up again. The danger is not in a fall, but in failing to rise again.

Uninterrupted successes at the beginning of a career are dangerous. Beware of the first great triumph; it may prove a failure. Many a man has been ruined by overconfidence born of his first victory.

There is something sublime in the resolute fixed purpose of suffering without complaining which makes

disappointment often better than success. Constant success shows us only one side of the world: for as it surrounds us with friends who tell us only of our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom only can we learn our defeats.

To know how to wring victory from defeat, and make stepping-stones of our stumbling-blocks is the secret of success.

The exertion of all your strength of mind or body may result in nothing but failure in the eyes of a critical world, but what you have done is already registered in the rolls of heaven. The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.

*McPherson, Kans.*



### THE STORY OF A SONG.

A SONG of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett, of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. The story is given in "Wisconsin in Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?"

He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of a hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied, "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he answered, indifferently.

I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was over thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the "Signet Ring" a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since.



DETERMINATION counts for more than anything else in character building, as it does in other forms of effort. Every temptation to desist, to "let well enough alone," unless resisted, will keep you from arriving at the goal first set.—*Success.*



### "PATERNALISM" IN NEW ZEALAND

"ALL employed women and children were placed under strict legal protection," says Charles Edward Russell, writing of the New Zealand Government in "Soldiers of the Common Good," in the November *Everybody's*. "No child could be employed anywhere in any way at an earlier age than fourteen years. From fourteen to eighteen years all employed persons must be provided with a certificate of age and of having passed the fourth standard examination in the public schools. And here was something else to make our eyes bulge. No woman of any age and no boy between fourteen and eighteen years of age could work overtime in their employment except on twenty-eight days in the year and then for not more than three hours in each of the twenty-eight days. In order to obtain even this overtime the employer must on each occasion file at the nearest office of the labor department an application and secure a permit. The application must state the name and age of each person of whom overtime work was desired and the amount of overtime expected. These names were ordered to be kept on file in the labor offices. Before the permit could be issued the records must be examined. If any person in the submitted list had within twelve months worked overtime on twenty-eight occasions the application for that person must be rejected. And for all the overtime work allowed the employer must pay price and a half.

"In our own happy land, where the freedom of contract is inviolable, we proceed in quite a different way. Imagine the salesgirls in a great department store restricted by law to three hours' daily overtime in the Christmas season, paid for that at one and a half times their regular wage, and provided with supper money or car fare to go home! But in New Zealand stores you do not see those pale, thin, exhausted young women, struggling on with overtaxed frames and weary feet, that brighten for us the merry Yuletide."

### REMEDIES FOR THE RACE TROUBLES.

WHITE people in the North are no more considerate of people against whom they may have a grievance or a prejudice than are white people in the South. The problem of adjusting the relations of two races so totally different as the white race and the negro race where they have to live together in the same communities is difficult under any circumstances, and it becomes increasingly so where the inferior race is present in large numbers and where many of its members are ill-disciplined, idle, and of criminal instincts. Yet, while Southern people know all phases of this problem better than Northern people can know it, it remains true that Northern opinion is not to be

dismissed as worthless. The subject is national, not local. First, then, there can be no immediate or wholesale remedy for these race troubles. Improvement must come through a great many channels, and there must be patience and forbearance. The best elements of both races must do everything in their power to restrain bad men, whether black or white. Even though involving greatly increased expenditure, there must be more complete police surveillance, rural as well as urban. Vagrancy laws must be enforced with the utmost severity. Idlers of both races must be made to give an account of themselves, and where the worthless and vicious are punished, the industrious and decent must be recognized and rewarded. Mobs, riots, and lynch law, whatever the provocation, remedy no evils and only make a bad situation worse. The penal systems of the Southern States must be greatly improved. Temporary servitude of vicious negroes in chain gangs under the Southern system only makes these men the more dangerous when turned loose again. If they are a menace to society, they should be kept under restraint. If there is a chance to make decent and law-abiding men out of them, it should be carefully provided that their serving shorter or longer terms for police offenses or for crimes should make for their reformation rather than for their hopeless debasement. Furthermore, it must be better understood in the South that educated negroes are not the dangerous ones, but quite the contrary. If it hurts the negro to be educated there must be something wrong with the school.—From "The Progress of the World," in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.



### RUSKIN'S ADVICE TO A STUDENT.

JOHN RUSKIN once gave the following advice to an Edinburgh student in a letter, dated August 6, 1854:

"I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel, or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just at the moment of push your footing might not give way beneath you; and also I wanted you to feel that long and steady effort, made in a contented way, does more than violent effort made from some strong motive, or under some enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat—for of this I am perfectly sure—that the best things are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and reserve of strength, between apathy and serenity, between palsy and patience. But there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderable exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily do

each day, in a well-determined direction with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only essentially profitable way."



#### VIOLET LEGEND AND POETRY.

RIVALING the rose in popular favor, and especially beloved of women folk, there is perhaps no other flower, save the rose, more sung of by poets, and told of in legend, than the modest little violet. Many writers have mentioned violets, since the days of Homer and Virgil, who made such frequent allusions to this flower. According to the Greek traditions, this posy first sprung up in honor of Jupiter and Juno, a belief alluded to in the *Iliad*, where it is said:

"Glad earth receives, and from her bosom pours  
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flowers;  
Thick newborn violets a soft carpet spread."

Another legend says that Ianthea, Diana's Nymph, was changed by the goddess into a purple flower to save her from the pursuits of Apollo, while yet another declares that violets sprang up as food for Io, after she had been changed into a cow, Io being the Greek name for violets. It is Herrick who says that violets were pure white until Venus, enraged because Cupid said that the flowers exceeded her in beauty and sweetness, fell upon them and beat them blue. In mythology the violet was dedicated to the goddess Athena, and Shakespeare, alluding to the old tradition that violets spring from the graves of the pure, says:

"Lay her in the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring."

Again this poet, when speaking of these flowers, calls them:

"Violets dim  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath."

The violet was also the favorite flower of Matthew Prior, who says:

"The pride of every grove, I chose  
The violet sweet."

Shelley often mentions this flower in his poetry and both Tennyson and Browning make allusions to its beauty and fragrance. Our own poet Whittier loved it above all flowers. In history the violet is associated with the Bonaparte dynasty. Napoleon the first on his first exile promised his adherents to return in the spring with the violets, hence this flower was adopted as the badge of his party, it being also the emblem of constancy. It is said that when the Empress Eugenie signified her willingness to share the throne of France with Napoleon the third, she appeared before him with violets in hair and hands.

The violet was also the floral emblem of Athens, the city of the violet crown. The emblem was chosen

because the citizens were Ionians in origin and therefore the Ion, or violet, commemorated the name of their founder. The violet used also to have a special literary association in Provence. During the middle ages an annual fete was held at Toulouse about the first of May at which a golden violet was awarded to the Troubadour who was deemed best at lyric composition. The festival commenced with floral games and the election of the Queen of Beauty. By her side was placed on the throne a small golden vase of elaborate design—

"And in her golden vase was set  
The prize, the golden violet."

which was presented to the successful competitor at the end of the fete. Several of the violets have been preserved upon the high altar of the Church of La Dourade, where Clemence Isaure, the poetess, was buried.

In medicine the violet has been, and is yet, used and it was Pliny who declared that a chaplet of violets was an infallible cure for headache, while he recommended a liniment of violet roots and vinegar for the cure of gout. A garland of violets was also considered at that time an effectual charm against falling sickness or epilepsy. Some years later, distilled violets were given by doctors as a cure for consumption and the person who ate the first violet blossom he saw after the New Year was sure to be relieved of any sickness he might have. Old women used violet syrup as a remedy for teething babies and a combination of violets and goats' milk was said to make the user beautiful.—*Addie Farrar, in Floral Life.*



#### THE BISHOP AND THE WAFFLES.

It would indeed be a queer bishop who could not tell a good story on himself. The late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, was wont to relate with much relish an interesting experience which he once had in connection with waffles.

At a fine old Virginia homestead where he was a frequent guest the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning, as breakfast drew near an end, the tidy little linen-coated black boy who served at table approached Bishop Dudley and asked in a low voice:

"Bishop, won't y' have 'n'er waffle?"

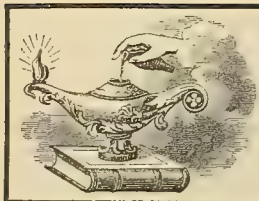
"Yes," said the genial bishop, "I believe I will."

"Dey ain't no mo'." then said the nice little black boy.

"Well," exclaimed the surprised reverend gentleman, "if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?"

"Bishop," explained the little black boy, "you's done et ten a'ready, an' I t'ought y' wouldn't want no mo'."—*Lippincott's.*





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

D. D. CULLER.

"He is despised and rejected of men."

It seems strange that the creature should despise its Creator, that the saved should look with contempt upon their Savior, and yet it is all only too true. That is the way Jesus was treated when he strove to save men from their sins.

Perhaps it is impossible for the worm to appreciate the superiority of man over him and so the worm in stuck-up pride looks with contempt upon the big biped which has no wings and only two legs. And so the worm rejects the man and seeks company more congenial to his tastes. Thus the dust-creeping worms on Jerusalem Heights despised and rejected the Christ of the lost. Look well to it that ye do not the same.

The closer you go to the earth the less of it you can see. The tighter one hugs himself the less he knows about himself. Men live in a little town all their lives and never really know much about it. You must get off a little ways to see a big thing as a whole. Some of the biggest fools are those who think they know the most—they are they who have been living with their own little selves and hugging themselves and congratulating themselves all their long eventful lives. They know it all and despise and reject everything which does not bear their stamp and everybody who is not of their mind. Beware of narrow-mindedness!

That the great is rejected of the little, shows that little natures cannot appreciate the grand, the sublime. It takes greatness to appreciate greatness. It took a Ruskin to appreciate a Turner, a Coleridge to see the marks of greatness in Wordsworth. Man, weak, little, sinful, pestilent-stricken,\* much-groveling man, rejected his own Savior and thereby evinced his thrall-dom to the flesh.

Columbus was despised, but he kept on until he had discovered a new world. Fulton was scorned and laughed at by his fellows but he finally succeeded in making iron float the waves and in binding steam as galley slave to the oar. Whittier was rotten-egged by his enemies, but his songs helped to free the slave. The Christ was despised and rejected but his cause has triumphed and he will go on from victory to victory until every knee bowing shall confess him as Lord. Do not despise nor reject him!

*Mt. Morris College.*

## UP IN THE MOUNTAIN.

D. D. THOMAS.

Up in the mountain at eventide  
Our Savior would often go,  
There in secluded prayer abide—  
Abide the whole night thro'.  
The angels would call him blessed,  
The rocks at his bidding flow;  
Then why should he there in prayer abide—  
Abide the whole night thro'?

Ah, did he fall in slumber  
When he knelt in the silent shade,  
Like the disciples in the garden  
The night he was betrayed?  
Did the moonbeam find him sleeping,  
Out from the nightly shade,  
As he found the three in the garden  
When there he was betrayed?

And what were the words he uttered  
The prayer sent up to the throne?  
Did the winged seraphs comfort him  
When there he prayed alone?  
Was the loss of a night of vigil  
On the ragged mountain stone  
The gain of heavenly power  
When there he prayed alone?

Why did he go to the mountain  
Away from the voice of care?  
To catch the breath of the angels  
And breathe that spirit there?  
Or was it a nobler motive  
As so close to the tempter's lair  
He prayed for the dying sinner  
And breathed that spirit there?

O, for the strength of a servant,  
And yet as a master too,  
His task was transcendental  
And he prayed the whole night thro'.  
It was for the perfect example  
As well for the hearts that are true  
That he prayed in the gloom of darkness,  
And he prayed the whole night thro'.

Did he feel himself a stranger  
Out in a far-off land?  
Was the longing in the mountain  
To clasp his Father's hand?  
And were there some angel beings  
Around the throne so grand  
He longed to join in singing  
And clasp his Father's hand?

Up in the mountain at eventide  
The Master would often go,

There in secluded prayer abide—  
 Abide the whole night thro'.  
 May mortals call him blessed  
 And follow his lead so true,  
 Up near to him in prayer abide,  
 Abide the whole night thro'.

Harrod, Ohio.



### SIMPLICITY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

SIMPLICITY is the companion of truthfulness; it is undesigning, free from all cunning and intrigue; is manifest in plainness of dress and of language; in unassuming manners and straightforwardness of bearing. From pride and all unhallowed ambitions it dwells apart, abiding only in the heart made free from enmity and vain imaginations.

To possess it, is to have an "eye single to the glory of God," when the whole being will be filled with light, all free from clouds of apprehensiveness as to what the appearance of motives shall be to others and of anxiety for personal attentions.

To the conversation and general bearing, it gives directness without bluntness, modesty without subserviency, and under its liberating influence the deportment, free from egotism or a forbidding dignity will be nobly independent, sincere, and graced with that self-forgetfulness and abandon of manners which is in itself an attraction and charm.

Simplicity opens its white blossoms in the soul where integrity abides, and sends forth its sweet odors like the beautiful wild flowers, all unconscious of its loveliness.

Fort Hancock, New Jersey.



### HOPE.

He who hopes enjoys everything before he gets it, and if he never gets it, has at least one enjoyment. Most things are better when expected than when attained, so that the hopeful man has the best. He is sure of one thing at least, and of a good thing. While realization may disappoint, hope never does, since we can hope for as good as we want. We expect only the best, anticipating mostly ideals. One generally hopes for something better than he gets, and, as long as he hopes for it, he is not wholly without it, but has it for most purposes. If he is disappointed later, it is only after he has enjoyed it as hoped for. While disappointment gives present pain, it cannot destroy past pleasure; so that hope secures the present while awaiting the future; and if the future that is hoped for never comes, we lose only by ending the present enjoyment, and we can always begin a new hope, and so a new pleasure. Man is

never so poor that he cannot hope, and never has so little that he cannot expect much.

He who hopes long is briefly disappointed. For the thing expected may be years in coming, but it is only a moment in failing. For disappointment soon wearies, and it dulls with time, while hope may last for life, and strengthen with delay. One never knows that he will be disappointed till he is; so that the pleasure of false hopes is long, and the pain short; and he who hopes has much, whether successful or not. Hope is a way of enjoying things which we have not—a means of making the poor rich and the low great—equalizing men by giving them like joys. As most thought is about the future, the hopeful man rescues much of life from misery, and is, for most of his time, on the side of the fortunate.—*Austin Bierbower, in The Chautauquan.*



### ABIDE WITH ME.

Few people there are who have not at some time in their lives heard and been touched by the words of this beautiful poem. It was written more than half a century ago, but the pleading sweetness of the words will never grow old. Henry Francis Lyte, the author, was born at Ednam, Scotland, more than one hundred years ago. When he had passed middle life, after having had charge of one church for twenty-five years, his health so far failed that he was admonished to give up his work and seek a milder climate, his charge being in Devonshire, England. After preaching his farewell sermon, and administering the sacrament to his weeping people, he was taken to his little cottage home, where, in the evening, he composed this matchlessly pathetic and beautiful hymn:

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,  
 The darkness deepen—Lord, with me abide.

He felt that he was slowly dying; he had bidden his beloved people good-by, had partaken of the sacred emblems with them for the last time, and now he was alone with his Father. He died at Nice, a few weeks after writing this hymn.—*The Christian Herald.*



THERE is a tradition that the descendants of Seth lived on the summit of so lofty a mountain as to be able to hear and join in the song of the heavenly host. The Bible is like a mountain range. Its peak pierces beyond the clouds into the sublimest elevations and atmospheres. Where the Word of God ends, heaven begins. The conceptions of things, human and divine, found herein surpass in grandeur and magnificence all the dreams of the ages and of the sages.—*A. F. Pierson.*



# THE INGLENOOK

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Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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## THE MILESTONES OF LIFE.



FROM time immemorial life has been compared to a journey. The psalmist says, "Thou hast made known to me the ways of life." "Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth." Solomon alludes to the figure in the words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." And Isaiah, as he looked forward to the conditions of life in the golden age of the Gospel, provides for the same figure when he says, "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth." Modern writers have followed out this idea and enlarged on it in many ways, and now the dates that mark the passing years are often spoken of as the milestones along the journey.

Like most figures, it is weakened by too close application; instead of finding resemblances between all the points, we find some contrasts. For instance, in a journey, in the ordinary meaning of the term, we take more or less satisfaction in passing the milestones, because it means that we are getting somewhere, we are accomplishing something. In the journey of life the feeling of satisfaction and pleasure ends after the first few milestones are passed, and it rarely returns except now and then toward the end of a journey long drawn out. Then, too, there is a peculiarity in the milestones that one passes in the journey of life, because of the apparent difference in distance between them. At first they seem "few and far between,"—the youthful traveler becomes impatient because his progress is so slow. After awhile, however, he is hardly able to keep track of the flying years as he rushes along.

And really it is not necessary for the busy man to keep track of the milestones, unless by doing so he receives a new incentive to push on in his work. It

depends entirely upon the motive that causes one to take note of the passing time. A worker may watch the clock to see how long he will have to keep up the movements that constitute the work for which he is paid, or he may watch it to see whether by increased effort he may be able to bring the work to a certain point in the allotted time. And so in the journey of life, one may look upon the days that mark the passing years as so many steps bringing him to the time when he may be excused from arduous work; or he may, by taking note of these days, double his diligence, knowing that ere long he will have to reckon with the last milestone,—that "the night cometh when no man can work."

After all, when our lives are measured up, the amount of work we have done, considering our opportunities, the spirit in which it has been done, and the motive back of it, will, doubtless, count for more than the days and years. Chapin says, "Life, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character. The conditions are secondary." Another writer says, "We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count."



## "WHAT IS ESPERANTO?"

SOME of our readers may know about the new language called Esperanto, and may even be versed in—I will not say its mysteries, for it appears not to have any. But they may have given to it the few hours' study which is claimed to give one a speaking acquaintance. Others, perhaps, have heard or seen the strange word, but in such connection that they had no means of learning its meaning. For the benefit of the latter class we quote from an article which appeared in a recent number of the *Independent* under the above heading.

Esperanto "is an auxiliary international idiom, available for all purposes of trade, science and intercourse between persons otherwise possessing no common linguistic meeting ground. We may perhaps compare it roughly to mediæval Latin in the capacity which that tongue enjoyed as a common language for the educated classes in all countries of Europe. Again, it may be likened to an international code. But, as we shall presently see, it is much more than this; it possesses literary possibilities which far exceed those of a code.

"Esperanto offers several immediate advantages of indisputable worth: It lays open the whole world of thought and expression in whatsoever corner of the globe; it breaks down barriers, and procures for its possessors in every land a multitude of persons who are able to exchange ideas and services with them. By means of the little penny 'Keys,' now printed in over twenty languages, perfectly intelligible cor-

respondence can be carried on between persons otherwise absolutely out of reach of each other. Suppose you want to write to a Greek, a Russian, a Japanese—strangers to you, it may be—and that you know only your native English. All you have to do is to write your letter in Esperanto, enclose a key in the appropriate language, and, presto! the business is done. Anybody of ordinary wit can readily translate your letter with the key.

"To be successful, a vehicle of expression must be as easily spoken as written, and must, moreover, be readily learnable by anybody of moderate education. That Esperanto has these qualifications I believe nobody who has ever looked into the subject will deny. On good authority it is said that one hour's study a day for three months will put the average person in excellent command of the language. A student already versed in two or three foreign tongues finds the task ridiculously simple, for then practically every word is recognizable at a glance, and as grammar counts for almost *nil*, the reader finds himself, as it were, in possession of Esperanto almost without an effort."

The writer then speaks of the inventor of the language, Dr. Zamenhof, his introduction of the language in 1877, its gradual growth at first and its present rapid growth. In 1902 it was introduced into England and two years ago the *Independent* published the first article written for American readers, explaining Esperanto. "Already 300,000 persons in practically every country of the globe, are reading, speaking and studying the new language." The writer goes on to explain briefly some of the forms and methods of expression, showing the simplicity of construction. Lack of space forbids our repeating this part of the article.

"In this new linguistic house everything is spick-and-span from cellar to attic, with no dusty 'irregular' corners, no cobweb 'exceptions.' The penny Key contains the whole language, with *all* the root-words and *all* the grammar in twenty-four pages, as against two hundred for even the simpler foreign idioms. Think of a language the entire grammar of which can be printed well-nigh on a postal card! the entire dictionary of which weighs one-fifth of an ounce! Esperanto is language in capsule form, to be swallowed and digested 'while you wait.'"



#### SPEAKING WEIGHTY WORDS.

WE sometimes say of a man that his words are always weighty. It should be borne in mind, however, that the quality of weightiness in this connection has little relation to the words alone. The character of the man behind the words gives them their force. A gun is of little use, as a gun, which weighs little

more than its projectile. It must weigh *much* more to be effective. And so a man's character must stand for very much more than the mere words he utters if they are to have the desired effect.



#### FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

HERE is a question from one of our readers to which we solicit attention and earnest thought, as it is well worthy of serious consideration:

I should like to know what some of the Inglenook family have to say about teaching fairy stories, fables and mythology in the primary grades of the public schools. What value have they in the moral and intellectual growth of the child? Are they the best means to attain the end in view?  
A. H., Colorado.

This question not only concerns the teacher and child, but parents and others. Give it the thought it demands, and then let us, along with the inquirer, have the benefit of your thinking. Attend to this at once so that we may print your replies in one issue, if possible. If your answers and reasons can be given on a postal, very well. If your argument requires more space, do not hesitate to write it out and let our readers have the chance to weigh it.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

THAT the great is rejected of the little, shows that little natures cannot appreciate the grand, the sublime.—*D. D. Culier.*



THE mother who fibs to the street-car conductor over the age of her child may, by this means, save two or three cents. In point of fact, she is selling her own and the child's honesty for the paltry price.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*



It was for the perfect example  
As well for the hearts that are true,  
That he prayed in the gloom of darkness,  
And he prayed the whole night thro.

—D. D. Thomas.



SIMPLICITY opens its white blossoms in the soul where integrity abides, and sends forth its sweet odors like the beautiful wild flowers, all unconscious of its loveliness.—*Richard Seidel.*



NOT everything that succeeds is a success. A man may make millions and still be a failure.—*J. B. Stutzman.*



THERE can be no change of disposition until the will is changed.—*J. S. Flory.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

At Leipsic, Germany, there is a clock on exhibition, valued at \$725, which is made entirely of glass, except the springs. It is sixteen inches high and of course is transparent. The maker spent six years on the timepiece.

FROM recent discoveries as to the management of affairs by the Cuban government, it is thought that the provisional government will have to be continued for a longer term than President Roosevelt had contemplated. It seems that the systems of procedure, which were in force in the several departments when the affairs were handed over by our government four years ago, were disregarded, and others, faulty in the extreme, introduced, with the result that matters are indeed in a tangle.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and Surgeon General Rixey, of the navy, is at present on a visit to Panama. He will remain four days on the isthmus, and will visit the cities of Colon and Panama, ride on the work trains, examine the houses in which the laborers live, talk with officials and men, and endeavor to inform himself thoroughly about the great project. On his return he will go to Porto Rico for a short visit and then return to Washington in ample time for the opening of Congress, December 3.

WITH the telegraphic code as a basis, and after working on the system for fifteen years, Philip B. Lehmann, of La Crosse, Wis., has perfected a form of phonetic spelling which he claims is much superior to that which Andrew Carnegie supports. An increase is made in the present alphabet from twenty-six characters to forty-three, five of which are combinations. The new alphabet contains six sounds of "a," two of "e" two of "i," three of "o" and four of "u." When a letter has a different sound, a curl or twist denotes the variations in pronunciation. The general rules for spelling, with a list of six hundred words under the reform system, has been issued in pamphlet form by the author.

U. S. SENATOR PETTUS, of Alabama, who is eighty-six years of age, when asked what vocation he would choose if he were again beginning active life, replied: "The high calling of a farmer. I would purchase

a nicely located farm and settle down to farming as my lifework, thus guaranteeing to my loved ones and myself the highest and happiest of hours, with a full crib, a full smokehouse and a full measure of usefulness."

BEGINNING the first of this month, five hundred teachers from the various public schools in England will arrive in companies of about forty a week under the leadership of Alfred Mosely, for the purpose of studying American educational methods. This visit will extend over the greater part of the winter. The teachers represent every grade, from the elementary to the university, and are expected to make formal reports to their respective boards. It is a private enterprise, originating with Mr. Mosely. The expenses of the teachers are paid by themselves, but special rates have been made by the steamship and railroad companies.

It is a fact of physics that if a tuning fork be struck and held in a Bunsen burner flame, the sound is increased, the maximum being reached when the fork is held in the hottest part of the flame. Acting upon this principle a French inventor has made a phonograph which can be heard a mile away. The record has the sound vibrations marked in length instead of depth and the stylus travels horizontally like a pendulum. This stylus separates a gas chamber into two parts and the gas passes on to the burners. The vibrations of the disk open and close the gas openings, causing the flow to vary. The sound can be lessened by regulating the burner.

THE International Harvester Company, having become convinced of the utility of the motor car for farmers, has decided to go into the manufacture of these machines. It will turn out a low-priced air-cooled vehicle, which will be sold, probably, as low as \$500 or \$600. This car will follow the general lines of a buggy, the front wheels being forty inches and the rear forty-four inches, fitted with solid rubber tires. It will have a two-cylinder engine and will develop ten-horsepower. It will be so arranged that the rear seat can be used for carrying merchandise or farm produce. The car will have a speed of twenty miles an hour.

LIEUT. PEARY, who started on his seventh attempt to reach the north pole July 15, 1905, is now on his return voyage to New York, having failed in his attempt. In his expedition, however, he reached latitude eighty-seven degrees, six minutes, being nearer the pole than any other discoverer by thirty-four miles.

MRS. JANE DOWIE, wife of Alexander Dowie, is now living like a hermit at the beautiful 260-acre summer home on the shores of White lake, Muskegon county, Mich. Her only companion is her son Gladstone, who, for the first time in his life is doing manual labor. All the servants, gardeners, and landscape artists, even Mrs. Dowie's private maids and cooks have been discharged, it is said, to save expenses. Some time ago Mrs. Dowie began suit to recover this property, which is valued at \$250,000, and that is why she is staying there.

IN anticipation of overcrowded schools after January first, when the new Georgia Child Labor law goes into effect, a number of business men in Columbus, Ga., have founded the Secondary Industrial School, which will give a thorough training in the trades to the children of factory operators. Especial attention will be given to the cotton industry, in the hope of supplying skilled labor, for which there is a great demand. The length of the course is four years, and it will include courses in shorthand, domestic science and the common branches.

CHARLES W. NORTON was arrested at Chicago, Thursday, being accused by postoffice officials of obtaining mining stock and other securities valued at \$3,000,000 through false pretenses. Many of these stocks were found in his possession, he having obtained them on the pretense of selling them as a broker. His method was to get in touch with certain mining companies and then induce stockholders to give him their shares to dispose of at fancy prices to alleged customers. He would take sixty days in which to collect proceeds and before the expiration of that time would disappear with the certificates.

MAYOR TOM JOHNSON, of Cleveland, acted as motorman on the first trolley car to run over the three-cent-fare line of the Municipal Traction Company, Thursday. On the same car with him were officials of the company, city officials and newspaper men, each of whom had paid three cents for one of the aluminum coins with the hole in the middle which are to be used in place of tickets. Crowds of men and women along the line cheered the Mayor, who thus came out victor after five years of fighting in the courts against the Traction Combine. The company

has thirteen and one-half miles of track, but injunctions have closed up all but three miles, which was the length of Mayor Johnson's trip. In the course of a speech, the Mayor said it was the happiest day of his life.

NEW ZEALAND is often held up as the socialist's Mecca because it has government ownership to such a great extent. But according to government reports, says the *Medical Brief*, the public debt of that country amounts to about \$1,625 to every family on the island, estimating five individuals to a family. This, it concludes, is a conservative estimate, "but admitting it to be no greater, how does it compare with the public debt of this country, whose people are being persuaded to adopt New Zealand's policies as the means to get rich? The present per capita debt of the United States is about \$10. Multiply this by five and we have \$50 to the family, as against \$1,625 to the family in New Zealand. Add about \$2 per capita, or about \$10 a family, for the debts of the several states, and we have about \$60 of public debt to the family in the United States, which shows the public debt of New Zealand to be about twenty-eight times as great, in proportion to population, as that of the United States."

SIR ALMEROTH WRIGHT, the noted London physician and scientist, who is said to have discovered what is called the "opsonic index," which shows whether or not the blood has the power to destroy disease germs that enter it, was in Washington a few days ago and in an address before a medical society said that after long series of experiments he had come to the conclusion that the best way to combat with any disease that comes from germs is to employ bacteriological inoculation, that is, vaccination. He thought this method would be developed so that persons can be made immune to tuberculosis, the treatment being practically the same in other diseases. The opsonic index, referred to above, is gained by watching what are called the phagocytes in the blood, small masses of protoplasm. An element in the blood called opsin enters into chemical combination with the disease germs that come in contact with it and prepares them so the phagocytes can eat them up and destroy them. This process can be observed under the microscope, and the number of bacteria taken in by a phagocyte noted. One hundred of these are examined and the number of bacteria destroyed by them is divided by one hundred giving the "phagocytic count." The ratio of the phagocytic count in diseased blood to that of normal blood is called the "opsonic index," and by it doctors can tell the progress or regress of the patient with regard to his power of resistance to the infection.





## WHY?

Why, muvver, why

Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?  
 Why did the cow jump right over the moon?  
 An' why did the dish run away with the spoon?  
 Cause didn't he like it to see the cow fly?

Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why

Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?  
 An' why can't they swim just like fishes and fings?  
 An' why does the little birdies have wings?  
 An' live little boys have to wait till they die?

Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why

Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?  
 Why couldn't we have one if I should say "Please?"  
 An' why does it worry when little boys tease?  
 An' why can't things never be now—but bime-by

Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why

Does little boys' froats always ache when they cry?  
 An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up close?  
 An' what does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?  
 An' why do you fink he'll be soon comin' by?

Why, muvver, why?

—Century Magazine.



## THE MISFIT BOY.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.



HE schoolma'am of forty years ago rarely had trouble in managing her girl pupils. She understood them as she did herself. But to reach out into and explore the mind of the growing boy, shaping here, lopping off there, was something unknown to her curriculum. He asked and received no favors of "partiality," bearing the penalty of his mischief or stupidity like a philosopher, and coming out in the grist with little enough development, either mental or moral. In this blessed age, however, with the conscientious teacher,—and her name is Legion,—he stands a perfectly fair show with his sister across the aisle. Yet, once in a while, we meet with the misfit, the boy who harmonizes with his school work as illy as the proverbial "square peg in a round hole."

The thinking teacher realizes that development of character is as important a part of her work as in-

stilling the principles of mathematics. She has probably forty little growing, restless souls under her charge, and only a few hours daily in which to accomplish her task, often handicapped, too, by entire ignorance of the child's home influences and heredity. Neither is that all. Speaking on this very subject, one said to me the other day:

"We can do our best only when we understand the children; and it seems as if some of them purposely hide their real selves from us."

I thought of the misfit boy.

If you ask him, doubtless he will tell you that he "doesn't like the teacher," that she is "cranky" or has "pets."

The trouble and the remedy lie, in most cases, in the home training. The boy simply does not know how to show out his real self. Naturally, he confides his hopes, plans and feelings to his mother. If this confidence is met with intelligent sympathy, that which always directs toward right and truth as the best course, the little fellow may be easily led into a like relationship with the teacher. But if his mother is too busy or careless to keep a ready ear for his small affairs, or if she falls into the habit of nagging or criticising instead of pleasantly insisting upon his doing the right thing at the right time, then the boy nature is very apt to retire like a turtle into its shell. Small wonder the teacher found it hard to discover his real self, accustomed as he was to hiding it from those who mercilessly picked out its faults and emphasized them!

It is impossible to be too sympathetic with a child, yet one may be so in an entirely wrong direction. Shielding him from the results of his own error, rather than helping him face matters bravely and straighten them out to the best of his ability, is a most serious mistake. Making a great ado over accidents or sickness, instead of setting quietly and intelligently to work to remedy the ill, is another.

In bringing out the good in our children, we may render great aid to the teacher by our own absolute honesty of word and action. The mother who fibs to the street-car conductor over the age of her child may, by the means, save two or three cents. In point of fact, she is selling her own and the child's honesty for the paltry price. Children are quick to see through and copy little deceits practiced upon themselves, too,

as well as upon others in their presence. If the boy's rough edges are the expression of sensitiveness that he is not so well dressed as his mates, the mother may remedy that, in a measure, by seeing that he goes clean and mended, and above all that she herself never speaks slurringly of those who wear better clothing.

Another type of the misfit boy is the one carefully reared, but to whom school discipline is irksome. In his home he is the central figure; here, he is but a unit. The manly view of the situation must be made to appeal to his developed manliness. Show him how the school is like an army, depending for its success upon the instant and unquestioning obedience of every soldier; there must be no stragglers, no special favor expected by any one.

The misfit teacher is still to be found, once in a while. If your little lad is unfortunate enough to run up against her, do not be dismayed. He must learn sometime to meet unfairness and injustice, and so much the better if he can do so when he has your tact and sympathy to help him. Be very sure first that you are not misjudging either her or him, and excuse no wrong act on his part because of the delinquency on hers. Help him to see that for the five hours of patience his work requires in a day, hers demands forty or more times as much. At the worst his trial cannot last forever, and no uncongenial teacher can prevent his gaining a fair share of the year's gathered knowledge for his own. The boy who has been faithful at his lessons, even unaided, will stand a far better show, when he goes out into the world at the end of school, than the "favorite" who has been helped over hard places.

The good and sensible father is no small factor in working out the problem of the misfit boy. He looks at the case from the lad's own standpoint, something a mother rarely does. He makes no threats against either teacher or pupil, least of all does he recount any "smartness" of his own schooldays. But he is strong for right and honesty, for law and order, every time. A father who takes time to be wise and sympathetic with his boys is a harbinger of the Millenium; and in the Millenium, there shall be no "misfits."

418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.



#### THE EVERY-DAY WOMAN.

SHE is not a genius, this plain person who keeps the wheels of life moving. Just a well-balanced friend who goes on her daily rounds. Geniuses are often eccentric and can do great things, but some of them don't like to pare potatoes nor put on a patch. We never feel afraid of the every-day woman, for she does not criticise our English nor ask us the reason why we do things "thus and so." As a rule, this

plain woman does not aim to be brilliant nor great. She is no smarter nor richer than we are, and is a real obliging friend. She is like ourselves and enjoys the common joys of life, and "weeps with those who weep." She is full of sympathy, and we don't hesitate to tell her our troubles. My lady is not always "consumed with cares," and is willing to cook a good dinner for the chance guest without grumbling.

I am afraid that the plain, commonplace people in life are not half appreciated. We could never do without them. The beautiful woman is admired, the woman of intellect is respected; singers, inventors, philanthropists, are praised, but what of the plain toiler in the calico gown?

Abraham Lincoln voiced the sentiments of us when he said: "The Lord must have liked the common people well, or he wouldn't have made so many of them."—*Kitty Summer.*



#### A MOTHER'S RULES.

A MOTHER is said to have taught the following healthy rules to her daughter. Read them:

It is better to be a beautiful home-maker than a fine housekeeper; for instance, ruffled pillow shams cost too much if they mean ruffled tempers.

The one indispensable quality in a home is happiness; every home, no matter how beautiful, which misses that is a failure; but no home, whatever its faults, can be wholly a failure if it is happy.

Happiness is a matter of spirit, not "things."

It is possible only when every member of the household is considered, and all work and plan together, and God is its constant Guest.

To be in her own place, wherever that may be, a beautiful home-maker is the loveliest ambition any woman can have.

These are the things that I want to help my little girl to understand.



#### FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A DROP or two of spirits of camphor taken on sugar every three or four hours will usually check a cold.

A little camphorated oil rubbed well into the chest when a cough is painful will give great relief.

As long as you are shielded from draft, an open window is no source of danger, even on the bitterest night.

Hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg, well beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. Take a teaspoonful every hour.

Cayenne pepper tea is good for a cold. Take a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and nearly a tea-



cupful of water, and drink it as hot as it can be swallowed.

For a tight, hoarse cough, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will give immediate relief. A little lemon juice added to the water is beneficial.

Sneezing is averted by pressing the upper lip, because by doing so we deaden the impression made on a certain branch of the fifth nerve, sneezing being a reflex action excited by some slight impression on that nerve. Sneezing does not take place when the fifth nerve is paralyzed, even though the sense of smell is retained.

Squeeze a large, clean handkerchief out of water and place in a wad on the pillow of the patient; an inch or two from his nose, so that he can inhale the moisture. He will usually cease coughing in fifteen minutes. While this treatment may not cure a cough, it will insure a good night's rest to many a sick child and tired mother.—*Unidentified.*



#### HOME MADE INSECTICIDES.

EVERY woman who grows flowers in the window will have to fight against insect enemies. The aphid, or green fly, will attack the Roses and Pelargoniums, and many other plants. Mealy-bug will establish itself on the Oleanders, and Genistas, and Hoyas, and from these spread to others. Red spider will do deadly work on all plants in the dry air of the living room. If we let these pests alone, we will very soon be without plants, as they speedily drain the life-blood from even the strongest specimens.

Fortunately, there are remedies at hand for these enemies of plant life. The aphid can be exterminated by the use of an infusion of Ivory soap. Shave half a cake and pour a little water over it, then set it on the stove to melt. When liquified, add it to a pailful of water. Shower infested plants with it, or, what is better, dip them in it. This plan is the most satisfactory one because no insect can escape from such a bath, while showering often fails to get the application to some parts of the plant. This soap is entirely harmless. It is pleasant to use, is always at hand, or is readily obtainable, and costs so little that anyone can afford to use it liberally and frequently. I prefer it as an all-around insecticide, to any of the high-priced preparations on the market.

For the mealy-bug, nothing is better than an emulsion of kerosene. Take two parts kerosene and one part slightly sour milk. Agitate rapidly, until union takes place, resulting in a white jelly-like substance. If small quantities are made, the oil and milk can be made to combine by churning them together with an egg-beater. If a large quantity is needed, use the brass syringe with which you spray your plants. Insert its nozzle in the liquids, draw them into the

cylinder, and then expel them rapidly. Keep on doing this until they unite. Force and rapidity will soon bring about a combination between the oil and milk, and the "jelly" thus obtained will readily emulsify with water. Use one part of this jelly to fourteen parts of water. Shower the plants all over with it, being careful to see that the insecticide gets to the lower side of the foliage and into the axil of each leaf, as the mealy-bug likes to hide away in obscure places where he hopes to escape observations.

For the red spider—smallest of all pests that trouble house plants, and most destructive—there is no remedy like moisture. Make and keep the air moist, and he will not tarry with you long. But let the air lose all its moisture, and remain without it for even a few days, and your plants will begin to look sickly. Their leaves will turn yellow, and fall. Close examination is necessary, or the spider will escape discovery, so tiny is he. You will find him on the underside of the leaf, generally, a mere speck of red, or brown, like a grain of Cayenne pepper. It seems incredible that a creature so minute can injure a plant, but he will do it, every time. Dip the plants in tubs of water heated to one hundred and twenty degrees. This may seem too hot to be safe, for tender plants, but it will not injure them. After having used this bath two or three times, a day or two apart, shower your plants daily, all over. Keep up the shower bath treatment, and keep basins of water on the stove or register, to evaporate and supply the air with moisture. The more moisture the air of the living-room contains the better the plants in the windows will grow.—*Selected.*



"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
Or giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

### Read this to the Little Ones

#### WHEN MAMMA BAKES.

Whenever Bridget goes away,  
And mamma does the baking,  
I go into the kitchen, then  
To see what she is making.

If it is cake, she takes a lot  
Of sugar, spice, and flour,  
And stirs it round, and round, and round,  
And bakes it most an hour.

I think, perhaps, some other things  
She puts into the batter,  
But what they are I do not know—  
It really doesn't matter.

If it is pie, she makes a crust  
And kind of sort of doubles  
It round some berries, full of juice,  
That oozes out in bubbles.

She cuts out leaves and animals  
From dough that's thin and yellow,  
And sometimes makes a cooky man,  
A funny looking fellow;

With face so round and currant eyes,  
With body round, but bigger;  
With puffy legs and puffy arms,  
The queerest little figure.

And then, whatever dough is left,  
When she is through with making,  
She gives to me if I am good—  
When mamma does the baking.

—George Frederick.



### THE MUSKRATS' HOME.

ALL summer Mitty Muskrat had lived in a big cave in the bank just above the pond. One day in October she was delighted to hear that it was time for the family to build their winter house.

Soon after sunset one night she started out with her mother; they crossed the pond swimming with their fore feet tucked up under their throats, and using their broad, flat tails as rudders. Mitty, indeed, was in such a hurry that she wriggled her tail from side to side like a tadpole.

They entered the ditch which led into the swamp, but soon left it, and, making their way through mud and grass for a short distance, suddenly came upon several muskrats building a platform of sticks upon some alder roots.

The house itself was begun by weaving green twigs, flags and reeds into a kind of fence around a circular enclosure. Mitty helped fetch reeds from the swamp all night. She slept all the next day, and did not awaken until after sundown. With several companions she went out to get food. Some dug yellow lily roots, towed them ashore, and feasted on their crisp white centers. Mitty fancied a rush banana. Diving to the bottom of the pond, she bit off a big rush, carried it to her usual eating place, sat up on her hind legs, and began to peel it, holding it in her paws and biting off the end of the soft, white pith as if it were really a banana.

Suddenly one of her companions plunged noisily into the pond. This was a signal that danger was near. Although Mitty could see nothing she dropped her supper and dived into the pond. An instant later Slyfoot, the weasel, appeared on the bank, disgusted that his prey had escaped. Swimming under water, Mitty, with a few swift strokes, reached home.

That night the rain fell in torrents, and no one

worked on the new house. Muskrats are not afraid of rain, their coats being quite waterproof, but the heavy clouds made the night pitch dark and they preferred to wait for moonlight.

When the weather was again pleasant the house progressed rapidly. A domeshaped structure was formed of interlaced reeds, and plastered on the outside with mud which the builders mixed in their paws and smoothed with their tails. On the top the reeds were more loosely woven and not so thickly covered with plaster, so that air might enter. There was no door above water; a passageway led from the upper into the lower one, and this room opened directly into the water.

One night it began to rain, and the children said gayly, "This will make a pond of the meadow." And, indeed, it did. A neighbor's house was swept away. Their own followed. The children mourned; but the elders said: "How fortunate that the flood came early in the season! Now we have time to build again before winter!"

Then it suddenly grew cold. The ground froze, and ice formed on the pond.

"How can we build a house now?" wailed the children.

"Wait a little," replied the elders, "it is too early for winter yet; we shall have another warm spell."

Sure enough, Indian summer soon came, with mild days and clear moonlight nights. How fast the muskrats worked on a new house! Everyone did as much as he was able.

The new house was larger than the old one, and had another chamber on top, quite high above water. When it was completed, the muskrats moved in. Then the water froze over, and their only escape from the pond was through the brook.

One day there was a great noise overhead. All the muskrats rushed downstairs into the water. Through the ice they could see figures moving swiftly about. They were boys skating on the pond. Now two of them were pounding on the muskrat house. It was frozen so hard that after a time they went away. The next day they came back with sharp instruments, and tore away the earth and reeds of the roof. Then they put a queer iron thing in the chamber, and went off. Three-toes called it a trap the moment he saw it, and said a similar one had stolen his other toes. He was a wise old fellow, and advised immediate abandonment of their dwelling.

So all the muskrats fled from the house, and, as it was impossible to build another, they were obliged to live in their summer caves on the shore.

"How fortunate for us," remarked Mitty's mother cheerfully, "that our old home is so high up in the bank that it is not flooded! We can keep quite comfortable there until spring."—*Holiday Magazine*.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## GOVERNMENT MEAT INSPECTION.

W. C. FRICK, GOVERNMENT STOCK EXAMINER.



PTON SINCLAIRE'S novel, "The Jungle," published early last spring, wrought havoc among consumers of the products of the meat-packers, both at home and abroad.

President Roosevelt's commission sent to Chicago to investigate affairs there found conditions in many respects as bad as, and even worse, than described by Sinclair. Newspapers, especially the anti-trust and local, scattered broadcast reports of the conditions.

As a direct result, Congress in June, 1906, passed a Meat-inspection act much stricter than any previous one, and covering the disposition of every product of the industry used for human food.

None are excepted from inspection but farmers, retail dealers and retail butchers, and even they are subject to fine and imprisonment if they dispose of diseased meats for food purposes.

Heretofore government meat inspection consisted merely in inspecting for disease live animals, and their carcasses at time of slaughter, condemning and destroying such as were found diseased, marking such carcasses and parts as were passed for food, and allowing no uninspected meats to be handled in a plant having inspection. The condition of meat at time of canning, and its composition when canned, together with the sanitary manner in which it was handled, were indeed of minor importance to the meat-inspector.

The law of June, 1906, went into effect October 1. All meat products on hand at that time were compelled to undergo a chemical inspection examination by government experts, samples of every lot in stock being examined. Such goods as passed are sold under a special government certificate. All others are allowed to be sold at the packer's risk. These contain various kinds of dyes and preservatives.

Government as in force to-day deals with meat from the moment it enters a stock yard until it reaches the consumer in the shape of various cuts of meat or meat products. Graduate veterinarians examine the warm carcass for disease, experienced meat-packing

men, now employed by the government, supervise the handling of the meat from the carcass to the can, seeing to it that it is handled in a cleanly manner, and contains no dyes, adulterants or preservatives, other than those allowed by the law. The condition of all receptacles, containers, benches, floors, walls, tools and clothing, as well as light and ventilation, is also regulated by the government.

Congress this year appropriated three million dollars to the Bureau of Animal Industry. Hundreds of experienced men have been added to the force of meat and meat product inspectors and many companies have inspection who heretofore had none. One manager put it thus, "We had to have inspection or go out of business." Even the larger plants are patrolled by night by government officers, so thorough has the work become.

All parts of a packinghouse are accessible to meat inspectors and their assistants, who wear metal badges to identify themselves. Every phase of the meat-producing industry is now practically under government supervision, the general health of the consumer being protected and no one needs fear eating meat and meat-products for some time to come.

*Chicago, Ill.*



## CITY AND COUNTRY.

Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame,  
Who have wandered like truants for riches and fame!  
With a smile on her face and a sprig in her cap,  
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes  
And breathe, like our eagles, the air of our plains.  
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives  
Will declare 'tis all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you please,  
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,  
And leave "the old lady that never tells lies"  
To sleep with a handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line.  
While you shut up your turnpike your neighbors can go  
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk on whose ears are a couple of pens,  
And whose head is an ant hill of units and tens,  
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still  
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

Poor drudge of the city! How happy he feels  
With the burs on his legs and the grass at his heels!  
No dodger behind his bandannas to share,  
No constable grumbling, "You musn't walk there."

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,  
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear.  
The dewdrops hang round him on blossoms and shoots.  
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old schoolhouse, hard by the old  
church.

That tree by its side had the flavor of birch.  
Oh, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks  
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks!"

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,  
The boots fill with water, as they were pumps,  
Till sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,  
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



#### THE FARM AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE absence of young people strikes one painfully in a farming community. Family after family loses its boys and girls as soon as they grow up, and the parents seem to regard this state of things as natural and to be expected.

Perhaps a century, or even a half century, ago there was reason for this at first sight somewhat selfish proceeding on the part of the young people. Implements were few, and hand labor heavy and slow of accomplishment. There was little to be made from the farm beyond a bare living. The girls had no source of income, and went away to teach. The fathers encouraged the sons to go west where they could have a better chance. Life was a weary struggle to make both ends meet and pay off the mortgage, which was a sort of octopus, destroying all within reach.

Conditions are different to-day. Farm implements reduce the necessity for hiring numbers of men for the wife to lodge and feed. Milk is sent to the nearest creamery, and churning is no longer done at home. Supplies of food are more easily obtained, and the endless drying of fruit and putting away vegetables has largely ceased. Washing-machines, sewing-machines, and kitchen ranges lighten the burdens of the housewife. Comforts are better known; and nearer town, and families are not so isolated.

Even the attitude of the outsider toward the farm has altered. The recent revival of country life for city people is significant. Numbers of people are moving from the heat and confusion of the city multitude to the spots where quiet reigns. Abandoned farms are being reclaimed and made delightful homes.

In spite of all this, young people on the farm are slow to see that they neither need to go away for a living or to find something of interest to do. They still regard the farm with something of the traditional

idea of its dullness and narrowness; but it is all a mistake. The boy who goes to college need not prepare himself for a life altogether separate from his natural surroundings. He may take a course in agriculture, which will open his eyes to new methods, the enriching of the soil chemically, the adapting of crops to locality and climate, the setting out of trees and raising improved products, and come back inspired to have the model farm, with well-painted buildings, new implements, and attractive surroundings, and some specialty of stock, or chickens, or fruit, which will make the old place famous. There are so many farms to-day transformed from all that was careless, run-down, and poverty-stricken into smart, beautiful, and valuable places by the fresh enterprise of the farmer's son.

Why should the farmer not dress and live like other people? Why should he sink into an early middle age of indifference and discouragement? Why should he not be in his own way what is called in England a "gentleman farmer"? Many a college man to-day sees that the storm and stress of business has little to offer him beyond eternal routine and clerical pay, and is choosing life on the farm, with its busy, interesting summers, restful winters, and splendid opportunities of development. The new vitality put into the old places by such young men, gives results which far surpass expectation.

Girls, too, are beginning to think that farm life need not be the wearisome round their mothers found it. They recognize that country life has much to offer that is charming. Given a year or two at college to widen the outlook, they come back aglow with zeal for making the farm the most attractive place to be found anywhere. They brighten up the old house with a little paint within and without; they recover the furniture with clever fingers; they put the new magazines on the table, and step respectfully over the old rag carpets which fashion has declared beautiful. They find all sorts of interesting things to do. Perhaps they raise and sell flowers, or they find pin-money in a mushroom bed, or violets in a cold frame, or they discover that fancy eggs are marketable.

Interesting occupations and amusements fill up the quiet day. They start a little club, they take trips to the nearest town, they are not afraid to invite their friends to visit them, for they understand that with straw rides, and picnics, and apple picking, and nutting, entertainment will never be lacking.

The new generation is learning—slowly, perhaps, but surely. One of these days the exodus to the city will cease, and farm life will be, if not all daisies and moonlight nights and strawberries and cream, as one might wish, yet so full of charm and interest that the young people will love it and seek it.—*Caroline Benedict Burrell, in Congregationalist.*



## WOOD ASHES FOR FRUIT TREES.

A WRITER in the *Western Fruit Grower* gives some most excellent advice upon this subject, in which he says that "I have found from my experience that wood ashes is the best fertilizer we can put around our fruit trees. Ashes should be placed closer to the bodies of the trees than other fertilizers. Coal ashes are of little value, except on wet land, and trees should not be planted on wet land. I have trees over thirty years old, about which I have placed ashes for many years, and ninety per cent of them are in perfect condition, while other trees not so treated have long since died. The trees which had been treated also bore from one-fourth to one-half more marketable fruit than the untreated trees. The quantity of ashes to be placed about a tree depends on the size of the tree and the strength of the ashes. One peck of strong unleached ashes about a newly set tree is enough; double the quantity if ashes are leached. I place from one to three bushels about trees five years old or more. I think wood ashes are better fertilizers than barnyard manure, as the former causes a sound growth, while the manure is apt to force a rapid growth, liable to winter-kill. Nearly everyone has noticed how much better trees grow where a brush heap has been burned than on near-by soil; the same is true of grains. Trees and vines most benefited by the application of wood ashes are in order named: Peach, pear, apple, cherry, plum, grape, raspberry, blackberry, strawberry. —*Weekly Witness*.



## DIFFERENCE DUE TO CARE.

THE average farm flock of fowls lay many more eggs during the summer months than they do in winter; in fact, some flocks scarcely lay an egg all winter long. Why is this so? Stop and think a moment. Is it because fowls roam the fields in summer, thereby getting exercise, green food, bugs, worms, grit, dry grain, water and dust bath when desired? Give the hen summer conditions in winter and she will lay.

Provide the variety of food that she gets in summer with exercise, water, etc., and she has got to lay. Summer warmth is not important; it is not warm weather that causes her to lay, but the conditions made possible by such weather. True, she can't get bugs and worms in winter, but meat scraps are the same thing. While much warmth is not necessary in winter, a certain amount is essential, for if hens suffer from cold, food is used to keep them warm, and there will be few eggs. It is not so much in the breed as it is in the feed and care given. Make conditions right and eggs will be the result.—*Wisconsin Agriculturist*.

## ORANGE TREE'S LONG JOURNEY.

FROM San Francisco to New York, from New York to Brazil, from Brazil to London, from London to West Australia, from Australia to China, and from China to San Francisco, is the itinerary of the latest scientific bug hunt of the state horticultural department of California.

The hunter was George Compere, who arrived in this city by the last steamship from China. Compere went for parasites to prey on two kinds of scales that infest and destroy orange trees.

One sort he found and carried to West Australia on a government order. The second parasite involved the most curious quest for relief from pests, and the longest one in point of miles traversed in the interest of science, that the annals of such work may boast.

The purple scale damages the orange trees of Southern California largely. Some time ago a parasite that kills the purple scale was found, and many of its eggs were sent to this city to the quarantine station for insect pests in the Ferry building in cold storage.

There the specimens were viewed with admiration by Ehrhorn and Carnes, and great results were hoped for. Unfortunately, the eggs did not hatch. Probably the cold storage was too severe for them.

How to get the parasite here in shape to do business as against the purple scale was a question that became pressing. Compere was circumnavigating the world. Communication was had with him, and it was agreed that trees infested with purple scale should be sent from San Francisco to China to be taken inland several hundreds of miles in China, and there exposed to the visits of the purple scale exterminator.

Compere found the trees from California in China at a seaport. He then had to journey by boat many days up a river that ran so swiftly that oarsmen could not row against the current, and it was necessary to have coolies on the river banks pull the boats along with ropes for days at a time.

Finally, after some rough experiences, Compere reached the province that is the home of the enemy of the purple scale. There he went ashore. Thousands of Chinese farmers in the neighborhood had never seen a white man before. They were very curious, and came miles to see Compere, simply because he was white.

The owner of the boat in which Compere had journeyed would not tie his boat to the river bank at night, because he knew that he would be killed by Chinese thieves who wished to get the boat, and he anchored nightly in the middle of the river.

The traveled orange trees were taken ashore and were carried by two men many more miles by land. There the purple scale exterminator finally made its home in the imported trees.

Once more the trees were picked up and carried by two coolies to the river. The trees were shipped by Compere, and he accompanied them to the sea. Then they were put, after a time, on a steamship for San Francisco, and they reached this port simultaneously with Compere, having journeyed 12,000 miles by sea, some hundreds of miles by river, and as many more hundred by land.

From now on the trees will be watched with daily and constant care. If the purple scale parasites on them develop and live, the problem of relief to Southern California orchards will have been solved.

If they fail to fulfill expectations, then a second journey to China will be necessary. The search will be kept up as long as the pest exists.—*San Francisco Call*.



#### THE FARMER ANTS OF TEXAS.

It seemed at one time that the reputation of the ant as a provident harvester of grain would inevitably be classed among the pleasant myths to which our old-time faiths and facts are constantly changing. The wisdom of such ancients as Solomon, Virgil, Milton, the accuracy of antiquity in toto, counted as nothing before the slow—but sure—destroying bacteria of doubt introduced by modern entomologists. Even the author of a famous Bible dictionary apologized for Solomon as “adapting his language to the common belief” in his references to ants. Thompson, the American missionary, and Moggridge, the entomologist, gave testimony concerning the harvesting ants of Southern Italy and other countries, but science and popular opinion still negated the old belief in the ant as a farmer until, in 1880, Dr. Henry McCook published his book of studies concerning the agricultural ants of Texas.

Dr. McCook describes these ants as large,—about the size of common black carpenter ants,—winged, and of a bright mahogany color. A tuft of reddish hair beneath the chin gives them their scientific name of *Pogonomyrmex barbatus*, or bearded bearded-ants. The workers, major and minor, compose the bulk of the emmet population, and are present in enormous numbers all about the ant homes. The males and females are mere dependents, as in other ant colonies.

The camp from which Dr. McCook studied the Texas farmer ants was pitched in a live-oak grove on the Barton Creek hills, three miles southwest of Austin. All about it in the grassy open spaces were little clearings made by the ants about the gateways leading up from their underground granaries. Shade is unfavorable to agriculture, so they were always in full sunlight, flat and smooth, with tall weeds and tough grasses standing in almost perfect circles around them. Some of these circular clearings or disks are twelve

feet across. Leading away from them through the grass and weed forests on every side are clear little trails used by the ants in foraging outside their farms.

But the Barbati are not content with foraging. They have crops of their own. Two species of aristidia, commonly known as ant-rice or needle grass are allowed to grow in belts around the paved gateway of the clearings,—just these two grasses and nothing else in the way of vegetation. The ant-rice is thus a “raised” crop in the sense that it is exclusively permitted. The Barbati evidently neither plow nor sow, but they must do some vigorous hoeing to keep weeds and other grasses down about their crops in that rich, fat, Texas soil. After the seeds have been gathered from the ant-rice and stored in the granaries below, the ants are said to clear away the dead stalks to make ready for a fresh crop. Pictures of their worn mandibles confirm traditions of ant industry.

In foraging expeditions among the herbage surrounding their farms the ants do not work in gangs having an overseer, but as individuals. Robbery on an ant-highway showed the workers to be carrying seeds of various sorts, both oily and farinaceous. In some of the upper underground granaries these seeds are husked and the husks carried up and out through the gateway to the kitchen midden.

The stings of the farmer ants have such a reputation that the explorer could find no one willing to assist in the excavating necessary to examine their underground granaries. So carefully swathed and padded, he wielded pick and spade, as well as pencil and notebook. Then there came to view a series of large chambers arranged in irregular stories like Roman catacombs, and connected at many points by tubular galleries leading to the central gate. Some of the caves were used for eggs, and larvæ, some for queens and males, but many were granaries, filled with seeds the husks of which had been noted in the kitchen midden. In one nest, fortunately exposed by a deep cutting, the galleries and chambers were traced to a depth of fifteen feet!

At the close of an interesting paper on these ants, Dr. McCook states that a number of well-stocked artificial formicaries were taken from Texas to Philadelphia, and there, under constant observation, it was shown that the Texas ants are truly agricultural, using for food various seeds which they harvest and store in their granaries. It has since been shown that there are other farmer ants widely distributed throughout the United States.—*L. Greenlee*.



“OPPORTUNITIES do not come with their values stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns quite like other days, and a single hour quite like other hours, but in that day and that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us.”



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Good Words.

When you meet a man that's blue  
There's one thing that you should do—  
Slap him on the back and say:  
"Better luck another day!"  
Cheer him up and make him smile—  
Don't keep "knocking" all the while.  
Good words come amazing cheap.  
Use them—for they help a heap.

When you see a man in woe  
Slap his back and say, "Hello!"  
If he's down upon his luck,  
Cheer him up and give him pluck.  
Laugh and grab him by the hand  
And then boost to beat the band.  
Good words won't cost you a dime,  
And they'll help him every time.

When you see a man knocked out,  
Stop and ask what it's about.  
Help him to his feet, and then  
Urge the man to try again.  
Fill his heart with "plucky dope"—  
Equal parts of cheer and hope.  
Good words help a man along  
When he's up against it strong.

If you can't find one good word  
Then don't let your voice be heard.  
Better live in silence than  
Knock against your fellow-man.  
Speak good words or none at all.  
Help your fellows if they fall.  
Good words help along the way—  
Therefore say a few to-day. —Selected.

When Davy Crockett sat in the national legislature as a Representative of the state of Texas he had many clashes with men of more education but less wit than himself. It is told of him that one day while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, a swarm of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock farms in Virginia. A Congressman from Boston, who was standing nearby, attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying:

"Hello there, Crockett; here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then turning to the other, said quietly, but with great emphasis, "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school."—World's Events.

A scientist is said to have lately found in southern India a species of spider that builds spongy nests with outlying webs, each nest being occupied by 40 to 100 spiders, with a large excess of females; sometimes 5 or 6 nests are clustered together. The spiders not only live and work together, but they share with one another any prey that may be captured, and some even show maternal affection approaching self-sacrifice. Spiders generally are solitary creatures.—The Pathfinder.

"And you have no complaint to make about the flat?"  
"Sure, th' flat's so small there ain't room for complaint."  
—Brooklyn Life.

On West Tenth street lives a little girl who doesn't like lettuce.

"I just hate lettuce," she said one day, "and I'm glad of it."

"Why are you glad?" asked her mother.

"Because," she replied, "if I liked it I'd be eating it all the time, and I don't like it."—Kansas City Times.

English Rector (to parishioner)—Good morning, Thompson; I hear you have a son and heir?

Parishioner—Yes, sir; our household now represents the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

Rector—How so?

Parishioner—Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch, and the baby wails.—Harper's Weekly.

She—Did you ever see the Homer twins?

He—Yes.

"Don't you think the boy is the picture of his father?"

"Yes—and I also think the girl is the phonograph of her mother."—Chicago Daily News.

### Think About It.

The eye of each individual marks his own horizon. Likewise each man limits his career by the boundary he himself fixes.

This is a commercial age when the jingle of a dollar is more attractive than the ring of the church bell.

Think once before you speak; think twice before you act; think thrice before you write it, and think four times before you mail it.

Diligence makes all things appear easy.

The workman who does no more than he is paid to do, soon finds himself unable to get anything to do that is paid for.

Every good action is in some way well repaid.

There are three precious things that a good many women throw away: their time, their money and their health.

Take a firm hold on life just where you are. Many men fail from always reaching out for the unattainable.

—Collected.

"Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret,  
O, waste not golden hours to give them heed!  
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget:  
Be self-forgot in serving other's need;  
Thou, faith in God, through love for man shalt keep—  
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!"

## Neff's Corner

Now as to this matter of irrigation, I think it's the thing. I like irrigation and an irrigated country, but all people do not see it as I do, and I'm not going to argue the case with you just now. Of course, if you are intending to change locations we'd like to have you come down and live with us in the Pecos Valley, but if you absolutely object to an irrigated country, then I'd like to recommend to you the Panhandle of Texas. There are several settlements of Brethren there and I am interested enough in them that I would like to see more brethren locate with them. I have no land to sell in Texas, but if you are interested in a country where you can buy land at \$10 per acre that will produce 20 or 25 bushels of wheat to the acre, just drop me a line, inclosing stamp. I have information for you that will interest you. I can refer you to a brother who knows the Panhandle thoroughly. He is not in the real estate business, but wants more Brethren around him and he will give you correct information, show you over the country and help you to see it to advantage. Write to me and I'll tell you how to reach him. James M. Neff.  
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

## THE OWL AGENCY OZAWKIE, KANSAS.



Write us for list of farms for sale in Jefferson county. Lands range from \$20 to \$60 per acre. We have prairie, timber and valley lands. Considerable of our wheat made 40 bushels, and our corn in some fields is making 75 bushels per acre. Our berries, cherry, grape, peach and apple crop was enough to fill any one with delight. Red and white clover, timothy, blue grass, alfalfa, etc., are grown successfully here. Our county has no towns without railroads, and is well watered by springs, creeks and rivers. We are located 50 miles from Kansas City, 20 miles from Topeka, the state capital, 40 miles from Leavenworth, and 35 miles from Atchison, all large cities and fine markets. Don't fool away good time and money on land in the experimental stage, but cast your lot where Mother Earth yields abundantly, and the people are enjoying a big chunk of prosperity to prove it. There are several Dunkard Brethren churches in this county, the largest of which is located at Ozawkie with a membership of 70.  
N. W. Brammell, Mgr.

L. SHATTO, J. E. KELLER,  
Denbigh, N. D. Tipton, Iowa

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# **SPECIAL NOTICE!**

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## **A Change in Our Sunday School Publications**

With the close of 1906 we discontinue the publication of the Lesson Commentary, The Advanced Teachers' Quarterly and the Primary Teachers' Quarterly. The vacancy thus made will be filled by a new publication to be known as,

### **The Brethren Teachers' Monthly**

It is intended to make this monthly the very best help possible for our Sunday school teachers. In order to do this we have secured the assistance of some of our best writers along Sunday school lines.

There will be a number of pages devoted to the discussion of live Sunday-school topics. Each lesson will be presented under the following heads:

Introductory matter and explanatory notes, etc., by the Sunday-school editor, I. B. Trout.  
The Gist of the Lesson, by P. B. Fitzwater, of North Manchester College.  
The Lesson in everyday life, by Edward Frantz, of McPherson College.  
Lights from the Orient, by E. B. Hoff, of Bethany Bible School.  
The Lesson Illustrated by the editor.  
How to teach the lesson to advanced classes, by A. C. Wieand, of Bethany Bible School.  
How to teach the lesson to Intermediate classes, by Bertha M. Neher of Milford, Ind.  
How to teach the lesson to Primary classes by Ida C. Shumaker, of Myersdale, Pa.  
There will likely be other departments and features added as time and experience demand.

### **Why this Change?**

1. Because while the Teachers' Quarterlies and Commentary were very helpful to all who used them, yet they were not full and complete as they should have been in order to give the most possible help.
2. Because in this Monthly we purpose to give you twice the matter contained in the Commentary at only one-half the price.
3. Because the money, expended in covers for the Commentary and in postage can be utilized to much better advantage in expending it for good helpful suggestions. Instead of mailing this monthly at book rate like we did the Commentary, we can mail it at newspaper rate which is only one-eighth as much.
4. In the Monthly you will receive fresh matter in the way of illustrations, etc., which was not possible in the quarterly and commentary.

### **\$2.00 for 50c**

The Commentary contained a little over 300 hundred pages and cost you \$1.00. The Brethren Teachers' Monthly containing nearly 600 pages in the twelve issues, will cost you but 50 cents. Twice the matter at one-half the price. Subscribe now and get the January or first issue as soon as it is out, which will be about December 10th.

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---

### THE INGLENOK.

It is **High Time** now to be deciding on your supply of winter reading. See that it is ample and first class. The latter point is, of course, the more important. Examine **The Inglenook**, as it has been coming to you the past months and see if it does not belong to this class. Does it not furnish you clean, elevating reading matter **EVERY WEEK**, equal in variety and volume to that for which you must wait a **whole month** in the case of many other magazines, and pay the same price? We are endeavoring more and more to make the Inglenook an all round family magazine, and the nearer we attain to this aim, the stronger will grow the family feeling of sociability already so apparent to many of our readers. Assist us in our efforts by sending us your subscription for another year.

### UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

#### Inglenook Completes the Home.

We feel as though our home was not complete without the Inglenook. Every one gets better.—Mrs. Winnie West, Fredericktown, Ohio, Sept. 11, 1906.

#### Getting Better.

I think the Inglenook is getting better every issue. May the time soon come when it will be prized the highest in the land. May God bless you in your work.—Olin Hardman, Polo, Mo., Oct. 2, 1906.

#### One Who Appreciates a Good Thing.

(When sending three trial subscribers, she writes)  
I hope those people will make you regular subscribers. I believe they will when they see the many good articles of information your dear, good paper prints. I look forward eagerly to the first of the week when my Inglenook comes. I will always feel grateful to Miss Lucinda Lohman, of Turney, Mo., for first sending me the Inglenook last winter when I was a shut-in, to read.



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A monthly magazine, forty large pages each issue.

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#### The Practical Departments.

These have won the **Housekeeper** its greatest successes, and they will be given due attention during the coming year. They cover every department of domestic interest: Cooking, the care of children, dressmaking, fancy work, poultry raising, floriculture, and the building and beautifying of the home. The favorite contributors of the past years will be reinforced by new and forceful writers. The pages devoted to girls and children will be brighter and more inspiring than ever.



### HEALTH.

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## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Lordsburg, California.—Howard Miller.

Life's Brook.—Ira P. Dean.

The Mescalero Apache Indians.—James M. Neff.

Abandoned Forts of New York.—Richard Seidel.

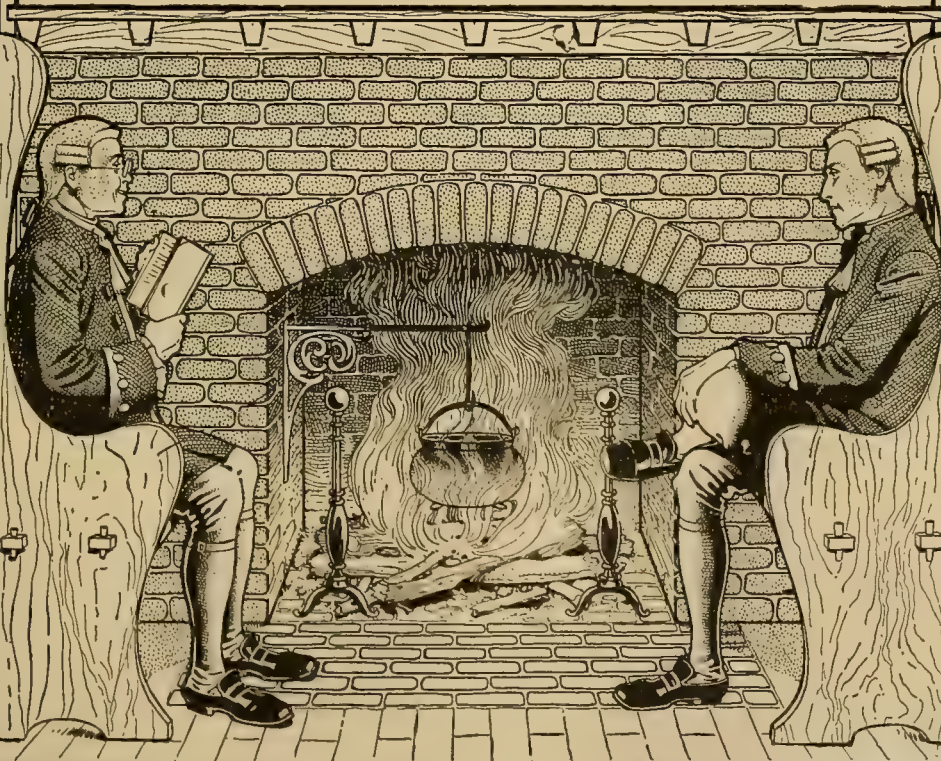
War and Rum Must Go.—D. L. Garver.

Sermonette.—H. M. Barwick.

Act Well Your Part.—Ida M. Helm.

Light the Home.—Mrs. Lula Goshorn.

The Farmer's Friends.—No. 1.—Robert E. Ericson.



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in the East on land worth from \$75.00 to \$150.00 an acre, for which you receive only \$15.00 to \$30.00 an acre, when

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**TWO MORE FACTORIES TO BE ERECTED IN 1906.**

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# LATE CLIPPINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS IN AND AROUND BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

## BUILDING RAILROAD

ONE THOUSAND MEN ARE DO-  
ING WORK.

### FREIGHT AGENT AT GRASS LAKE

Mark L. Burns Visits Construction  
Camps of C. & N. E. R. R.—  
Work Progressing.

Mark L. Burns returned Tuesday from Weed where he had accompanied A. H. Naftzger on his way to California points.

In speaking of the California & Northeastern railroad, Mr. Burns said:

"You bet, they are building railroad, and are progressing nicely, in fact, rapidly. Most of the difficult cuts and fills are about completed, and the large force of men, about one thousand, is doing good work.

"The road is now completed to a point three miles this side of Grass Lake, making a total of twenty-eight miles of road from Weed that is ready for the operation of trains, and about thirty-five miles of road is now in the hands of workmen. This gives positive assurance that within ninety days trains will be running to Mt. Hebron, which, by the way, is going to be a good little town. The streets are already graded, and a hotel and livery stable have already been opened up to the public.

"Mt. Hebron is surrounded by about 80,000 acres of rich agricultural land, and a colony of Dunkards are settling up the valley. They have

purchased 31,000 acres of land and 250 families will arrive there about September 15th to begin the establishment of homes. Next spring 500 more families will settle on the lands surrounding the new town.

"The C. & N. E. railroad will have a freight agent located at Grass Lake after this week, and will begin to haul freight to that point. This leaves a distance of about twenty-eight miles to Laird's landing. The road is in fine shape so that the transportation of freight will be comparatively easy."

Mr. Burns passed over the portion of the road where construction work is in full blast and when he says "they are building railroad," he knows what he is talking about. The company is shipping in men by the carloads and the work is being prosecuted as vigorously as conditions will permit.

The freight and passenger line between Grass Lake and Klamath Falls will be in operation within one week, and, as the C. & N. E. is to have a daily service, an effort will be made to have the mail brought in over this road.

The surveyors of the Natron-Klamath Falls branch of the Southern Pacific railroad are now working this side of Naylox and will be in Klamath Falls some time next week. The engineers in charge of the work visited Klamath Falls this week, but as it is a portion of their work to keep mum, and they believe in earning their money, no information regarding the real significance of the survey being made was obtainable.—Klamath Falls Express.

## FOUR TRAINS A DAY

Seven Hundred Men at the Front  
Building Towards Klamath Falls.

Weed, Oct. 10.—Four trains a day are run each way between Weed and Grass Lake over the California and Northeastern—the old Weed railroad—now a branch of the Southern Pacific. The passenger train leaving here at 6:15 A. M. makes connection at Grass Lake, twenty-five miles east, with stages for Klamath Falls. A mixed train leaves Weed at 12:15 P. M. This handles local and way business. The other two trains are purely logging trains serving the Weed Lumber Company.

Seven hundred men, approximately, are at work at "the front" on railroad construction. There are two contracting firms, Erickson & Peterson and Henry Whitley. It is anticipated that when bad weather sets in it will be difficult to keep the laborers up to the present number. Work is progressing rapidly. As fast as the roadbed is completed, ties and rails are laid, though the road is not operated beyond Grass Lake.—Searchlight.

Cyrus Graffis, a Butte Valley rancher, was a Klamath Falls visitor this week. He brought in a load of wheat and exchanged it for flour. He says that threshing is still in full blast in the upper end of the valley and that the grain yield is fairly good.—Klamath Falls Express.



# REWARD

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Yours truly,

2204 N. Marshall St.

MRS. C. GERNER.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER 20, 1906.

No. 47

## LORDSBURG, CALIFORNIA

HOWARD MILLER



EARLY every reader has heard of Lordsburg College; many have seen it, but more, perhaps, know nothing of it, even as a name. The town of Lordsburg is located in the San Gabriel valley and is situated on the Santa Fe road about thirty miles from Los Angeles. It is in the center of the orange-producing country and is one of a string of small towns that are taking a rest along the base of the mountains.

A good many years ago this San Gabriel country experienced a boom. The boom of a country is just about like a period of drunkenness to a man. It passes away and leaves him a hundredfold worse than before. It is well to beware of the drunken man and the boom town. When this boom was at its height in the San Gabriel valley, the Santa Fe railroad proceeded to erect a big frame hotel along a more or less ginger-bread style of architecture, and although the building was finished it never opened, for the reason that the boom vanished, and left the country open for progressive and active settlement. All this happened in due time, but the building itself stood an empty monument.

For one cause and another, operating together, the company agreed to turn over the building to a party of Brethren, provided they would make a college of it, and maintain it for ten years. Both parties kept their agreement and the building passed into the hands of the school and church authorities. It then lay idle for a good while, when it was taken hold of

by the present management and a successful school is now in operation.

The building is plainly visible from passing trains, and is well situated for college purposes. Around the institution are about twenty acres in which a small orange grove, fronded palms, and eucalyptus trees and trim hedges make the usual tropical setting. It is a picture of quiet and peace in a place where it is always about three o'clock in the afternoon. No

better place for an institution of learning could be found than Lordsburg, removed as it is from the bustle of travel. Its constituency has steadily grown and from nothing, practically, its present roster runs not far from one hundred.

Twenty-four states have been represented in its constituency, with some from Canada, most of them members of the church, and the atmosphere in a religious way is conducive to membership. So far as sending people to school here with the assurance that they will come back all right, the conditions are about the same as they are in other institutions of

good standing in the church. There are the usual courses leading to the common collegiate degrees.

California is a rather difficult state for institutions of learning of a private character. Theoretically, its young people start in at the "little red schoolhouse" and pass on through the universities, but in practice there is plenty of room for work in between. The school stands well in the community which, after all, is the best test of its status.

### LIFE'S BROOK.

IRA P. DEAN.

The brook starts at a fountain,  
And slowly wends its way,  
And many pebbles shine with light  
When washed out from the clay.  
And as the brook flows on its way,  
Although it ne'er comes back,  
The rocks will tell the story  
The brook left in its track.

Your life may be a brook, then,  
Where sparkling waters flow;  
Can you not make some pebbles shine,  
As on life's way you go?  
Oh! make a daily effort,  
For you will ne'er come back;  
Ages will tell the story  
That you left in your track.  
Harrisburg, Pa.



One advantage which Lordsburg college has, of practical importance to the general public, is the fact that the construction of the building, as it was originally intended for a hotel, makes it facile for the school management to entertain California tourists. A great many people, for one reason or another, would be glad to visit California but are deterred therefrom by the possibilities of expense attached thereto. While this is no advertisement whatever, and done without the knowledge of the school people, it is a fact that the institution offers tourists a home combining all the more desirable features with a minimum of expense. It is not the kind of place that will ever be overrun by the fashionable crowd, which will continue to stay in Los Angeles and Pasadena, but for the home class, who want to winter in California, it is a good deal cheaper and just as good as they would find in their immediate home environments.

While the school is no place for sick people who require attention, for the worn out and tired out, its wide porches, pleasant rooms, and tasteful surroundings, make it worth the very serious consideration of those who contemplate a season in California. The building is so large and the grounds so spacious that the students and the boarder need not get in each others way. There is a good church made up of good people, and what with moderate charges and the same climate that you pay so much for in Los Angeles, too wide publicity among our people can not be given the advantages of this place. It is especially adapted to quiet people of small means who appreciate more the home surroundings than the fuss and feathers of a big hotel. A great many people take advantage of the situation and a good many more would if they knew more about it. Those who want to get away from the bleakness of the north into the white sunlight of Southern California will find here a place that fills the bill and does not keep him figuring and uneasy all the time about expense. Moreover, if anyone cares to run into the middle of things at Los Angeles, or to some of the beaches, it is only an easy hour from the quiet of the school to the bustle of the city.

When you come to the Conference don't forget to take in Lordsburg, for not only is it a home of one of our schools but there are oranges galore, lemons and all that sort of thing, and it will hardly pay to come to California and not see the homes of the several churches. There is one at Glendora, a place as pretty as its name, one at Pomona, suggestive of fruits and also at Covina, which, if I remember aright, has the peculiarity of one's being able to see orange groves out of every window of the church on each of its four sides, and I do not think there is another such church in the Brotherhood. California without oranges, as the stenographer says, would be like

potatoes without salt. Finally, do not forget Lordsburg when you come to California, for outside of its church and school associations it is a typical orange town with its groves, packing-houses, and all that sort of thing. They are all alike, and when you have seen one of them you have seen them all.

*Clyde, Ill.*



#### HE'S DEAD.

SHE was not old in years, but in suffering and experience very, very old. Her face was small and pinched and her eyes had something in them she never would be able to say. She carried a baby in her arms, a smaller, more pinched edition of herself, whose little sallow face hung over her shoulder like a wilted narcissus, and whose prescient, old eyes stared stolid contempt upon a world whose hollow shell they had long since penetrated. She always stopped near a flower-stand just outside a large shop—stopped and sniffed the flowers, stationing herself on one side or the other according as the wind blew. She turned the baby's head so it could smell them, too, smiling wanly into its noncommittal little face.

One day she came nearer—quite up to the stand—and laid a penny in front of the old woman who kept the stand.

"It is to pay for the smells," she said; "they do me a sight uv good, and baby he likes 'em, too. See him wag his head! He's powerful knowin', ef he is so leetle fur his age."

"I don't charge you nothing for smelling the flowers," said the old woman, kindly. "Take back your penny."

"No; I'll not come agin ef you don't take it."

Here some ladies stopped to buy flowers, and she moved away, the flower woman putting a yesterday's pink in the claw of the baby, which it clutched tightly, but looked on, unmoved, at the passing folly of life.

Then she did not come for a week. It was raining when she returned, and she was alone. She stood some distance from the stand and looked very solemn, more like the baby than she had ever looked. At last she drew nearer, shivering and huddling her face away in her shawl.

"Too wet for the little one, eh?" asked the flower woman.

She shook her head. "He's wet, too," she said; "this here rain is pourin' on him, an' it makes me hurt, ef he don't know nothin' about it."

She drew from the shawl a tiny red woolen stocking, from which she emptied nine pennies into her little blue palm.

"Give me all they'll buy," she said, "white uns—he's dead. Them wus his pennies I wus savin' up—fur him."—*Selected.*

## The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff

### Superstitions.



HE pretended practice of witchcraft, belief in witches and general superstition have at some time in their history gained wide prevalence among all nations of men, and wherever these evils have prevailed they have served as a great barrier to the intellectual and moral advancement of the people. This rule finds no exception among the Mescalero Apache Indians. Within the time of their settlement on their present reservation in New Mexico a few squaws have been burned at the stake on the charge of being witches. This practice, of course, has long since been suppressed by the authorities and

incurring heavy loss so long as they live after the primitive fashion in canvas tepees or wigwams of bark, but of course the officials would not allow the burning of houses that had been supplied by the government. And since, according to the Indian notion, which they persist in clinging to, there is such a peculiar, unholy, uncleanness about the place of death that they would certainly be visited by some fearful curse if they were to remain there, the great majority of them absolutely refuse to dwell in an abode more permanently constructed than those to which they have for generations been accustomed.

Another form in which their superstition continues to manifest itself is their faith in the medicine man.



Pool and Fountain at the Indian School, Mescalero, New Mexico.

the influence of education and civilization has had the effect upon these Indians of removing in a great measure their belief in witchery. However, they still have superstitious beliefs and customs, and to some of these they cling so tenaciously as to at times discourage those who have most at heart their ultimate reclamation from barbarism.

The Mescalero Apache Indians have shown an encouraging readiness to adopt the English language, citizens' clothing and habits of industry, but nearly all efforts to get them to live in permanent houses have proved futile, owing to certain superstitious notions which they hold concerning death. When a death occurs in a family it is their custom to burn all their clothing, bedding and their entire lodge and remove to other quarters. This they can do without

Ordinarily the Indian medicine man knows very little about medicine, but depends principally upon powwowing, by which he is believed to be able to perform wonderful cures. The government keeps a skilful physician at the agency and all Indians receive free treatment and are in every way encouraged to patronize the government physician when sick. But notwithstanding this fact, many of the Indians will conceal their ailments from the officials as long as possible, refuse to go to the physician and secretly patronize the powwowing medicine man.

Nor does superstition always go out as education comes in. Mr. James A. Carroll, the present superintendent at Mescalero, told me of the following incident that recently came under his notice. An Indian boy had creditably passed through the local



school and had been sent to Santa Fe, where he completed a higher course of learning in a non-reservation school. Upon his return to the reservation he appeared to be in bad health, but when questioned he disclaimed having any symptoms of disease, averring that he was well. Some weeks passed and every time the boy was seen by any of the officials they observed signs of continued decline in his health. He never came to see the doctor. By and by the physician volunteered to go out and see the young man, but he was very uncommunicative and the physician failed to wrest from him sufficient information to render possible an intelligent diagnosis of his case, and he left him without medicine. After this the invalid went out to one of the camps in a remote part of the reservation and was not seen about the agency for a month or more. Finally he came in again, and, to the surprise of all who knew him, his health seemed much improved. The superintendent called him into his office and questioned him.

"George, your health seems to be very much improved. What cured you?"

Hesitating and somewhat disconcerted, George finally replied, "The medicine man."

"How did he cure you?"

"Why, he took that thing out of me."

"What thing?"

"Why, that thing."

"Well, what was it like?"

"It was a stick about that long," and he measured on his finger about two inches.

"What did it look like?"

"It looked like a little stick covered with hair."

"Where did he take it out?"

"Right there," and he placed his finger a little to the right and just above his stomach.

"Did he cut a hole in you and take it out?"

"No; he just took it out."

The medicine man had shown the boy a rabbit foot, or something like it, and actually made him believe that he had removed it from his body and that it had been the cause of all his sickness; and the poor educated, superstitious Indian didn't know any better than to promptly get well! And this is another instance of the influence of mind over matter.

The superintendent tried to argue and laugh the Indian out of belief in such foolish nonsense. But the boy went away apparently believing as firmly as before that the medicine man cured him and that he cured him "by taking that thing out of him."

And now because these Indians but recently believed in witches, and because there is still a case among them, now and then where disease can be cured by mental suggestion, we say they are hopelessly superstitious and all efforts to educate and civilize them are vain. But when I remember that

only a little more than two centuries ago our forefathers burned each other as witches at Salem, Mass., and other American colonies, and when I remember as a boy I suddenly after following the funny directions of an old auntie, got rid of a lot of ugly warts that for a long time had disfigured my hands, and that many people still believe that blood can be stopped, erysipelas cured, fire taken out and warts removed by powwowing, I think that perhaps after all the Indians are not so hopelessly far behind their white brethren. And here I remember that trite saying that—

"There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill behooves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

*Lake Arthur, New Mexico.*



#### ENGLISH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

LAST summer some persons from the North were spending a month in the mountains of West Virginia, in a log cabin on the mountain-side. One morning as they sat on the porch admiring the view, a little mountain girl in short blue calico dress and bright pink sunbonnet, bounced round the side of the cabin.

"Howdy!" she said. "Mammy wants to know if you all don't want a poke of snapples this morning?"

"A what?" the Northerners asked, in amazement.

"A poke of snapples," Sissy repeated. Then, evidently overcome with shyness, she darted through the underbrush before the newcomers could decide whether or not they wanted a "poke of snapples."

The expression got into the systems of the visitors, until curiosity made one of them take her way to the little farm-house.

"I will take a poke of snapples, please," she said, fearing all the while the mountain woman would laugh in her face or think her an escaped lunatic.

But the woman disappeared very gravely, and soon returned, handing the caller a bag of string-beans. The beans, which snap in the fingers, are called "snapples" by the mountaineers; and "poke" is a good old word for bag that has survived from the Shakespearean English of the early English settlers.—*Youth's Companion.*



Is there not enough place in the memory of man to preserve the names of the obscure and peaceful heroes, of the fighters for civilization, for the future and for progress?—*Chas. Wagner.*



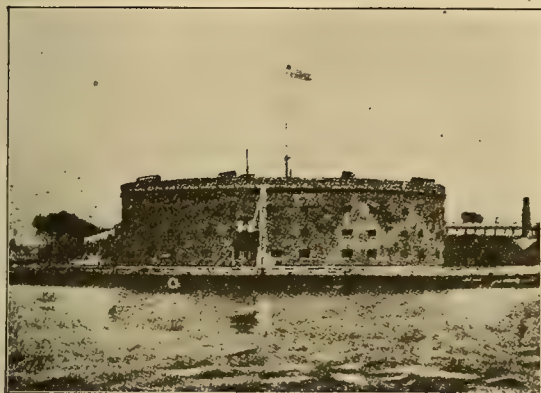
TEACHERS need good eyes, good ears, and good sense, and having those, they should be able to discover the needs of their pupils and apply the proper means of improvement.—*The Educational Review.*

# Abandoned Forts of New York

Richard Seidel



BEFORE and after the Civil War smooth-bore guns and round cannon balls were used to defend strategical points of vantage. Castle William, Governor's Island, (opposite the "Battery Park, New York") is one of the oldest abandoned forts in New York harbor. It occupies the extreme



Castle William, New York Harbor.

southern point of the island and once commanded the entrance to the Buttermilk channel.

Work on the castle commenced in 1812 and continued until 1815; soon after its completion it was condemned. It is built of red sandstone, in shape of a circle and provided with portholes and iron shutters.

The armament consisted of guns of different calibre; a battery of "8" smooth-bore guns crowns its summit. The guns once stationed at the three tiers ranging in calibre from three to six inches, have been dismantled.

The old castle has seen considerable service during times of war. At present it is used as a military prison.

Fort Jay, located about in the center of Governor's island, is another old fort. The guns once used in its defense are still mounted and the approaches to the batteries are covered by gradually rising glaciers. It is surrounded by a ditch, about thirty yards wide and twenty yards deep, which can be flooded with water. A drawbridge made of oak and provided with heavy chains spans the ditch. Dur-

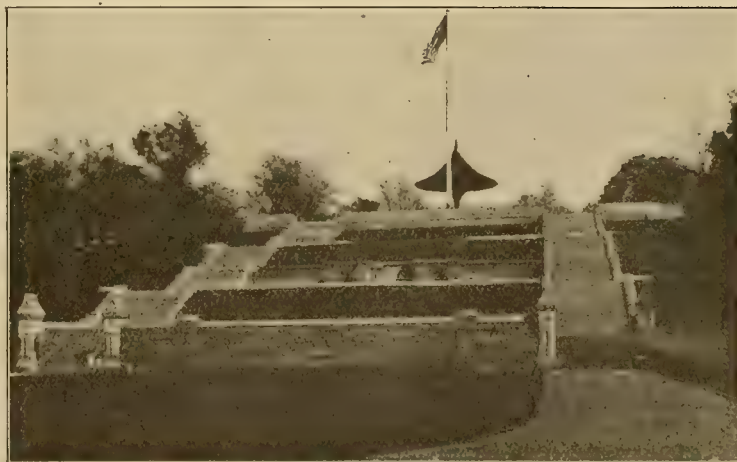
ing an invasion by an enemy the drawbridge was hoisted in order to withstand a siege. Above the northern entrance of the fort is a coat-of-arms made of red sandstone. It is said that a long-term prisoner of the civil war has been the sculptor of this ornament: In the center is seen a twelve-pounder Napoleon gun, crossed with flags and flowers. On the left is a small mortar and in the foreground a shield with an eagle resting on it.

The fort proper is abandoned, but the barracks pertaining to it are at present occupied by three companies of infantry. A beautiful new chapel, built in gothic style and lately erected by the Trinity coöperation of New York City, adorns the island.

Old Fort Lafayette, erected in 1815, and situated in the Narrows, occupies a point about one hundred yards north of Fort Hamilton. It is rather small compared in size with Castle William. Assisted by a water battery, located at the base of Fort Hamilton, (now a modern fortification) it was designed to defend the Narrows. It is a circular structure of red sandstone and provided with portholes.

In the eighties it was used as an experimental station in connection with the dynamite gun. At present it is used by the navy department as a storehouse for ammunition, etc.

The old frowning stone fort at Fort Wadsworth,



Fort Greene, Brooklyn, N. Y.

erected during the twenties, occupies a point at the base of Fort Wadsworth, facing the Narrows. It is a large, circular, granite structure, containing three tiers of guns and provided with portholes. This fort, including Fort Lafayette, once defended the entrance



to the Narrows. Fort Wadsworth, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, now a modern fortification, is directly opposite Fort Hamilton and is considered the second Gibraltar.

These old forts were considered bomb-proof at the time of erection, but could not compete with modern guns of the present style. The old time carriages, made of wrought iron, resting on concrete foundation and revolving in a circle of one hundred and eighty degrees, were difficult to handle. In many instances valuable time was lost to get a gun in the desired position. Wooden carriages, made of hard wood, were used for the lighter guns, including field pieces. The guns, varying in calibre from two to twenty inches, were muzzle loaders, made of cast-iron and perfectly smooth in the bore, thus greatly impairing the accuracy of the fire.

In years gone by and until 1897, a point of vantage on Sandy Hook, New Jersey, was defended by a masked, now abandoned, fort. The armament of the fort consisted of a battery of three "10" dynamite guns. Compressed air, generated by powerful machinery was used to discharge the gun. The projectile, a hollow shell, was filled with dynamite, hence compressed air had to be used as the only available means of discharging the gun. It is not considered safe to fire a shell filled with dynamite or gun cotton by a charge of powder. The range of these guns was rather limited, and this caused the abandonment of the guns and fort.

The inventor of this particular gun created quite a sensation when first demonstrating the effectiveness of his invention, which was considered quite an accomplishment at that time.

*Fort Hancock, N. J.*



#### WAR AND RUM MUST GO.

D. L. GARVER.

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil."—1 John 3: 8.

WHEN nations go to war they train their guns on the strongest fortresses of the enemy. Christ came and declared war on the works of the devil. And now we find that about seventy-two per cent of the devil's work in the crimes of the country comes either directly or indirectly from the rum traffic, and the remainder is traceable to the corrupting influences of war. Now if this be true, then we think it would be wise for all the churches, and all the better class of people to unite, and remodel the government, and abolish these two principal entrenchments of the devil.

That would be carrying out the mission for which Christ came into the world.

The only reason that this has not been done is because the good people have not trained the weapons

of their warfare on these two strong fortresses of the devil, and have not lived up to that true saying, "United we stand, divided we fall," or fail.

If those who advocate war would have their dwellings blown to atoms with bombs, and their innocent wives and children killed or crippled for life, as thousands have been, perhaps they would change their minds.

War comes occasionally, but the hateful legalized rum traffic is here day and night, causing the worse than waste of twelve hundred millions annually. But no money estimate can be placed to the aggregate of shame and disgrace and human suffering that follows in the wake of this gigantic curse of the ages.

And war, the twin brother of the rum devil, leaves in its bloody trail, tens of thousands of our strongest fellow-men, dead or dying or crippled for life, and innocent wives and children left heart-broken and in despair, cities blown to atoms with bombs, and burned to ashes, and countries left desolate.

When from two to three hundred millions go into the pockets of a few warriors, and those who build war vessels and powerful guns to bombard with, it is quite an inducement for that class of men to keep up the business.

But a ray of light is coming; the better classes are now being educated up to the civilized standard of settling all national differences by peaceable arbitration. And the anti-saloon element has grown so strong that the rum devil has only one way left, and that is to buy, or bribe his way, and in a large part of this country, the majority are not for sale.

And if I could live to see the abolition of war and the rum traffic, I think I could say like the prophet of old: "Now let thy servant depart in peace."—*The Advance*.

*Hart, Mich.*



#### POPULAR BALLADS.

Way down on de Swanee Ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turnin' ebber,  
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.

PERHAPS the most popular ballad that was ever written in America is that of "Swanee Ribber," or "Old Folks at Home." In spite of its origin from the humble life of ante-bellum days, the song has become classical, which may properly be said of all music that has so outlived the ravages of time.

The history of the ballad has a melancholy interest. Stephen Collins Foster, the author of both the words and music, was a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826—the memorable day of the death of those renowned compatriots, Jefferson and Adams. Like the precocious Poe, Foster was frail, impassionate and emotional, and his life's lamp faded

in early manhood—dying at the age of thirty-eight years. He commenced life as clerk in the early and popular days of negro minstrelsy, and his songs became so popular that he devoted his whole time to composing melodies. Altogether, he wrote more than one hundred and fifty songs, which were phenomenally successful. Christy's Minstrels gave them a wide notoriety, and Jennie Lind and Christine Nilsson often sang them to admiring audiences. "Swanee Ribber" was ever the favorite. Foster's other celebrated songs are "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Way Down South," "Nellie, We Have Missed You," "Old Black Joe," and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." "Swanee Ribber," while more remunerative to the publisher than any song ever written, brought but \$500 to its author. What has seemed most strange is that, while Foster was a Northern man, and personally but little acquainted with the South, his most popular songs were those of Southern life. The great secret of the success of his Southern ballads was his fidelity to nature—his simplicity of style and peculiar musical construction.

The celebrated ditty, "Swanee Ribber," was written on the banks of the Suwannee River, in Florida, and it first made its appearance in 1851. Arduous labor and the Bohemian life in New York was too much for Foster's constitution. His physicians prescribed intoxicants, and the invalid became a victim to the habit. As a last resort he was sent to Florida, and lived in Jacksonville several months.

It was during this sojourn that Foster accompanied a hunting party to the Suwannee River, where a camp was established; and, while his companions searched for game, Foster spent his time among the old plantation darkies, and it was here that he wrote the song and the music.

Here, indeed, were the "old folks at home"—a white haired darky sitting on a log by the cabin door, stripping corn, and shambling about among the pigs and poultry; old Dinah, with a yellow bandana on her silver locks, crooning some familiar song. Yes, it was real, and the sunny peace and beauty of it all were just what fitted well with the sentiment of that touching and tender air which has gone all over the world.

The hopeless sufferer returned to his childhood scenes at Pittsburg, where he died in 1864, and lies buried in Allegheny Cemetery. By his request, his body was lowered into the grave to the sound of his favorite song, "Old Folks at Home."—*Maxwell's Talisman*.



#### SECRETS OF THE HAND.

THE handshake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill-boding

hand with the quick, skillful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hands of some rich people that spin not and toil not and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition or gypsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable recognition of the embossed character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances, but the hand is under no such restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected; the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad; and the permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

As there are many beauties of the face, so the beauties of the hand are many. Touch has its ecstasies. The hands of people of strong individuality and sensitiveness are wonderfully mobile. In the glance of their finger-tips they express many shades of thought. Now and again I touch a fine, graceful, supple-wristed hand which spells with the same beauty and distinction that you must see in the handwriting of some highly cultivated people. I wish you could see how prettily little children spell in my hand. They are wild flowers of humanity, and their finger motions wild flowers of speech.

In all my experiences and thoughts I am conscious of a hand. Whatever touches me, whatever thrills me, is as a hand that touches me in the dark, and that touch is my reality. You might as well say that a sight which makes you glad, or a blow which brings the stinging tears to your eyes, is unreal, as to say that those impressions are unreal, which I have accumulated by means of touch. The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in mind, constitute my world.—*Helen Keller, in The Century*.



#### THE PERFECT MARRIAGE.

MEN and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair and plump, round crimson cheeks. So it does for



its beginning, just as Mount Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love; age is the full corn ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love, with the prophetic crimson, violet, purple, and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances and its rainbow side turned toward heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposite in temper and general character, and such a marriage is generally a good one. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say: My black eyes require to be wed to blue and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve. When these opposites come together to be wed they do not know it, but each thinks the other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey these opposites will fall out of the way a great many times, and both will charm the other back again; and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be the nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a noble woman for having manhood beside her that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with.

The old bridegroom, having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, then a large fraction.

Very few are married totally, and they only, I think, after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and adaptation. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a winter to mellow and season. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment between a man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker's Sermons.*



#### KING AND CAPITALIST.

A NEW figure looms large on the horizon of Europe! A figure strange, fantastic, and ominous—the king who is capitalist, *le roi d'affaires*; the man who unites in himself the political and social prestige of a reigning monarch with the vast material power of a multimillionaire.

Assume, by way of illustration, that John D. Rockefeller had, by an act of Providence or a freak of fortune, in his young manhood been made perpetual President of the United States, and that he had retained as perpetual President all that thrift and cautious daring which enabled him to create the Standard Oil Company.

Suppose that he had then chosen to use his position as perpetual President to further his private interests as a money-getter. Consider the advantages of his position, at home and abroad, from the point of view of high finance: he would be able to control legislation at home, in the interest of his own private enterprises, and would have at his command all the machinery of the foreign diplomatic service to aid him in his intrigues abroad.

No doubt he would find himself hampered in his operations by constitutional formulas, the nagging criticism of legislators, and the inquisition of the press. But the art of controlling public opinion has, in recent years, reached a high state of perfection. Through the elaborate machinery of the modern press bureau a man of this president's wealth could reach and influence the entire world.

Suppose, now, that with all this vast power at his command, he had got the colonies of the United States, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and the rest, including Santo Domingo and Cuba, absolutely under his control, so that he could treat them as his personal possession and the inhabitants as something between tenants and serfs.

With the tremendous power he had acquired abroad he would then increase his power at home aiming to make it as absolute there as it was in the colonies.

Conceive all this, not as the mere furniture of some fairy-land, but as an actual situation, and you will have a working knowledge of the conditions that exist in the thrifty little country of Belgium, of which Leopold II is king, business manager, and general superintendent.—*Robert E. Park in "A King in Business," in the November Everybody's.*



#### WHAT DO AMERICANS WANT IN A MAGAZINE?

No country in the world is so prolific in mediocre magazines as our own United States, and the question constantly forcing itself upon the mind of the well-informed individual is, "Why does not the magazine literature of the country rise above a certain level?" Is it because the great and growing multitude of magazine readers demand substanceless matter, or because the publishers are unable to get anything better? The American magazines most successful from a counting-room standpoint to-day are those which give the larger part of their space to the pictures of faces, figures and costumes of very ordinary persons, actresses having

the preference, with now and then a bit of freakish fiction. Do American readers want that sort of literature? An abundance of testimony may be had on either side of this proposition.

A few months since I submitted two manuscripts to the editor of one of the successful of the new magazines. After reading them he pronounced one of the stories particularly to his liking, "but," said he, "the fact that it is good from your view-point or mine, does not justify its publication in our magazine. Ninety per cent of magazine readers in America to-day are women, and our matter must be selected to suit their tastes. What I would like you to do is to write for us a 'beauty story.'"

"And pray what is that?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "to write a beauty story you must get ten or a dozen portraits of good-looking women and then write about them any old flub-dub you please."

I did not feel equal to the task, but the beauty stories continued to appear, and this same magazine now has its managing editor in England turning out beauty stories on regular monthly instalments, using as his subjects the photographs of very commonplace London actresses. It is hardly fair, however, to measure American readers, especially American women readers with the beauty story yardstick. No doubt there was some truth in the editor's statement so far as his own magazine and a few others are concerned, but I incline to the opinion that the publishers of most of American magazines would put into their pages matter of firmer fibre if they could get it. In fact the publisher of one of the most widely circulated monthly periodicals in the United States recently told me that the great difficulty in procuring high-grade, original matter is the constant nightmare of the maker of modern magazines.

And why is this dearth of good "stuff"? Certainly, with our eighty millions of people, our hundreds of thousands of schools and libraries, our wealth of natural scenery, our traditions and national vigor and youth, we should not want for writers or material. Why, then, this complaint of publishers of magazines that they cannot get original matter?

One evening, a few years ago, sitting in the cottage of William F. Kirby, the author of "*Le Chien d'Or*," I asked the venerable Canadian writer this same question. "The great daily papers of the United States," he replied, "buy the literary talent of your country and burn it up." The old man had for many years been a reporter in London and there seemed to be something more than mere speculation in his words. Is it not true that the wealthy, powerful daily newspapers of the United States are consuming the literary genius of our country and our generation? Why should the young man with the aspiration and the aptitude for making his living by writing, waste his time

on magazine work? If he be a man of ideas and energy there are scores of busy newspaper shops in the country waiting for him with a salary of \$50 to \$100 per week, payable each Saturday night, and nothing out for pictures and postage. If he seeks fame, the newspaper, with its wealth, its enterprise and its limitless field will give his name to the world in larger type and do it thirty times as often as the best magazine possibly could do. So, in the glamour and rush of newspaper work the magazine field loses its attraction and he contributes to it only such matter as his paper cannot use, or some story, "written with a kodak."

It is also true that the photographer is rapidly usurping the writer's places in the process of magazine making. In the preparation of a magazine article nowadays, a Goerz lens is a more valuable attribute than a fertile brain or a brilliant imagination. Good pictures often sell an inferior manuscript, but a strong manuscript with inferior pictures or none at all, receives scant attention. Perhaps the "beauty story" editor would lay this greed for pictures at the feet of the women readers, but the more liberal critic, no doubt, would assume that it is a sign of our retrogression toward barbarism, for the savage, to whom written language is unknown, loves a picture and understands it.

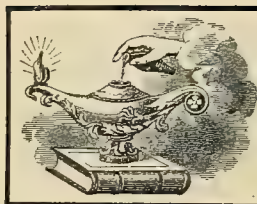
Half a century ago, before the great daily newspapers began buying and burning the literary energy of the country, and before the photographer's art was so marvelously developed, the literary tone of the American magazines was much higher than it is to-day; and if the literary character of our magazines continues to fall on an even ratio with the increase of kodaks and daily newspapers, what sort of monthly creations shall we look for five years hence?—*Byron R. Newton.*



#### HEART'S BLOOD SERVICE.

A QUAIN old proverb says: "One cannot have omelet without breaking eggs." If we would do anything really worth while, that will be a blessing in the world, we must put into it not merely easy efforts, languid sympathies, conventional good wishes, and courtesies that cost nothing—we must put into it thought, time, patience, self-denial, sleepless nights, exhausting toil. There is a legend of an artist who had found the secret of a wonderful red which no other artist could imitate. The secret of his color died with him. But after his death an old wound was discovered over his heart. This revealed the source of the matchless hue in his pictures. The legend teaches that no great achievement can be made, no lofty attainment reached, nothing of much value to the world done, save at the cost of heart's blood.—*Selected.*





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

H. M. BARWICK.

"I keep under my body and bring it into subjection."

PAUL repeatedly cries out against the "body," "flesh," "carnal mind," "old man," etc., in his different epistles. He does not mean any one element or organ of the body, but human nature as it is when not reconciled to God. Every man knows from experience and observation that human nature is a mass of corruption liable to break out in sin at any time and for this reason Paul buffets or bruises his evil propensities by severely mastering them. By the word body we understand that he means all material and selfish ends that gratify the flesh. Let us make a list of a few common forces of to-day that need buffeting.

1. The love of money. The Holy Spirit, ages ago, gave warning on this subject and like all other questions named in the Bible it is correctly answered. The Bible makes no mistake on such questions. Christ and the Apostles have pointed out the dangers of riches, even carrying the picture so far as to name a certain rich man who in hellish torment lifted up the bitter and eternal wail that his money had damned him at last. Editors, preachers and teachers in every section of our country are giving up a moral work because more money can be made at something else. Parents educate their children with the avowed desire that their children might make more money, easier and quicker, than they ever did. Elders, the highest officials in the earthly kingdom of God, advertise their money-making business in their God-given official name. Now, God wants his children to seek goodness of character first of all, for goodness is the standard of a man's worth to society and to God, but at present the youth and the aged alike seek money and then by large donations to charity buy a reputation for goodness. Again, God expects his children to save souls by leading them to accept the cross of Christ. If this world was one vast diamond, God would still say that one soul was worth the most to him. Then how can we excuse ourselves when we go diamond hunting instead of soul hunting?

2. Cruelty. The flesh is often cruel instead of kind to those needing sympathy. Humane societies have been organized in every state for the prevention

of cruelty to dumb brutes. Countless millions of our sweet songsters who warble God's praises morning, noon and evening have their nests, their young and their own lives all sacrificed to the fashion goddesses. Bitter words wound hearts every day and then it often does not stop with words, but violent acts often follow when the bodily passions are aroused by cruel words.

3. Untruthfulness. Not only plain lies but actions and deep-laid plots that deceive and mislead others are all inconsistent with the spirit of God's Word and a desire to gain some end by such conduct needs to be buffeted, for the body prompts secretiveness, and sly dealings.

Civil and ecclesiastical courts of justice are burdened with the crime of untruthfulness and a campaign of truth telling is needed. "Duties are ours, events are God's." Telling the truth often defeats a person for the present but it buys a reward far superior to any present gain.

4. Profanity. This is a senseless habit for any man to form, but of late years there has sprung up amongst high school, college and society young people a great catalogue of slushy slang and nonsensical words, that kill noble desires for profitable conversations. Paul would say, Buffet such carnal tendencies.

5. Intemperance. Liquor, tobacco and even table drinks like coffee, all feed the lustful appetites of the flesh. Even highly seasoned foods that appeal only to the palate instead of supplying healthful vigor are all to be placed in the list that needs buffeting. Holiness is written throughout and over all of God's work and the baser nature of man is to be subjected to the higher nature rather than the reverse.

The list is not exhausted yet, but we leave each reader now to analyze his nature and see how often we need to govern ourselves if we would answer to our Creator's design in giving us of his own divine qualities.

Rules and discipline are only a part of the needed help, the Spirit of God will do more to purify man than all else combined. Christ saves sinners in their sins, not after they have given them up. He is a high priest "able to save to the uttermost." Allow him to come into your life and he will give you strength each day to buffet sin until victory crowns your effort.

*McPherson, Kans.*

## A PRAYER.

I do not pray for peace,  
Nor ask that on my path  
The sounds of war shall shrill no more,  
The way be clear of wrath.  
But this I beg thee, Lord:  
Steel thou my will with might,  
And in the ring of battling  
Grant me the strength to fight!

I do not pray for arms,  
Nor shields to cover me.  
What though I stand with empty hand,  
So it be valiantly?  
Spare me the coward's fear,  
Questioning wrong or right.  
Lord, among these mine enemies,  
Grant me the strength to fight!

I do not pray that thou  
Shall grant me victory;  
Enough to know that from my foe  
I had no will to flee.  
Beaten and bruised and banned,  
Flung like a broken sword,  
Grant me this thing for conquering—  
Let me die fighting, Lord!

—Theodosia Garrison, in Munsey's.



## ACT WELL YOUR PART.

IDA M. HELM.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

AMONG the weeds of a marshy bed a lovely little flower grew; it was fashioned by the hand of God. No great person of earth ever saw the flower. All unnoticed it shed its fragrance on the woodland air, till one day a little child at play saw it. She took it up by the roots and laid it on the ground for a short time. Thus removed from the power that sustained its life and beauty it soon began to wither. Then the little girl planted it in a flower-pot with swamp soil and water and carried it to an invalid lady who could not go out to enjoy the loveliness of nature. The flower, planted in its native soil, grew and continued to bloom and brightened many a day for the lonely woman.

We are citizens of the heavenly world as long as we are true to the laws that govern that world. We can show to this world the beauties of a heavenly life, but if we allow Satan to transplant us to his kingdom, all the noble grace of Christian love will fade from our lives.

Every soul comes into this world responsive to the true and pure and the beautiful, but these graces must be cultivated or they can not live. Jesus says, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch can not bear fruit

of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me."

When we are planted in the true vine, each one of us can live a true life of humility, kindness and love, and thus help brighten the lonely and sorrowful ones that may look to us for comfort and help, whether we be in the schoolroom, at home, at church, or in the halls of state.

Even if, like the gem in the bottom of the sea, or the flower hidden from human eye, no one of earth ever appreciates our efforts, that does not affect the worth of a godly life; our Creator knows whether we are faithfully fulfilling the mission he has given into our charge, and in heaven the priceless gem that we wrought in our earthly life will sparkle with a luster that shall never fade.

Ashland, Ohio.



## SEVEN GOOD REASONS.

IN a certain town in Missouri a temperance meeting was called to discuss a new temperance law. During the meeting a lawyer eloquently and learnedly discussed the constitutionality of the proposed law. An old farmer was in the audience, whittling, and listening intently. After the lawyer sat down the farmer arose and said:

"I don't know nuthin' about the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur votin' fur it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer.

The farmer, closing his knife with a loud snap, replied:

"Four sons and three daughters."

Can there be a better reason for temperance laws? It has been said that "the day the Christian ministry are agreed that the saloon must go, it will go." O ministers, everywhere, in the name of the Christ whom you hold up, and for the sake of the boys and girls, perhaps your own, won't you agree that the saloon must go?—*Selected.*



## A USELESS SUBTERFUGE.

MANY a man has responded to the pleading of a Christian worker that "those folks who do pretend to be Christians don't live up to their profession." For my part I cannot see the slightest difference between the man who is hiding behind a church to keep up his reputation, and the one who is hiding behind a church member to save his conscience. Because your next neighbor has a counterfeit ticket for the kingdom of God is no reason why you should try to creep in without any.—*Percy E. Osborne.*



RELIGION is a growth never finished.—*Max Muller.*



# THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

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The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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## "MAKING THE MOST OF THINGS."



IN describing the noble efforts of a man or woman, a common way of expressing it is to say that he made the most of things; especially do the words come natural and seem fitting in the case of a mother with a large family of children and a comparatively small income. And yet the speaker is seldom conscious of how much he has really said in those few words. Like many stock expressions it has lost weight and meaning by much and careless handling. In fact, making the most of things is the only way by which real success is attained. It comprehends a number of things which it might be well to consider, since most people desire that their lives weigh out as real successes.

Making the most of things means working with the full strength of every organ of the body and every faculty of the mind under one's control. If the strength of one organ is impaired through forces which are under our power, we fall short by so much of making the most of things. If one faculty of the mind has been weakened through indulgence or lack of exercise, the loss is an effectual hindrance to our making what might otherwise have been considered a supreme effort. If, however, the impairment is due to causes beyond us, then, no matter how great it may be, we may still be a success.

Making the most of things means working with an end in view. It is hard to see how one can use his powers to the best advantage to-day if he has nothing in view to which the effort may contribute. On the other hand, with a definite end, the work may be done so as to fulfill all the requirements of to-day and at the same time bring one a step nearer an achievement far above any that it is possible to accomplish at present. With an end in view, forces are often brought into action of which one may have, otherwise, remained forever ignorant.

Making the most of things means working with

God as our helper. It is impossible to do one's best when out of harmony with the source of strength and wisdom. We may work along and accomplish much, as the world looks at it, without acknowledging this source of strength, but sooner or later we shall see how vain our work, how devoid of results that are imperishable. As well expect the work of an under carpenter to be acceptable when he has never seen the plans of the building and will take no orders from the master-builder, as to expect the "well done" of the Master when we have never looked to him for guidance. And "well done" is the sure reward of the one who has made the most of things.



## WINTER READING.

THIS is the season of the year when many of our readers find at their command more time than ordinarily which they may devote to reading. With the farmer class the fact is due to the decrease of active duties. With other classes it is due to the weather which compels them to seek diversion indoors during recreative hours. Whether one shall look back upon this period with satisfaction, indifference or regret depends a good deal on whether he has followed a particular plan. One is much more likely to get somewhere if he starts out with a point in view than he is if he starts in a haphazard way. And so let each one determine what he most needs that may be gained through reading, and make his plans accordingly, considering the time at his disposal.

Reading matter in general might be classed under three divisions. By this classification no allowance is made for that which is positively or negatively harmful, and the divisions are not lines or courses of reading one of which should be chosen to the exclusion of the others. On the contrary it is not impossible to include something from each in one's plans and in many cases it is best to do so.

The first division embraces that class of reading which we usually designate as "light." Most poetry and fiction belong to this class. It should be included in one's reading not only because of the restfulness of the diversion which it affords, but also because of its educational value. In order to be sure of the latter while enjoying the former, one must be very careful in making his selections. They should be clear and perfect in mechanical construction, pure in expression and elevating in subject matter. Unless study and the reading of heavier matter constitute one's real work of every day, he should give little of his spare time to this division of reading. While the reading in itself may not be harmful, it encourages the habit of light reading and works harm by monopolizing all of one's time, excluding that which is more profitable.

Under the second division might be included all short essays, on any subject, which may prove a valuable addition to one's store of general knowledge; also short descriptions of places and things, selections from the Bible and other religious books. This class of reading is furnished mainly by the papers and magazines of the day. It aims to make one generally well-informed, and, moreover, encourages study and research along special lines by hinting at the treasures awaiting prolonged effort.

The last division is the one which calls for system and regular course reading, and is the one to which should be given the most time during this season. Decide first what branch of knowledge you wish to follow up, whether Biblical, scientific, or of letters. Next decide on the particular subdivision to which one's efforts are to be applied; make out an outline, select books, etc., and go to work. One cannot expect results equal to those secured at a first-class college, but they will go a long way toward supplying the want of one.

Many men are classed with the well-educated who have spent little time in school or college. The breadth and depth of their education is due to the fact that they have been careful in the selection of reading matter, and any one may reap like results by using the same care.



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 5.

ABOUT ten rods away flows Fox river. A view from this point includes some length as well as the width of the river, so that it appears a stream of no mean proportions. The waves catch the sunlight and throw it back just as do those of a mightier river, and they ripple and murmur unceasingly and untiringly as they move their burden onward to the sea.

At first one is inclined to put these waves down as the idlest of the idlers, playing hide-and-seek with the sun and mimicking the wind in pure wantonness. But as one continues to watch them he feels, somehow, that there is a serious side to their existence, that there is even a concerted action in their movements, and that the flashes of light here and there may be the signals of "all's well."

And really the waves are not playing at all, any more than we are playing when we move along earnestly and seriously in the path that brings out our highest usefulness. When we fall short of this, we are of less use in our sphere than the waves in theirs.

Almost directly across the river there is seen the mouth of a big sewer which empties its contents into the river. It is such additions to the river as is made through this four-foot pipe that gives the curl to the lip and the tone of scorn to the voice when

speaking of "river water" as a healthful drink.

Perhaps one may with reason question the perfection of the city's filtering process. There is much of imperfection in all our work when compared with that of nature, and we usually do compare the river water that comes from the city's supply plant with the mountain or spring water, filtered and purified by nature's processes.

And it is in this latter method that the little insignificant waves have a part. The river takes up the sewage as willingly as it does the little brook that runs through the meadow. Both are alike enveloped by the larger body and rolled over and over by the waves, each particle coming in contact with the air and sun. By and by through the ceaseless work of the waves the water finds its way to the sea, to the clouds, to the mountain, and then to the spring.

And so it comes about that the little waves hold a very important position in nature's laboratory where the foulest sewage is changed into pure, health-giving water and clean, life-giving soil.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

WE are citizens of the heavenly world as long as we are true to the laws that govern that world.—*Ida. M. Helm.*



THERE are a thousand ways to make a cheerful home in spite of most unpromising surroundings.—*Mrs. Lula Goshorn.*



Your life may be a brook, then,  
Where sparkling waters flow.  
Can you not make some pebbles shine,  
As on life's way you go?

—Ira P. Dean.



THE number of insects a toad will consume in a day is almost incredible to one who has not observed their habits.—*Robt. E. Ericson.*



THE Spirit of God will do more to purify man than all else combined.—*H. M. Barwick.*



"There is so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it ill behoves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

—Jas. M. Neff.



THE boom of a town is just about like a period of drunkenness to a man. It passes away and leaves him a hundredfold worse than before.—*Howard Miller.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

It is said that it is now possible to see plants grow. In the apparatus of two Germans the growing plant is connected with a disc having in its center an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and this movement, magnified fifty times over a scale, shows the progress in growth.

IN the Postoffice Department Building at Washington the largest American flag in the world has just been unfurled. When it was suspended from a cable at the seventh floor, across the inner court, the 2,500 employes joined in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The flag is fifty feet long by thirty feet wide.

ONE of the arresting features of the heavy exodus from Russia is the large number of those who are making for Palestine. According to reports from Odessa, every ship bound for Turkey carries a hundred Jewish families from different parts of the empire to Palestine. It is said there are now almost 100,000 Jews in the Holy land.

NOVEMBER 9 a telephone message from Adolf Storz, postmaster at Stonewall, forty miles north of Trinidad, Colo., said that Culebra peak, 14,000 feet high is in a state of eruption, and that the populace, consisting largely of Mexicans, has ceased work and many have sought the sanctuary, fearing that the San Francisco earthquake will be repeated.

THE simplified spelling order of the president is having a hard road to travel. The navy department kicked on the spelling of some words and others followed suit, and now the department of justice has formally notified the public printer that hereafter simplified spelling rules shall not be applied to quotations from court decisions in supreme court briefs.

PLANS have now been submitted by the Bureau of Construction of the Navy Department, which, if approved, will give the United States the most powerful battleship in the world. One plan contemplates a 20,000-ton ship and the other a 25,000-ton vessel. If either plan is adopted, a battery of ten or twelve inch guns will be so arranged on center lines so as to give a broadside of all the guns.

ATTRIBUTING the prevalence of consumption in Vienna to floating particles from the granite pavements, a strong movement has been inaugurated by aristocratic and influential society against the dust and smoke nuisances. A formal organization has been formed to carry out the work. It is suggested, among other things, that the wearing of trailing skirts be made a public offense, as in Prague and other Austrian cities.

A WRITER in the *Grand Magazine* takes the position that physical culture has come to be a failure, that it is a fad indulged to such an extent that over-exertion is now more of a menace than under-exertion. He says that "in Sweden—the foremost gymnastic country in the world—one-third of the population dies before the age of twenty-one, and of the males who are left one-quarter are rejected for military service."

THE post-office department has issued an order that on and after March 1, 1907, souvenir cards bearing written messages on the left half of the front, the right half being reserved for the address and post mark, when fully prepaid at postal card rates, shall be admitted to both domestic and international mails. Under the same conditions cards will be received from foreign countries. This will do away with the necessity of disfiguring the illustration on the card.

IN Algeria "vegetable sponges" are cultivated fairly extensively, says the *Spatula*. Before maturity, the fruit is edible, but when maturity is passed, the pulp separates from the fibrous part and a spongy mass, called the "vegetable sponge," is formed. They are sold mostly in Paris, bring about seven to nine cents apiece. They are used not only for toilet and bathroom, but for domestic purposes also. This product is probably akin to the "dish-rag plant," an oblong vegetable grown in the United States and used in both kitchen and bathroom.

THE widow of the late Russell Sage speaking of the disposition of her large fortune says that it is her desire to help individuals rather than institutions or associations. She does not as a rule believe in endowments, and looks on churches and other en-

dowed institutions as absolutely dead, their endowments putting them "beyond the necessity for work, thus making them indifferent and negligent along the lines where Christian institutions should do the most good."

A DECISION of the Supreme Court of Washington upholds the policy of the Seattle school authorities in denying all privileges except class attendance to pupils who are members of secret or Greek letter fraternities. The members had been prohibited from belonging to debating clubs, athletic teams, glee clubs and the like. The court says the evidence shows that such fraternities tend to destroy good order, discipline and scholarship in the schools.

A FEW days ago J. Pierpont Morgan imported what is said to be the most complete set extant of original manuscripts and private letters of the Scottish poet, Robert Burns. It is said that agents have been making the collection for fifteen years and at an expense of \$200,000. The manuscripts and letters are in two books of four hundred pages each and the customs officials have nominally appraised them at \$25,000 each, and subjected them to a duty of twenty per cent which brings the duty to \$10,000. It is estimated that Morgan now has in Europe nearly \$15,000,000 worth of art treasures.

THE fact that the center of a cake of artificial ice is generally opaque while the outside, the part which is frozen first, is clear causes the *Medical Record* to remark that "as the water freezes slowly, all the impurities are pushed away from the part first freezing. Whatever the character of the water which is frozen, that obtained by melting the outer, clear parts is almost perfectly pure, while the central opaque parts contain the impurities. Bacteria do not escape this law but will be found centrally located." Still, while the theory of this may be correct, one can hardly feel safe in using the outside part of ice which is known to be made from impure water.

MAJOR GENERAL GREELY wired the department at Washington, Monday, that Colonel Rodgers, of the Sixth Cavalry, which forms a part of the military expedition against the Ute Indians, in Wyoming, had held an extended conference with the chiefs who had promised to come to Washington and tell their grievances to the President. Rodgers said that he was convinced that the Indians were acting in good faith, and did not think it necessary to disarm them. The chiefs consented to go to Fort Mead, where they were

held as prisoners, pending the final decision of the President. It is evident that the Utes are dissatisfied at the opening up of the entire Uintah Reservation and that they desire new "hunting grounds" and freedom from free citizenship.

PROF. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, professor of fine arts in King's College, Cambridge, England, has gone to Rome to perfect arrangements with the government there concerning the carrying out of his project for the excavation of the ancient city of Herculaneum. The excavation of Herculaneum will be a far more difficult task than the uncovering of Pompeii, as the latter was covered only by the ashes of Vesuvius, while the former lies beneath layers of hardened lava. Several attempts have been made to dig up the ancient city. Added to the difficulty presented by the nature of the material to be excavated, is that arising from the fact that the town of Resina, containing 20,000 people, is located over the ruined city.

THREE employees of the Shelby Steel Tube Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., were recently indicted, charged with conspiracy to defraud the United States by passing defective boiler tubes from the Shelby plant. These tubes are now in use in a number of battleships, among them being the *Louisiana*, on which the President is making his trip to Panama. The testimony tended to show that tubes rejected by the government inspector on account of surface flaws were returned to the finishing department, and there made to look like perfect tubes, after which they were passed by the inspectors and shipped. Some condemned tubes also were slipped back into the cars for shipment without knowledge of the government inspector.

THE Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company authorized Wednesday a general ten per cent advance in wages for all permanent employees receiving less than \$200 a month, to go into effect December 1. This wage increase will affect 179,438 workers. The directors state that this advance is due to the increased cost of living and the present great prosperity of the country, which has made it possible to distribute larger dividends to stockholders. On the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg, Erie and Buffalo a ten per cent advance was made in 1902, but the men also will share the present ten per cent advance. On the lines west of Pittsburg 50,000 men will benefit. The annual disbursement of wages under the new schedule of the Pennsylvania system will be about \$135,000,000.





### AT OUR BEST.

Have you ever noticed the change it makes  
 In a woman's face  
 And her heart and her life, that were cold and dull,  
 And slightly inclined to commonplace,  
 When love shines on them? How there breaks  
 Over her nature a wave of gold,  
 Bringing out beauty unknown before,  
 Mellowing, widening more and more,  
 Lifting her up till her eyes behold  
 Ever new blooms for her hands to cull,  
 So she and her life grow beautiful?  
 Oh, there's never a woman, east or west,  
 But must live in love's sunshine  
 To live her best!

—Clara W. Bronson.



### LIGHT THE HOME.

MRS. LULA GOSHORN.

MANY things are being said and done just now to keep the children at home. It is another of the problems that modern mothers must solve and which caused our grandmothers little worry. Conditions and customs constantly change and each generation has problems peculiar to the period.

The mother is perhaps best fitted to know what it will take to keep the children at home, because of her more intimate association with them. That is, if she has been wise enough to hold their confidence through the passing years. She will know their likes and dislikes, what appeals to them and what repels and she must order her home accordingly.

No specific rules can be laid down, as each home is a separate kingdom, but a few generalities will apply in all cases. First, is light—write it large. Nothing is so cheerful as God's own sunshine, and in the evening when the family has gathered from various duties we must have light again. Even the wee ones appreciate it.

A change was made in a certain family living room, and it was not well lighted. "Come on in here," said the three-year-old daughter to her younger brother, "let's play where it is nice and light." And every day a distant room that is "nice and light" is sought rather than a dark sitting room.

Make things as comfortable as you are able. Com-

fort and display are widely different. Good chairs, a lounge and a roomy table should be among the "must haves." Don't crowd the rooms. In some cases it cannot be avoided, in others it can.

If I were building a house I would make the rooms large with wide windows. Better a few large rooms than many small ones, separated by draperies and like dust-catchers.

Teach the inmates of the home to be cheerful, to bring in sunshine and thus supply a possible deficiency. There are a thousand ways to make a cheerful home in spite of most unpromising surroundings; but some one must work to bring it about and study to meet the demands of varying moods and circumstances and on no one's shoulders does the responsibility rest more heavily than on Mother's. Is she equal to the occasion? Let every member of the family arise and help her.

Ladoga, Ind.



### HONESTY.

I WAS once present in a home where there was an abundance of means when the little son returned from doing an errand for his mother at the store. Of the money given him to pay for the articles he had been sent to purchase, there remained just one cent. This he handed over to his mother with an air which showed it to be a habit.

Later the lady spoke to me of this incident. She asked:

"Did it seem 'small' to you? While I freely give my children money for treats and individual pleasures, I have always taught them to return to me, or any other person for whom they do an errand, every cent of change that is left. Early in life they are taught that to use what belongs to another is dishonest."

"Do you think that laxness on this point would tend to make a child dishonest?" I asked.

"Not in most cases. However, there are natures to which a sense of what, for want of a better term, may be called lawlessness seems habitual. Such children need to be made to understand the rights of others. They need to know that taking and using what is another's is stealing. You know that it is at his father's money drawer that many a thief has taken his first downward step."

It may be that this lady put the matter too strongly, yet it is well to see that honesty is well defined in the mind of a child.—*Hope Daring.*

### THE TEETH.

Do not forget to care for the teeth of the little folks, as well as your own. Teach the children to use a tooth brush among the first lessons of cleanliness. Brushes may be had for five or ten cents each, and each child should have its own; one child should not use the toilet accessories of another, not only for the sake of ownership, but because of hygienic reasons. Mark the little brushes so each will know its own, and insist on the teeth being brushed after eating and on going to bed. A normal solution of salt and water is a good dentifrice; this is a teaspoonful to a pint of water, but half as much water to the salt will be best.

Tartar is an earthy-like incrustation deposited on the teeth from the saliva, and in some conditions of the stomach, it is deposited much faster than in others. If it is neglected, it will collect around the roots of the teeth, doing great injury. It is easily scraped off, but this should be left for the dentist to do, otherwise, the enamel may be injured, causing decay. Many discoloring agencies tend to render the teeth unsightly if neglected, and a visit to the dentist is the only remedy. If the tartar is allowed to accumulate, the gums are apt to become diseased, and to fall away from the teeth, exposing the roots and inducing decay, besides loosening the teeth and making them "sore" to the touch. In such a condition, mastication is almost impossible, and the stomach suffers. Some people are so negligent as to allow such a quantity of tartar to collect that several teeth are literally soldered together, and if one decays, making it necessary to extract it, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to loosen it from the others. Many dentrifices are recommended, but all are not safe to use, while there are many simple home dentrifices, both effectual and safe, as well as inexpensive. A good dentist is as much a necessity in the family as a good physician, while, if care is taken to wash and clean the teeth regularly, the services of the dentist may seldom be needed.

Another thing I must urge upon your attention: That is, a supply of handkerchiefs for the school children. As they are so easily lost it is just as well to make them as to buy them ready made, and much less expensive. A piece of lawn, of the cheap variety, from which the colors may be faded out, answers every purpose, and they may be made as neatly, or even hemstitched, as your time and taste will allow. The little girls can make their own, thus learning to set stitches, and they can make those for their brothers. Do not be too strict about the stitches, but rather

teach the girlie to take a pride in her work, leaving it to her own judgment often as to whether the stitches should be taken out and bettered, or left stand as the best she can do. The goods should be soft and absorbent, and should not be carried longer than one day, if at all soiled. In this, too, each child should have its own, for hygienic reasons. Many eye and mouth diseases, as well as nasal affections may be communicated from one to another through the promiscuous use of one handkerchief.—*Selected.*

### PANCAKES AND WAFFLES.

CORNMEAL BATTER CAKES.—Mix together one pound of cornmeal with one-half pound of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and one pinch of salt. Blend these slowly with one quart of milk, or the same quantity of half milk and half water, and add one teaspoonful of melted lard. When perfectly smooth cook on an iron griddle until each side is golden brown.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES.—Put one-half pound of thoroughly cleaned rice into a saucepan, cover with water and boil to a mush, adding more water when necessary. As soon as the rice is cooked allow it to cool. Then to half the quantity of rice add one cup of cream, four eggs, a pinch of salt, and a grating of nutmeg. Mix into these ingredients one-quarter of a pound flour to make a thick batter. Fry on a hot griddle and serve.

GERMAN APPLE CAKES.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of flour with a pinch of salt. Mix in the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, beating them separately. Now break into this the corner of a cake of yeast, cover and stand away to rise. Peel four apples, remove all traces of the cores and chop very fine. Add the apple very gradually to the mixture, because different apples have more or less moisture, and too much apple is liable to break the cake. Bake on a hot griddle in thick cakes, and serve hot with powdered sugar.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of sugar. Stir in the well-beaten yolks and whites of two eggs. Thicken with two cupfuls of flour, in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Make a thin batter with sweet milk, and cook on a steaming griddle.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES OF OLD-FASHIONED TIMES.—Pour over one cupful of yellow meal one quart of boiling milk and add one-half teaspoonful of salt. As soon as cold add one-quarter cake of compressed yeast and enough buckwheat flour to make a soft batter. Beat well together and allow the mixture to



rise over night. When ready to cook stir in one tablespoonful of the best molasses and teaspoonful of soda. These cakes can be made in the morning, using one teaspoonful of baking powder instead of the yeast.

**NEW ENGLAND PANCAKES.**—Stir gradually into two cups of cream five tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Whip the yolks of seven fresh eggs and the whites of four, and season with one teaspoonful of salt. Pour these into the flour and beat until smooth. Heat one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan and put in a thin layer of batter. When brown on the under side turn and brown on the opposite side. Roll and serve with powdered sugar and cinnamon.

**WAFFLES.**—Southern cooks never wash their waffle irons, but clean them with salt. Sprinkle salt generously on the irons and heat; then rub with a piece of brown paper or a cloth. Waffles never stick when the irons are kept clean and smooth in this way.

**WAFFLES FOR FOUR.**—Beat the yolks of six eggs stiff, add two cups of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and enough flour to make a thick batter. Stir in the beaten whites and two tablespoonfuls of any baking powder which does not contain alum. Grease irons and bake immediately.

**WAFFLES MADE WITH SWEET MILK.**—Three well-beaten eggs, one pint of sweet milk, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-half cup of melted butter, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake instantly over a hot fire.

**WAFFLES MADE WITH SOUR MILK.**—Mix together one pint of flour and one pint of sour milk into which half a teaspoonful of soda has been stirred; add one-half cup of melted butter. Stir into this the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, then the beaten whites. Beat hard for two minutes and bake in a hot iron.—*Washington Star.*

### IN THE SLEEPING ROOM.

THE bedroom is what its name implies, says a medical authority—a place of repose—and everything about it should be conducive to the one purpose of obtaining rest. Everything in it should be simple, immaculate and easily kept so. The floors of such rooms should be covered with matting or should be oiled and rugs placed beside the bed. The paper on the walls should be quiet and subdued. If to make the windows uniform with those in other rooms of the house curtains are necessary, they should be as simple as possible, for drapery is an abomination and should be entirely dispensed with in a sick room. Pictures,

garish furniture, and articles not absolutely necessary to the occupant should have no place here. Above everything, the bedroom should be flooded with sunshine for at least an hour in the day and an abundance of fresh air admitted at all times. The sleeper should not be exposed to a draft, but by a judicious arrangement of screens between the open windows this may be avoided.—*Green's Fruit Grower.*

### KNITTED RAG RUG (ROUND).

THESE rugs can be made of either silk, wool or dyed cotton or linen rags. Prepare the rags as you would for a woven carpet, and either keep separate or mingle the colors. The weight of the rug may be regulated by the size in which the rags are cut, the finer the "string," the lighter the rug, and the prettier, in most cases.

Use large wooden needles, which can either be made at home, or bought at the fancy-work store. Rag rugs and carpets of fancy weave are very much used now. If the center of the rug is knitted of "hit-and-miss" colors, and the border of solid color, wind on separate balls.

To begin, cast on thirty-three stitches of the hit-and-miss color. First row, knit plain and turn; second row, knit off all but three stitches and turn; third row, knit clear across and turn; fourth row knit all but six and turn; fifth row, same as third; sixth row, knit all but nine and turn; seventh row, same as third; eighth row, knit all but twelve and turn; ninth row, same as third; tenth row, knit all but fifteen and turn; eleventh row, with the solid color, knit same as third; twelfth row, knit all but eighteen and turn; thirteenth row, same as third; fourteenth row, knit all but twenty-one and turn; fifteenth row, same as third; sixteenth row, knit all but twenty-four and turn; seventeenth row, same as third; eighteenth row, knit all but twenty-seven and turn; nineteenth row, same as third row. This finishes one section, leaving the original number of stitches on the needle, to begin the second section. With the hit and miss, knit clear across again and turn, take off the first stitch without knitting it (do this at the end, in beginning of each section), knit clear across again and turn. The next row will be the second of the new section, and the work should proceed as before.

Knit eighteen of these sections and join the first to the last with a strong linen thread so that the stitches will not show.

For the border, take of the solid color, or of combination of colors as desired. Cast on ten stitches, knit across plain, purl the next row, knit two rows plain, one purl, repeating until the piece is long enough to circle the rug. This will make a pretty fluted border. In knitting this take off the first stitch on one side

each row, without knitting, which will make the strip fit the circle better when sewing it on. Such a rug should measure thirty inches across, more or less, according to the fineness or coarseness of the cutting; it should weigh about three pounds, the weight depending on the fineness or coarseness of texture of the rugs. These rugs are nice for "veranda" work, and nice to put on the veranda floor, or bed-room, dining-room or kitchen floors.—*Exchange*.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### THE SURPRISE.

"Oh dear! I never can learn this lesson," said Ned Williams, as he gave the book a toss across the table.

"Why, Ned!" said sister Sue, "I am astonished at you."

"Well, you needn't be," cried Ned. "If you had as hard a lesson as this to learn, you would be mad, too."

"Bring your book here, and let me see what is the matter," said Sue.

Ned rather slowly obeyed. Sue had him find the place, and then began to tell him some things about the lesson, and to ask him some questions. She soon discovered that he was paying very little attention to what she was saying.

"Are you *trying* to get this?" she asked. "If you are not, it is not worth while to try help you."

Her brother hung his head, and did not answer.

"Well," said Sue, closing the book, "I am willing to help you, if you wish me to, but if you do not, I shall go on with my reading."

Then Ned, after hesitating a moment, said, "No, Sue, I was not trying. I am thinking about something else. I would tell you, but I'm afraid the boys wouldn't like it."

"Don't tell me unless you think you ought to," said Sue, "but of course I should like to know what is so absorbing to you that you can't get your lesson. I hope you can tell me some time."

Ned thought a little while, and then said, "I'll risk it, and tell you. You know Old Peg, don't you?"

"No," said Sue. "I don't know anyone by that name."

"Oh, well, you know the man I mean," said Ned. "It is old man Brown, who lives down by the river."

"Yes, I know him," said Sue, "but why do you call him 'Old Peg'?"

"Why, because he has a wooden leg," said Ned. "All the boys call him Peg. He is not a bit nice. He won't let us boys get near his fence without calling out, 'Get away!' and if we play with his dog, he swears at us, and—and—we just hate him."

"Well," said Sue, "I do not think it is nice for him to swear at you, but I do not wonder that he does not want you around his fence, for I presume you have annoyed him in more ways than one. It is quite likely that there are two sides to the story. But you have not told me yet what old Mr. Brown has to do with your not being able to study."

"Why, just this," said Ned: "we boys have planned that to-morrow night, after he has gone to bed, we will go and pile a lot of long sticks of wood against his door, and in the morning when he opens the door the wood will fall in with a great noise and scare him nearly to death. Oh! won't he hop around on his wooden leg though," and Ned laughed heartily at the thought.

"How will you know what he does?" said Sue.

"Oh! we are all going to get up early and hide where we can see him when he opens the door," said Ned, and he laughed again as he imagined the old man's surprise.

He soon stopped laughing, however, for he rather expected his sister to scold him; but she only said:

"Well, I can suggest another plan, which is somewhat like yours, and I believe it would scare the old man just as much, and it would be something which you boys would like to remember that you have done."

"Tell me what it is," said Ned.

"It is this," said Sue: "Instead of taking long sticks of wood to pile against the door, take a sack of flour, some potatoes, some meat, and some other things to eat."

Quick as a flash Ned's eyes brightened. "That's it! that's it!" he said, jumping up. "You dear, good sister! I am so glad you thought of it."

You see Ned's conscience had been troubling him, and that was why he could not study. He was very glad of some way out of the scrape, without being called a coward.

The next morning he proposed to the boys the plan his sister had suggested. They were much surprised at first, but soon entered heartily into the new plan. They were not bad boys; they were merely thoughtless.

They put their pocket money together, and at noon they went to the grocery and bought some flour, some potatoes, some coffee, some sugar, and I do not know what else; and that night they carried and laid them carefully against old Mr. Brown's door.

Ned and two other boys were up bright and early next morning watching for that old door to open. The old man's surprise was indeed very great, and the boys heard him call: "Polly! Polly! come here and see what the good Lord has sent us;" for he thought that an angel must have brought the things.

Do you not think the boys enjoyed the surprise much more than they would have enjoyed the one they planned themselves?—*School Visitor*.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.—No. 1.

ROBERT E. ERICSON.

### Toads.



HE toad is a very useful creature. He hides during the heat of the day beneath stones, sticks, or any kind of rubbish that will afford shade and moisture but as soon as the day grows cool he sallies forth in quest of food, which consists almost entirely of insects.

Being nocturnal in his habits, he catches many species of insects not commonly found by naturalists, who collect them by collecting toads and securing the insects in their stomachs. My objection to this method is that the poor creature must yield his life to the cause of scientific investigation.

A very common superstition is that to kill a toad will cause the cows of the offender to give bloody milk, which, though without foundation in fact, is perhaps productive of good by deterring the slaughter of the innocents by cruel boys.

Like many others of the animal kingdom the toad sloughs his skin, but you can never find their cast skins around as you do those of the snake. But once have I been permitted to observe the process. I saw a toad in a shady place beneath a large clod acting as though he were in severe pain. Presently I saw the skin on his back beginning to split. The opening grew larger and larger, till at last he worked it forward and off his hind legs, for all the world like a boy takes off his trousers. Next he worked it off his front legs and with his feet he pushed it off his head, rolled it up into a ball and—what do you think? he swallowed the pellet as though it were a delicate morsel.

Formerly they were thought to be venomous, but the idea is absolutely without foundation. What then is his means of protection? His body is covered with wart-like protuberances which on pressure exude a milky liquid of a very disagreeable taste. Many a time I have seen dogs play with toads, but observed that they were careful not to get the little creature near their mouths. No doubt they had learned of the toad's weapon by previous experience.

Though he appears to be a clumsy fellow, often have I watched him before my team, and he always timed and spaced his leaps to escape death by hoofs and wheels. Still he is not active enough to spring upon insects. How does he catch them? His tongue, which is an inch or more long, is attached to the front of his mouth and free behind. When a fly comes near enough the tongue is thrust quickly out, the fly is enveloped and drawn back into the mouth so quickly that the eye cannot follow the movements.

Toads are local in their habits, as in fact are many animals which are commonly supposed to be wanderers. The toad you saw hopping around your yard during the cool of the day last summer was likely the same fellow that had been appearing each evening for several summers.

The number of insects a toad will consume in a day is almost incredible to one who has not observed their habits, and as he is not particularly choice in his selection of food he destroys vast numbers of injurious insects. His utility as an insecticide is so well known that in some places he has a market value for placing in gardens.

The toad exhibits a considerable degree of intelligence and is easily tamed. I knew of three toads that were caught by some children and carried into the house one evening. This was repeated for several evenings and in a few days they became so tame that they would hop up on the porch, wait till the screen door was opened, then calmly hop in and proceed to catch flies. When satisfied they would wait till the door was opened and then hop out. They became so tame that the children could pick them up anywhere in the yard, carry them around, and they would make no effort to escape. Each succeeding summer three toads would repeat their evening visits and I suppose they were the same that appeared the previous summer. One spring we moved away and as the toads had not yet come out of winter quarters we were compelled to leave our pets behind to the great sorrow of three children.

*Illinois.*



THE man who knows better how to do another man's work than he does his own is not safe for any kind of work.—*Louisville Herald.*

## THE BOB-WHITE'S MERRY WHISTLE.

Colonel Brown, the lecturer, who's trampin' round the states,

He's got a talk on Birds and Bees, and kinder agitates  
The idea that we've got to keep the birds from bein' shot—  
Protect the quails and wrens, you know, and all the feathered lot.

These birds, ye see, they git the bugs that pesterate the wheat

An' apples an' pertaters we had figured on to eat;  
An' if we want no mortgages to swoller up our lands,  
We an' the birds have got a big job on our hands.

I'm in with Brown—that's where I stand and there I'm goin' to stay;

I tacked up some hunters' notices around the farm to-day,  
And if I hear a shotgun crack around my little place,  
Some chap'll feel a number eight or set a lively pace.

I like to hear the whistle of a bob-white from the wheat  
Somewhat better than the shotgun. Wall, it's pretty hard to beat;

And them quails have been as tame like—a very social lot—

That I've kinder figured on 'em with the balance of the stock.

The weather may get colder soon, and when the snows arrive,

I've fixed upon an idea how to keep them birds alive;  
I'll fix a box for shelter, at their nightly roostin' place,  
And leave some wheat, so they kin eat, and corn their meal to grace.

'T won't make me any poorer, that is certain, and I guess  
That I kin spare the time—five minutes more or less—  
Each day to kinder look around. I'll feel repaid to hear  
The bob-white's merry whistle when the summer time draws near.

Since Brown has been a talkin' we have come to realize  
(I'm speakin' of us farmers as a class) the general size,  
The length and breadth of his remarks. And so from day to day

We've worked to this conclusion—what Isaac says will pay!

We're goin' to see our farms ar'n't made a stompin' ground for all

The hunters from all kingdom come who loaf here in the fall;

And if we've got to take the law to state our claims exact,  
We'll do so, and you can thank the Colonel for the fact.

—Rochester (Indiana) Republican.



## WHAT THE FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE.

CONCRETE is sometimes called liquid stone. The farmer can take the rocks out of his fields, break them up, with the aid of cement mould them into useful shape, and when the mass has set thoroughly, it will be almost as hard as the rocks were originally.

In view of the rapid destruction of our forests and the necessity for something to take the place of wood, the possibilities of concrete have within the last few years rapidly come to the front. In 1885 the amount of domestic and imported cement used in this country

was less than a million barrels. In 1905 the total was nearly thirty million. Cement of course is the basis of concrete, the other ingredients being sand and cracked rock, gravel or cinder.

Opportunities for making use of concrete on the farm are especially great. If it is properly mixed and on good foundations, it is practically indestructible. It is absolutely fire-proof, it never requires painting, and, after certain essentials are mastered, no great amount of skill is required to handle it. Every farmer can be his own builder. He can mix his concrete, shape it into something useful, and feel when he gets the work done that it will not only serve him in his lifetime, but that he has produced something that will stand as long as the very rocks themselves.

There is a popular saying among concrete enthusiasts and one that fits well in the mouth that "concrete is cheaper than wood," but it isn't. "The wish is father to the thought." In cases where wood is very scarce it probably would be, but where the farmer cuts his own fence posts or sills for the barn or even where ordinary lumber, such as hemlock or chestnut, is reasonably plentiful and ordinary methods of construction are followed, the first cost of wood will be less than concreté. For instance it would be cheaper to knock together a wooden pig sty or chicken coop than to make forms and mould it in concrete. That concrete is infinitely better than wood in a great many cases there can be no question. In the case of wood construction, certain parts sometimes have to be replaced three or four times in one man's lifetime, where if he built of concrete it would be there until the crack of doom. Some crude work that the Romans did 2,000 years ago with a mixture of slaked lime, volcanic dust, sand and broken stone, even to-day remains impervious to the tooth of time. The important consideration then is not "how cheap" but "how good."

Here are some concrete possibilities. You can build concrete foundations, sidewalks, fences, water troughs, cisterns, water tanks, shelves, cesspools, gutters, floors of all kinds in the cellar, barn and stable, steps and stairs, well curbs, horse blocks, stalls, hog pens, troughs, chicken houses, corn cribs, ice houses, incubator cellars, mushroom cellars, hotbed frames, bridge abutments, chimneys, ventilators, dams, wind-mill foundations, fence posts, clothes posts, and hitching posts. There is one farm where the post and rail fences, and the feed bins are concrete, and in another even the lattice under the house piazza and the laundry stove are made of it. Cases of this kind are extreme and impractical, however.

Anyone with practice and study can become reasonably proficient in handling concrete, but certain important things must be kept in mind or it will be a failure. It must be carefully and thoroughly mixed, and the materials must be right; "any old thing" will not do. The three ingredients of good concrete are



cement, sand, and broken stone. All sorts of proportions of these three ingredients are possible, but for general work a very satisfactory mixture is one part of cement, two and a half parts of sand and five parts of broken rock, or as it is usually expressed 1: 2½: 5. The kind of sand is very important. The best is sharp sand—that is sand taken from a pit—but river or washed sand is generally satisfactory. It should be clean and coarse, comparatively free from clay, soil, sticks, leaves or rubbish. An easy way to tell whether it is suitable is to drop a handful in a pail of clean water. After a few minutes if you can see the sand in the bottom of the pail, it is clean enough for your purpose, so far as clay is concerned. The rock, sometimes called aggregate, should be broken up into irregular pieces having rough, clean surfaces.

Mixing the concrete is the all important thing, and upon the care with which it is done depends success or failure. It is best to use a water-tight platform or a shallow box. The proper amount of sand should first be spread in a layer and the cement spread on the top of this. They are thoroughly mixed dry until the whole mass is uniform in color. Then a hollow spot or crater is made in the middle of this mass and the proper amount of water poured into it a little at a time, being careful not to make it too soft. The dry material should be worked up from the outside toward the centre, and then turned rapidly with shovels, and water added by sprinkling until the proper consistency is reached. The broken stone, thoroughly wet, is added after the cement and sand have been mixed. Where considerable concrete work is to be done on a farm, it would be well to buy a mixing machine. They vary greatly in price, but satisfactory ones can be bought for about \$100. While for general use the proportion 1 to 2½ to 5 is recommended, for unimportant work where the concrete is put in masses such as in backing for stone masonry or in large foundations, a mixture of 1 to 4 to 8 will do. This is a leaner mixture, however, and would not be at all satisfactory in ordinary cases.

Cement can be colored by mineral pigments. It is rather difficult to do it satisfactorily, however. The shade will be dependent upon the pigment used. It is best to prepare small specimens first and note the color after drying, in order to get proper proportions. For grey use lampblack—for yellow or buff use ochre—for brown use umber—for red use Venetian red—for blue use ultra marine.

Concrete should not be thrown from a height of more than four feet without mixing it again at the bottom. For greater heights than this it may be slid down a wooden incline. Where fresh concrete is put upon that which is already set, it is well to coat the surface of the old work with a thin coating of rich cement to insure a good bond.

It is not well to work concrete in cold weather, unless great precautions are taken. Very little water should be used in such cases and it is better to use it hot. A little salt sometimes is helpful also as it lowers the freezing point of the water. One pound of salt to eighteen gallons of water is a good proportion. Unless it is necessary, however, it is better not to work with concrete in freezing weather.

In order to put concrete to practical uses, wooden forms or moulds are necessary until it hardens. It will take any shape that you wish it to, and when it has set the form can be removed. Lumber that is used for this purpose should be dressed on one side and both edges, and it is better to use green lumber when possible as it is less apt to swell and warp. To prevent concrete from sticking to forms they can be coated with soft soap. Sometimes the expansion of the boards can be overcome by bevelling the edges. The lumber that is used in making these forms can be used any number of times provided that reasonable care is exercised in taking the forms out when the concrete has set.

(Concluded Next Week.)



#### THE BLUEJAY'S WORK.

AN old-time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pine trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an Eastern gentleman a short time ago, when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, struck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away.

When told what had happened, the Eastern man was skeptical; but the two went to the spot, and with a knife-blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen what wonderful provision God has made for forest perpetuation.—*The Watchman*.



#### AMERICA'S FIRST STAGECOACH.

As public conveyances, or the stagecoach, had been in vogue in England since 1610, the establishment of a similar conveyance was demanded in America many years before the War for Independence. As early as 1744, therefore, a stage line started to run between New Brunswick and Trenton, N. J., and by 1756, this route had been extended over from New York to Philadelphia. Moreover, as in England, so in America—the advent of the stagecoach necessitated marked improvements in the highways, while the building of better roads and turnpikes naturally

created a greater demand for more coaches, and what was more to the purpose, lighter vehicles. In 1771 there were but thirty-eight conveyances of every description in the city of Philadelphia, but in 1794, their number had increased to 827—more than two-thirds of which were comparatively light vehicles—a condition which led one of the local papers to publish a most deprecatory article concerning the use of conveyances in which it was stated that the custom of riding was then being carried to such extravagance that “even farmers want carriages.”—*Metropolitan Magazine*.



#### THE GUINEA PIG AND THE KITTEN.

It is wonderful how animals, though perhaps natural enemies, make friends if brought up together with kindness.

When we were children we were given a pair of guinea pigs: one was pure white with red eyes, and the other brown and white; we named them Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

We were very excited about their arrival and made all sorts of elaborate arrangements for their comfort. Besides a hutch and two kinds of runs, we arranged a complete diet for the week, written out with great care on a piece of sermon-paper!

As they were the joint property of three of us there was some difficulty as to the ownership, but one of our elder sisters coming to the rescue, settled that we were each to give them a meal every day, the meal being a different one each day.

But, sad to say, even these arrangements could not preserve our piggies' lives, and one day the brown one died very suddenly of heart failure.

After this sad event the white one was rather miserable till, a few months after, a little gray kitten was added to our menagerie, when these two speedily became fast friends.

They ate their meals out of the same saucer, sat cuddled up together in the same hutch, and if the kitten was separated from the guinea pig for more than a few minutes it began the most plaintive mewing. But almost the funniest thing was to see them playing together—kittie with guarded paw, so as not to hurt Tweedle-dum with her sharp little claws, and the guinea pig running hither and thither, quite enjoying the fun!—*Selected*.



We very soon learn what will and what will not agree with the body, but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favorite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by the usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence—in fact, by mental nightmare.—“*Lewis Carroll*.”

#### FUN WITH A CANDLE.

GROWN people as well as children will get a great deal of pleasure out of the following tricks:

1. Put a nail in the end of a candle, and set it in a glass filled with water. The nail will hold the candle steady, and it will burn until nothing remains, always rising above the surface of the water by reason of the decrease in weight.

2. Take a small picture cut from a paper or book, and wrap it lightly round a candle. Light a match or another candle, and hold the flame near until it becomes transparent. Unwrap the picture and every one will be surprised to find it printed on the candle.

3. Put a candle unlighted into a basin full of water. Let several try to take it out with their mouths, not touching the candle with their hands. Every one will fail. Then you put your face in the water, and when your mouth is near the end of the candle, draw in a deep breath, and the suction of the water will draw the candle into your mouth.

4. Allow some drops from a lighted candle turned upside down to fall into a basin of cold water. The grease will form flowers. String these on the end of a wire, add green leaves made from paper, and a very interesting plant will be the result.

5. Heat a piece of wire and stick it through the middle of a candle. Make a wick at both ends. Balance the candle on two tumblers. Light the wicks, and the droppings of the candle grease will make the candle see-saw, getting faster and faster as it grows hotter. This is a very pretty experiment and will cause a great deal of amusement to young and old alike.—*Unidentified*.



A MAN'S true wealth is the good he does in this world.

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this “want and exchange” column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no “want” may exceed six lines altogether.

---

FARM FOR RENT.—A Good Dairy Farm near Elgin, Ill., for rent on shares. A good proposition for the right man. For particulars address: “Farmer” care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### Lost.

What! lost your temper, did you say?  
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.  
It isn't such a dreadful loss—  
Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,  
As all can well remember  
Who have endured its every whim  
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,  
And wrinkled up your forehead,  
And changed a pretty, smiling face  
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,  
The laughter, and the singing;  
And clouds upon a shining sky  
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,  
Make it your best endeavor  
To quickly find a better one,  
And lose it—never, never!

—Sydney Dayre, in Harper's Young People.

### Chose Lesser of Two Evils.

It was at a trial for burglary, and the prisoner's wife was in the witness-box. The prosecuting lawyer was conducting a very vigorous cross-examination.

"You are the wife of this man?" he asked. The woman replied that she was.

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" he went on. "Yes," she answered.

"And how did you come to contract a marriage with such a man?" said the lawyer, pretending to be horrified.

"Well, it was this way," said the witness, sarcastically. "I was getting old, and had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer. What else could I do?" The cross-examination broke down.

"One of our bishops, when pastor at Stamford, Conn., asked a little boy afflicted with an impediment of speech how he would like to be a preacher. The little fellow replied: 'I-I w-w-would l-l-like the p-p-pounding and the h-h-hollering, b-b-but the s-s-speaking w-w-would b-b-bother me.'"

### Memory Gems.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—Longfellow.

"The tissue of the life to be,  
We weave with colors all our own;  
And in the field of destiny,  
We reap as we have sown."

"Public officeholders," said Cityman, "are only servants after all."

"Yes," rejoined Subbubs, "and I wish we could get a servant who would hang on like they do."—Columbus Dispatch.

### Items of Interest.

Of all European cities Rome has most frequently been in the hands of enemies. It has been entered and sacked more than forty times since 390 B. C.

There are no fewer than seventy-seven distinct dialects spoken in England.

The rate of suicide in the British army is equal to 210 per million annually; in the German to 550, and in the Austrian to 1200 per million.

The longest fence in the world, it is thought, is one of wire netting in Australia, 1236 miles long. Its object is to keep rabbits from the cultivated fields.

Germany is now making 1,800,000 tons of beet sugar yearly, and exporting more than a million tons.

Scotland has 3189 elementary schools. Ireland, with fewer pupils, has 8710 schools.

Sixteen thousand motor cars of all grades were made in England during 1905, and were worth about \$20,000,000.

Japan gets 188,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

❦

A composition by a California boy reads as follows:

"Hens is curios animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears.

The outside of hens is generally put into pillars and feather dusters. The inside of the hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich.

"A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals; but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen.

"Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum pudding. I like plum pudding. Skinney Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him into the collery.

"Hens has got wings and can fly when they are scart. I cut my Uncle Wiliam's hen's neck off with a hatchet and it scart her to death.

"Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."

❦

Stories sometimes seem too good to be new. Here's one told to this department by a man who vouches for its freshness:

At a dinner for Newark bootblacks, little Johnny Smike was the hungriest guest. One of the women in charge resolved to fill him up, if that were possible. Three times she heaped his plate with food, and three times he scraped the china clean. A fourth time she offered to serve him.

"No more, ma'am," said Johnny; "I can chaw yit, but I can't swallow."—Selected.

❦

She sewed a button on my coat,  
I watched the fingers nimble;  
Sometimes I held her spool of thread,  
And sometimes held her thimble.  
"I'm glad to do it, since you're far  
From sister or from mother.  
'Tis such a thing," she said and smiled,  
"As I'd do for my brother."  
The fair head bent so close to me  
My heart was wildly beating;  
She flushed a ruddy, rosy red  
And I—I bent and kissed her.  
"Tis such a thing," I murmured low,  
"As I'd do to my sister."

## Neff's Corner

Several issues of the Nook have appeared recently without this corner being occupied by me, but it wasn't because I had nothing to say. No; there is plenty to say, but so many have been asking questions about New Mexico that it has taken no little time to answer all the letters I get. Then I have been encountering some wild animals since out on the plains. You'd think so if you were to see one side of our cabin almost covered with pelts.

But I must tell you about the strait we are in. This is a great country for the producer, if not for the consumer. Butter 35 cents per pound, milk 25 to 40 cents per gallon. We have every facility for taking care of a cow or two, but a good milch cow costs \$50 to \$75, and we are short the price. It seems to us if we had a few pounds of butter to sell each week we'd be rich. Now, we thought some of you would like a souvenir from New Mexico. (It's night-time and I hear the wolves howling now.) How would you like a wolf or badger or jack rabbit pelt with which to make a rug? You would perhaps be willing to pay \$5 for a wolf or badger skin or \$1 for that of a jack rabbit, including his magnificent ears, and with the price of a number of such souvenirs we could get a cow, and the babies and I (wife likes it too) could grow fat on milk. But if you wouldn't care for any of the souvenirs named above, I shot a skunk the other day. A lock of his hair ought to be worth—well, I'll not name a price till I see how many want to help us buy a cow. James M. Neff.

Lake Arthur, N. M.

## THE OWL AGENCY OZAWKIE, KANSAS.



Write us for list of farms for sale in Jefferson county. Lands range from \$20 to \$60 per acre. We have prairie, timber and valley lands. Considerable of our wheat made 40 bushels, and our corn in some fields is making 75 bushels per acre. Our berries, cherry, grape, peach and apple crop was enough to fill any one with delight. Red and white clover, timothy, blue grass, alfalfa, etc., are grown successfully. Our county has no towns without railroads, and is well watered by springs, creeks and rivers. We are located 50 miles from Kansas City, 20 miles from Topeka, the state capital, 40 miles from Leavenworth, and 35 miles from Atchison, all large cities and fine markets. Don't fool away good time and money on land in the experimental stage, but cast your lot where Mother Earth yields abundantly, and the people are enjoying a big chunk of prosperity to prove it. There are several Dunkard Brethren churches in this county, the largest of which is located at Ozawkie with a membership of 70. N. W. Brammell, Mgr.

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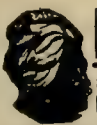
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### THE INGLENOOK.

It is High Time now to be deciding on your supply of winter reading. See that it is ample and first class. The latter point is, of course, the more important. Examine **The Inglenook**, as it has been coming to you the past months and see if it does not belong to this class. Does it not furnish you clean, elevating reading matter **EVERY WEEK**, equal in variety and volume to that for which you must wait a whole month in the case of many other magazines, and pay the same price? We are endeavoring more and more to make the Inglenook an all round family magazine, and the nearer we attain to this aim, the stronger will grow the family feeling of sociability already so apparent to many of our readers. Assist us in our efforts by sending us your subscription for another year.

### UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

#### Inglenook Completes the Home.

We feel as though our home was not complete without the Inglenook. Every one gets better.—Mrs. Winnie West, Fredericktown, Ohio, Sept. 11, 1906.

#### Getting Better.

I think the Inglenook is getting better every issue. May the time soon come when it will be prized the highest in the land. May God bless you in your work.—Olin Hardman, Polo, Mo., Oct. 2, 1906.

#### One Who Appreciates a Good Thing.

(When sending three trial subscribers, she writes)

I hope those people will make you regular subscribers. I believe they will when they see the many good articles of information your dear, good paper prints. I look forward eagerly to the first of the week when my Inglenook comes. I will always feel grateful to Miss Lucinda Lohman, of Turney, Mo., for first sending me the Inglenook last winter when I was a shut-in, to read.



### THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

A weekly journal of practical and profitable agriculture. Oldest agricultural weekly in America. Better to-day than it ever was. Sixteen to twenty-four pages every week. Reaches subscribers either Friday or Saturday of each week.

#### Its Writers are Men Who Farm

on a farm and who give Prairie Farmer readers practicable advice which, if followed, leads to bigger yields and larger profits.

#### It Stands for the Farmer

in its editorial and its advertising columns, favoring everything which will benefit the farmer, but vigorously opposing any movement which will work to his disadvantage.

#### It is Published in the Heart of the Richest

agricultural region in the United States and contains accurate and comprehensive market quotations and reports.

#### Its Readers Conduct a Lively Correspondence

through its columns, which results in the exchange of hundreds of valuable ideas.

### Its Publishers Spend Thousands

of dollars every year for desirable farm articles and illustrations.

### Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock, Dairy, Poultry and Apiary.

Each one is carefully edited and contributed to, by real, live, money-making farmers.

### The Illustrations

are unsurpassed by any farm weekly. Our artists reproduce dozens of labor-saving devices and handy farm appliances which any one can easily make from these clear, fully-explained drawings. One of these alone is often worth more to the subscriber than the cost of his whole year's subscription.



### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A monthly magazine, forty large pages each issue.

#### The Japanese Series.

The first of Marian Bonsall's series of articles, "Oriental Ideas for Western Women," appeared in the October number. Japan furnished Miss Bonsall with her material. Japan has been written about very extensively, but it is a new view of that fascinating land that is here presented. No other foreigner, perhaps, ever got so close to the heart of the marvelous womanhood of Japan as has Miss Bonsall, and her articles have a distinct value, not only to students of the marvelous East, but to every woman, for the lessons drawn are intensely practical. The series will continue through a large part of 1907.

#### The Practical Departments.

These have won the **Housekeeper** its greatest successes, and they will be given due attention during the coming year. They cover every department of domestic interest: Cooking, the care of children, dressmaking, fancy work, poultry raising, floriculture, and the building and beautifying of the home. The favorite contributors of the past years will be reinforced by new and forceful writers. The pages devoted to girls and children will be brighter and more inspiring than ever.



### HEALTH.

A monthly magazine of over 60 pages. It is a combination of three magazines: "Health," "Medical Talk," and "Vim." In combining the three best periodicals published, along their line, we have a magazine that cannot be surpassed for practical information along the line of health.

Practical and sensible subjects along the line of keeping a healthy body and how to regain lost health, are ably discussed in each issue. Many doctor bills might be saved and much suffering avoided by following the instructions suggested by this magazine. In a word it is practicable and very instructive. Don't fail to include it in your list of reading matter.

# The Brethren Colonies

## IN WESTERN CANADA

---

### Are Prosperous and Happy

The soil there is rich. Good water and lots of it easily obtainable. Fuel and building material cheap. Your neighbors are those of like faith and practice.



Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Why not avail yourself of this, your last chance, to get GOOD LAND CHEAP? Wheat yields of forty bushels per acre are common. Oats has yielded one hundred and forty bushels per acre.

Prices of our lands range from \$9.00 to \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms.

For particulars and about cheap rates address

**The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,**

440 Temple Court

Minneapolis, Minn.

Those in Ohio and Indiana address

ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.



# I CAN CURE YOUR CATARRH

## I WILL PROVE IT FREE!

Do not neglect Catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications. Death, ruin and destruction follow neglected Catarrh.



### I Can Cure Your Catarrh

Because I **KNOW**  
What My New and  
Wonderful Discovery  
Has Already  
Done for Hundreds  
—Will Do For YOU  
—I will Cheerfully  
and Willingly Send  
a Full Treatment to  
You, Prepaid, Absolutely **FREE**, for  
**TEN DAYS TRIAL.**

I OFFER what is  
really a **GODSEND**  
to sufferers from  
Catarrh — Head,  
Bronchial and  
Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking at the root and cause of the disease—by

#### KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter in what bad shape you are. NOW I DO NOT ASK YOU to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days trial, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the Mediator to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

MY AFFLICTED FRIEND, do not suffer longer from this cruel Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.) MY NEW TREATMENT is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises, does away with the nauseating drooping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL. IT IS FOLLY to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

My treatment cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you: may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a lifetime."—J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EBELI, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another, I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

Ninety-three per cent of the people of this country are suffering from some form of catarrh.

They are acting as store-houses and distributing stations of germ life that breed diseases ranging from incipient catarrh to quick consumption. Air is the agency that brings these germs into the air passages, and it must be the agency to remove them.

### CATARRH SUFFERERS

Should realize the fact that Catarrh is a very dangerous ailment. It is the beginning of nearly all diseases of the head, throat and larynx and is the forerunner of Consumption.

First a slight cold, acute in form, being neglected becomes worse, finally chronic, and leads to still worse conditions. How important it is that every person consider this matter seriously for himself.

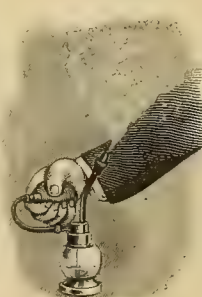
Catarrh is constantly on the increase. There is more to-day than five years ago. Almost all people are subject to frequent colds. They are seemingly becoming more susceptible to this influence each year. Various causes lead to this condition. I am offering you my Spray Mediator, and Liquid Spray to counteract these emergencies.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a medicator on trial free.

See special trial offer.  
Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in nose?  
Do you have pains across front part of head?  
Do you have pain across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### MY SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER



For a short time, if you will write me a mere postal card, mentioning The Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Mediator with treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$3.00, and I will mail the balance of six months treatment free. If you are not satisfied, mail me back the Mediator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage and you still have your money. Nothing could be more honorable. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless you are benefited.

Write this very day. Address:

**E. J. WORST,** 52 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO

Describe your case, as I forward treatment to suit ailment.



# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

### TABLE OF CONTENTS

What Have we to be Thankful for?—K.  
Mae Rowland.

The Reformer.—Robert E. Ericson.

A Story from a Gravel Pit.—N. J. Miller.

A Story of the Thankful Time.—Eliza-  
beth D. Rosenberger.

A Question.—Bertha M. Ireland.

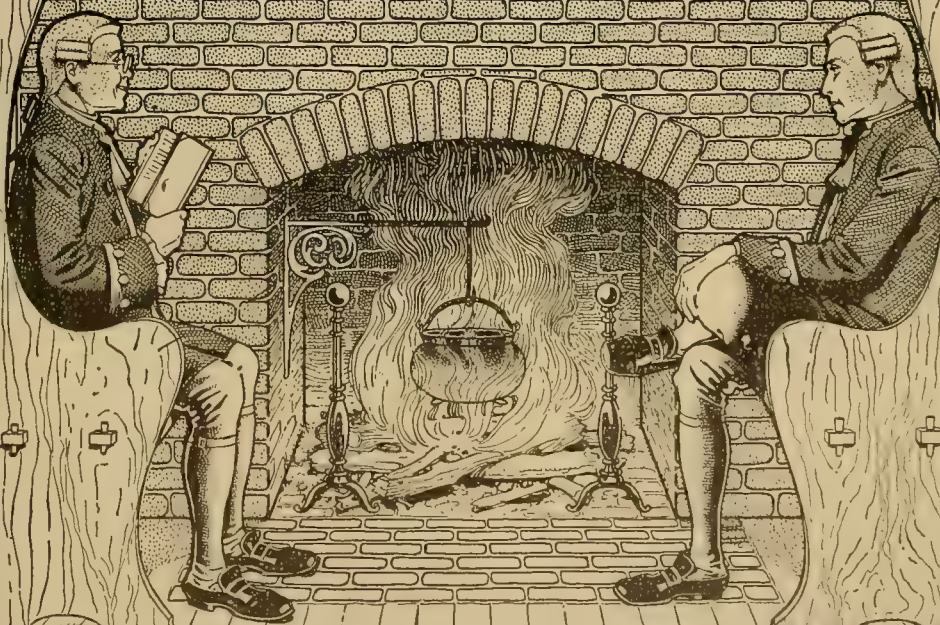
A Chinese Funeral.—J. S. Flory.

Sermonette.—M. W. Emmert.

Shun Bigotry.—Richard Seidel.

Thanksgiving at Aunt Barbara's.—Ida  
M. Helm.

Winter Stories on the Farm.—Jesse D.  
Mohler.



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

November 27, 1906

PRICE, \$1 00 PER ANNUM

No. 48. Vol. VIII



**Others Have Arranged to  
Why Don't You?**

# **Live in Your Own Hired House**

**Going, Returning and During**

# **Annual Meeting**

**In Los Angeles**

By joining one of the "CO-OPERATIVE" EXCURSIONS that will be run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to California for the Brethren and their friends who wish to attend the Annual Meeting.

Co-Operation SAVES MONEY by enabling the Brethren to take their lunch baskets and coffee pots and living in the Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars not only on the road but during the Annual Meeting, as these cars will be side-tracked at some convenient point where the Brethren can get to them during the Meeting.

Other parties are talking of running Personally Conducted Excursions but as the Union Pacific has been in this business for years and has a Specially Conducted Excursion Department in charge of S. A. Hutchison, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., who sends competent, experienced Conductors with each excursion, there is no question but what the trip will be made a pleasant one.

There will be a Pullman porter with each car whose duty it will be to make up beds, look after the Passengers and keep the car clean, not only en route but while cars are side-tracked at Los Angeles.

One of these excursions will probably go through Colorado, Idaho, Oregon and California, arriving at Los Angeles in time for the Annual Meeting. Others will go direct to the Annual Meeting, returning through Northern California, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado and some will go direct to and from the Annual Meeting.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, etc., address Mr. S. A. Hutchison, Excursion Manager, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or Geo. L. McDonough, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

## **"The Overland Route"**

is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

**E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,  
Omaha, Nebr.**

## MORE

LATE CLIPPINGS FROM NEWSPAPERS  
IN AND AROUND

# BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

### C. & N. E. ROAD OPENS SOON.

#### First Class Freight and Passenger Begins This Month.

The expected is about to happen. The California & Northeastern railroad will open up the long talked of freight and passenger route from Grass Lake to Laird's landing on August 20. On that day the steamer Klamath will sail for Laird's instead of Keno as has been its custom in the past. The Klamath Navigation company will be prepared to give excellent passenger and freight service on the lake. The boat will make daily trips, connecting with the stage line at Laird's, which in turn connects with the train at Grass Lake, giving a through service daily. The passenger service from Laird's to the terminus of the railroad will be in charge of Chas. Laird and R. W. Davis, while Capt. J. M. McIntire will look after the prompt delivery of all freight passing over the line.

In order that the trip may be more pleasant to the passengers the Navigation company has arranged a dining

service on the boat, which will prove a great convenience to the traveling public.

On and after August 20 the boat will sail for Laird's landing at 5 o'clock, A. M., each day of the week, returning at about 7 o'clock P. M. Passengers leaving Klamath Falls in the morning will arrive at Weed on the evening of the same day and make connections with the S. P. train going south. Going north, a layover of about four hours at Weed will be incurred. The new service will provide Klamath Falls with two outlets, and will, no doubt, in many respects prove a great benefit and convenience to the people of this section.

A. H. Naftzer, president of the C. & N. E. railroad, is now at San Francisco making arrangements for a through freight rate from Klamath Falls to the trade centers, and it is expected that the rates will be given out to the public some time next week.

An effort, it is reported, is also being made to have a mail service established over the new line, and it is to be hoped that this movement will be brought to a successful issue.

The mail and passenger service between Klamath Falls and Keno will be continued in the future, but whether by water or stage is a matter on which no information is obtainable.



### MORE RAILS.

#### 13 Carloads for Line from Weed to Klamath Falls.

Weed (Siskiyou Co.), October 26.—Thirteen carloads of steel rails arrived here last evening, and were shipped this morning to Grass Lake, on the new California and Northeastern Railroad, where tracklaying is now the order of the hour. Three carloads of ties also went to "the front."

Erickson & Peterson and H. A. Whitley are contractors on construction, and employing every man who comes along and will work. Whitley has one steam shovel in operation, and a second one is on the way. The second steam shovel has got as far as Upton, but for some reason it has been sidetracked there for several days.

## A Letter from Butte Valley

Mr. Geo. L. McDonaugh,  
Omaha, Nebr.

Ball, P. O., Siskiyou, Cal.

Dear Brother:—My son, John, at Colfax, wants a car about the 1st of December to load for Butte Valley, Cal. He and my son-in-law are intending to move up here and want a large car to load the household goods, farm implements, and stock.

Will you please arrange to have one of the Union Pacific traveling men call and see them and give them instructions about loading and shipping to Grass Lake, the new station on the Southern Pacific Road for Butte Valley.

I won't get home, probably, for a month or six weeks yet. All the folks seem well satisfied that came out with me. Everything all O. K.

Yours fraternally,

D. C. Campbell.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



# REWARD

Getting, strong, gathering flesh and regaining nature's healthy glow of countenance is the reward that comes to the sick and feeble from using

## Dr Peter's Blood Vitalizer

that sterling root and herb remedy. The success of the BLOOD VITALIZER is the talk of whole neighborhoods. Thousands can subscribe to the sentiments expressed in the following letter:

Philadelphia, Pa., July 21, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs—I want to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from the use of your BLOOD VITALIZER. It is now seven years ago. I had been a sufferer with stomach trouble for so long that I was unable to walk. I was so weak and emaciated that I weighed only 115 pounds, and yet my normal weight was 160 pounds. About six doctors had been treating me at different times, but all in vain. Then we heard in some way about the BLOOD VITALIZER and decided to try it. After using your remedy, my strength and appetite returned, and although I am sixty years old, I feel well and I weigh now 175 pounds.

Yours truly,

2204 N. Marshall St.

MRS. C. GERNER.

Such is the testimony in a thousand varied forms, which reaches the proprietors of Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer in each day's mail.

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue

CHICAGO, ILL.

## BRAWNTAWNS The Victor Tonic

Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

**Brawntawns** restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

**Brawntawns** are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

**Brawntawns** will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

**Brawntawns** are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

**Brawntawns** are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.A.

## Look Here

Do you know that hundreds of thrifty people are finding homes in the Southwest away from cyclones, earthquakes and blizzards, free from malaria, catarrh and asthma, within 60 miles of the largest city in Texas, where cotton, corn, wheat and alfalfa, cattle and hogs grow side by side.

Why can not our Brethren possess a part of 30,000 acres just being put upon the market?

Join our personally conducted party on first and second Tuesday of each month, leaving St. Louis 8:32 P. M. If possible, join us November 20th.

For further information, address

ELDER L. A. BOOKWALTER,  
838-80 Reibold Bldg.,  
Dayton, Ohio.



## FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE

**HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE**

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS  
PLEASE MENTION THE INGLE-  
NOOK.

## BONNETS AND CAP GOODS!

Fill out the coupon below, mail to us and we will at once send to you our new Catalogue No. 144, containing samples of Fall and Winter Bonnet Goods.



Style B.

We are showing a splendid line of Chenilles, Felts, Silks and Velvets this Fall. We have patterns and designs never before shown, and they are sure to please you.

### WE MAKE BONNETS TO ORDER

Catalogue No. 144 is complete in every particular. It shows six shapes of Bonnets; gives full directions as to made-to-order Bonnets; gives prices complete on all goods, and has some Special Features in other lines which you should not miss. Send for it at once.

In connection with our Bonnet Goods we carry a complete line of goods used for Prayer Covering.

We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

### We are Headquarters for These Goods.

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,**  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Sirs:—Please send Catalogue No. 144, showing samples of bonnet and cap goods for Fall and Winter wear, to the following address:

Name.....

P. O.....

R. F. D.....

State.....

Note—Write name and address plainly.

## WEISER, IDAHO. THE BEST LANDS. LOWEST PRICES.

RICH SOIL. ABUNDANT WATER.  
NO CROP FAILURES.

REFERENCE  
First National Bank of Weiser.

## CHOICE IRRIGATED LANDS

## CLIMATE MILD & HEALTHFUL

Fines Fruits, Melons, Berries  
Grains, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets grown in  
any country. Weiser Valley soil can-  
not be beat. Rich, fertile and no  
alkali.

Send for descriptive price list.

Address R. C. MCKINNEY, Weiser Idaho.

## New 1907 Book and Bible Catalogue

will be ready for mailing soon.

### LOW PRICES.

We have cut out practically all agents' commission on books and Bibles and are going to sell direct to the reader at first cost, plus a small per cent of profit for handling the business.

### LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS

will be our watchword from now on in the book and Bible business.

### PROSPECTIVE BOOK BUYERS.

We want to place this catalog in the hands of every one that expects to buy books or Bibles within the next year.

### SAVE YOU MONEY.

We are sure we can save you money. Get our catalog and prove it for yourself.

### SEND US YOUR NAME

and address on a post card, along with several of your neighbors and friends who would appreciate a copy of this catalog and it will be

### MAILED FREE

as soon as it out. Send now to

**Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.**



# Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers

Should Take Advantage of the

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

### Oregon Short Line R. R.



Model Ranch in Idaho

### Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

### Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho—with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

For further information write to

Or to  
S. BOCK, General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER 27, 1906.

NO. 48

## Thanksgiving

Through all the days, come good, come ill,  
The Lord has been our shield and guide;  
Through storm and stress, through shine and calm,  
His hand stretched out whate'er betide.  
And well we know as seasons go  
The Lord in wisdom will provide.  
For all the blessings of the year—  
For garnered grain, for health and cheer—  
We gather now, dear Lord, to pay  
Our homage this Thanksgiving Day.

For harvests rich that pay rewards  
To those who toiled in sun and rain;  
For loved ones gathered heart to heart  
Around the fireside again;  
For loving smiles that care beguile  
And solace gives for every pain;  
For all the hope and joy and cheer  
In bounty given through the year,  
Before thy throne, dear Lord, we lay  
Our offerings this Thanksgiving Day.

Though oftentimes in thy wisdom, Lord,  
Thy chastening hand upon us fell,  
Yet still we know within our hearts  
Thou ever doest all things well,  
And look to thee, content to be  
Thy children, and near thee to dwell  
For chastening hand that spared us not  
And called us back when we forgot—  
For all thy love along life's way  
We bless thee this Thanksgiving Day.

For paths that lead to perfect peace,  
For ways made plain to stumbling feet;  
For hope whose shining beacon light  
The weary traveler's eye doth greet;  
For handclasp warm amid life's storm  
When loved ones with their loved ones meet—  
For all the blessings, one by one,  
Upon us heaped from sun to sun,  
We gather, Lord, and sing the praise  
Of all thy blest Thanksgiving Day.

## What Have We to Be Thankful For?

K. Mae Rowland

It is the duty of every Christian to give thanks. Like all other Christian duties, thanks should be given from other motives than mere moral obligations. God does not give us blessings from a motive of duty, but of love. He so loved that he gave and that should be the motive that prompts us to be thankful.

God did not require thankfulness until he gave. He first made the earth, then man in his own image and likeness and placed him in the beautiful garden of Eden to enjoy its treasures.

When we ask ourselves the question, "What have we to be thankful for?" do we lack cause for gratitude? After reaping a bountiful harvest, which has been our happy lot, and with garnerers filled with golden grain, there is no cause for us to be ungrateful. In the early history of the world God made this promise, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." All of these

blessings are showered alike upon the just and the unjust. This should lead us to gratefulness for life and its blessings and bid the dark clouds of despondency and despair flee as dew before the morning sun.

We should be thankful that our chief magistrate is a Christian man and that God has put it into his heart to set apart a day for general thanksgiving.

How very ungrateful is the Christian man or woman who will not recognize this day and assemble in the house of the Lord and there thank the Almighty One for his rich blessings. Is not he ungrateful who fails to catch the meaning of this day, recall the benefits he has received, and prize the treasures of health and prosperity? A national thanksgiving is reasonable; for as we receive the season's bounty we should give evidence that we appreciate it. The flowers lift up their beautiful lips as if to kiss the sun that warms them into loveliness.

When we gaze upon the starry heavens, can we



not breathe a prayer of thankfulness to Him who has provided us with such wonder and beauty? The beauties of nature look at us from every star, from every aster and violet, from every landscape and mountain, from every valley and hill and from every cloud that sails like a winged ship through the atmosphere.

Do we ever feel thankful for friends? We receive good by doing good and can make both ourselves and others happy. Nothing tenders the heart, and opens the gushing fountain of love more than the exercise of gratitude. Like the showers of spring that cause the flowers to spring from seeds that have long lain dormant, tears of gratitude awaken the pleasurable sensations unknown to those who have never been forced from the sunshine of prosperity into the cool shade of adversity where no warmth is felt but benevolence, no light enjoyed but that of charity; unless it be the warmth and light communicated from heaven to the sincerely pious who alone are prepared to meet with calm submission the chilling winds of discouragement and who, above all others, exercise the virtue of gratitude in the full perfection of its native beauty. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that the man has not yet been found who will acknowledge himself guilty of it.

If gratitude is due from man to man how much more is it due from man to Maker? Our Father in heaven does not always confer bounties which proceed immediately from his hand, but benefits which are sometimes conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by whatever means it may be given, is the gift of him who is the Author of good and the Father of mercies. Why should not the heart be thankful that there is a faith which all may possess that assures us our lives are well ordered and protected?

In what an unhappy state we would be if there were no terms of salvation, no means of saving grace. Our hearts should burst forth in gratitude that God visited and redeemed his people, and raised up a horn of salvation and gave us victory through our Lord. Well may we say with the holy men of old, "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." This shows his great love toward us, which is to abound in its fullness in our eternal home; his great pity for us as we try to serve him in fear and trembling; his compassion to us in our sinfulness, and his unlimited and ready forgiveness of our sins upon due repentance.

Do we ever stop to think of the Son of God as our ever-present companion who has proven our champion

over all foes and stands as our Redeemer and Savior, our Advocate at the right hand of God?

Let us not forget the ever-present Holy Spirit, whom both the Father and the Son sent into the world as a comforter in adversity, a guiding influence into all truth, and his dictations and suggestions in life's great trials.

Again, we should be thankful for the presence of the church of God on earth that he established it for our own sakes, and invites us and pleads with us to become members of it. We should think of its divinely appointed commands and ordinances established for our especial benefit, growth and development in the divine life.

We should be grateful for the divine fellowship he allows us to have every day, anywhere and under all conditions of life. Let us constantly think of the hope-anchor of the soul, entering within the vale of our eternal harbor as we sail upon life's tempestuous sea.

*Hagerstown, Md.*



#### THE REFORMER.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Thy life has been a life of care  
But thy undaunted will  
Hath borne thee up in triumph where  
The less courageous would despair.  
Thou hast a place to fill.

Go on as God shall give thee light,  
Man cannot chain the soul;  
Thy arm is nerved for truth and right,  
And man, with all his boasted might,  
Cannot that arm control.

If God directs the daring blow,  
The world perforce must hear  
Thy awful words of wrong and woe;  
Shall feel each stroke, and feeling, know  
Thine is a heart sincere.

Thy cause can never know defeat;  
Though death should be thy lot,  
Thy spirit will the master greet,  
Thy life, while human heart shall beat,  
Can never be forgot.

This mortal frame must join once more  
The dust from which it came;  
The mind, when time shall be no more,  
Upon the bright celestial shore  
Shall ever be the same.

*Illinois.*



"No idle life can produce a real man. A life of luxury calls out only the effeminate, destructive qualities. The creative forces are developed only by stern endeavor to better one's condition in the world."

## A Story from a Gravel Pit

N. J. Miller



HE pit wasn't especially attractive but a trip there, I thought, would give the fresh out-door air a chance to sweep the cobwebs from my brain. I was tired and wanted some sunshine. The days before were rainy and cloudy, but this particular cool morning was replete with sunlight.

At first, on reaching the place, the pit seemed but an incoherent mass of sand and stones from which no voice could ever come, but before I left it told its story.

The west bank, consisting of two cliffs one above the other, terrace-like, was replete with coloration,

seemed recast on the cliff below. The base, soft, crumbling sand, the freshly dug pot-holes with little eroded waste in them, and the slight beginnings of erosion were circumstantial evidences that excavation was still going on, at least had not ceased more than six months ago.

At places the cliff was very steep; here one could not fail to notice the rounding off of small projections, or small vertically extending grooves caused by water, coming from recently melted snow or the rain, trickling or running over the wall; at other places the amount of material carried down the cliff was sufficient to form a slope of about thirty-five degrees like the



The Terraced Cliffs of the West Bank.

the colors, black, dark red, carmine, brown, yellow and white, gradually shading into each other. All excepting the black were due to humic acids and iron oxides acting on the gravel, withal producing an effect as if artistic fingers had touched all over the cliffs. The upper one, it was self-evident, was first formed and when the pit was excavated to its first level, the floor of the upper terrace.

Just how long ago the first excavation was made I do not know, but the fallen trees on the terrace, the very slow falling away of soil, due to weathering and erosion, from the roots of the grass and trees, the decayed vegetables and the patches of weeds and grass on the terrace and precipitous wall, told that the digging on the first level ceased perhaps ten or fifteen years ago. However, traces of disturbances

talus slopes one sees along the bluffs of streams; elsewhere, especially at two places of slightly lower levels, the water having collected in larger volumes cut small gulches twenty feet back into the crest of the cliff, reminding me of the gulches and ravines I examined along the cliffs bordering the alluvial flood plains of the turbid and treacherous Arkansas.

At the bases of the gulches the talus had accumulated in small conical forms, alluvial fans, the flanks of which were composed of small gravel and fine sand. Coarser gravel, too heavy to be swept on farther by the rushing water, lay on the fans' faces outlining the paths where the principal streams of water flowed. It was exactly, though on a smaller scale, what one sees when tramping up and down narrow mountain valleys and cañons where cross-valley streams enter.



However, the east bank was without gulches and ravines. The forces of weathering and running water could not get sufficient hold to cut and chisel, since grass and mullein plants had taken possession of the talus covered cliff.

What a variety of stones! Clay and chisty lime-stones, Galena limestone, granite, hornblend, red, yellow and white sandstone, porphyrytics, quartz and quartzites of various shades, obsidian (lava cooled beneath the earth's surface), etc., were to be picked up. Fossil shells, especially cup-corals, coiled and spiral forms and bivalves were interesting. The conglomerates, *i. e.*, various pebbles cemented in a sandy matrix, showed various degrees of hardness, some being so resistant that sharp blows of the hammer would make little impression on them or if they

creeping, crushing glacier of long ago, its origin, its struggles and triumphs never to cease, and its opportunities to cheer and bless. Yes, old cavern, I was glad to hear your voice and to linger long enough to better understand you and myself.

*Denver, Colo.*



No man lives without jostling and being jostled. In all ways he has to elbow his way through the world, giving and receiving offense. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. Be patient, but be persistent in the right.—*Carlisle*.



I WISH to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life—the life of toil



"The east bank was without gulches."



broke the line of cleavage ran through the pebbles as well as the matrix; and others being so soft one could crumble the matrix with the fingers. These formed, of course, since the gravel accumulated: even some of them were cemented together since the workmen threw the pebbles and sand on heaps. The well-rounded pebbles (some were angled), the scratches on their surface, the stratified gravel cliffs told that water had to deal with the history of the gravel. The fact that the majority of the pebbles and stones are not like those outcropping in the neighborhood but are like those in mountain districts; this, together with other circumstantial evidences, indicate that a glacier, and its waters, from some distant mountain are responsible for the gravel accumulation.

The old lifeless gravel-pit tells its story. It is a temple whose voice whispers of its relation to a

and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.



TO-DAY is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand; but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know: it is a part of action, not of whining; it is a part of love, not cynicism. It is for us to express love in terms of human helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—*David Starr Jordan*.

## A Story of the Thankful Time

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger



HERE now! It dips a little on this side. Stand perfectly quiet while I trim this seam. Now I do believe it is even all around;" and Isabel sighed as she carefully stuck some pins into the cushion designated for them. She was thinking about her stepmother, Mrs. Lee, whose skirt she had just fitted. "Does it make you that tired, Mamma?" she asked anxiously. For Mrs. Lee's pale face, trembling hands and twitching lips were enough to alarm any one. Even Miss Hottle, the dressmaker who was assisting them, remarked, "It does tire some people so to have a dress fitted," but Mrs. Lee said nothing.

Isabel then spread out the skirt, carefully snipped off a little here and there, after the manner of dressmakers, looked at it critically, and then placed it in the hands of Miss Hottle for further orders.

Miss Hottle was very precise, her measurements were exact, so she seldom made mistakes. She was considered a fine sewing woman, but beyond the fact that she came from Pennsylvania, and had an accent that brought to mind the conversation heard among the people in the eastern part of that State, the Lees knew but little about her. She was quiet and reserved, and attended strictly to her own business. She measured the skirt carefully, then showed Isabel how to hem it and with the warning, "Now don't make the hem too wide," she returned to her own work. After a little she paused and said, "Now, Mrs. Lee, vat kind of a cuff do you vant? Narrow like this, or cut on a bias like this?" showing her some pictures of sleeves.

"Oh, I don't know, or care. The bias will do," answered Mrs. Lee without any show of interest in the subject. Miss Hottle, ever obliging and never inquisitive, quietly proceeded to cut out a bias cuff. No one spoke and in the dead silence of the room, they could plainly hear Maggie, the Lees' one servant, singing. From kitchen to dining-room she went with measured step and slow, singing all the time; mostly revival hymns,—for she was a regular church attendant,—repeating the verses over and over until it sounded like a monotonous chant. We really couldn't say how many times she sang,—

"Flie as a bird to your mountain  
Thou who art weary of sin,

\* \* \* \* \*

He will forsake thee, O never,  
Sheltered so tenderly there"

And it is likely that Miss Hottle and Isabel, each busy with her own thoughts, did not hear Maggie at all. But they were both brought to a full consciousness

of Maggie's efforts by Mrs. Lee, who suddenly arose, saying, "I don't know whether he fled to a mountain or not,—if God can find him, I wish he would. You may finish my dress anyway you please, I can't do any more to-day. Don't follow me, Isabel." And there she was trailing wearily up the stairway; they heard the key turn in her door and then, silence.

Miss Hottle, startled for once out of her usual serenity, gasped, "Vell, if that don't beat everything! Vas it my fault?"

"No," answered Isabel who had risen to her feet as if to follow Mrs. Lee, and then helplessly sat down again. "No, I had forgotten the date, but it is six years to-day since Frank ran away from home. And I tell you if he does not come back soon, Mamma will worry herself into her grave!"

"Vell, she did frighten me, that's sure. If she's mourning over her prodigal son, then it's no vonder she is so nervous."

"No," answered Isabel, sorrowfully, "it's a marvel, rather, that she keeps up as well as she does. I never thought it possible that Frank could bring such trouble upon his mother."

"He vas straight and honest," said Miss Hottle, reminiscently, "but he liked fun. I mind one year at Hallow-e'en he got my sewing-box and put it in Mr. Bond's pocket. His housekeeper knew that it vas my thimble and scissors, and she vas mean enough to say that I sent them to him." Mr. Bond was a widower, and his housekeeper was generally supposed to be anxious to remain with him, in one capacity or another, either as housekeeper, or wife, the latter position preferred. Miss Hottle continued, "But Frank vas'nt a bad boy. Wouldn't you better go and see how your ma is?"

"No, I can't do her any good. Didn't you hear her tell me not to follow her?" A wistful note crept into the girl's voice as she continued, "Maybe she thinks so much about the prodigal that she hasn't much use for me."

"Now, Isabel, you stop right there," said Miss Hottle, cheerfully and decidedly. "I am not saying that ven your mother's eating her heart out, like to-day, that she'll pay much attention to you. But everybody knows she loves you and thinks nothing is too good for you."

And Isabel knew that the little dressmaker told the truth. "He was just wild for stories about the sea, he was always reading some sea-tale, or other, but no one ever thought of the harm they might do!" she said.

"They might not have hurt some boys, but his Pa



being a sailor made it hard for him to stay at home," said Miss Hottle.

"You don't know how glad I am that you are going to be with us on Thanksgiving. Uncle George is coming, too. Aunt Mary has gone to the city to visit the children, so he was glad to come, and the minister and his wife will be here," said Isabel. "I coaxed mamma to let me have a dinner; last year we were alone and she was almost as bad as she is to-day."

"And I am glad to come," answered Miss Hottle. "We can finish this dress to-day, then you have yet three days to get ready for your dinner."

And they were three busy days for Isabel. When she asked Mamma about any of the arrangements for this dinner, she said, "Do just as you like, dear, only don't worry me." So Maggie and Isabel planned and worked together, and it would take too long to tell you of all they did. Maggie excelled in the fine art of stuffing a turkey, so that you could not at first analyze the ingredients of the dressing, while its flavor was all that an epicure could demand. Isabel could not remember when she baked her first cake, she declared it must have been when she learned to read. It seemed to her that she had always known how to cook. So you see these two were well qualified for their pleasant task.

Thanksgiving day dawned, stormy and cold. Isabel shivered as she watched the grey clouds blot out every ray of sunlight. She had just filled all the vases with white chrysanthemums. She had set the table and attended to everything else in the dining-room the day before. Maggie liked the idea of having company, so she was attending to everything in the kitchen. Isabel went to her room and dressed for church; when they were ready to start, Mrs. Lee asked her to get her gloves. So she hurried back to her mamma's room, and there her eyes fell upon a well-worn Bible, open at that old chapter among the psalms of David where you read of those who go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. They go down to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble, and once again she wondered how a boy could ever have the heart to grieve his mother, as Frank had done. And in church when the minister was preaching about the duty of giving thanks, and praising the Lord for his goodness to the children of men, Isabel thought of the time when Jesus stopped at the gate of the little village of Nain. Stopped, and raised a boy from his death slumber because a mother mourned for him, and she a widow. Why couldn't it happen again? They had been asking God to watch over Frank and bring him safely home, why couldn't God touch his heart and bring him back?

After services they went home and the minister and his wife also accompanied them. Miss Hottle in a

black gown whose seeming imperishability had long since been a mystery to Isabel, and the minister's wife were deep in a discussion about hyacinths; Uncle George and the minister were talking about some plans for the coming series of meetings, when a sudden hush fell upon the little gathering. Mrs. Lee stood at the window, and all eyes were fixed upon her. She pressed her hand to her side, and her face looked so death-like that Isabel was too frightened to say a word. She drew nearer to her mother, and then with a glad cry she ran to the door, and Frank held her in his arms. But when he saw his mother, a look of pain and anguish passed over his own face. "Poor mother!" he said, brokenly, "I never thought it would hurt as bad as this." Does the prodigal ever think that it will seriously hurt those who remain at home to hear of his riotous living in the far country?

Of course, there were greetings and explanations. Frank had wanted to come home sooner, but was ashamed to come in rags, so he had waited until he got work. "But I wish I had come sooner," he kept saying.

Maggie was the only one left to manage the Thanksgiving dinner, Isabel forgot it entirely. At last Maggie came into the room, offended, and in a bad humor. She had worked too hard to have this dinner spoiled. But when she saw Frank, she forgot the sarcastic speech she had prepared for them. "And shall we really have a Thanksgiving dinner that you cooked, Maggie? Well, that's what I've dreamed of for a year past," said Frank, embracing her. "I've been among the cannibals, Maggie, and I don't know how turkey tastes."

Maggie, hardly knowing what to say, exclaimed, "Well, you've saved your mother's life by coming back. And we're all glad to see you." Then she followed Isabel who had gone to the kitchen as soon as she saw Maggie. She found everything ready. So it was a happy party that surrounded the table. The minister said, "I doubt whether in all this town there can be found hearts more grateful and thankful than these. Let us give thanks to the Lord for his goodness and mercies, and his love and care for the wandering boy." And they bowed their heads in prayer.

*Covington, Ohio.*



I AM absolutely opposed to any extravagant theories of what is called the emancipation of women. In whatever condition of life a woman may be placed, her first duty is the negative one of not giving up the qualities that distinguish her sex. Above all, she should guard against developing the traits of men. A blending of ancient reverse with modern independence would give us the ideal woman.—*Queen Margherita of Italy.*

## A QUESTION.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.

HE is just a little mite of a fellow with bright eyes and energy enough to undertake any task assigned him. Not one bit of selfconsciousness in his whole makeup. He meets everyone shyly but with a confidence that wins the heart. When chaffed about his size he replied, "Well, one doesn't have to grow very big to be a man in our family."

So picture after picture of so-called men swept across the vision. There were two of them who by the cut of coat and collar bespoke them priests. They sat on the very out edge of a "Seeing Car" for tourists, in a western city. They stolidly held their position and let an old woman with others crowd past them into the seat.

He was tall and lank and somehow his clothes did not hang very well. He was accompanied by a young woman, his sister, whose demeanor was shy and awkward, but every grand view, anything that was attractive was pointed out to her. A woman evangelist who carried two large satchels was relieved of one of them by him.

He could swear like a trooper and didn't believe much in religion, but there was an old gray-haired mother that must be provided with everything to make her comfortable.

He went to church on Sunday, he prayed for the poor and needy, the far-away heathen, the sick and the afflicted, and could cheat a widow or bear false witness seemingly without a twinge of conscience.

He was the janitor in a capitol building and was guiding a party of eight ladies up the tower. They were up in the rotunda and one of the ladies grew dizzy and wished to wait on the landing for the others. "No," said he, "it is not more than thirty feet to the top and you must not miss the view. Don't look down and I will walk behind you," so taking her by the arm they reached the top and the woman had a beautiful view of the capital city.

A party was climbing the stairs in a large theatre. They had been sight-seeing all day and a young girl stopped to rest a minute against the railing. "Go on, we don't allow loitering here," said a uniformed man, harshly. "Oh I'm so tired," wailed the girl. The officer glancing at the face saw it was true, and then kindly said, "I'm sorry, let me help you."

He was a scholar and a general favorite, but he let a woman's name be dragged in the mud and used as a by-word until she was socially ostracized.

"He's nothing but an ignorant German," but a man (?) came to him with a story detrimental to a woman's character. His answer was, "What if all you say is true, you are a professed Christian, do you

think it would be right to treat her the way you want me to? I have known her too long to believe that, and you don't need to say any more to me." The man (?) wondered why the German was not very friendly afterwards.

Man after man passes in the panorama. Some are grown tall, others are short; some are dark, others are fair; some are fat, others are lank; some are refined, others are coarse; some are scholarly, others are ignorant. They are grown to manhood's estate in all degrees and in every rank, but where lies the supreme test of manhood?

The Savior hanging upon the cross in his last moments of agony commended his mother to a disciple who afterward cared for her, and through all ages since, men have been found protecting woman from dishonor, from rudeness, from robbery, from cold, from hunger, from all the ills that can be heaped on womankind.

It has been said that the supreme test of manhood is the estimate he places upon woman, whether he thinks she is a mere bauble to be trifled with and cast away, or whether he thinks she possesses the divinity which should be screened and protected from all harm. The man that will shield woman, although he makes many mistakes, when a supreme test of integrity and honor faces him, can be relied upon not to fail. There is something in him that will conquer the great evils and lead him at last to the goal of peaceful manhood.

How big does one have to grow to be a man?

*Idaville, Ind.*

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## OUR THANKSGIVING GUEST.

I WELL remember our first Thanksgiving dinner in our pioneer days in Kansas. I have always loved the gentle story of the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving, because it suggests the homely incident I wish to relate.

The cruel unchained winds scourged the barren prairies with vindictive fury. My mother, accustomed to the feasts of New England, must have felt the difference between the old life and the new as she placed the frugal meal for three on the scant kitchen table. But the linen was fine and white—we never fell from white table linen even in those days. And there was so much more to eat than usual, that the Child Afraid of the Prairies thought *that* was a feast. There was fried quail, the result of my father's long tramp and unerring aim; a can of California peaches; a simple cake made for this great occasion, and "broomhandle squashes," the sweetest and richest that ever came from cabin oven! These were the gift of a well loved neighbor, brought by her all the way from the next county, and I am sure that they had no idea when



they were sapping the sun and the rain on that farm how delicious they would taste to the cabin dwellers on that stern, bleak Thanksgiving day—I say had no idea, because if they had they would have grown larger. But though they were not large, and not anything like the sands of the sea in number, still they were part of our list of “thankful for.”

At last expectation and preparation gave way to mas-tication, and the feast was on! We were well settled to the delights before us, when in a lull of the swirling wind, we heard a strange picking at the door and in stalked an Indian brave of commanding presence and picturesque attire. Fear, the worst enemy of appetite, assailed me and the delights of the big dinner faded away. By signs and guttural noises the Indian communicated the fact that he was hungry and he was invited to the table. How fast the slender stock of good things faded away. I remember noticing that the canned peaches were especial favorites of his. One thing that amused us was his putting four teaspoons of sugar in his glass of milk. My mother and I, unable to eat, watched the stranger closely. My father, too, soon finished his dinner, but the Indian licked the platter clean in a short time.

His headdress and ornaments were gorgeous. My mother, attracted by the beautiful earrings he wore, determined to count them. There were fourteen pairs, all long and heavy and very beautiful. The ear was slit from the top of the lobe to the bottom. The weight of such excessive jewelry held the slit open and presented a truly grewsome sight to civilized eyes.

After warming himself thoroughly he passed out silently into the storm. We bore our spoiled dinner cheerfully; thinking we had given to one who needed it worse. Imagine our disgust when we learned that our house was the *seventh* at which he had eaten Thanksgiving dinner. There is more than one way for a gourmand to be rebuked, and outraged nature did the work this time. In the bitter night following his big dinner day, he died in agony, and there was lamentation in the tepees of his tribe.

We suppose that he begged his first dinner that day by chance and found instead of the usual frugal meal an extra nice dinner. He tried it again and the rich food and strange dishes tempted him to keep—like Billy Goodwin—“a eatin’ an’ a eatin’,” until he wrought his own undoing.—*Katie Chapin House.*



#### A CHINESE FUNERAL.

J. S. FLORY.

HAPPENING to be in the city of Denver a short time ago, we had the privilege of seeing a Chinese funeral

procession pass along the streets. It was indeed a quaint affair. Chin Ping Quock, a Chinaman of some note, had died, and they were taking him to the burying-ground, as is their custom.

The procession was extensive and unique. In front of the hearse was a band; behind it, two abreast, came about forty Chinamen. They were in their ordinary clothing, but about their hats were strips of white cloth, which streamed nearly to their heels. The white was not relieved by black, but by a mingling of red. A garment resembling a shirt, with tails, like joy, unconfined, was worn by all. There were ten banners borne, and all of them had upon them inscriptions which the general public failed to decipher. These banners were of various hues and shapes, square, three-cornered, oblong and circular.

Behind the footmen came carriages, women occupying some of them. In one were seated two Chinese musicians. One of these was beating a sort of shallow drum, which for convenience was suspended from a bow of the carriage. The other tapped two cymbals together. The effect was all that could have been desired in the way of melancholy. Behind the carriages came several omnibuses, some of them empty and some with one solemn Celestial looking from the windows. Next after these came a wagon literally piled full of provisions, among which we noticed a whole hog. Under a kettle a fire was burning which kept the contents steaming hot, which a Chinaman was busy stirring with a stick.

It is said the provisions are for the purpose of a feast for Satan, that he lets the soul of the dead pass to the better land unmolested. We thought, what a blessing to humanity in this life, if all hogs were so disposed of!

Two persons in the procession carried tubes of burning incense of something that gave out a peculiar odor. Upon the hearse was seated beside the driver a Chinaman, who scattered little papers bearing tea-chest figures. These were to mislead the evil spirits, so it is presumable that fictitious directions as to the destination of the deceased were upon them. When the procession started from the residence the band played a dirge, but when several squares had been passed there was a change to more lively airs. None of the mourners seemed to care for this, but walked steadily along through the mud and slush, a miscellaneous crowd flanking them on either side. The cemetery was reached in the course of an hour, and the way taken to the further side, to a shallow, open grave, about which there was already a goodly number of the curious, who had taken a short cut to be on hand for the final formalities with which Chin Ping Quock was to be laid to rest until the proper time came to rebox his bones and ship them Chinaward. The pressure about the grave was dense, but police

were soon on hand and widened the circle so that all could have a good view. The pall-bearers, with ejaculations of which the meaning was obscure, took the body out and deposited it on trestles which had been provided. Then a fire was lighted and the offerings to the dead brought forward.

The mode of paying tribute was peculiar. Some had little sticks of punk and others candles. These were lighted in bunches of three at first and stuck in a box of sand, where they were left to consume. The significance of the number three is relative to a belief in the Trinity. This process proved too slow, and whole bunches were lighted at once and thrown upon the ground. Then the trappings of grief were torn off, and thrown upon the blaze. There were enough of them to create considerable heat and no little odor. The strips of muslin were piled on until there was nothing left but ashes. Previous to this time pieces of paper of peculiar design and of various colors were added, to keep the flame up to a respectful degree of heat, and to exorcise the devil, who was supposed to be lingering near in person or by proxy. To keep the mass burning it was stirred with the staff of one of the banners. The white shirt-like garments were next taken off and added to the stock of fuel and number of scents. The roast pork was unloaded and placed upon a table, where it remained to the last. All the provisions on hand were done to a turn. There were several platters containing chicken, rice, boiled eggs, apples, nuts, doughy-looking cakes, and several dishes which were altogether beyond American ken. After each Chinaman present had doffed his extra trimmings and cast them upon the mimic pyre, he would make a sort of obeisance toward the open grave, clasping his hands in front of him, and waving them solemnly up and down. Then he would take a piece of sugar from the platter and munch it with much deliberation and yet evident satisfaction. After this had been done by each one, the body was lowered into the grave. The Chinese pressed closely around. The standard bearers each planted the staff of their banners firmly on the bottom of the opening, about the edges, most of them being at the head, and then the dirt was piled in. The friends of Quock did most of this work themselves. While it was being done, others were keeping up the fire. Some of the food was thrown into the blaze, but the larger part of it was gathered up again.

When the grave had been rounded up and the last of the crowd started homeward, it was a strange sight to see at a backward glance the brilliant banners, waving in the wind above the new mound, where they will stay until battered to shreds. The funeral was a fine affair, viewed from a Celestial standpoint, and no expense was spared. The deceased was forty-one years of age, and lived in the regular Chinese quarters. —*Home Mirror*, 1883.

## BLESSINGS OF POVERTY.

"POVERTY has one blessing concealed in it, anyway," said a man now enjoying a fortune he made himself; "it gives a man a proper appetite for the enjoyment of wealth when he does get it. Only a man that has once been accustomed to corned beef and cabbage can really know the delights of turkey. The man who has all his life eaten only fine food can't find any particular enjoyment in it; he's always been used to it and it always tastes the same; all he can do for variety is to spice things up; a man must have lived on chuck steak to appreciate the tenderloin.

"It's just the same with anything else. A man must have hung on the footboard of a crowded trolley car to be able to appreciate a carriage.

"Speaking of contrasts, I never when I was poor envied the rich; never, never thought of such a thing; and you can take my word for it that the average American feels just the same way. Envy the rich? Why, he'd laugh at you if you said such a thing to him. He thinks he's as good as anybody, and he expects to be rich himself some day. Envy the rich? Why, that's a comic idea; and the only rich man that disturbs him at all is the man who has accumulated his wealth not by fair means but by milking the public; and he doesn't worry over him as much as he ought to, he's so busy getting rich himself.

"Really, now that I've got money, the only thing that worries me is about my children. We were poor when they came along, but rich before they came to understand, and they have never wanted for anything; always had everything they wanted; and they don't know what it is to lack, and they can't find the enjoyment in being rich that I do.

"I shall hope that they turn out to have sense and be willing to work; and if they turn out so, why then we shall be able to put their feet down on the ground and bring them to know the world with knowledge and understanding; and what I hope most of all is that they will come to love work for work's sake, and then be happy. For after all, I tell you, the most enduring pleasure that life affords is that to be found in labor."—*New York Sun*.

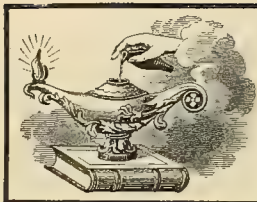
## BROTHERHOOD.

God, what a world! if men in street and mart  
Felt that same kinship of the human heart  
Which makes them, in the face of flame and flood,  
Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"THERE is a vast difference between wishing and winning. Many a good man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been."





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

M. W. EMMERT.

"Then said Pilate: I find no fault in this man."

DURING the time of Jesus, Judea was under the rule of Roman procurators or governors. This sort of government has existed since the death of Archelaus, son of Herod the Great. It was extremely difficult for these procurators to hold their position any length of time, since they had two parties, which were bitterly opposed to each other, to please, *viz.*, the Romans who were all the time fearful of Jewish uprising, and the Jews who were constantly resenting Roman rule. And again the procurators themselves were as a rule unscrupulous men, more interested in holding their position than they were in giving the Jews a good system of government. Notwithstanding the fact that Philo describes Pilate as of an "unbending and recklessly hard character," it seems that he was one of the best procurators that ever ruled in Judea. This is evidenced by the fact that he held his position for ten years. At least, he was the most successful in pleasing both the Jews and the Romans. These procurators were all necessarily scheming politicians, and Pilate was one among the rest. He found no fault in the Son of God, but passed sentence of death upon him in order that he might please the Jews, and this, that he might hold his position as ruler over Judea. Had he done otherwise he would have been reported to the Roman emperor as unwilling to punish one who was a leader of insurrection against the Roman government, since Jesus claimed to be king of the Jews.

Pilate regarded Jesus as an innocent man, but he was so intent upon his own selfish desires for favor in the eyes of Cæsar that he was willing to resort to any deed of violence, even to the shedding of the blood of the innocent Son of God, that he might gain his end. Selfishness is the rooting ground of all sin. If Pilate could have eliminated self from the sentence passed upon Jesus he would not only have said, "I find no fault in this man," but he would have added, I will protect him unto death.

We are not called upon to pass sentence upon Jesus to-day in exactly the way that Pilate was, but we are daily called to decide in favor of Jesus or self. We never fail to say that Jesus is an innocent man; we find no fault in him, but we choose to reject him

by doing what advances our own interest to the detriment of his. As a redeemer he stood before Pilate innocent and helpless; as a man of power he could have called for twelve legions of angels and they would have been forthcoming to assist him. But then he could not have been the Redeemer of men. He stands before us innocent and helpless wishing to redeem us and all those about us, but as a redeemer he has no power to do his work as long as we choose to work for self instead of to work for him. As long as we say, "I find no fault in him, but I have a little scheme here of my own that I wish to promote instead of promoting the redemptive scheme of Jesus," he is utterly unable to advance the great cause for which he died.

Only a few years after Pilate said, "I find no fault in him," he was deposed and taken to Rome to be tried before the emperor whom he had sought at the trial of Jesus to please. The very thing that he had hoped to keep by rejecting Jesus was itself quickly taken from him. He therefore suffered a double loss, the spiritual benefit which Jesus would have given him and the temporal benefit which he sought to give himself. Truly, "Godliness is profitable unto all things," but selfishness is profitable unto nothing. If we choose to work our own schemes to the neglect of Jesus, we shall suffer a double loss here, and in the world to come eternal life.

*Mt. Morris College.*

## SHUN BIGOTRY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

THE bigot does not know that in shutting the doors of the kingdom of heaven against his neighbor, and leaving him out in the cold, he also shuts himself out, and shivers with a worse cold than he makes his neighbor feel. It is the eternal law of recompense. We cannot escape it. On the balances of God is written, "A pound for a pound." Justice holds the scales.

We have all read the story of the ancient medieval artist who invented the brazen bull. He took it to the emperor, and said, "See what I have made. It is a wonderful instrument for torture! In it I will put my enemy; a fire shall be kindled beneath it, and the cries of my enemy shall sound like the roaring

of an infuriated bull. It will be wonderful to hear him roar." "Will it?" replied the emperor. "Then we will have you the first put into it; a fire shall be kindled, as you have intended for your enemy. We will be the first to be amused by hearing the bull roar."

It was the crying sin of the Pharisees that they shut the door of the kingdom of heaven; they would not go in themselves, nor suffer others to go in. Therefore Jesus reproved them. That great heart often spoke to them in parables, exposing their narrowness and bigotry. One of his parables, with its moral may be read thus: A traveler was beset by robbers, and wounded; and left weltering in his blood. A priest and a Levite passed that way. They saw him there, covered with blood. Could they defile their hands by touching him? Had not the law and the temple stronger demands on them than the law of humanity? They passed by on the other side. A poor outcast Samaritan, also came along. He ran to his help. In helping him, he helped himself. What a man does, that he has. What he gives he gains. He gained the reward which the priest and the Levite lost. "Go, and do likewise," said Jesus. What we withhold from others, we withhold from ourselves. It is the eternal law. The thief steals from himself.

Jesus reproved the Pharisees; but it was always in a spirit of love. Love is like the sun. It melts all hearts but what are mummy-cased in selfishness and bigotry. True love appreciates all things. It knows not the cold words, mine and thine. It says, "I and my brother are one." "All I am is his; all he is, is me." "All things are yours," said the great heart of Paul.

It was a beautiful reply of Fenelon to the Romish priest, who came to dispute with him, threatening him with excommunication. "You cannot excommunicate me," said he, "I own you. I own the whole church of Rome. I own you, although you may not own me. Rome cannot build her walls so high, but I can fly over them. My love shall embrace you all. You may scratch my name from the rolls of the church, but you cannot scratch your names from my roll, and that is just as good." The priest went away confounded. Rome, with all its legions, was not so strong as that great loving heart.

*Fort Hancock, N. J.*

#### A SILENT PARTNER.

If I could be  
A silent partner in the work  
The Lord himself doth undertake,  
How wealthy I should be;  
For all my treasures then would lie  
Beneath his own protecting eye.  
If I could be

A silent partner of the Lord,  
What riches life would then afford!

If I could be  
A helper to the Lord, indeed,  
To lead his lambs in meadows green  
Where they might feed.

If I could be  
A helper of the Lord, indeed,  
How full and rounded life would be!

I can, indeed  
A partner of the dear Lord be,  
And so can you,  
If every day I bear a part  
Of griefs that wring my brother's heart,  
Of burdens sore that on him lay;  
If I can wipe his tears away  
And guide his footsteps when they stray,  
And point him to the Friend so true,  
I can, indeed,  
A partner of the dear Lord be,  
And so can you.

—Edgarda Williams Cole, in *Presbyterian*.



#### A LESSON FROM THE MIRROR.

"WHAT happens when a person is looking into a shop window where there is a mirror, and some one comes up behind—someone he knows? He does not look any longer at the image; he turns to look at the person whose image is reflected. Or, if he sees reflected on the mirror something very striking, he does not content himself with looking at the image, he turns and looks at the thing itself. So it is always with the persons that you have to do with. If you become a mirror to Christ, your friends will detect it in a very few days; they will see appearing in you, the mirror, an image which they know has not been originated in you, and they will turn to look straight at the Person that you are reflecting.

"Now we often in the Christian life deal with ourselves as if we were painters and sculptors, not as if we were mirrors; we hammer and chisel away at ourselves to bring out some resemblance to Christ in some particulars, thinking that we can do it piecemeal. We might as well try to feed up our body piecemeal; we might as well try to make our eye bright without giving our cheek color and our hands strength. The body is a whole, and we must feed the whole and nourish the whole if any one part of it is to be whole, and you can only deal with your character as a whole."—*Dr. Marcus Dods*.



If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give.—*George McDonald*.



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## THANKSGIVING.



THE formal preparations for Thanksgiving day have been duly made and the people of the United States are looking forward to the day with varying degrees of anticipation, arising from motives equally as various. The working men and women and the school children look upon Thanksgiving as a real holiday,—one of the few, and therefore precious, days when the regular routine of the week is set aside. Those in whose nature the family ties are a strong element welcome the day because of the opportunity afforded of strengthening these ties.

Nearly every man, woman, and child is thankful in a way,—if for nothing else, for the day itself and what it brings. And really I wonder if that is not the sum and substance of a good deal of the thanksgiving of the day. We direct our thought and attention to the day, its program as we have mapped it out, and fail to consider its full significance,—why it is unlike other days. We go to church and thank the Lord for this *Thanksgiving day*, and we go home and thank him for our bounteous *Thanksgiving dinner*, and so endeth our thanksgiving.

To observe the day in the way that harmonizes most perfectly with the spirit which brought it into existence, the religious services, the dinner, and all that relates to the day, must be based on a thanksgiving heart. And to have a thanks *giving* heart we must first have a thankful heart.

Two things may be said to enter into the makeup of a thankful heart: realization of our own needs and helplessness to supply them, and acknowledgment of the real source of supply. Let the independent, far-sighted business man or woman decide how much his business ability enters into the conditions constituting his present prosperity, and how much circumstances and agents beyond his control have made possible these conditions. And then let him go back of this and see how much of this boasted business ability belongs

strictly to him, the *ego*, and how much of it is borrowed. He might go still farther back in this self-examination, but I think he need not. If he has been faithful in the task he is already on his knees with his mouth in the dust.

"Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy." "Rejoice the soul of thy servant." "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen."

And now that we have found our place, the service of thanksgiving is bound to work out through every avenue of the body and soul. Our thanks will be not only on our lips, but in our hands and our feet. Every pulse beat will be as the throbbing and swelling of a praise song that is above the utterance of speech. And the day, the twenty-four hours of Thanksgiving, will be but the threshold, the birthday, of a thanksgiving life.



## BRITISH TEACHERS IN UNITED STATES.

MODERN inventions and improvements are bringing the peoples of the earth very close together, not only in a business way, but socially. Line fences and barriers, heretofore considered almost impassable, are being removed and no objections raised and apparently no harm experienced. In fact, as we become better acquainted with these one-time strangers, now our near neighbors, we realize that our ideals are pretty much the same and an exchange of the methods used to reach these ideals often results in much good to all concerned. A few weeks ago on another page we noted the fact that five hundred teachers were coming from England this season to visit the schools of the United States. *The Review of Reviews* for November gives space to an article on the subject to which we are indebted for what is said here concerning this visit.

The plan is that of Mr. Alfred Mosely, a man who sees "the far-reaching influence of a sound educational system upon a nation's prosperity and happiness, and has taken as his own the task of procuring for his fellow Britons whatever benefits may follow from their closer acquaintance with the industrial and educational experiences of the United States." This is the third delegation that has come to the United States, "at Mr. Mosley's suggestion and through his generous assistance, to study industrial and educational problems.

"From November until March next these visitors will continue to arrive, and they will, in their own way, distribute themselves over the United States, seeking school systems, institutions, and undertakings of various kinds for particular examination. Some will con-

concentrate their attention upon problems of administration. Others will study the elementary school, its problems and its influence. Still others will study secondary education and its relations to elementary education on the one hand, and to the demands of practical life on the other.

"Mr. Mosely's advisers in the United States have caused to be prepared a pamphlet of suggestions and advice for the use of the visitors, in order that their time and effort may be spent to best advantage. The visiting teachers have been advised not to attempt to make long railway journeys or to visit many different points. They have been told that they will the more quickly and effectively gain that which they are seeking if they select certain representative cities, towns, or institutions, and study these thoroughly.

"To Americans, and particularly to American teachers, a twofold opportunity is offered by this visit. There is an opportunity for a display of American hospitality and friendliness, which will be promptly seized wherever the visiting teachers may go. There will also be an opportunity to learn from the visitor at first hand and in detail of the mighty educational movement which is now under way in England, and of the significance of some of the phases of that movement, which have recently attracted attention not only in America but throughout the world."



#### THE SUSTAINING POWER OF FRIENDSHIP.

AMONG the many things that go to make this life enjoyable, and that head the list in our thankful column, is the blessing of friendship. While we realize every day that we are of the earth earthy, the experiences that come to us through this blessing assure us that heaven is not very far away. And inspired by this assurance, we can see how the "joy unspeakable" may be realized in the presence of that One who is the fountain of friendship.

The subject of friendship is as broad as the realm of human experience. In this short space we can only pause on its borders while we contemplate for a moment one of its characteristics as expressed in our subject.

Not all the blessings of life come to us with that appearance. Often they are disguised, and we take them to be the enemies of our peace and happiness,—of life itself. And very often they would turn out to be our enemies in truth were it not for some friend who gave us the courage necessary to make the proper use of them. However deeply we may be sunken in the slough of despond, a tactful use of the power of friendship will be able to rescue us and place our feet on solid ground with our face forward.

Sometimes this power manifests itself in helpful deeds, sometimes in encouraging words and looks.

But the sustaining power of friendship does not cease to lift us up and sustain us when communication by these visible means is cut off. Surer than Marconi's telegraphic method, it reaches over the greatest spaces of the globe,—yea, who has not felt its influence coming from that realm where space is lost in infinity?

If an earthly friend, one "subject to like passions as we are," can so sustain us in the struggles of life, who can doubt the sustaining power of that One who, more than any one on earth, is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities"? Let us then give and receive of this element which is so potent even in our weak hands, knowing that we thus furnish proof of the existence of that friendship through which the burdens of life are removed altogether and the vilest of earth become the redeemed of heaven.



#### NOTICE.

LET all who have any desire to attend the coming Annual Conference at Los Angeles, Cal., be sure to read the advertisement on the second cover page of this number of the INGLENOOK. By following directions in regard to securing particulars, one may be able to form a correct estimate of the whole cost of the trip, and those who have thought that the expense of the trip would put it beyond their consideration may find themselves mistaken in their calculations.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Go on as God shall give thee light,  
Man cannot chain the soul;  
Thy arm is nerved for truth and right,  
And man, with all his boasted might,  
Cannot that arm control.

—Robert E. Ericson.

It has been said that the supreme test of manhood is the estimate he places upon woman.—*Bertha M. Ireland.*

I BELIEVE in doing a good turn for any person that may need my help, but I believe it is my duty to do my best for my own household.—*Ida M. Helm.*

WHAT we withhold from others, we withhold from ourselves. It is the eternal law. The thief steals from himself.—*Richard Seidel.*

We are not called upon to pass sentence upon Jesus to-day in exactly the way that Pilate was, but we are daily called to decide in favor of Jesus or self.—*M. W. Emmert.*

If there is any class of people that deserve good things to eat more than any other, it is the people who produce them.—*Jesse D. Mohler.*

EVERY blessing which we enjoy, by whatever means it may be given, is the gift of him who is the Author of good and the Father of mercies.—*K. Mac Rowland.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

A DISPATCH from Geneva, Switzerland, says that an artificial cataract is to be constructed in the Alps which will have a fall forty feet higher than Niagara, and the purpose of it will be to supply Paris with electrical power. It has been undertaken by a company, under the supervision of the Paris government, and will cost \$12,000,000. A dam two hundred and ten feet high is to be built across the Rhone at Syssel.

WORK is now in progress at Yale University on a new book stack, to accommodate 400,000 books. The bookcase will be made of steel and so adjusted that every volume may be seen by natural light. The floors of the six decks will be of heavy glass and the windows of translucent glass, so as to avoid the use of shades. An automatic endless chain carrier will enable the official at the desk to procure a book from any one of the cases at a moment's notice.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, the noted philanthropist of England, is advocating an effort to regain the use of the left hand. She claims that research proves that our aboriginal forefathers were ambidextrous, and that as the left lobe of the brain controls the right side of the body, a constant and taxing use of only the one hand brings on serious brain and nerve troubles. She offers the suggestion that children be trained in their school work to use both hands, and that adults practice the use of the left hand more.

A BRIDGE built entirely of mahogany, claimed to be the only one of the kind in the world, is in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, says the *American Inventor*. The bridge spans the Rio Michol, and its total length, including approaches, exceeds one hundred and fifty feet, while the width is fifteen feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, is very substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were sawed, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewn and split.

NOVEMBER 18, while a large crowd was congregated, a bomb was exploded in St. Peter's cathedral at Rome. Fortunately the vast size of the building gave room for the crowd to scatter and no one was injured. The

day was the anniversary of the dedication of the basilica to St. Peter. Holy relics were exposed and a large number of the faithful attended the services. "The theory is held that this attempt was not directed against the papacy, but rather a challenge to society in general by attacking religion, the most sacred institution of the people."

THE United States consul at Alexandretta, Asia Minor, reports an interesting method of providing a substitute for ice. Snow is gathered in the adjacent mountains and packed in a conical pit, tamped in tightly and covered with straw and leaves. At the bottom of the pit a well is dug with a drain connected at the bottom to carry off the water formed from melted snow. As the cost of collecting and storing is very small, the only labor is in delivering to the consumers, which is accomplished by pack horses. The selling price is ten to twenty-five cents a hundred pounds and often cheaper.

A REPORT issued by the Indian inspector in the Indian Territory says there are 70,000 Indians in the territory, but in the last three years only thirteen persons have been sent to the asylum at Yankton, S. Dak., where the insane Indians of the territory are kept. On the other hand it is said that the asylum in St. Louis where the insane whites of the territory are kept has become so overcrowded that several times notice has been served that no more could be received. The Indian inspector says the wild free life of the Indians and their lack of mental worry gives them comparative freedom from insanity.

A GROUP of Yale men has just succeeded in buying a home for the establishment of a college at Changsha, China, to be named for their alma mater. It will open with a staff of four Yale professors and three Chinese professors. They think the time is opportune for establishing an American university in the heart of China, because the civil service examinations of the old régime have recently been abolished, thus setting free the Chinese youth to study modern science, history and politics. Across the river from the new Yale is a college older than Oxford University, which has recently been turned into a modern high school for the benefit of ambitious Chinese pupils.

FIGURES concerning the students matriculated at Cornell in the last twenty years indicate that forty-two per cent have come from private schools and fifty-eight per cent from public schools. Of private school pupils, one hundred and fifty-three were dropped after the first term and one hundred and eleven from public schools, and the percentage of failures among the public school graduates is much lower than those of private schools. Consequently, the Cornell faculty favors withdrawing the privilege of admission by certificate from private schools.

A NORTH SCOTLAND doctor is said to make use of carrier pigeons in his practice. He travels over a wide territory and takes several pigeons along with him. If one of his patients needs medicine immediately he writes out a prescription, and by means of the bird forwards it to his office. Here an assistant gets the message, prepares the prescription, and dispatches the medicine. If, after visiting a patient, the doctor thinks he will be required later on in the day, he simply leaves a pigeon with which he can be called if necessary.

A WRITER in the Paris *Cosmos* advocates the use of something else to inflate pneumatic tires instead of air. In spite of good rubber and absence of punctures he says the air gradually forces its way through the tire and there are two chemical reactions going on, caused by the oxygen in the air. The rubber is modified to some extent by the oxidation that goes on, and the sulphur used in manufacturing the rubber undergoes a complete oxidation. The rubber tire gradually loses its flexibility, gets hard, and cracks. Microscopic holes are thus formed and the tire easily loses the air pumped into it. To avoid this he suggests the use of nitrogen to inflate the tires, as it has very little chemical effect on rubber or sulphur. The writer claims that recent tests where nitrogen was used have proved very successful.

A GOOD watch lasts about fifty years says *Amateur Work*. In its daily routine the balance vibrates 18,000 times every hour, 432,000 times a day, or 157,680,000 times a year. The hair-spring makes a similar number of vibrations and an equal number of ticks from the escapement. If it is a really good watch, multiply 157,680,000 by 50, which gives 7,884,000,000 pulsations for fifty years. The chances are that the watch may even then be in serviceable condition. This is a marvelous record, considering the small quantity of food that has been consumed by its constant action. We say food because whatever labors must be fed, and the watch "lives" on about sixteen inches of mainspring every twenty-four hours, which furnishes the power.

THE National Divorce Congress which began its sessions at Philadelphia Tuesday, with the object of initiating a uniform national divorce law, had a membership of one hundred and twenty delegates, from nearly every State. Seven causes of divorce to be incorporated in the law were agreed upon, *i. e.*: Adultery, bigamy, conviction and sentence for crime, followed by a continuous imprisonment for at least two years; extreme cruelty, such as to endanger life or health; habitual drunkenness for two years and willful desertion for the same length of time. On the question of age there was much discussion. Several men advocated the ages of twenty-one and sixteen, respectively, for men and women, but this was opposed by two women delegates, who thought the age of matrimonial consent should be fixed at eighteen and sixteen.

ANOTHER successful flight made by Santos-Dumont, at Paris on Monday, in his perfected aeroplane, convinces the experts who witnessed it that the problem of mechanical flight has actually been solved. This machine is in reality a huge kite, propelled by a 50-horsepower motor. When at rest the structure rests on two pneumatic tire wheels. In shape the frame is like the capital letter T. Each of the wings is a large three-celled kite, and between them stands the operator, with a long cellular-tongued rudder extending out horizontally in front of him. As the propeller whirls and the machine gains momentum, the resistance of the air lifts it from the ground at a certain speed, after which it skims along, guided by the position of the rudder. In this case the inventor flew at a height of fifteen feet and at a speed of thirty miles an hour for a distance of two hundred and thirty-five yards, covering the distance in twenty-one and one-fifth seconds against the wind.

CHICAGO is undergoing a costly attack of electrolysis in her gas pipes and water mains. The condition is due to the fact that the traction company neglected to "bond" the rails of the new lines or install "return cables," and the electricity, taking the path of least resistance, is returning to the power houses by means of these pipes and the superstructures of skyscrapers not protected by concrete. "After working for the traction company thus for a few months, the piping begins to show numerous blow holes, each one a leak. As this continues, the main rapidly takes on the substance of a sponge and is ruined. After the leakage of gas or water has become so great as to attract notice, the street is torn up and the pipes replaced." While the traction company has likely saved thousands of dollars by their "neglect," the cost to the city because of this electrolysis will be ten times as much as the company saved.





## LITTLE TOT OF SOMEWHERE.

**D**EAR little eyes, so heavy,  
 Dear little arms that twine;  
 Dear little lips that poutingly come  
 And tenderly cling to mine.

Dear little feet so weary,  
 That patter about all day—  
 Dear little head on this rugged breast  
 When the twilight's falling gray.

Dear little tot so noisy,  
 With a world of trouble and care,  
 Come, and we'll rock in the far-off land  
 Where dreams will be ever fair.

Dear little tot of Somewhere,  
 With heart that is purest gold,  
 Come, for my arms are empty—  
 Come—for the world is old.

—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.



## THANKSGIVING AT AUNT BARBARA'S.

IDA M. HELM.



NE, two, three, four, five. Aunt Barbara counted the strokes of the clock as she looked out of the window and saw the ground covered with a carpet of new-fallen snow. How nice, she thought, now they can come in the sled. She went into the kitchen and found Uncle Jonathan sitting by the stove. The fire was blazing briskly and the teakettle was singing and sending wreaths of steam circling over its gilded top.

"Quite likely they'll come early," said he, rubbing his hands together, and he looked out of the window at the mantle of the "beautiful" that had fallen so timely. "The roads were in fine shape and now with this snow on them Hiram's can slip over here in a short time."

As Aunt Barbara hurried about the kitchen, preparing breakfast for herself and Uncle Jonathan, she was thinking, Now I believe in doing a good turn for any person that may need my help, but I believe it is my duty to do my best for my own household. Now here is Jonathan, he has loved me and cared for me nigh onto forty years and he thinks all those goodies that I baked and stewed yesterday are to be kept

for the people that will be here for dinner to-day, but I will give him a little surprise.

So while Uncle Jonathan went to the barn and fed old Bossy and the trusty family horse, Aunt Barbara busied herself tending the things on the stove and fixing them the most tempting way she knew and setting the table. When Uncle Jonathan came in and saw the table he looked at Aunt Barbara in a queer, questioning way, but she only said, "Breakfast's ready."

When he noticed the fried chicken, raisin pudding, frosted ginger cakes and ground cherry pie, he said, "I thought you said you baked only one ground cherry pie?" She answered, "I baked it on purpose for our breakfast because it is your favorite pie. I like to do my best for those that love me!" Then he understood and he thought, "When we have those who love us to live with, we surely ought to be thankful."

By nine o'clock they had finished their morning work and Uncle Jonathan had brought from the cellar a large pan of tempting, mellow, rosy-cheeked and yellow apples and placed them where they would be in reach of all. Then they sat down in their cosy sitting room and watched for the sled to come into view, bringing the expected guests.

They did not have long to wait, for soon the jingle of sleigh bells and the glad shouts of the happy children announced the arrival of the visitors and Mr. and Mrs. Foster hurried out and greeted each one with a hearty welcome.

When Aunt Barbara selected the ones she wished to invite to her dinner, she said to Uncle Jonathan, "Of course we will have our son Hiram, and Jane and little Johnnie and Annie, here. Mrs. Beard works so hard to earn a living and keep her two children at home, so I will invite her. Mr. White has not been able to work much since he fell out of the apple tree a year ago and his wife and their two children have to work hard. I will invite them. Chloe Flick spends most of her time in sick rooms; she is a willing, patient nurse. She is having her vacation now, and I will invite her. Counting us two, that will make fourteen. There will be thirteen at the table, but I don't care, I don't believe in lucky and unlucky numbers. I will wait on the table." As Aunt Barbara viewed the company she saw that every invited guest was present.

It was to the humble home of honest, kind-hearted

farmers that they had come, and the liberal hospitality and well wishes of the host and hostess and the pleasant and profitable conversation was worth more than all the show and flattery that the rich and proud can offer, and the dinner was such as the most epicurean taste might enjoy.

There was roast turkey with dressing and gravy, sweet potatoes, mashed Irish potatoes, raisin pudding, cranberry sauce, celery, mince and pumpkin pie, coffee, rich cream, butter, jelly and a large cake of flaky angel food. Each one enjoyed his dinner immensely.

After dinner, while the older people chatted, the children popped corn, roasted apples, chestnuts, and marshmallows, and then ate them while they listened to Uncle Jonathan as he told stories of his boyhood days.

When the old kitchen clock struck four, Uncle Jonathan picked up the Bible and read a chapter, and Hiram offered prayer. Then they all united in singing a hymn. By that time it was five o'clock, so Hiram hitched up and the company started toward home.

*Ashland, Ohio.*



#### CRANBERRY COOKING.

THE best cranberries are of medium size, a dark rich color and have a nutty flavor. If kept frozen they are improved rather than injured.

**SAUCE:** To one pint water add one pound sugar. Boil until a syrup is formed, and put in one quart of cranberries. Cook until tender.

**PIE:** To one quart cranberries add one cup water and one pound sugar. Strain through a colander when thoroughly cooked, and fill into an ordinary pie paste. Dot the top with butter, sprinkle with salt and grated nutmeg, put on an upper crust and bake in a moderate oven.

**CRANBERRIES WITH RAISINS:** Boil one cup raisins in two cups water, add one quart cranberries, and one pound sugar. Cook fifteen minutes without stirring, and serve cold.

**PUDDING:** Butter a porcelain kettle, put in one quart berries and add one cup sugar. Form a large ring of biscuit dough, place above the berries and inside this put another pint of berries and one cup sugar. Add two cups hot water, cover closely. Stew twenty minutes. When done, serve with cream and sugar.

**CRANBERRY CHARLOTTE:** Cook together one quart cranberries, one cup apples and one cup seeded raisins. Cool and add two beaten egg whites. Bake between two layers of bread crumbs.

**SPICED CRANBERRIES:** To three quarts cranberries add four pounds sugar and one teaspoon each of mace, cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil one hour in sufficient water to keep from burning.

**CRANBERRYADE:** To one quart cranberries add one quart boiling water. Cook one hour. Strain and add

one pound loaf sugar to each pint. Boil down one-half and bottle for use.

**A NEW WAY TO COOK CRANBERRIES:** Pick over and wash the fruit and cover with cold water in a preserving kettle. When almost boiling add sugar equal in quantity to the fruit and set back on the stove where they will simmer but not boil. If slowly and carefully cooked they will keep their shape, grow transparent and resemble preserved cherries when done. Another way, requiring less sugar, is to turn boiling water on the berries, let stand awhile and pour water off. When tender put through a colander, return to fire with half as much sugar as fruit. This makes a beautiful jelly.



#### THE SUPERSENSITIVE WOMAN.

If you happen to know a woman of the supersensitive type you are doubtless tempted to call her by a harsher name than that. Pettish, self-seeking, malicious, fiendish, all seem to be words more nearly describing her uncomfortable transgression.

"I don't see why I am always slighted; always left till last to be consulted; never written to; never visited, when you come within a block of my door; always overlooked and ignored." These are the moans with which the supersensitive woman makes her family and friends miserable.

When she was a girl she was always suffering from fancied slights. All her life she will continue to distress herself by imagining unkindnesses intentionally directed at her. Her old age will be peevish and unlovely, embittered to herself and all about her by fretful complaints and moping.

Supersensitiveness like this is simply an exaggerated form of selfishness and vanity. If the morbidly sensitive woman thought less about herself and more about others she would have no time for conjuring up supposed slights. If she were not so bent upon occupying the center of the stage, in her own imagination, she would speedily discover that she was not at all a target for unkindness, but just one of the many upon whom the world is ready to smile if she will smile upon the world.—*Evening Bulletin.*



#### FROM BREAD DOUGH.

**FRIED DOUGH.**—Take one quart light bread dough cut into twelve thin oblong pieces and lay them on a well-floured moulding board, some distance apart. Let rise until very light. A few moments before dinner is served put two tablespoons lard or drippings into a frying pan. When hot enough to begin to smoke drop the pieces of dough into it and fry a delicate brown on both sides. Serve hot with syrup, fruit sauce or honey. If desired, they may be eaten plain with a sprinkling of salt and pepper.



**ENGLISH BUNS.**—Divide two quarts of raised bread dough into twelve even sections, roll each piece out to one-fourth inch in thickness. Have a well-greased griddle smoking hot, and fry the buns the same as griddle cakes, browning slightly on both sides. When done, place each bun on a separate plate and sprinkle with sugar. Or they may be placed side by side on large platters. These are nice for breakfast, eaten with coffee.

**AMERICAN BUNS.**—When making out bread into pans, take a piece of dough large enough for one good-sized loaf, flatten it on the board and spread with butter and sugar. If one has time, the best plan is to rub a piece of butter the size of an egg with one-half cup sugar, just the same as for cake. Rub this over the dough, knead well, and divide into pieces a little larger than an egg. Form into balls and place in well greased pans, two inches apart. Let rise until each bun is more than double the size when placed in the pans. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, or until the buns are a rich brown on top. Remove from the oven and brush the top of each with melted butter.

**DUTCH CAKE.**—Prepare the dough the same as in above recipe, except that the amount of butter and sugar must be doubled. After spreading the butter and sugar over the dough, sprinkle over it 2 heaping teaspoons ground cinnamon, half a grated nutmeg and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ground nut meats (any kind except peanuts). Rub a little with a big spoon to blend the spices, etc., with butter and sugar. Knead thoroughly, using flour as needed. Form into a loaf and let rise until light. Bake the same as bread and brush the top with melted butter. This is delicious either warm or cold, and may be served either as bread or cake.

**CINNAMON ROLLS.**—Beat 2 eggs without separating them. Scald 1 pt. sweet milk, let it become partly cooled, turn in the eggs, add 2 oz. butter, 2 heaping tablespoons sugar, half a yeast cake dissolved, and 1 teaspoon vanilla powder. Now add sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Put into a bowl, cover, and let stand in a warm place for two and a half or three hours. Turn on a bread board and without kneading roll out in a thin sheet, spread lightly with butter, sprinkle over this 2-3 cups sugar. Over this sprinkle 2 teaspoons (heaping) of ground cinnamon and a scant cup of dried currants. Roll up in a long roll, put into a greased pan, with open edge down, and let stand in a warm place for an hour and a half. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour or longer.

**CINNAMON ROLLS No. 2.**—Prepare the dough the same as for Dutch cake, above, but instead of forming

into a loaf, roll out into a sheet and sprinkle with currants or seeded raisins. Currant jam may be substituted in place of the dried fruit, when the spice, sugar and butter is added to the dough.—*Anna L. Galliher.*

### HIS MOTHER'S CORN BREAD.

YOUNG Mrs. Gillmore watched her husband anxiously as he cut into a smoking pan of corn bread.

"I do hope you'll like it, dear! I made it myself."

"It looks very good," replied Gillmore, as he helped himself liberally, and shoved the pan toward her. "Last time we had it I thought it was a little too short."

"I know you did, and yet I was sure that Katie put in the right quantity of shortening."

"It crumbled all to pieces when it was cut. But it was better than the one we had Friday morning. That was soggy."

"That's the reason I was so particular about having plenty of shortening in the last one."

"You should learn not to go to extremes," said Gillmore. He had often thought that if he had not been a practical business man, he might have become a philosopher.

"Why, Martha," he exclaimed, after swallowing his first bite of the corn bread, "I do believe that you put sugar in it!"

"Of course, Byron. It was only yesterday morning that you told me that your mother put some sweetening into her famous corn bread."

"I said that mother used just a suspicion of sugar. This is really as sweet as cake, and I think you must have left out the salt. Mother often said, 'Spare the salt and spoil the food!'"

"She must have been a remarkable cook," sighed Mrs. Gillmore.

"Indeed she was."

"I sometimes wonder," continued Mrs. Gillmore, gently, "If your boyish appetite did not have something to do with your relish for your mother's cooking."

"That boyish appetite explanation is getting pretty stale, Martha. I guess I always knew palatable food when I tasted it, even in my early youth. My mother was an expert."

"I heartily wish that she had bequeathed her recipes to your wife."

"It's one thing to be funny," Gillmore retorted, "but it's another to excel in cooking. Martha, do you put any white flour with the cornmeal?"

"Yes, some."

"Well, that's the trouble. It destroys the flavor of the corn."

"But, Byron, you have told me a number of times

that your mother always mixed a little spring wheat flour in the cornmeal."

"Of course, I suppose a little is necessary, but you must use discretion."

"I don't seem to have any," murmured Mrs. Gillmore, wearily.

"Well, mother often said that some women were born cooks, and some weren't." Gillmore took the last piece of cornbread in the pan.

One night, a week later, Mr. Gillmore handed her an evening paper, opened at the household department page.

She glanced at a paragraph he had marked, and read aloud: "Will someone kindly tell Martha, who is troubled about many things, how her husband's mother made corn bread? M. G., 1,000 Blank Street."

"So they really printed it," she said, much amused. Gillmore joined in her laugh somewhat weakly.

Every day for two weeks the postman brought Mrs. Gillmore at least one letter, and sometimes half-a-dozen, from other housewives who had long been struggling to reach the height of perfection in cooking which their husband's mothers were said to have attained. They wrote in a spirit of sympathy for a fellow sufferer.

"Martha," remarked Gillmore, after listening with the air of a martyr to a dozen of the communications which Mrs. Gillmore had read him gleefully, "If you'll stop reading those ridiculous notes to me, I'll never say corn bread to you again."

"Just one more, Byron, that you must hear. It's from your sister Lucy. She says she laughed till she cried when she saw my letter in the paper."

"Why? It didn't strike me so wonderfully amusing. Read me what she says, please."

"Poor, dear, busy mother," began Mrs. Gillmore, in a tone that she tried to make inexpressive, "never was much of a cook. She had too much to do to bring up her hungry brood to be very particular about the cooking. I well remember how father used to fuss about her corn bread. She never could reach his ideal of that dish. He wanted it just as his mother had made it.—*Farming World*."

## Read this to the Little Ones

### THE BEST YOU CAN.

And what is there that you can do  
With such small hands, my little man?  
You can begin as strong men who  
Have won the world's regard began;  
Each task that you attempt you may  
Resolve to do the best you can.

The world you never may deceive,  
It watches well, my little man,  
And they are doomed to fail who leave

Their tasks half finished; better than  
A sloven genius is the drudge  
Who does his work as best he can.

Your years are few, your strength is small,  
Your tasks are light, my little man;  
But you may glorify them all,  
If day by day you bravely plan  
To do each thing you have to do  
With all your might, as best you can.

—S. E. Kiser.



### VIOLET'S TOOTH.

Violet was getting ready for school with tears in her eyes and distress in her heart. The family all looked troubled, too. And the cause of it was Violet's tooth—a tiny tooth so loose that it was held in place only by a wee thread, but she could not get up the courage to have it taken out.

Father and mother had tried to buy the privilege of taking it out; they had offered a new doll carriage and countless other things dear to Violet's heart, but she could not bear to even open her mouth.

So she started off to school, a forlorn little figure with her burden of sorrow, so small to grown-up folks, but so real and heavy to little ones.

"Miss Carey will be sorry for me," thought poor Violet. "I'll tell her first as soon as I get to school."

Now, Miss Carey was the nicest kind of a teacher. Sometimes she could find a way out of troubles when even mothers had given up.

It was a very sad, tear-stained little face that Violet lifted to Miss Carey. "Oh teacher, I've got a loose tooth," she said.

"Let me see it, dear," said she, taking Violet on her lap. "Why, Violet it's the prettiest little tooth! And you haven't even seen it! Wait just a minute and I'll get it for you." And in an instant Miss Carey was holding it up in her fingers.

"Isn't it pretty?" went on the teacher, opening her desk. "I'll wrap it up in this silver paper, and after it teaches us a lesson this morning you shall take it home in this little round box."

After school began Miss Carey held up the tiny tooth and told a funny story of the little white workers who live in a red prison, and how they want to get out and make room for bigger ones.

At noon Violet hurried home with her little box, eager to tell how her tooth had "helped teach school."

"Why, were you brave enough to let Miss Carey pull it out, when you didn't want me to touch it?" said mother.

Violet looked puzzled.

"Why, she did pull it out, didn't she?" she said, slowly. "I never thought of that. Miss Carey said it was so pretty that I wanted to see it, and she got it, and I never thought that it was really out till now. O, how glad I am!"—*Great Thoughts*.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## WINTER STORES ON THE FARM.

JESSE D. MOHLER.



If there is any class of people that deserve good things to eat more than any other, it is the people who produce them. The idea of selling the best and living on an inferior grade is erroneous. If you want high prices for produce you must set your standard high, and if your standard is high you will not be satisfied with the poor things for yourself and family. Carefulness of your own supplies begets carefulness in supplies offered for sale, and that in turn demands good prices.

If you want good things on the farm this winter it is time to furnish your cellar or cave; and nearly as much depends on how you store as what you put away. Any one can keep potatoes if they don't freeze, but not every one succeeds in keeping the quality of the potato.

### Potatoes.

The writer stores potatoes in cellar and buries out of doors. The most satisfactory storage in cellar is to put them in cracker boxes, and stack away in the bin, one box on top of the other, and a lid on the top row of boxes. This excludes light and air, and the natural crispness of the potato is preserved. It also allows convenient handling if sprouts must be removed.

The out-of-door supply should be covered with straw and only a light layer of earth until cold weather has come. Then cover to a depth that insures against frosting.

As soon as winter is past such potatoes should be taken from the ground, any sprouts removed, and they be stored in the cellar in boxes as was done in the fall.

For seed potatoes, the best plan is to expose to as much light and air as can be without getting them too cold. This will make the skin wrinkled, thick and green, and the sprouts will be only little bright beads, but the whole vitality will be there. Such seed can withstand severe conditions at planting time, and gives you a start you cannot get from weaklings.

### Sweet Potatoes.

Don't forget your sweet potatoes. They are a great deal of trouble, but well worth it all. My practice has been to have them well dried before laying away. Sort

them out, leaving smaller ones unwrapped, for immediate use. Wrap all good-sized ones separately in papers, and lay away in boxes or barrels in a warm room. It may not just suit the taste of the best woman in the world to have boxes of potatoes in the living room, but she will be glad for the supply for Sunday dinners. They can be put under the lounge in berry crates, or in a box with a neatly covered lid that looks like an article of furniture; but above all things keep them warm.

### Other Vegetables.

The writer has found only one way to keep turnips good. That way is to bury them out of doors, bring them to the house in small quantities. Parsnips are left in the ground until needed. As a general rule all such things should be stored in a way to exclude light and changes of temperature, as they tend to wilt vegetables and destroy the flavor.

### Nuts, Cider, and Apples.

These are three things that must not be overlooked when you are providing good things for the winter. The main thing about the nuts is to get them. Then keep them dry and they are always ready for use.

Don't think just any kind of an apple is good enough for cider. Some say half-rotten apples make the best. We also remember that some people reject good butter because it has not enough taste to it. Select fairly good apples if you want good cider. For keeping it sweet there is nothing equal to heating and putting away airtight—canning it in jugs. Do not bring it to a boil, but almost so. Then skim carefully and pour into jugs that have been previously cleaned and scalded. Cork the jugs tightly and cover cork with sealing wax. In purchasing jugs select those with heavy glazing. The writer has found such cider perfectly sweet after being in jug a year.

For your apple supply, lay away a variety and have plenty for the next six months. The writer has found boxes or barrels, tightly covered and put in the cellar, the best means of keeping apples just right. Even the Janeton, that is supposed to reach its highest point of perfection only after being buried for the winter, takes on practically the same condition if tightly barreled, and has not the mouldy flavor one sometimes gets from fruit taken from the ground.

Never store your apples in open bins in the cellar.

The rich odor from the apple bin is so much of the flavor going to waste. Barrel or box your fruit and steep it in its own flavor until wanted for use, go through them several times and sort out all over-ripe or specked apples before they have rotted and infected those touching them; and the whole supply will keep better and longer. The writer has kept Wine Saps this way until the following strawberry season put them entirely out of the list of wants.

Finally, for extra late keeping, lay away a supply of undersized, hard, glossy apples that now taste green and unmaturing, unfit for use. By the time choice fruit has ripened and gone they will be ready to use, and good enough. I have eaten of such apples after being stored in a common cellar for a whole year. Lay up plenty of apples, eat them and enjoy them and save doctor bills.

*Warrensburg, Mo.*

#### DIPPING CANDLES LONG AGO.

When time for candle-dipping came

The smooth and slender rods were brought;

The yellow tallow melted well

In kettles and in boilers caught;

And then we young folks would sit down

And dip the long, white candle wicks

Into the mass, and laugh to see

The candles growing on our sticks.

And mother, with her loving smile,

Would tell us characters were built,

For weal or woe, by dipping oft

In wisdom's fount of sin and guilt;

And that if we would have our lives

Give forth a pure and healthful glow,

We must be vigilant to shun

Companionship with vice below.

Sometimes the neighbors would come in

And we would have a "dipping bee"

With stalwart boys and rosy girls,

All bubbling o'er with health and glee.

'Twas there my youthful heart began

To struggle in love's mighty grip;

'Twas there that Cupid bent his bow

And shot me with a tallow dip.

All for a pair of roguish eyes,

And ruby lips and cheeks of rose,

I grew too thin for any use

Except to scare away the crows;

Of course I had a rival, and

He was a tall, lank, cheeky chap,

Who like a half-closed jack-knife bowed,

And straightened upward with a snap.

'Twas at another "dipping bee,"

That when the candles were all made,

"Now, Susie, what shall we do next?"

My rival asked the pretty maid;

Her answer filled my hear with joy,

And eke his cup with bitter dregs;

Said she, "I guess 'twould do no harm

To make a 'bee' and dip your legs!"

That settled him, and I took heart.

And henceforth ever bolder grew,

Until in matrimonial sweets

The parson gently dipped us two;

And ever since, our love serene

Has burned, undimmed by jealous doubt,

And will until death comes at last,

And snuffs us two old lovers out.



#### HOW UNCLE SI SPENT THANKSGIVING.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

"Well, pa, we must quit work now and go to meeting, to-day. You know it's Thanksgiving."

"Wat do I keer' fer' that? Thanksgiving day's no better'n other days, and I haint got time nohow to go. I've bin away behind anyhow with my work, an' I want to git my fodder all shucked; an' there's a thousand things I ought to do before winter sets in. I'll take my meetin' goin' on Sunday."

"But, pa, you'll never miss the time, and I know you will profit by dropping all the cares of the world for a couple of hours, and spend them in earnest devoted thanksgiving service. You know the president has issued a proclamation requesting all to assemble at their accustomed place of worship on this certain day, set apart for that purpose, and a noble purpose it is. If there were no other things to be thankful for, seems to me we should gladly assemble ourselves together in thanksgiving for this grand land of liberty, and that we can live under the rulings of such men that love and respect Christianity."

"Wal, Betsy, you kin go fer all I keer. You wimmen folks hain't got so much to do, nohow. An' the president ain't a-runnin' me either."

"Now, Si, you want to be a loyal citizen don't you?"

"O yes, I don't want to make no trouble."

"When will you have a better opportunity to show that you respect his commands, than just to go to your accustomed place of worship? And it's so easily done, too."

"Certainly the proclamation is all right, I aint sayin' anything agin that. It's just the thing. But I just haint got the time to spare now, Betsy."

"Yes, but this is not all, pa. You see it is our great King's desire, too, that we assemble ourselves together in prayer service. He has said, In everything give thanks, and pray without ceasing. Yes, and honor the king. And the president is our earthly king. And we have so many, many things to be thankful for. We have had a prosperous year. Our storehouses have been bountifully replenished with fruit, vegetables, grains and everything we need, and even more than we need for use. And all these blessings have been given us by our heavenly Father. Don't you think of all these things, Si?"

"Yes, of course I do, I know it's our duty to attend church services Thanksgiving day. And even if it



was not the proclamation of our president, we should reverence our Father enough any how to take a day he's given us, besides Sunday, to thank him. But I reckon I kin give my thanks at home and work too, I'll make up some other time. But you know I jist ain't got time to go this time. But you go anyhow."

"Well I have lots to do, too. But I am going anyhow. The work can just wait. And I just feel as if something would happen you if you stay at home.

So Betsy Short and the girls went to church Thanksgiving, and Silas stayed at home, and was intending to haul fodder. He hitched to the wagon and started for the field. As he went down the road to the field a large red automobile came puffing up the road, and as he had often passed them before, he thought he could again, so he failed to give them the signal to stop. But this time the horses scared and lunged into the fence, threw off the hay ladders and Mr. Short with them breaking his arm, and badly spraining his ankle.

He managed to get the horses back to the barn, and he hopped to the house. His arm hurt him and he suffered severely until his wife returned. Oh how he wished he had gone to church, too. The doctor was hastily called, and his arm carefully adjusted. It healed very rapidly, but it was several weeks before he could work again.

Silas often silently mused thus, "Did this accident occur to teach me a lesson?" He was never too busy to attend church services after this.

*Hagerstown, Ind.*



#### WHAT THE FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

IN considering the subject of fence posts the question of reinforced concrete is brought up. That is concrete in which wire or iron rods have been embedded to increase its strength. While standing almost any amount of pressure, concrete alone is not satisfactory when it is liable to be pulled or bent, as in beams, floors, walls, or tanks—in other words while it has unlimited strength in compression, its strength in tension is faulty, besides like any natural stone it is brittle.

Reinforcement is often very important and to obtain satisfactory results with concrete the need of some reinforcing material in a great many cases must be realized. It is well to take counsel with an expert when any extensive work is to be done. A practical application of reinforcement would be this: Suppose you are about to build some concrete posts. When the forms are made and before pouring in the concrete, place some old barb or bale wire or steel rods in the forms in such a position that they will take care of the strain. If this is not done some of the posts are sure to

break when the wire is stretched. Wood is often unsatisfactory as a reinforcing material and should never be used. Although the steel is put in a wet mass, the air is kept from it and it does not rust.

A very common mistake in estimating the amount of concrete that will be required to fill a given space or the number of cubic feet, is that to assume that ten barrels of broken stone, five barrels of sand and two barrels of cement, for instance, will make seventeen barrels of concrete. From such a mixture, the quantity of concrete obtained would be but slightly greater than the amount of cracked stone used, because the cement simply fills the spaces between the stone. Keeping this in mind it is easy enough to figure the cost of concrete work. When you know how much a barrel of cement costs in your neighborhood and the cost of sand and cracked stone, you can estimate the number of cubic feet in the mass you are going to build by multiplying the length, breadth and height together. Then figure the amount of cracked stone you will need and let it serve as a basis for your calculation. If, for example, it will take five barrels of cracked stone to fill the space, you will need one barrel of concrete where the proportion 1 : 2½ : 5 is used.

One of the principal uses of concrete that will interest a farmer is in making posts. The claim is often made that they are cheaper than wooden posts. But that depends entirely on local conditions, the cost of labor and many other factors. This calculation made by an expert, shows that if you can make thirty posts from a yard of concrete they will cost about fourteen cents apiece.

For one cubic yard of concrete there will be required:

|                                                       |        |
|-------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| 1.45 bbls. cement at \$1.60, .....                    | \$2.42 |
| 0.95 yards gravel at 40 cents, .....                  | .38    |
| 0.45 yards sand at 40 cents, .....                    | .18    |
| Labor of mixing and ramming, .....                    | .50    |
| Cost of forms (including handling and cleaning), .... | .10    |
| Steel Reinforcement, .....                            | .57    |

|                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| Cost of 30 posts, .....       | \$4.15 |
| Cost of one post about, ..... | .14    |

This is a very low cost and could not be arrived at in practice unless the posts are made in very large numbers. No allowance has been made for breakage, water cost and depreciation of plant, cement testing, etc.

Forms for making fence posts can be bought for ten or twelve dollars, and there are a great many types on the market. It is a comparatively simple matter, however, for a farmer to make his own forms. Fence posts made of reinforced concrete will last a long time. They are fire, frost and rust proof. They require but little repairing, or replacing, and improve with age. When set in swampy land where wooden posts would be very short lived, they become harder and stronger all the time. It has been claimed that the boards attached to them are less apt to rot off, because the concrete draws the moisture from them. In a neighborhood

where concrete fence posts are not in general use, and where wooden posts are comparatively scarce, it is quite possible for a man to build up a profitable business making them.

For general purposes on a farm a post should be six inches square at the bottom, about three and a half inches square at the top, and six and a half feet long.

Any holes or staples that will be necessary to attach the fence wire should be provided for before the concrete sets.

Another very important use to which concrete has been put in the last few years, is in the manufacture of hollow building blocks and cement bricks of various shapes and styles, some of the former very closely imitating natural stone. There are all sorts of moulds made for making these concrete blocks, and some very artistic effects are obtained. An outfit that will enable a man to manufacture blocks for himself and his neighbors and perhaps to build up a lucrative business can be bought for \$50 or less. The moulds for making tile pipe, which is another important use for concrete can be bought for \$15.

There is no question but that concrete is getting to the front, and what a few men are doing to-day, will be the common practice a few years hence. Some substitute for wood must be found, and reinforced concrete seems to fill the bill. Getting ready to use concrete as a rule costs more than getting ready to use wood, but having done this, sometimes the actual cost of the material and labor will in certain work, be less. But whether it is or not, there are lots of cases where concrete is so much better that the cost should not be considered.

In the modern sanitary cow barns where thorough washing is absolutely necessary and where simply by cleanliness they have reduced the bacteria in milk from a million in a drop to a hundred in a teaspoonful, wood is out of the question. Such sanitary conditions would be impossible with wooden floors, partition, beams and feeding boxes. In pig pens, also, concrete has been used with great success.

There are a number of farms where almost everything is constructed of concrete, but while this is interesting it is carrying the idea to an extreme. The average farmer is not interested in spending unlimited time and money simply to demonstrate its possibilities. He is willing to take the other fellow's word for that. But what every farmer should do is to carefully consider just what value it will be to him, and when it will pay him to use it. A careful consideration of this question, taking into account durability, cleanliness, the cost of labor and the attractive appearance, will often result in deciding favor of concrete, where heretofore one has been accustomed to build of wood as a matter of course. —*Farming*.

### WARMING THE WATER PAYS.

ABOUT four and one-half lbs. of water for each pound of milk is required by the average cow. The difference of a few degrees in temperature of such a quantity operates for or against the milk secretion in a manner little realized by most feeders.

It has been determined by actual experiment that cows prefer water above rather than below 60 degrees, and they will drink more of it. With a herd of dairy cows on pasture in warm weather, when compelled to quench their thirst with water directly out of a cold well, the milk flow decreased considerably. It naturally follows that under winter conditions, on account of the necessary animal heat required to resist the lower temperature, cold water should affect the milk flow much more than in summer. There are many very good tank warmers now sold at reasonable prices. The expense in running one is very light. In the matter of comfort alone, it pays to warm their drinking water.—*M. L. Hutchins, Adams Co., Wis.*



THE lesson that it most behooves the American farmer to learn is to stop waste—waste of soil, waste of crop, waste of plant food, waste of farm machinery, neglect of domestic animals, including all sorts of poultry. When the American farmer takes care of his land, harvests his crop, husbands his grains like the French farmer, he will be able to feed a population of 300,000,000 without adding another acre to the ground now in cultivation.—*Washington Post*.



SOME experimenters in France say that some dead leaves possess a higher value as fertilizers than ordinary manure. Pear leaves, they say, rank highest in nitrogenous matter, oak leaves next, and vine leaves lowest. Forty-four pounds of pear leaves, they announce, are equivalent in nitrogenous matter to one hundred pounds of manure.—*The Pathfinder*.

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### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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FARM FOR RENT.—A Good Dairy Farm near Elgin, Ill., for rent on shares. A good proposition for the right man. For particulars address: "Farmer" care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### A Dixie Thanksgivin'.

Hollerdays hab come once mo'—  
 Hyar it am Thanksgivin'!  
 Ole man gittin' stiff an' so'e—  
 Hahdly make a livin'.  
 But, sah, when Thanksgivin' come,  
 Honey, I ain't nevah glum;  
 'Ca'se ma dinna' 'll sho be some—  
 Brëss de good Thanksgivin'!

Bes'es' white folks in dis town  
 Sont a turkey to me!  
 'N' evathaing to go aroun'—  
 Dat's de way dey do me.  
 Lucy Ann's a-comin' down  
 Fuh to bake it nice and brown;  
 Den we'll 'vite de preachah roun'—  
 No time to be gloomy!

Lucy Ann's my dorter, chile,  
 Wo'kin' fuh de white folks—  
 Up de road about a mile—  
 One o' dese hyar light folks.  
 Roun' hyar she's de cullud belle—  
 Preachah's sot to heh a spell—  
 But when Lucy marries well,  
 Dey mus' be de right folks!

Lucy's mammy's dead and gone  
 Sence she wuz a baby;  
 Tuk ma chile an' trabbled on—  
 Raised huh lak a lady!  
 She ken cipha, wash, an' cook,  
 An' she reads me f'om de Book  
 Dat lights up de paff I's took  
 To'rds de lan' dat's shady.

But, sah, come aroun' to-night,  
 'L you wouldn't mind it.  
 Take de road dah to de right—  
 Easy 'nough to fin' it;  
 Come an' tas'e dat dinna' sah,  
 'N' meet the preachah 'n Lucy; fuh,  
 'L he wants a 'cript fuh huh.  
 You'll be dar to sign it.

—James D. Corrothers, in the Century Magazine.

### Some Things Nature Makes.

Nature is something of a manufacturer herself.

In the case of certain cactus marvelous natural pottery is produced. Woodpeckers excavate nests in the trunk and branches, and to protect itself the plant exudes a sticky juice, which hardens, forming a woody lining to the holes made by the birds. Eventually the cactus dies and withers away, but the wooden bowls remain.

As a weaver Nature also produces fine work. Certain tree barks and leaves furnish excellent cloth, as for instance, the famous tapa cloth used in the South Sea Islands.

Nature is a glass maker, too, according to the Indian Review. By discharging her lightning into beds of quartz sand she forms exquisite little pipes of glass.

She makes valuable ropes of various kinds in the shape of tropical vines and creepers, and she is even a lace maker, as witness the lace tree of the West Indies.

Young Turkey—"By the way the farmer is feeding me he must think I'm a pretty fine bird!" Old gobbler—"Yes. But don't get stuffed up too much or the first thing you know you'll lose your head entirely."

### Novel Toboggans.

Among the supplies once sent by the government to a certain Indian agency were several hundred large frying-pans with long handles. At first it was uphill work to get the Indians to take them, but by the time the agent had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed that he did not have application for at least a dozen and some days he disposed of twice that number.

Being curious to know the reason of the sudden change the agent rode out one day and about two miles from the agency learned the secret.

The Indians had selected a long, smooth slope of the mountain, where there were no stones, and had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide, and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans. Seating themselves in the pans, they grasped the handles with both hands; then, crossing their legs, they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity.—Selected.

Help Wanted. It was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said; "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see I am very large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."—Harper's Weekly.

### Items of Interest.

In mediæval times cats were so scarce that to kill one involved a heavy fine.

The skin of the whalebone whale, boiled to a jelly, is a favorite dish of Danish epicures.

Butter was used for many years in India solely as an ointment for applying to wounds.

In Madrid Tuesday is deemed unlucky, and for many years no one has been married on that day.

Two hundred penny-in-the-slot machines which supply newspapers are now installed in Berlin.

The "sacred running oxen" of Ceylon never, it is stated, acquire a greater height than thirty inches.

Uninhabited islands to the number of ten thousand lie between Madagascar and the coast of India.

About three hundred species of turtle and tortoises are known. Some of these attain a very large size.

The prairie dog is one of the most dainty of animals. It makes for itself a fresh bed of straw every night.

Glass waterpipes, which have a covering of asphalt to prevent fracture, are in use in some parts of Germany.

The Shah of Persia has a string of pearls, each being the size of a filbert nut, brought up by the divers on the Persian coast.

There are between four and five million women in this country who are engaged daily in mercantile, industrial and professional pursuits.

In the British Museum are books written on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood and palm leaves.

## Neff's Corner

That offer I made in this corner recently of a house and lot in Lake Arthur for \$250 that will rent for \$5 to \$7 per month is awakening some interest. I am in town now looking after the erection of such a house for a sister in Oklahoma. The whole thing is to cost her only \$250. When the house is finished it will be better than some others here that rent for \$7 per month.

When we got word from the sister that she wanted the house built, we put the chickens (the only things we had alive on the homestead except the team) into a crate, shoved the crate into the wagon and drove to town to camp here while looking after the building of the house. I ran all over town in search of a house that I might rent for this short time, and the only house I found vacant was a small two-room office building, and that not suitable for us, for which they wanted \$8 per month. So we rented a tent in which we live while the chickens roost in the wagon and the ponies graze on the commons.

So you see it is a good place to own property to rent. I am advising the sister to place her property on the market at once for \$350. People are moving in right along and the property is likely to sell soon, when the \$250 transaction can be repeated with \$100 left for margin. If you would like particulars as to size and description of house and lot \$250 will buy, or what you can get for a larger sum, write to

James M. Neff.

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

## FOR SALE

Hardware Stock, with Tinning and Plumbing in connection. A splendid opportunity for a well-established business. Good reasons for selling. C. E. Price & Co., Mount Morris, Illinois.

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## THE OWL AGENCY

OZAWKIE, KANSAS.



Write us for list of farms for sale in Jefferson county. Lands range from \$20 to \$60 per acre. We have prairie, timber and valley lands. Considerable of our wheat made 40 bushels, and our corn in some fields is making 75 bushels per acre. Our berries, cherry, grape, peach and apple crop was enough to fill any one with delight. Red and white clover, timothy, blue grass, alfalfa, etc., are grown successfully here. Our country has no towns without railroads, and is well watered by springs, creeks and rivers. We are located 50 miles from Kansas City, 20 miles from Topeka, the state capital, 40 miles from Leavenworth, and 35 miles from Atchison, all large cities and fine markets. Don't fool away good time and money on land in the experimental stage, but cast your lot where Mother Earth yields abundantly, and the people are enjoying a big chunk of prosperity to prove it. There are several Dunkard Brethren churches in this county, the largest of which is located at Ozawkie with a membership of 70.

N. W. Brammell, Mgr.

## Subscribe for the Inglenook

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

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J. E. KELLER.

### MILLER AND SOMMER DEBATE

This most interesting and able discussion between Robert H. Miller, of the Brethren church, and Daniel Sommer, of the Christian church, which was placed in book form some years ago, has been read with profit by many.

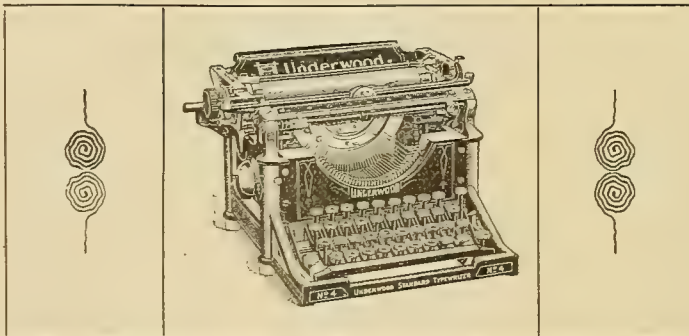
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### OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000.—We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

### THE LINED HOOD.

No. 21C3003.—For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter.

The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.



### AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes Nos. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood will cost you \$1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The Best quality of ribbon.

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# **SPECIAL NOTICE!**

## **A Change in Our Sunday School Publications**

With the close of 1906 we discontinue the publication of the Lesson Commentary, The Advanced Teachers' Quarterly and the Primary Teachers' Quarterly. The vacancy thus made will be filled by a new publication to be known as,

## **The Brethren Teachers' Monthly**

It is intended to make this monthly the very best help possible for our Sunday school teachers. In order to do this we have secured the assistance of some of our best writers along Sunday school lines.

There will be a number of pages devoted to the discussion of live Sunday-school topics. Each lesson will be presented under the following heads:

Introductory matter and explanatory notes, etc., by the Sunday-school editor, I. B. Trout.

The Gist of the Lesson, by P. B. Fitzwater, of North Manchester College.

The Lesson in everyday life, by Edward Frantz, of McPherson College.

Lights from the Orient, by E. B. Hoff, of Bethany Bible School.

The Lesson Illustrated by the editor.

How to teach the lesson to advanced classes, by A. C. Wieand, of Bethany Bible School.

How to teach the lesson to Intermediate classes, by Bertha M. Neher of Milford, Ind.

How to teach the lesson to Primary classes by Ida C. Shumaker, of Myersdale, Pa.

There will likely be other departments and features added as time and experience demand.

## **Why this Change?**

1. Because while the Teachers' Quarterlies and Commentary were very helpful to all who used them, yet they were not full and complete as they should have been in order to give the most possible help.

2. Because in this Monthly we purpose to give you twice the matter contained in the Commentary at only one-half the price.

3. Because the money, expended in covers for the Commentary and in postage can be utilized to much better advantage in expending it for good helpful suggestions. Instead of mailing this monthly at book rate like we did the Commentary, we can mail it at newspaper rate which is only one-eighth as much.

4. In the Monthly you will receive fresh matter in the way of illustrations, etc., which was not possible in the quarterly and commentary.

## **\$2.00 for 50c**

The Commentary contained a little over 300 hundred pages and cost you \$1.00. The Brethren Teachers' Monthly containing nearly 600 pages in the twelve issues, will cost you but 50 cents. Twice the matter at one-half the price. Subscribe now and get the January or first issue as soon as it is out, which will be about December 10th.

## **Every Teacher**

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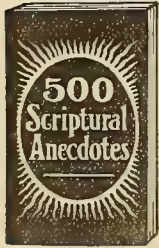
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A large variety of subjects are treated, and it will be found more helpful than

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The entire collection is carefully classified under fifty different subjects and arranged alphabetically.

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(As they appear in the book.)

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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

### Glorifying God in Our Homes.

A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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# FOUR IMPORTANT PERIODICALS In the World's Literature of To-Day

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## THE INGLENOOK, THE PRAIRIE FARMER, THE HOUSEKEEPER, and HEALTH

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### THE INGLENOOK.

It is **High Time** now to be deciding on your supply of winter reading. See that it is ample and first class. The latter point is, of course, the more important. Examine **The Inglenook**, as it has been coming to you the past months and see if it does not belong to this class. Does it not furnish you clean, elevating reading matter **EVERY WEEK**, equal in variety and volume to that for which you must wait a **whole month** in the case of many other magazines, and pay the same price? We are endeavoring more and more to make the Inglenook an all round family magazine, and the nearer we attain to this aim, the stronger will grow the family feeling of sociability already so apparent to many of our readers. Assist us in our efforts by sending us your subscription for another year.

### UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

#### Inglenook Completes the Home.

We feel as though our home was not complete without the Inglenook. Every one gets better.—Mrs. Winnie West, Fredericktown, Ohio, Sept. 11, 1906.

#### Getting Better.

I think the Inglenook is getting better every issue. May the time soon come when it will be prized the highest in the land. May God bless you in your work.—Olin Hardman, Polo, Mo., Oct. 2, 1906.

#### One Who Appreciates a Good Thing.

(When sending three trial subscribers, she writes)

I hope those people will make you regular subscribers. I believe they will when they see the many good articles of information your dear, good paper prints. I look forward eagerly to the first of the week when my Inglenook comes. I will always feel grateful to Miss Lucinda Lohman, of Turney, Mo., for first sending me the Inglenook last winter when I was a shut-in, to read.



### THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

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### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A monthly magazine, forty large pages each issue.

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The first of Marian Bonsall's series of articles, "Oriental Ideas for Western Women," appeared in the October number. Japan furnished Miss Bonsall with her material. Japan has been written about very extensively, but it is a new view of that fascinating land that is here presented. No other foreigner, perhaps, ever got so close to the heart of the marvelous womanhood of Japan as has Miss Bonsall, and her articles have a distinct value, not only to students of the marvelous East, but to every woman, for the lessons drawn are intensely practical. The series will continue through a large part of 1907.

#### The Practical Departments.

These have won the **Housekeeper** its greatest successes, and they will be given due attention during the coming year. They cover every department of domestic interest: Cooking, the care of children, dressmaking, fancy work, poultry raising, floriculture, and the building and beautifying of the home. The favorite contributors of the past years will be reinforced by new and forceful writers. The pages devoted to girls and children will be brighter and more inspiring than ever.



### HEALTH.

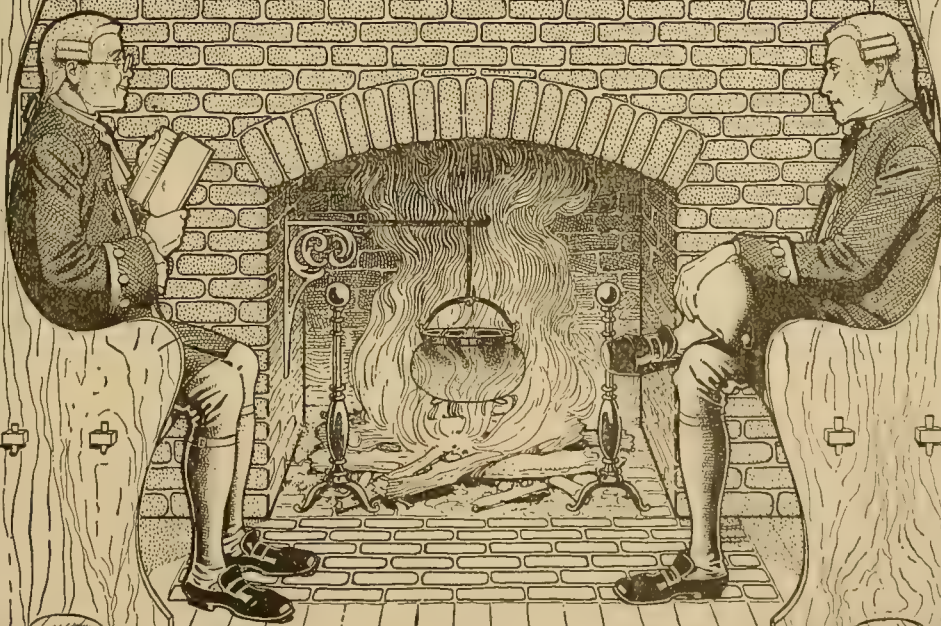
A monthly magazine of over 60 pages. It is a combination of three magazines: "Health," "Medical Talk," and "Vim." In combining the three best periodicals published, along their line, we have a magazine that cannot be surpassed for practical information along the line of health.

Practical and sensible subjects, along the line of keeping a healthy body and how to regain lost health, are ably discussed in each issue. Many doctor bills might be saved and much suffering avoided by following the instructions suggested by this magazine. In a word it is practicable and very instructive. Don't fail to include it in your list of reading matter.

# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

**T**O live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—*Channing.*



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 4, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 49. Vol. VIII



**Others Have Arranged to  
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**Going, Returning and During**

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**In Los Angeles**

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Co-Operation SAVES MONEY by enabling the Brethren to take their lunch baskets and coffee pots and living in the Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars not only on the road but during the Annual Meeting, as these cars will be side-tracked at some convenient point where the Brethren can get to them during the Meeting.

Other parties are talking of running Personally Conducted Excursions but as the Union Pacific has been in this business for years and has a Specially Conducted Excursion Department in charge of S. A. Hutchison, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., who sends competent, experienced Conductors with each excursion, there is no question but what the trip will be made a pleasant one.

There will be a Pullman porter with each car whose duty it will be to make up beds, look after the Passengers and keep the car clean, not only en route but while cars are side-tracked at Los Angeles.

One of these excursions will probably go through Colorado, Idaho, Oregon and California, arriving at Los Angeles in time for the Annual Meeting. Others will go direct to the Annual Meeting, returning through Northern California, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado and some will go direct to and from the Annual Meeting.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, etc., address Mr. S. A. Hutchison, Excursion Manager, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or Geo. L. McDonaugh, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

## **"The Overland Route"**

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# Something Doing



A Butte Valley Orchard, Laden with Fruit.

## A Letter from Butte Valley

Ball P. O., Siskiyou Co., California.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Brother:—I had your good letter of not long since telling me of the prosperity of Albaugh Bros., Dover & Company. I am glad to hear of the growth in the business. You will have to excuse me a week or two yet from doing any service for your department in the Company, as I am very busy here in Butte Valley.

I am building a house on my farm. So is Brother Smith, Brother H. F. Maust, E. M. Wolfe, and Brother Collins. Several others are coming to build this Fall. The weather is certainly fine. I think the soil here is the best I ever saw. I have travelled some, as you know, but the longer I stay here the more I am impressed that this is the most fertile valley that I have ever visited. The apple crop is immense. A gentleman north of here a few miles sold ten acres of pears for \$7,000 and 30 acres of apples for \$13,000. Another sold 6 carloads of apples at \$2.60 a box net. Still another neighbor refused an offer of \$2 a box for 6,000 boxes. I was over at the Praether Ranch yesterday and the trees are loaded with fine apples. The orchard on the Boyce Ranch is also full.

Say, Cobb, the ducks and geese are thick down at the lower end of the valley on the lake. I wish you were here, and we had time to shoot a few. Bring your father out and let's take a hunt. The threshing is about all done. Farmers are taking their grain to Klamath Falls, and I pronounce the quality very good. If the people in Southern California find out what this valley is, the people of the East will hardly find a place to build a house. I hope I may have another good letter from you soon, and that I may get back to work as soon as John gets located.

Fraternally yours,

D. C. Campbell.

This letter is used by permission of Bro. Cobb.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



# Wearing Out

---

THAT is just what a great many people are doing. They know something is wrong, and yet can't tell what is the matter.

Did you ever think what a large proportion of the American people are sick, or, at least, if not exactly sick, are not well? Something is the matter all the time.

How many people of your personal acquaintance are constantly complaining of being "so tired," having "such a headache," of "not feeling just right," and a thousand and one other things, until it almost seems as if the world had become one huge hospital filled with incurables! What is the cause of all this? It is certainly not a natural condition, but on the contrary one that should cause much anxiety and alarm.

The people in America are proverbially in a hurry. They eat in a hurry, work in a hurry and sleep in a hurry, overworking and overstraining nature, and then wonder why it is they don't feel well and strong.

One of the results of the American way of "rushing" things is the impoverishing of the blood which furnishes the sinews of life. Not being able to respond to the calls made on it, the blood becomes thin and weak, and, losing its strength, it soon fails to accomplish the work for which it is intended, and disease in its varied forms is the inevitable result. This weakness becomes sometimes the heritage of following generations.

Nothing will restore failing health, nothing will so quickly and surely bring strength, as DR. PETER'S VITALIZER.

## WELL EVER SINCE.

Greeley, Pa., Feb. 26, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your valued medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer**, has now been used in our family for ten years. It has become our house doctor. The **Blood Vitalizer** cured me of a serious sickness. I had terrible pains in my side and felt as if there was a stone or weight of some kind oppressing me. I could hardly breathe at times and was unable to stoop or bend over. I would be flushed with heat occasionally and have distressing headaches. Ten bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** cured me completely. It is now ten years ago and I have not been sick since.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. U. Eggenberger.

## A MINISTER WRITES.

Carleton, Nebr., May 23, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—People are getting better acquainted with your remedies. Everyone to whom I have supplied them reports good success. I, myself, have been cured of rheumatism by their use.

A business man here had a bad attack of rheumatism. He heard that I kept your medicine and so he sent over

and got a bottle each of the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum**. It seems that he expected that the first dose or two should cure him and as this did not happen, they sent for the doctor. The latter prescribed something which deadened the pain, but failed to cure the disease. After a while I met the man's brother and asked him how he was getting along. He said they quit the doctor and used your medicines again and he is now well. I am convinced beyond doubt that the **Blood Vitalizer** taken inwardly and the **Oleum** applied externally is the best remedy there is for rheumatism.

Respectfully,

(Rev.) R. J. Voss.

## CURED SALT RHEUM.

Huntsburg, Ohio, March 27, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I suppose you think we are all dead, not having heard from us for so long a time. We have lived for about a year out in the country about forty miles from Cleveland. You will, no doubt, remember that I wrote you some years ago about your **Blood Vitalizer**, telling you that my husband was a sufferer with salt rheum and that nothing had been able to cure it. I am glad to inform you that your **Blood Vitalizer** cured him and that there is not a trace of it left.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Lena Lang.

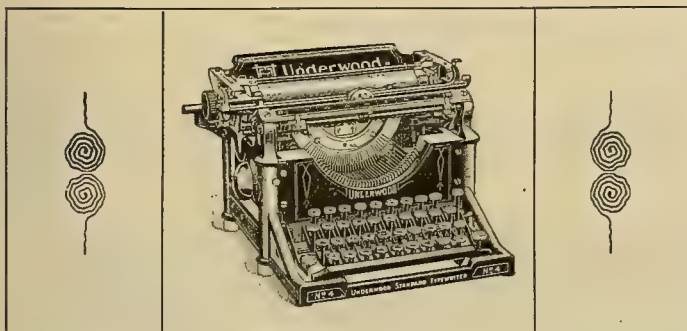
DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is a remedy for young and old. It restores natural vitality, strengthens and builds up the entire system. Not for sale in drugstores. Sold to the people direct through special agents in every community. If there is no agent in your neighborhood, write to the proprietors direct and address your letter

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**12-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

We have no apologies  
to offer;  
no excuses to make.



We made the first real practical visible writing machines ever placed on the market, and we are making them yet.

We made them good to start with—we are making them better than ever to-day.

To-day we know how to and do make better **front stroke wholly visible** writing machines than any competitors can ever hope to equal.

It takes time to **prove** quality—we've proved it.

**Underwood Typewriter Co.,**  
135 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

## HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

### OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000.—We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool

yarn and comes in three colors: black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

### THE LINED HOOD.

No. 21C3003.—For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter.

The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.



### AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes Nos. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood will cost you \$1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The Best quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
Dept. 21. Chicago, Ill.

## VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package.

Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,  
Frederick, Maryland.



# Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers

Should Take Advantage of the

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

### Oregon Short Line R. R.



Model Ranch in Idaho

### Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

### Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho—with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

For further information write to

Or to  
S. BOCK, General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

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No. 49

## Highland Beach and the Highlands, New Jersey

Richard Seidel



HIGHLAND BEACH is an excursion resort for family parties, though larger excursions can obtain ample accommodations on notice. The bathing is especially fine and varied, the ocean and the river being but fifty yards apart.

A background of shadowy purple mountains, a foreground of deep blue sea and between the

of childhood, when a spade and bucket afford perfect happiness, when buttermilk is buttermilk and not a cure for freckles, and a donkey ride appears the crown and summit of earthly bliss.

There are others on the beach enjoying the surf bathing and the sea breeze; old and young in regulation bathing suits are seen amusing themselves in the surf and on the sands. A bell reminds the visitor



View from Navesink Lights, Showing Highland Beach, N. J.  
(Courtesy of Wm. Sandlass, Highland Beach, N. J.)

two a vista of golden sand stretching long and level from one end of the bay to the other. And on the sands themselves what a scene to make a mother's heart leap within her! "Baby on the sands!" Hundreds of snowy sun-bonnets and sailor-hats bobbing up and down, little brown legs emerging from beneath cotton skirts and diminutive knickers and trotting ceaselessly to and fro from morn till eve; tiny sun-burned paws patting the sand into shape and grubbing holes into which the clear salt water can be poured with such delightful results. Alas, for the happy days

that a steamer from New York has arrived, which brings more visitors, expecting to have a merry time on the beach. The shrill whistle of the locomotive indicates that a train is nearing the depot with another load of merry-makers.

So the time passes amidst merriment until a sun dial demands one that the shades of evening draw nigh. The joyous groups slowly commence to disperse, crowding the departing steamers and trains to their highest capacity. Some depart in automobiles and others in all kinds of vehicles. In a cloud of



purple the sun sinks slowly in the west and finally disappears beyond the horizon. The beach becomes quieter and finally only the murmuring sound of the surf is heard, breaking against the beach.

A drawbridge 1,452 feet long, built in 1872, over the Navesink, connects the beach with the Highlands of Navesink (375 feet) at the foot of Lighthouse Hill, their easternmost spur. From 1865 until the building of the bridge, people were ferried over. The Highlands of Navesink were at one time known as Portland Heights, the name applying to the entire neck between Sandy Hook bay and the Navesink river. It was purchased from the Indians, who called this bold headland Newasink ("Good Fishing Place"), in 1663. Richard Hartshorne, who came from London in 1669, gained possession of the Highlands in the following year, and it is certain that as early as 1687 he had erected a house on his Highland estate, leaving his first colonial residence at Wakake Creek. A large portion of the Highlands continues in the possession of the Hartshorne family to this day, a tenure of real estate of excessively rare length in this country.

Benjamin M. Hartshorne now occupies the Portland mansion. This is, however, a comparatively modern structure erected on the site of the original house, which was burned down about fifty-seven years ago. It is a large but unpretentious building near the water. The grounds are kept in good order, the lawn smoothly shaven and a pair of brass field pieces give an old-time air to one of the most interesting family residences on the continent. In early times the Indians often encamped at this place, and Indian relics are still turned up by the plow. On the opposite side of the cove is another interesting building of the colonial period which belonged to the estate of John Hartshorne. Apparently an unpretentious conventional white farm house, the interior is of a character to stimulate the interest of the antiquarian. It stands on a lawn a few yards from Navesink. It is said that in the war of 1812 shells thrown by a British man-of-war lodged in these grounds. The building is divisible into two sections, the earlier including a stone kitchen, and a two-storied section. The ground floor is occupied by a large, low studded apartment, to one side of which is an immense old-fashioned fireplace. The black timbers, hewn into shape with the ax, are in excellent order, and the heavy frame is also thoroughly preserved. The partition walls are of the most massive character. The second section of this house is an addition erected in 1788, and is almost as venerable in its appearance as the other parts of the building.

The Highlands, a village which includes a number of pretty villas, among them the summer homes of several popular actors and the Jackson Club, spreads out along the slope of Lighthouse hill to Minturns

Point, a superb promontory to the south, and to Parkertown, about one mile to the north. It has about two thousand inhabitants, which are mostly engaged in clamming and fishing. During the summer season it receives a large influx of summer boarders from the metropolis, etc., which increases its population to about eight thousand. The New Jersey Central Railway passes through the center of the village, connecting it with New York, partially by rail and water. During the summer and until late in the fall the passenger steamers of the Patten Line, New York, visit the village eight times a day, debarking and embarking passengers for its shores.

Lighthouse Hill is named from the twin lighthouses



Ocean Bathing, Highland Beach, N. J.  
(Courtesy Wm. Sandlass.)

which stand on its small, bare plateau, semi-encircled by thick woods. The site was utilized as early as 1746 for a beacon, put up at the request of New York merchants. England was then at war with France, and the beacon was to give warning should hostile vessels be sighted. About a month afterwards it was accidentally fired, and as it was not observed from New York, it was discontinued as useless. A lighthouse was built there in 1762 and continued in use until 1828, when twin towers were erected. In 1826 a semaphore, by means of which, before the invention of the electric telegraph, vessels were reported to New York, was put up on the same plateau. The present structure which, with its "twin towers" and battlements, is picturesque enough to be worthy of a commanding position on the banks of the Rhine, was erected in 1862. The "establishment" is of brown stone and consists of two castellated towers, connected by a castellated wall, 1,228 feet long, forming the front of the keepers' dwellings and the supply rooms. The structure is on a line northwest and southwest. The centers of the lanterns are fifty-three feet from the ground, the lights are first order, three hundred and fifty feet above sea level and from a vessel's deck can

be seen sixty miles out at sea, but have been seen seventy-five miles out, from aloft. The lanterns proper are nine feet six inches high and provided with an electric, revolving flashlight of ninety millions of candle power. It contains six hundred and forty lenses each three inches thick. The northwest tower is octagonal, the southwest tower square. The lighthouse board instructs keepers of lighthouses to show visitors



Twin Lights, Navesink Heights, N. J.  
(Courtesy Wm. Sandlass.)

over their establishment free of charge whenever their doing so does not interfere with their duties. As a rule, lighthouses are not open to the public after the lamps are lighted.

A beautiful, enchanting view is obtained from the towers of the twin lights. To the eastward is the blue Atlantic, rolling lazily with its long, dreamy heave on a bright day when the wind is soft and fair. Clouds



Shrewsbury River at Highlands, N. J.  
(Courtesy Wm. Sandlass.)

of white canvas glitter and nod in the sunlight, as scores of vessels, outward and inward bound, take their way over the waves. There is a large steamer just passing out to sea, plunging steadily into the blue water and leaving a long black trail of smoke behind,

How many hearts beat hopefully in that black shell, soon to be only a mere speck upon the water; and how many eyes are turned in farewell glances to the tower from which one looks down. How lovingly they will watch it until it sinks down and fades away on the dim horizon. Directly below, the peaceful Shrewsbury flows gently, its bright bosom dotted with many smaller craft; and amid the trees along the river shore one sees the hotels and the white cottages of the Highlands, one of the most popular summer resorts in the vicinity of the metropolis. Sandy Hook, with its lighthouses and the grim outlines of the fortifications, is seen to the northward seeming strangely near in a bright light of a summer afternoon; and within the cove are a score of vessels at anchor. Across the bay are Coney Island and Rockaway and in the middle seem to float the substantial structures of the Quarantine. To the westward are the bold heights of Staten Island and at the Narrows one sees the national ensign flapping from the tall flagstaff at Fort Wadsworth.

As many as a thousand people have visited the Highlands of Navesink lighthouses in a day. The cannon in front of the structure was discovered when the cellar of the present building was being dug. It bears the inscription: "I. Loper, 1756." Some suppose it to be a Revolutionary relic, others say it was taken from a British tender which was sunk in Sandy Hook Bay during the war of 1812.

The semaphore referred to was an interesting apparatus. On a tower about seventy feet high was a tall spar to which two arms were rigged, far enough apart to enable each to describe a circle without interfering with the other. In the tower was a dial, graduated from one to ten, and with the words, "Look out" and "Repeat." If the pointer on the dial was set at any number between one and six, the upper arm on the spar moved to a corresponding position; if set at any number from seven to ten, or at "Look out" or "Repeat," the lower arm moved. The operator worked from a "Telegraph Dictionary" adopted by the Merchants' Exchange. The names of vessels and words generally in use were represented by numbers. The number of the ship *Napoleon*, for instance, was 6335, and to report her the operator set the dial successively at 6-3-3-5 and the upper arm moved successively into the corresponding position. There was a semaphore on Sandy Hook which signalled the figures to an operator on the Staten Island side of the Narrows, who in turn signalled them to an observer in the Merchants' Exchange. The operators became so skillful that a vessel could be reported from the Highlands of Navesink to New York in a minute. At present vessels are reported from two telegraph towers, owned by the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Company, at New York City.

Fort Hancock, N. J.





# THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN



## Chapter I. Nat and Jim.



WHEN you see her you c'n tell her I'm comin' up there and chop her head off," said Nat.

"Don't you like her 't—t all?" asked Jim.

"No. I guess you wouldn't, either, if you'd go to school with her. Always stickin' her nose in what's nothin' to her and then blabbin' to the teacher. And her old stringy hair! Curls are what girls ought to have. I don't think much of a girl 'tain't got curls. You ought to see Victoria Ryan," and Nat bit his lower lip in perfect delight with the remembrance.

"S—sh—she p—p—purty?" asked Jim.

"Well, mebbe she ain't! Her ma and pa are English. And Victoria's got hair just the color of them reddest maple leaves when the sun's shinin' through 'em. And curly. *Curly!*" and Nat's upper row of notchy teeth descended again on his nether lip.

Then his red lips parted in a gush of delight from another source. "Come on, Jim. I've not showed you my bird's nest."

"Wh—wha' kind? Sparrie?"

"*Sparrie!* I tear sparrie nests up. It's a blue-bird's, in a stump. We'll go down here. You stay behind me. We'll sneak along,—don't you make a racket or I won't like you,—and mebbe we'll catch the old bird on the nest."

They walked erect for a little way, then went stealthily, leaning far forward, with their faces upturned as much as possible and their eyes rolled up yet more, watching the top of a tall old stump some rods ahead.

When they came alongside it they straightened up cautiously, and Nat thrust one arm up and slipped his hand across the hollow of the stump.

Keeping his hand there, he climbed up on the fence until he was high enough to look down into the opening. He drew his hand away slightly, allowing a crevice to peer through, but there was nothing alive within. Only a nest of searing grasses littered with broken egg-shells.

"Old bird ain't on. Guess she's gone for good," said Nat.

Jim began to clamber up on the fence.

"Might as well stay down. The eggs are all hatched out and the nest don't amount to much now."

Jim persisted, and got one gliding look into the

hollow before Nat pulled him in a backward leap to the ground.

"Come on. Mebbe we can find a bumble-bees' nest," was said to direct Jim away from the embarrassment of the abandoned bird's nest.

They went toward a little group of trees back of the house,—Nat's home.

Nat was bearing the weight of the chagrin of the bird's nest.

"Pa's goin' to get me a bicycle, mebbe," he said, endeavoring to lessen the load.

"I—I've got a t—tricycle," commented Jim. "It wuz Ada's, till she outgrewed it. Course a fellow can't use 'em 'cept on side—walks," he finished.

"Course not! Here! Bet you can throw the furthest," giving Jim half the handful of pebbles he had picked up.

"Throw 'em at that old barrel," and Nat, in memory of his having turned his guest away from the stump, generously used only the lesser part of his brachial strength, and his pebbles fell short of the target.

In the orchard they got their pockets and hands full of apples, when, happening to go near a calf that was tied beneath one of the trees, that creature began such a frenzied jerking and jumping and such a plaintive mooing that a man came from the adjoining field to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"Why, hello, Jim! Didn't know you're here. How's the city?" he asked the younger boy, in a pleasant, kindly voice.

"I—it's all r—right. C—country's better though," replied Jim, stammering a lot in his importance.

"That's just what I think."

"Nat," he said, turning to his son, "what has scared this calf again?"

"We was just walkin' along here. We didn't do anything. I've not tried to scare it since—you—you—wh—"

"All right, Nat," and John Kemper started back to his corncutting.

"Pa!" Nat called out when his father had reached the fence. "Do you know where there's any bumble-bee nests?"

John Kemper sat motionless astride the fence, trying to recall the whereabouts of any bees' nest. There was the dull thud of an apple falling to the ground

from a tree near by, then an angry *buzz! buzz!!* followed by the ascent of a little cloud of bumble-bees.

"There's an appli-cable answer, Nat. Over here's what you want," said the father.

"That apple fell right down on the nest, didn't it? We're goin' to get a jug and get the bees out, so's we can have the honey."

They half-filled a jug with water and procured an old fishing-pole.

"Kind of—of a funny way, ain't it? I never seen it," admitted Jim.

"You keep your eyes peeled and I reckon you'll say it's interestin'. I'll tell you what to do. Then, my! the honey'll be good."

Only two or three of the bees were circling around their dooryard when the boys returned to the orchard.

"You better stay back. Mebbe they're mad yet," advised Nat; and he cautiously approached the nest and set the half-filled jug near it. Then he ran back to Jim and taking the pole in his hands, lightly tapped against the side of the jug. Jim was permitted to do that next, and all the time the autumn breeze produced a humming sound as it vibrated about the open mouth of the vessel.

After a few minutes a bee hovered directly above the singing mouth; then, enticed by the sound which so well imitated its own, it abruptly shot down inside,—and did not come out for there was water within.

Presently another bee hovered above the mouth and shot downward; then one went in without hovering; and very soon there was a moving stream of bumble-bees extending from the nest to the mouth of the jug.

When there were at last no more bees going into the jug Nat considered it safe for him and Jim to take possession of the spoil.

They dug away the soil that covered the nest, carefully putting to death the few stray bees which had not come to the surface. And they found within a yellowish-brown mass, which on examination showed itself to be made up of bee-bread, the larvæ of a new colony of bees, clay, sand, and bits of grass, which foreign ingredients had sifted in during the process of excavating; and a meager quantity of very strong "bumble-bee honey."

They picked up the jug and the fishing-pole with sticky, grimy fingers.

"O, N—Nat! pour the water out and le's see the bumble-bees."

"Better let 'em in awhile. Mebbe some of 'em are alive yet."

"Boys! Nat! Jim! Dinner time!" called John Kemper.

"Yes, sir!" answered Nat.

"We'll leave 'em in till after dinner, then they'll be sure to be drowned," he added to Jim.

The boys and Nat's father washed their hands and faces and smoothed their hair in a cool, roofed space beside the kitchen. John Kemper then seated himself on the "screened in" porch and the little boys went into the sitting-room for a few minutes' rest before the meal.

Jim sat down, but he stared around him with wide-open eyes and slowly rocked his chair and his body in the chair.

"Y—your pa must get 'bout six dollars a day," he at last said to Nat, looking at the wide case half-filled with books. "Papa gets two and a half and mamma washes for the dentist's, and we ain't but just got three pictures and ten books and three rooms and a pantry, and mamma has to cook in the pantry. Must take lots o' money to have all these things and l'oleum all over your kitchen and your porch screened in."

"Pa don't get wages same as your papa does, 'cept when he helps at the harvestin' or corn-shuckin' down at Racy's."

"Ask him, won't you?"

Nat went to the door that opened out on the porch where his father was.

"You don't get six dollars a day, do you?" he asked.

John Kemper had heard Jim's remarks.

"No, I get about six dollars a week, I suppose."

It was to be wondered at, how John Kemper's home could be so pleasantly furnished. There were no un-necessaries, but everything bespoke comfort, taste, management, skill, intelligence.

The appointments of the dinner-table were the same. There was well-cooked food in plenty, but there was not a superfluous article.

Who or what was the wonder-worker in this home of the tiny-farm owner?

Nat's mother was prettier, too, Jim thought, than his own tired little mamma. Mrs. Kemper was laughing, clear-skinned, robust of figure. Every inch of her was wholesomeness. Jim wanted to gaze at her all the time. But he wanted only to gaze; he didn't feel at all as if he'd want to run to her when he had "rattled" with Jack Dencan or been cuffed by the ice-man.

"My, b—but that wuz a good dinner! I nearly al'ays feel's if I could eat an apple or sompin after dinner at home. But they ain't no room to-day," Jim declared when he and Nat were once more out-of-doors.

"I like apples awful well, but ma cooks so good that I eat all I want of that stuff, and don't have room for much else," Nat replied, with a suspicion of regret in his tone.

"Gee! your ma's purty. Her looks is about proper, I'll tell you, Nat."

"Yes, but I'd rather have pa to hug me. Ma



squeezes tighter, but pa hugs so both our hearts feel like just one a-thumpin'."

What was there lacking? This woman, whose very task declared completion, which had an actual basis on the doer's splendid health,—how could there be lack in her? And this little boy, her son, his sturdy, symmetrical childhood but more strongly emphasized the superiority of a strong body and a strong mind.

There was no lack in any inanimate thing that came beneath her touch. And she as well created no new life within a breathing creature that received her contact.

Nat and Jim were pouring bumble-bees and water out of the jug.

"Ev'ry one of 'em d—drowned, ain't it? Wh—what wuz that brown, crumbly stuff in their nest?" asked Jim.

"Bee-bread. That's what the young ones eat. You ought to 'a' been here in June or July to 'a' got the honey. The nest was all full of honey then. Next year you come up to your gran'pa's in the summer-time, and come to see me and we'll dig out another bumble-bee nest."

They climbed to the top of the tallest tree and to the top of the stable; they caressed the kittens and fed the horse apples; they played hide-and-seek and went to sleep in the hay-loft.

When they awoke it was high time Jim was running back to his granpa's.

"Tell your mamma we expect her to spend a day with us," Mrs. Kemper said, storing cookies in the little guest's jacket pocket.

"Good-bye, Farmer Jim," called John Kemper, waving a farewell.

"Good-bye. Come back and play with me again." Nat had gone along as far as the turn in the road.

"I—I w—will. You come t' see me," and Jim trudged down the highway.

At the next turn he met a girl—a little girl with straight brown hair.

"Why, hello, Jim! Are you up at your gran'pa's?" she said.

"Y—yes. I—I wuz at Nat's to-day—all day."

"Have a good time?"

"Yo' betch yo'! Did yo' ever play with Nat?"

"He's so rough."

"He said I could tell you he's comin' to chop your head off."

"Why—y!" and Flossie's face took on an expression of mingled fear and disgust.

Jim was sorry at once. "I—I'll play with you," he said. "But I must be gettin' home now."

"Good-bye, Jim."

"Good-bye, Flossie."

## THE OTHER PICTURE.

J. S. FLORY.

"SAY, Sister Brown, did you notice that piece Sister R. wrote not long ago in the church paper about clearing up the back yard and raising garden stuff and flowers in place of the old trumpery lying around?"

"Yes," said Sister Brown, "I remember, and I thought it really a good thing to think about. It is just what we have been practicing for years."

"Yes, I know some people can do that way, but I just want to say Sister R. don't know it all. Sakes alive! I would like to know how in the world we could do that way. Why, really, we can't get done in the house what has to be done, let alone working outside. Since we moved into the city I declare our girls are on the go from morning to night. There is such a time fussing about the school going when school keeps and then the running to matinees Saturday afternoons and rinks at night, and so many callers and goers day and night; really it seems we can't even get time to clean house or do anything. Then it seems in the city everybody keeps late hours and nobody but me gets up until away after sun up."

After Sister A. had thus given vent to some of her feelings and paused to take breath, Sister Brown asked in a gentle manner, "You don't mean to say your girls go to such questionable places as the theaters and skating rinks?"

"Well, I know they oughtn't to, but what is one to do? The boys go and all the girls around, and their pa didn't seem to say much against it. And when the older girls are at home it seems they are almost crazy after the books they get out of the free library. I don't know if there is any good in such doin's or not. I just can't get them to do their own sewing. It does cost a lot to have their dresses made by the milliners. Then it takes up so much time running to the stores for this, that and the other thing. I just get out of patience."

"Well," said Sister Brown, "you have outlined a home life that certainly is something to worry over. Did you ever think about what the probable result will be with young people raised in that way? Now, I don't claim to be any better than most of our church people, but I have found out if we want to we can live about as comfortable in the city as in the country and we can keep ourselves and our families free from all those vain pleasures by teaching the Bible principles daily and giving our children plenty to do that will stimulate in them a desire for a moral, religious and useful life. Then they will be proof against the world's alluring vanities. It all depends on how we bend the twig and the kind of home influence that surrounds them. In our home, from the day we conse-

crated our lives to God we set up a family altar and to that altar we consecrated our life work and our children are partners in the work. We made love the ruling passion of our souls and made our children feel it from infancy up to manhood and womanhood. The tie seems so strong that we have every reason to believe our children, the Lord has given us, will be a comfort to us in our declining years. As you say, the temptations in the city are great, but the power of Christ in the heart and in the home is all-sufficient to overcome all the wily ways of the enemy if only we watch and pray."

"Yes, I believe you are right, but there is such a difference in people," said Sister A., as she bade Sister Brown farewell for the time being.

*Los Angeles, Cal.*



#### WHEN LIFE BEGINS.

LOIS L. THOMAS.

I have not heard just why the robins sing,  
I do not know what makes the flowers bloom;  
The plants emerge and tower above my head,  
And from the treetops glows the rising sun.  
The willows flaunt their gold along the river-side,  
The grapes hang purple from the vine;  
All nature smiles for me,  
And why should I be sad?

I am not sad. Though yesterday  
I shrank with grief, and bowed,  
With aching head and blinded eyes,  
Over the grassy resting place of one  
Who meant the world to me.

I did not know how swift the seasons are,  
I had not known that life was short or long,  
So well they blended, happiness and quiet and repose.  
I saw the restless world, looked on  
Its care, its strifes and woe,  
But felt them not, they were not mine.  
To-day I feel, I know, and, oh, so truly know,  
That I am one of all the rest.

I may not live apart. All life is sorrow,  
Yet I am not sad. Life calls for action,  
Lo, here are empty hands. The path  
Lies clear before me, and I will not swerve,  
Nor falter till the race is run.

North Manchester, Ind.



#### A DREAM.

SNOW MAHORNEY.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.—Prov. 14: 12.

JAMES saw two men and followed them; they were "Meanwell" and "Neverthink." They were walking leisurely along a grassy path. As they traveled on the path grew wider and spread into a level road. "A

pretty road," said Meanwell. "O, yes," answered Neverthink. "But see, it is divided." And sure enough, there were two paths instead of one. Lifting their eyes they saw the paths did not reach far, but a great curtain was suspended across each, with words printed upon them. Over the right path it read, "The Book of Eternal Life, and all its happiness." To the left, "The Book of Worldly Life, and all its gayeties."

Meanwell advanced slowly with wondering eyes. "Let us take this path to the left and see the book of the world and all its gayeties." "To be sure," said Neverthink, and with quickened step they passed down to the great entrance. A very sleek-dressed, dudish-appearing gentleman advanced to meet them and enquired what they would have. "We would see the book of worldly life and all its gayeties," Meanwell answered. Then they were led to a number of seats in front of which hung a great scroll. "Have these front seats," the dude said, drawing them nearer. "But where is the book?" asked Meanwell. "O, the book became so full we had to make this great scroll instead. The devil is very cunning; each day there are new scenes, and now you shall see the scroll and hear it speak." At this the great scroll began turning. There were scenes of all manner of sinful gayety and mirth, accompanied by mingled, confused noises, as of music and talking, laughing and shouting. On and on it turned, this great scroll, down into space. Meanwell noted the walls were draped with heavy curtains of very rich design; great gilded frames shone out from shadowy corners and persons seemed to be passing to and fro. Presently he noticed Neverthink had risen and was standing near the scroll with an excited expression on his face. The scroll was moving faster now, the scenes were more exciting. Meanwell also arose, and Neverthink drew still nearer. Suddenly Meanwell noticed a great black space yawning just at Neverthink's feet. He was about to speak and stretch forth a warning hand, but, oh, it was too late. Neverthink was carried down by the scroll into darkness. Meanwell started back. "Be not alarmed," spoke the smiling dude, "your friend is only carried away by this life of fun and gayety. O, you're not leaving us?" he added, as Meanwell started toward the door. "Well, if you must go, come again; lots of fun. New scenes all the time."

Meanwell reached the path once more, and started up to the right. Finding the entrance he pushed inside. The walls and floor were white and glistening, and a bright light shone around. On one side was a great book, heavily bound, and drawing nearer he saw two angels sitting, one on either side. At his request the leaves were opened, and, oh, how wonderfully white, and thin as soft silk paper! "And is it full?" asked Meanwell. The angels shook their heads and sadly answered, "No." Just then a brilliant white



light caused Meanwell to rub his eyes and look around. And there another angel stood, pointing to the door. But Meanwell wished to stay. Then spoke the angel, "This is the Book of Eternal Life that leads to heaven. Why do you wish to stay? Your robes are stained with worldly pleasures." Meanwell then noted great splotches upon his garments, and unable to speak was driven from the place. When once outside the doors were closed. He began to cry and moan, but many were hurrying down the path of sin and gayety, who shoved him roughly aside. Then Meanwell cried, "Come back, that is the wrong way. O, take this other path." But with laughing remarks and scornful looks they passed on. "Ah, because I have been there, they see my spotted garments and will not heed." Then Meanwell purposed to turn back to the first path and start his walk anew, but no, it was gone. Each one was permitted to travel it only once. And as he stood, knowing not what to do, a dreadful darkness seemed to settle down,—and James awoke.

Realizing it was only a dream, he was filled with great joy. And yet, was it all a dream? Are there not many day after day choosing the path of worldly gayety, hurrying on, in spite of tears and warnings? Thoughtless and unconcerned, they will not stop, perhaps meaning well, but never thinking of the awful consequences when they have gone so far that it will be everlastingly too late to enter the joys of the path to heaven.

I once heard of a poor dying boy who said, "O, if I miss heaven, what will I do?" Dear friends, please stop and think. What would we do? Let us strive more earnestly and prayerfully that we may choose the path that leads to the right, and walk therein.

*Ladoga, Ind.*



#### EXERCISE VS. RECREATION.

GENUINE recreation always has in it the element of pleasure. The man who is sawing wood, or breaking stones on the pike is having exercise, but there is not a sufficient amount of amusement or pleasure in sawing wood or breaking stones, as a continuous daily occupation, to entitle either to be ranked as a recreation.

To a boy rolling a hoop, batting a ball, rowing a boat, riding a bicycle, and many other things, have in them a sufficient amount of pleasure to entitle them to the rank of a recreation.

Recreation is always attended with some degree of exercise, but exercise may be, and often is, devoid of the element essential to a recreation. The moment, therefore, that recreation is indulged in to such an extent that it loses the element of exhilaration and pleasure, it then becomes either exercise or toil, according to circumstances. To the boy who has

been confined for days in a school room or a factory, an hour or two in the park would be a genuine recreation, while to the park policeman, whose duties in the park demand twelve or fourteen hours each day, the park means work and not recreation.

There are many persons, however, who enter into their daily duties with such zest and pleasure that they actually convert their daily duties into a round of perpetual recreation.—*Sylvanus Stall.*



#### STORMS FEED EARTH.

FOR thousands of years man has been doing as he pleased with the natural resources of this earth, using them lavishly and even wantonly, without giving a thought to the welfare of future generations. Now it is beginning to dawn on us that these resources are not inexhaustible and we stand aghast at the revelation, says A. Russel Bond in the *New York Herald*. Eight years ago Sir William Crookes called attention to the fact that the world's supply of nitrates is fast disappearing. The guano belts have been practically exhausted and the only remaining source of nitrogen is the saltpeter beds of Chile.

At the present rate of consumption—1,500,000 tons a year—these beds will be exhausted before the year 1940, and if the demand for saltpeter grows in the future as rapidly as it has in the past the nitrogen beds will be worked out in twenty-five years.

Many associate saltpeter with fireworks, guncotton and various other explosives, forgetting that it has a far greater use as fertilizer. Every time a 12-inch naval gun is fired, enough nitrogen is wasted to fertilize several acres of ground. Nitrogen plays a very important part in agriculture. All vegetable life requires this element, in varying proportions, but wheat in particular demands large quantities. In illustration of the value of saltpeter as a fertilizer it was recently shown by actual experience that an outlay of about \$2.50 an acre resulted in an increase in the value of crops from \$15 an acre to nearly twice that amount.

At the time that Sir William Crookes made his announcement the world's available wheat fields, covering an area of 163,000,000 acres, produced 2,000,000,000 bushels of wheat. Within twenty-five years it is expected that there will be a demand for more than 3,000,000,000 bushels, and to produce this amount 12,000,000 tons of saltpeter will be required as fertilizer. When the Chile beds are exhausted the wheat crop, being dependent on such small supplies of fertilizer as can be prepared from garbage, etc., will surely fail unless new sources are discovered.

Yet, strange as it may seem, nitrogen is one of our most abundant elements. Four-fifths of our atmosphere is pure nitrogen. There are billions of tons of this gas surrounding the earth. Unfortunately, wheat,

though literally flooded with the element it most needs, is unable to make any use of it, because it possesses no means of assimilating the gas in its free state. This gas must be combined with certain other elements before the wheat plant can absorb it, just as a fish is unable to live on the free oxygen of the air, but must have this oxygen mixed with water before it can breathe it. Some plants appear to gather nitrogen directly from the atmosphere, but in most cases it has been found that the gas is collected by small animal organisms which live at the roots of the plants and convert the nitrogen into a salt, which can be easily assimilated to the plant.

Sir William Crookes did not make his announcement without suggesting a remedy. He proposed that we might make use of the inexhaustible atmosphere, changing the free nitrogen into nitric acid by means of the electric spark. A hundred years ago it was discovered that nitrogen could be burned by an electric spark, and that the products of the combustion were nitric and nitrous acids. Little attention was paid to this discovery at the time. But recently two American inventors, Messrs. Bradley and Lovejoy, actually made the attempt of producing fertilizer on a commercial scale by consuming air.

Nitric oxide is merely a chemical combination of oxygen and nitrogen, and nitric oxide combined with water forms nitric acid. Sometimes after a flash of lightning a peculiar pungent odor is noticeable. This is nothing else than burnt air. A thunderstorm is therefore good for crops, as it supplies them with nitrogen in such form that it can be assimilated. This same odor of burnt air may be noticed about a spark coil or the destructive discharges of a wireless telegraph instrument. One might think that if air can be ignited, a flash of lightning would start a blaze which would girdle the earth and which could not be extinguished until all the nitrogen in our entire atmosphere were consumed. But air burns differently from most things. Instead of giving off heat like burning oil or coal, it absorbs heat to such an extent that the surrounding air is cooled below the igniting point and cannot take fire. The only way to keep air afire is to keep supplying it with heat, for if left to itself, the blaze will almost instantly be extinguished.

The apparatus with which fertilizer was first actually produced from the atmosphere comprised a drum through which air was pumped. In this drum a series of electric sparks was formed. The sparks took place between a set of stationary spark points on the drum and a series of wires projecting spokewise from a revolving shaft. These rapidly revolving wires drew out the sparks to a length of seven or eight inches before they broke. These sparks broke the air passing through the drum and the burned gas was pumped through water which absorbed it and thus formed

nitric acid. To produce fertilizer the gas was combined with lime-forming nitrate—a better fertilizer, by the way, than Chile saltpeter, which is nitrate of soda.

Announcement that nitrates could be commercially manufactured from the atmosphere was greeted with applause from all quarters of the globe. The anxiety at first produced by Prof. Crookes' warning was relieved. Man had shown himself equal to the emergency, and by his resourcefulness would atone for the prodigal waste of his forefathers. However, these self-congratulations came rather prematurely. Certain unforeseen difficulties were encountered. In order to produce the sparks a very high pressure of electricity was necessary—a pressure of 10,000 volts, while the current had to be cut down to a fine stream of only .005 of an ampere. These conditions it was very difficult to maintain, because the current had to be a continuous or a "direct" current instead of a vibratory or "alternating" current. As a consequence even though large quantities of nitric acid were produced, the undertaking was a failure from a commercial point of view and last year it was abandoned.

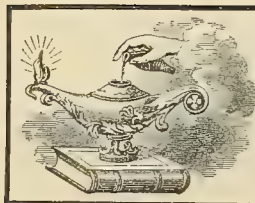
Our prospects would now look about as gloomy as they did at the time of Sir William Crookes' address were it not for a new process of utilizing atmospheric nitrogen which has just been announced by two Norwegian inventors, Messrs. Birkeland and Eyde. The new process is similar, in the main, to that of the American inventors, except that a new form of electric fire is employed. Instead of a multitude of thin streaks of electric light, the new process provides a large disk of flame which affects a larger area of air. Aside from this the disk of flame can be produced by an alternating current of large quantity and at a pressure of only 5,000 volts. There are no technical difficulties in the way of maintaining a current such as this. A large plant for the manufacture of nitrogen by this process has recently been established in Norway, and the outcome of the experiment will be intently watched by the whole world.

Attention is being paid to enormous waste of nitrogen in city sewage. Every year tons of this valuable fertilizer are poured into the rivers or cast into the sea, and, so far from being of any benefit, it pollutes inland waters, causing epidemics of typhoid and kindred diseases. A serious effort is now being made to reclaim the nitrogen in sewage, and it is meeting with success.—*Chicago Daily News*.



"By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the spirit of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower."





# THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—The Climax Prayer.

L. W. TEETER.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

HERE was, truly, The Only God-man,—the only Real Emmanuel, that ever should come into the world and live among men, as a man. He left perfect glory in highest heaven, as the middle Person of the Trinity, and came to the uttermost parts of this sin-cursed earth, and condescended to men of lowest estate, *loving* the same men unto his own death, who *hated* him unto death, being despised, rejected, forsaken, condemned; and was executed in the most shameful manner, and was degraded to the position of the middle thief in a trinity of thieves, as if the worst character among the worst class of men on earth. He was extremely rich in heaven, but became extremely poor on earth, that sinners might become extremely rich through him.

His godly manhood was put to the severest test by Beelzebub, Satan, devils in man-form, critics, and false accusers, yet in no case did he deviate from the truly righteous divine way of his Father in heaven.

In all his trials and temptations, never was guile found in his mouth. "He was tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin."

Of him, it was said that "Never man spake like this man," and to him, "We know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." Finally, he was amply able to practice at the most critical moment, what he had taught. In his capital sermon on the mount, he had taught, near the beginning of his ministry, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

From this greatest of all examples of prayers for enemies, we should learn: 1. That if we have the mind of Christ, we will readily pray for our enemies. 2. That we cannot pray to God to forgive our enemies without a willingness to forgive them ourselves. 3. That our enemies need our help most of all. 4. That God will reward us richly, if we pray for them. 5. That we will be disobedient as a child of God if we do not pray for our enemies. 6. That our enemies do not always really know how cruelly they treat us.

Compare now the Christian prayer of the martyr Stephen, under very trying circumstances. See how through his prayer he became the most worthy example to all Christians, this side of Christ's crucifixion; when he was being stoned to death for preaching the Gospel, he prayed for his persecutors, saying: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

*Hagerstown, Ind.*

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## THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! the stars go down  
To rise, upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore

There is no death! the forest leaves  
Convert to life the viewless air;  
The rocks disorganize to feed  
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread  
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait, through wintry hours,  
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts  
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth  
Are ever first to seek again  
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy  
Are worthy of our love or care,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are safely garnered there.

Though life becomes a dreary waste,  
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,  
Transplanted into paradise,  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody  
That we have missed and mourned so long  
Now mingles with the angel choir  
In everlasting song.

There is no death; although we grieve  
When beautiful, familiar forms  
That we have learned to love are torn  
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,  
With sable garb and silent tread,  
We bear their senseless dust to rest,  
And say that they are "dead"—

They are not dead! they have but passed  
Beyond the mists that blind us here  
Into the new and larger life  
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay  
To put their shining raiment on;  
They have not wandered far away—  
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,  
They still are here and love us yet;  
The dear ones they have left behind  
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint  
Amid temptations fierce and deep,  
Or when the wildly ringing waves  
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow  
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm;  
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts  
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead.

—J. L. McCreery.



#### BE HUMBLE.

Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. 11: 29.

THERE is no harder lesson to learn than the lesson of humility. It is not taught in the schools of men, only in the school of Christ. It is the rarest of all the gifts. Very rarely do we find a man or woman who is following closely the footsteps of the Master in meekness and humility. I believe that is the hardest lesson which Jesus Christ had to teach his disciples while he was here upon earth. It almost looked at first as though he had failed to teach it to the twelve men who had been with him almost constantly for three years.

I believe that if we are humble enough we shall be sure to get a great blessing. After all, I think that more depends upon us than upon the Lord, because he is always ready to give a blessing and give it freely, but we are not always in a position to receive it. He always blesses the humble, and, if we can get down in the dust before him, no one will go away disappointed. It was Mary at the feet of Jesus who had chosen the "better part."

Did you ever notice the reason Christ gave for learning of him? He might have said: "Learn of me, because I am the most advanced thinker of the age. I have performed miracles that no man else has performed. I have shown my supernatural power in a thousand ways." But no: the reason he gave was that he was "meek and lowly in heart."

We read of the three men in Scripture whose faces shone, and all three were noted for their meekness and humility. We are told that the face of Christ shone at his transfiguration; Moses, after he had been in the mount for forty days, came down from his communion with God with a shining face; and when Stephen stood before the Sanhedrin on the day of his death, his face was lighted up with glory. If our faces are to shine we must get into the valley of humility; we must go down into the dust before God.

Bunyan says that it is hard to get down into the valley of humiliation; the descent into it is steep and rugged; but that it is very fruitful and fertile and beautiful when once we get there. I think that no one will dispute that; almost every man, even the ungodly, admires meekness.

Someone asked Augustine what was the first of the religious graces, and he said, "Humility." They asked him what was the second, and he replied, "Humility." They asked him the third, and he said, "Humility." I think that if we are humble, we have all the graces.  
—D. L. Moody.



#### LIVE WELL.

AN old painter of Siena, after standing for quite a long time in silent meditation before his canvas, with hands crossed meekly on his breast, and head bent reverently low, turned away, saying, "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

Many people, says J. R. Miller, as they come to the close of their life, and look back at what they have done with their opportunities and privileges, and at what they are leaving as their finished work to be their memorial, can only pray with like sadness, "May God forgive me that I did not do it better!"

If there were some art of getting the benefit of our own after-thoughts about life as we go along, perhaps most of us would live more wisely and more beautifully. It is often said, "If I had my life to live over again, I would live it differently. I would avoid the mistakes which I now see I have made. I would not commit the follies and sins which have so marred my work. I would devote my life with earnestness and intensity to the achievement and attainment of the best things." No one can get his life back to live it a second time, but the young have it in their power to live so that they shall have no occasion to utter such an unavailing wish when they reach the end of their career.—*Journal and Messenger.*



WE are apt to forget that the development of the inner life is not perfect unless it issue in such going about doing good as was the flower and fruit of our Savior's thirty years.—F. B. Meyer.



# THE INGLENOOK

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## FINDING OUR PLACE.



If one would credit all that is said about the importance of finding one's place in life, I fear some of us would spend a good share of the time allotted to us in making sure that we have found that place. One might conclude, from the emphasis placed on this point, that there is just one place

for each of us, with bumps and hollows to fit the corresponding peculiarities of our make-up.

All this argument about the one place might be taken with the seriousness with which it is given if the average man and woman were wholly and unchangeably different from every other man and woman, and there were no such thing as brain development. But the fact is that in the beginning of life there is little difference in the brain of the average human being, and all the faculties necessary for the work of the world are present in more or less developed form. That one, early in life, has stronger inclinations towards some kind of work than others is true largely because the faculties that have to do with that work have been developed more than others,—it may be before he had anything to do with their development. But the other faculties are still present, and are, perhaps, just as susceptible to further growth.

This notion that every person is destined for some particular piece of work is partly due to an honest belief based on conditions more or less favorable to the idea, and partly due to the chronic indisposition toward any kind of work, in other words, downright laziness. When some one excuses himself, because a certain piece of work has suffered at his hands, on the plea that he is not cut out for that kind of work, nine times out of ten I believe there is no injustice done in waiving the plea and putting down as the real reason the lack of a hearty appetite for any activity denominated work.

This reason is back of much of the unrest in the business world. People fly hither and thither, seeking

that for which they are especially cut out (?) and then work simply because they must in order to secure that which in their opinion constitutes a living, ignoring, or ignorant of, the fact that working is living, and that in proportion as we throw ourselves into the work, with eagerness and gladness, in that proportion we are alive. When this truth is accepted, the particular line of work will become a secondary consideration. We will look first to the spirit in which we labor and the manner in which the work is done, in order that we may come up to the measure of a fully-developed inhabitant of this workaday world.

With the true spirit of the worker, the task of finding one's place becomes a light one, since the love of work for work's sake is a wonderful power in qualifying one for the task he has set himself to do, whatever it may be. And when one follows this plan, doing with his might what his hands find to do, he will never need to stay long in a position where his powers will suffer because of a lack of room to develop them. His "place" will constantly be changing until he stands in that which calls for the greatest service he can possibly perform.

As to there being grounds for the "one place" idea, they are entirely covered with the exceptions in the way of geniuses and such like. What is said here applies particularly to the ordinary work of the world and the common run of people,—an exceedingly large number to which most of us belong.



## "WHO PAYS THE TAXES?"

THAT "no man liveth to himself" is as true to-day as it was in the time when the words were first uttered. Not only is it impossible for one to live entirely independent of his fellow-man, or without entering more or less into the lives of others, but it is impossible for him to load the burden of his "keep" onto the shoulders of others, no matter how many times more able they are to bear it, from a money standpoint. And this brings us to the truth, which is forced on us in many ways, that in the eternal order of things money holds a very small place. We are valued for what we are, not what we have, duties are based on what we receive, not what we possess. This truth is well brought out in the matter of tax-paying, a subject ably handled by the editor of the *Pathfinder* in a recent number of that paper under the heading quoted above. The following is taken from that editorial:

"It is customary to consider taxes as a burden which by some ingenious wording of the law can be shifted onto the shoulders of someone else than ourselves. This is a very pleasant view of the subject to take, and how happy we all would be if it were true. The fact that we are not all happy and that people never get through grumbling about the taxes, seems to in-

dicare that it is not true. The politicians of course carry the idea, in pandering to the various classes that they respectively appeal to, that if their side could only have its way all taxes would be charged up to the other fellow, who is represented as amply able but unwilling to pay them unless coerced to it by the law.

"Nothing is more deceptive than this, for we must every one of us bear our own burdens, and true patriotism demands that we should recognize those burdens and bear them willingly, instead of exhausting our strength in the futile effort to unload on someone else. 'Who breaks, pays' is an old saw which is one of the truest things ever thought of. We may by a sort of sleight-of-hand try to make it appear that someone else foots our bills for us, but in the end it is the consumer who must pay. How idle to lay a tax on any given thing in the expectation that it will stay there, for taxes in practically all cases are passed along with the original cost of the thing taxed and must be settled for by the ultimate possessor."

The writer then mentions several methods by which attempts have been made to compel the wealthy or property owners to pay the taxes, and shows how in each case they have come down to the consumer, the one really benefited. "There is something radically wrong," he continues, "in this idea of 'laying the burden on those that are best able to stand it,' as the saying goes, for this means a tax on prosperity, a penalty on thrift.

"Of course new laws may for a time disturb the natural equilibrium and throw the payment of a tax on the immediate party, but it is not long before a readjustment takes place and the tax is passed along till it is finally paid by the consumer. When you buy a pound of dates you help to pay the taxes of the man you bought them from, the taxes of the railroads and steamer lines that transported them, and even the tax that the grower of them, back in Egypt, say, had to pay on his trees. You can't evade paying those charges no matter how much you may legislate.

"And this is proper. How unjust it would be if the producers of lumber or coal or shoes, for instance, or the dealers, had no way to pass along the taxes that are incidental to their business. It is just that people should pay taxes according to what they consume, and not according to what they produce. In this way the rich man who spends freely pays a proportionately large share of the taxes, while a poor man who lives frugally thereby escapes with a contribution adjusted to his own consumption."



#### PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is coming! Have you heard the fond mother say that, as she counts the stockings that are

to be filled on that swift-coming morning, and makes her plans accordingly? Have you heard the little child shout the words, his eyes sparkling and his heart so full of joy that tongue and voice have hard work getting the message to you intelligibly? Or have you, without word of mouth, become aware of the near approach of the Christmastide, because verily it is "in the air," and one is bound to become conscious of it if he stops very long in a Christian land?

Yes, the preparations are on now and the sooner we take a hand in them the more joy we will experience. I am not going to say what you should or should not do in the matter of giving presents. There are so many places for gifts and so many things that even the poorest of us can give, and I am going to leave the details to you, trusting that you will be guided by the true spirit of the Christmastide.

And that brings me to the particular thing I wish to say. It is this: Let all your preparations be hallowed by the true Christmas spirit. Most of you have already found the Savior, and you have laid at his feet, more than the gold and frankincense of the Wise Men, yourself. Now let all your gifts to friends, however insignificant the gift, be the pledge of a renewal of your vows of fealty to the "Lord of lords and King of kings." The Christmas season will then become a glorious event in your Christian experience.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Life calls for action.  
Lo, here are empty hands. The path  
Lies clear before me, and I will not swerve,  
Nor falter till the race is run.

—Lois L. Thomas.



WHAT kind of marks do the letters that we write leave on the hearts of those who read them?—*Ida M. Helm.*



All that I dreamed is given me:  
My cup with blessedness is full.  
I cannot tell you half the love  
Nor half the bliss, sent from above,  
Which center in you, Beautiful!

—Mrs. J. B. Noffsinger.



THE temptations in the city are great, but the power of Christ in the heart and in the home is all-sufficient to overcome all the wily ways of the enemy.—*J. S. Flory.*



IF we have the mind of Christ, we will readily pray for our enemies. We cannot pray to God to forgive our enemies without a willingness to forgive them ourselves.—*L. W. Tetter.*



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission that a railroad may not issue transportation in exchange for advertising in newspapers, is to have a legal test through a case brought by the Monon. President McDoel has ordered the continuance of contracts for transportation in payment for advertising.

MADAME CURIE, the joint discoverer of radium, with her husband, has been appointed to the chair made vacant by his death, at the Sorbonne, in Paris. She delivered her first lecture recently. The event created great interest in the scientific world, as it is the first appearance of a woman in a professional chair at the Sorbonne.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN, the Arctic explorer, in a magazine article reviewing Peary's sledge journey farthest north expresses the belief that Peary, with adequate equipment and good dogs, will eventually accomplish the journey across the ice to the pole; but he, Nansen, still favors the plan of drifting across the north pole basin in a ship inclosed in ice, as did the Fram when Nansen made his farthest north mark.

REPLYING to the deputation composed of men representing various creeds and parties, who complain of the atrocities committed in the Congo Free State, the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Grey, recently said that if the Belgian Government failed to take action soon, the British Government would inquire of the other powers what their views were and seek a concert of action.

LAST spring, it will be remembered, when the authorities attempted to take inventories of the churches they met with a good deal of resistance on the part of the clergy, the doors in many cases being barricaded. Some 3500 churches were not entered throughout France, and this week the taking of inventories began again. Opposition was met with in some places, but the clergy are not showing the opposition that they did last spring.

J. W. PHILLIPS, one of the best students of Egyptology in the country, after long research, believes he has solved the riddle of the Sphinx. Leading Egyptologists say his theory is "ingenious and probable."

The American Archæological society has asked Dr. Phillips to prepare a paper more fully explaining his theory, the paper to be read before their society in the spring. Until he does that Dr. Phillips will not explain his solution.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Shaw has called a halt on the trust controlling the price of silver. It will be recalled that during the summer the U. S. treasury announced that in order to increase the supply of subsidiary coinage 200,000 ounces of silver a week would be bought at a little over 65 cents an ounce, but since then the trust has been steadily boosting the price until a few days ago, seventy-two cents was demanded and the treasury refused to buy.

THE last week in November the sheriff of a county in Kentucky offered to the highest bidder an able-bodied white man, Sock Auberry, whom a jury has declared without means of support and able to work, but with an overmastering inclination not to do so. For nine months the state will turn Auberry over to the buyer to perform manual labor. The action is perfectly regular under a state law, though one not called into use often.

It is announced that the sharp competition that has been going on between the Marconi and De Forest wireless telegraph companies has ceased by a merger being formed of the two companies under the name of the United Wireless Telegraph Company, with a capital stock of \$20,000,000. One company is said to have had a better sending machine while the other had the better receiving machine. The best points of each will now be merged along with the stock.

NOVEMBER 25 was published a ukase issued by the Czar to the peasants. "It constitutes the entire essence of the government's program, which aims at the separation of the peasant question from all other branches of the political agitation. The government, by using the ukase, now seeks to demonstrate that the emperor is willing to remedy the peasants' grievances without regard to the duma. The substance of the ukase is that the peasant may abandon his share of communal ownership of village land and become an individual freeholder."

At present glass is made by two main processes—by blowing and molding. A new method, described in the *Inventive Age*, is said to hold out prospects of a cheaper and more rapid manufacture of plate glass. "The new invention," says this paper, "draws the molten substance from the pot and conducts it between rollers lying side by side. Seventeen pairs of these rollers are put up towerlike above the pot. The liquid mass cools on its way between the rows of rollers, and comes out from them polished on both sides, beautifully flattened and ready for use. Any desired thickness can be given to the glass, as this can be regulated by the relative position of the rollers."

PEOPLE generally do not know from how many different things paper is now made. Patents have been issued in various countries for its manufacture from barley, oats, rice, Indian corn, peas, beans, alfalfa, ramie, pine-needles, sugar-cane refuse, jute, moss, seaweed, tobacco, lichens, the leaves and bark of trees, beets, potatoes and other equally strange things. In most cases the price of manufacture is excessive when consideration is had of the quality of the product. The great bulk of our paper—not the best, but that most commonly used—is made of the wood of certain trees.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been aroused by a signed prophecy of Thomas A. Edison, detailing what our large cities will be like one hundred years hence. He says they will be free from smoke and steam and that the chimney will be a thing of the past, while the waste of coal and other fuel will be stopped through the use of electricity, generated direct from the fuel without the aid of engine, boiler or dynamo. In factories each machine will have its individual motor. Houses will be heated electrically, and most of the cities' noises will cease. Skyscrapers will be universal in the business section, and the streets will be bridged over at different heights to facilitate transit from one side to the other. He estimates that buildings will then average thirty stories in height, and the greater number will be constructed of concrete and steel. Such buildings, he says, will stand a thousand years or longer. His new battery will make electricity portable for street vehicles or airships.

SANTOS-DUMONT, speaking of the recent trial flights in his aeroplane, the Bird of Prey, which has a surface of over eighty square yards, says that the practical aeroplane will be much smaller and that it will be for the air what the bicycle is for the earth. With the aeroplane, the speed will be increased in direct proportion to the diminution of the resisting surface. At the same time, he says increased speed adds to the safety, as a more powerful

motor is more easily manipulated. He predicts confidently that next year people will be able to go to the seashore in their aeroplane; that it will be the beginning of a new fad and a new industry. As for the danger, the only risk he thinks will be that of a broken rudder, as the machine is immobility itself. His intention is to attach the guiding ropes to his neck and maintain equilibrium by the instinctive movement of the head, but later this primitive arrangement will be replaced by an automatic mercurial apparatus. He believes that the flying machine will become "the poor man's automobile—safer, faster and cheaper."

EFFORTS have been made by negroes and some of their friends to induce President Roosevelt to change his order dismissing three companies of negro soldiers in disgrace. But he says he investigated the case thoroughly and that if no new facts have been discovered the order must be carried out. He believes in being right and then going ahead. So far as the facts are known, the men acted in a way not to be tolerated by those in authority. It is all right to have sympathy for those who do wrong, and to try to help them; but when they refuse to right the wrong it is time to let justice be done. Much sympathy is worse than wasted, for it tends to increase sin and crime. The lesson given the discharged negroes will have its effect far and wide, for it will show men what to expect when guilty.

GERMANY for some time has had trackless trolley cars in certain parts of the empire—cars that get their power from an overhead wire but which run along the roads as other vehicles do, not using a track. In France what is known as the Renard train has been established. It runs along the highways and is a train of from one to twelve cars headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive. "Unlike the steam railroad train," says the *Technical World*, "the Renard locomotive does not pull or drag its train of cars after it; each car of the train does its own propelling by means of a continuous drive-shaft extending from the locomotive throughout the entire length of the train, from which shaft a pair of wheels on each vehicle of the train are driven. The locomotive becomes, thus, a traveling power-house furnishing power for each of the eight or ten cars of the train, and transmitting this power by means of the shaft to each car. In short, the system is one of continuous propulsion, each car driving itself, and the locomotive merely carrying the power generator, which permits of it being placed at the head of the train of cars, in the middle, or at the rear end." In the Renard the locomotive is no heavier than one of the coaches. The train is said to have made forty miles an hour on a good road. In South Africa, India, Australia, and many other countries similar trains are in use.





## THE ADVENT.

MRS. J. B. NOFFSINGER.



BEFORE you came, my loving dear,  
 The rosy earth was not so fair;  
 And life was not so sweet and gay,  
 Though joy and cheer were everywhere.  
 Not quite so blue was God's bright sky;  
 The glad birds warbled not the same;  
 And though my heart was blessed with love,  
 It had a vacant place, my dove,  
 My little boy, before you came.

I dreamed of childish hands, my dear,  
 And tiny feet, before you came;  
 Of dimpled lips and lullabies,  
 And joys too pure and sweet to name.  
 All that I dreamed is given me:  
 My cup with blessedness is full.  
 I cannot tell you half the love,  
 Nor half the bliss, sent from above,  
 Which center in you, Beautiful!

One less there was to love, my dear,  
 And labor for, before you came.  
 One less at evening's holy hour,  
 In God's great ear to gently name.  
 Life had been kind and sweet to me  
 And truly blest—yet not the same.  
 Great happiness was ever near,  
 Yet I was not so happy, dear,—  
 Not quite so glad, before you came.

Johnstown, Pa.



## LETTERS.

IDA M. HELM.

"SHE wrote me the nicest letter and I shall never forget it," said Fanny. "She said such nice things to me. A week has passed and I have been feeling good over it ever since. Oh, I am going to write her a lovely letter."

When I heard Fanny thus praising her friend's letter. I thought, How nice it would be to receive a letter like that every week, and how nice it would be if only letters that will make people feel glad and live better lives were ever written. I wonder if we always weigh well our thoughts before we put them on paper? What we write to-day someone may read and never forget.

A little boy once injured his hand and when it healed, it left a scar. The little boy grew into manhood and lived to be a white-haired old man and through all the years he carried the mark that the wound received in childhood days had left. And when his rigid hands were folded on his quiet breast the mark was still there.

What kind of marks do the letters that we write leave on the hearts of those who read them? These lines that the poet has so truthfully dedicated to "Words" may be applied to letters with the same significance:

"Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,  
 For words are wonderful things;  
 They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey,  
 Like the bees, they have terrible stings.

"They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,  
 And brighten a lonely life  
 They can cut in strife and anger  
 Like an open two-edged knife.

"Keep them back if they're cold and cruel,  
 Under bar, and lock, and seal;  
 For the wounds they make, my darlings,  
 Are always slow to heal."

How sad it would be if you or I should ever write a letter that would wound the heart of another, and sadder still if the memory of an unkind letter written by one of us should linger in a heart that we had wounded, until death should come and stop its throbbing and the mark would be seen over in the other world.

May our tongues and pens ever record only such words as will make glad the hearts of others and that, like good seed sown in fruitful soil, will spring up and bear fruits of kindness and love.

Ashland, Ohio.



## POINTERS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

MRS. LULU GOSHORN.

To clean bottles quickly put in a spoonful of coarse sand or fine gravel with a little warm water, shake well, then rinse.



A GLASS of sweet milk or buttermilk taken slowly

is very refreshing and strengthening when one is weak and tired.

A FEW slices of horseradish root laid in the vinegar with beet pickles will keep them from moulding for weeks. It also improves their flavor.

ADD two tablespoonfuls of coal oil to the water in which windows are washed and it will give them an extra shine.

AFTER washing floor oil cloth or linoleum, go over it with a cloth dampened with coal oil. It is better by far than milk for cleaning and brightening.

A GOOD warm footbath just before retiring is very restful for those who have been on their feet all day.

IF the chickenhouse is infested with lice, spray with coal oil and crude carbolic acid, about one part acid to three parts oil. Burning sulphur in the house is a sure remedy, but some houses are so open that that is impossible and the oil and acid get into every crevice and no animal life can survive its effects. Use lime under perches and in all damp places. Spray every two weeks in summer, once a month in winter.

HERE is an excellent little hasty cake recipe when one wants a cake to be eaten while very fresh: One-half cup sugar; one-half cup rich sweet cream; one egg; one teaspoonful baking powder; one-half teaspoon lemon extract. Add flour until the dough runs thickly from a spoon, then beat thoroughly, the more the better, bake in loaf in moderate oven.

*Ladoga, Ind.*

#### DARNING STOCKINGS.

DARNING stockings is never a very welcome task, and too often in the case where there is a large family the task seems almost endless. The following method will insure less darning, because the darns, being more secure, will last longer: Before beginning to darn a hole tack a piece of coarse net lightly to the stocking over the hole, then darn over the net and be sure to also darn well into the stockings as well to keep the darn firm. The net makes such a good foundation that the work is more quickly done, and the result is a much smoother and neater darn than one done in the old way.—*Selected.*

You, mother, are not responsible to set the whole world right; you are responsible only to make one pure, sacred, and divine household.—*Lyman Abbott.*

#### CARE OF THE FEET IN WINTER.

OF greater influence on the general health than appears at first glance is the care of the feet in winter. Aside from the discomfort suffered, the nerves and temper are never improved by the constant "nagging" of cold feet.

The cause may, of course, be deficient circulation, the heart not being strong enough to pump thoroughly into the capillaries of the extremities, or the cause may be a nervous disorder, and in such cases a physician's advice is necessary. But in many cases cold feet are the result of neglect or vanity.

A neat, trim appearance, in a shoe that fits perfectly, is greatly to be admired; but many times the shoe does not stop here; and a foot is never admirable when squeezed into a shoe so tight that every separate joint is visible. A shoe too narrow forces the bones of the foot together, often causing them to grow out of shape, and always compressing the bloodvessels which wind in and out, over and under and between the bones. It is the blood supply that warms the feet. If this be impeded at any point, either by too tight and narrow a shoe, by drawing the laces too tight around the ankles or by tight garters, the result is inevitably cold feet. Placing the feet in hot water warms them quickly because the heat rapidly expands the coats of the blood-vessels, particularly of the capillaries, and the blood flows quickly and fully through them.

When the feet are once accustomed to moderately thick soled shoes, a thin sole is uncomfortable in all seasons. Heavy hose are not always desirable, particularly where there is a tendency to excessive perspiration. In such cases, two pairs of thin silk or lisle hose are sometimes satisfactory, the outer pair taking up the moisture from the inner pair, and leaving those next the foot dry.

As a rule, however, light-weight merino is more comfortable for winter, and the perspiration can be controlled by daily bathing in alum water and then dusting with borated talcum powder. Avoid standing or sitting with the feet over a hot-air register.

For the ordinary case of cold feet, bathe in warm water in which is a liberal tablespoonful of mustard, dash cold water over them and rub briskly, slapping the soles in a manner that is really very near to punishment. Exercise by rising upon the toes, then setting back upon the heels, raising the toes from the ground while so doing, repeating this several times, beginning with a few times and increasing the number. Brisk walking is good exercise for cold feet.

Do not wear low shoes and cloth gaiters. Shoes made with an inner cork sole are to be recommended. Do not keep rubber overshoes on longer than is necessary, as they cause the feet to perspire. Feet are more quickly warmed if the shoes are removed.

Never go to bed with cold feet. For nothing in the



world is the hot water bottle a greater boon. The old-fashioned soapstone or a flatiron, a small stone jug—though the latter never seems quite safe—anything is better than cold feet.

Have a pair of knitted, fleece-soled bedroom slippers, or, failing this, a very comfortable pair can be made of eider-down flannel, cut high enough to cover the ankles. Cut them small enough so they will not slip off—the elasticity of the material will allow this.—*Margaret Martin, in the Pilgrim.*



#### A KETTLE DINNER.

Braised beef, brown sauce  
Dumplings  
Carrots Turnips

SELECT a compact piece of beef from the round. Brown the meat on all sides in a hot frying pan or in the kettle, using pork or bacon fat. For six pounds meat add one quart water, first using it to rinse the frying pan so as to secure the browned juices of the meat. Put the meat in a pot having a tight-fitting cover, scatter over it, two tablespoons flour, add the water, a large onion cut small, and cover tightly. Let it just simmer for four hours. Then add one quart turnips and carrots, a bay leaf, one tablespoon salt and one-half teaspoon pepper. Cover and cook an hour longer.

Fifteen minutes before the hour is up add the dumplings. For these sift one pint flour, one teaspoon salt and two teaspoons baking powder. Mix to a dough as for biscuits, with water. Form into small balls and lay on top of the meat. Cover and let steam fifteen minutes. This will give twelve or fourteen large dumplings, as they increase to double their bulk in cooking. When ready to serve, dip out the dumplings into a dish. Place meat in center of platter and pour over and around it the sauce and vegetables. The meat will be tender, brown and with a rich, appetizing gravy. A salad and a dessert completes a remarkably good dinner.



#### HOME-MADE SCRAPPLE.

WITH the changes of the seasons it is necessary to make changes in our diet. The different breakfast flakes have served their purpose during the summer months, but now with the approach of cold weather I supply my family with something a little heavier for breakfast. I purchase a couple of pounds of pork and a piece of liver and after soaking the liver in salt water I cook both together until the meat falls from the bone. After letting it cool I put it through my meat grinder. I then add water to the liquid in which the meat was cooked to the amount I wish to make. Then add rice and corn meal to thicken. After it has cooked enough add the meat and season with pepper and salt. Take

it up and put it in pans to harden. Then slice and fry in drippings. With nice brown bread and butter you have a good breakfast for children and older people too. If one has no meat grinder they can buy ground meat from the butcher to mix with their cereal. But I prefer to make my own scrapple. It is much cheaper and we know what we are eating.—*Selected.*



#### HOW TO TREAT A COLD SUCCESSFULLY.

As this is the season for colds, perhaps the common-sense home treatment for a cold will not come amiss. When the first symptoms of a cold are discovered, the first and most important thing to do is to FAST; miss one, two or three meals, according to the severity of the attack, drink freely of hot water, relieve the bowels by hot water enemas, take a hot sitz or full bath, 100 or 105 degrees; if the bath be a sitz, continue from ten to fifteen minutes; if a full bath, from five to ten minutes. Then after being rubbed thoroughly, go to bed and cover up warm having a jug of hot water at the feet; keep quiet and rest; sleep if possible. If it is a slight attack you will be relieved in twelve hours; if severe, it will take from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. But when you get over it you are well; you will not bark and sneeze and complain for three weeks or a month. Another very agreeable feature is, you will not have a doctor bill to pay, and how much better you will feel than if you had been dosed with syrups, powders, and squills. And this causes my mind to run back over my past life about four or five years, and in comparing it with the present, what a striking contrast it presents! Such a time as I had with sickness, taking medicine, paying doctor bills, and still suffering all the time, and all because I was ignorant of the ways of healthful living! I never enjoyed anything, was always discouraged and complaining; but now I enjoy housekeeping, my meals, my sleep, my baths, my walks—in short, I enjoy living. Some, perhaps, would call us too strict, as vegetables, grains, and fruits with a little milk and meat, constitute our dietary; but we know, by a happy experience, that we are living nearer right, because I am getting strong and well, and I thank and praise God daily for the knowledge I have of his laws, and am happy in obeying them.

When I look around and see the ignorance of the people, and worse than all, the ignorance of the doctors in the treatment of disease, I wonder that any one gets well, and that people drag out a miserable existence as long as they do. How I long to see the time come when people can be educated to live according to nature's laws. What a difference it would make morally and mentally, as well as physically! It seems to me a great reformation could be made if all ministers of the Gospel were educated in the hygienic mode of living, and preached it from the pulpit. Then, if our school

books and school teachers taught hygiene, what a great and good work could be accomplished. May the good Lord hasten that day.—*Mrs. T. L. Johnston, in Home Mirror.*



A NERVOUS sick headache may usually be cured by bathing the feet in hot water for twenty minutes, drinking a cup of hot tea and going to bed for an hour or so. Cover up warmly to induce perspiration. Sick headache from indigestion may often be cured by taking two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a glass of water.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### MR. AND MRS. BUSHY-TAIL.

It was a clear, cold January morning, and Mr. Bushy-Tail was sitting at the door of his house. Such a queer house it was—spreading, leafless branches above, and a gnarled trunk below, bearing the marks of frequent attacks from Mr. Woodpecker, who often passed that way. Bushy-Tail had labored long to fashion his house, and to stock it with a winter supply for himself and his dear wife. His patient little jaws had often ached with the heavy loads he had brought to the hollow old tree. Mr. Jack Frost had come in autumn, and opened the prickly burrs. Uncle Wind had shaken the leafless boughs, when Mr. and Mrs. Bushy-Tail, eyes snapping and plumes waving, had gathered in the harvest.

Down the woodland path came a sturdy little figure, well enveloped in overcoat, cap and tippet. This was Billy Black on his way to school. As he passed Bushy-Tail's house his merry whistle ceased, and his bright black eyes took on a look of cunning. Cautiously he approached the tree, climbed to one of the lower branches, and peeped in at the open door. Quickly he drew off his mitten, and thrust his hand into the opening, carefully groping about until he found the apartment sought for—the storeroom. Then it was surprising how fast the little hand went in empty, and came out full, till a cry from old Auntie Bushy-Tail, awakened from her comfortable nap by this intrusion, cut short all further operations. For the old aunty still had sharp teeth, and Billy knew this to his sorrow. So he quickly withdrew his hand and hurried on his way to school.

It was an unlucky morning for him. The columns of figures refused to be added, and the letters in the spelling lesson danced about and made faces at him. One thought cheered him—the contents of his dinner-basket: sandwiches, apple-pie, and cheese. He could hardly wait for the clock to strike twelve, and when the teacher sent him to the next house on an errand,

he could have cried for disappointment. But there was no use complaining, so with a mumbled "Yes'um," he started on his way.

It was late when he came back, and he was hungrier than ever—half-starved, he said. He opened the basket, and O, what a terrible surprise! The dinner was gone. In an instant he understood it all, and a howl of rage and despair sounded through the deserted room, followed by the angry wail, "Teacher, the boys have stole my dinner!" It was no use to try to comfort him; for he must live through the afternoon, ever conscious of a big, aching void, and then run two miles before he could have even a piece of bread and butter.

Soon the bell rang and the boys trooped in. Billy took his geography and tried to study. Strangely enough, the lesson described how small fur-bearing animals gather their winter supplies. He threw down the book and opened his grammar. O, dear! The first sentence was, "The squirrels gather their store of nuts for the cold, long winter." Billy hid his face behind his book. Through his shame and hunger this thought came to him: "If it is so hard for a fellow to lose his dinner, what must it be to go without your dinner all winter long?"

Four o'clock came at last and a resolute little fellow was once more ready to face the cold. He was hungry, but he did not complain or try to find out and punish the thief who had invaded his dinner-basket. He only ran as fast as he could over the crackling snow to the wood path which led to his home. He thought of the steaming supper waiting for him, and then of another supper, and of the joy that it would bring.

The theft had been discovered. When old aunty sounded the alarm, Mr. and Mrs. Bushy-Tail scampered home, but only to see the empty storehouse. Shripping notes of anguish rent the air, but only for a short time. They soon stopped wailing, and started out in quest of food, for now they must fight famine. But little remained for them, only a few scattered, frozen buds, so, with heavy hearts and light loads, they wended their way homeward, and entered the door of their dwelling. O, joy! The floor was piled high with beautiful beech-nuts, from which old aunty was already taking her supper. A little brown hand had been suddenly thrust into the living-room, and as suddenly withdrawn. This time it entered full, and left empty, and the process was repeated until the last beech-nut was taken from Billy's pocket.

The Bushy-Tails never knew the history of the matter. They only knew that the lost was found. They danced about and chattered their joy to each other, for they were very happy, and as Billy sat down to a good warm supper he was as happy as they.—*Elizabeth Perley.*





# THE RURAL LIFE

## THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.—No. 2.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

### Birds.



BIRDS are of use not merely for the sake of their beauty or their value as food, but far more for the fact that they keep the insect population of the world in check. Scientists have estimated that if the world were to become birdless, in ten years insects would have multiplied so rapidly that

human beings could not exist.

In this article it is my intention to mention some of the more important common kinds and give reasons why they are beneficial.

### *The Sparrow Hawk.*

This is probably the best known, as well as the smallest and one of the handsomest of American hawks. Its habitat is the entire continent of North America, its nest having been taken near Great Slave Lake (Lat. 62°). Though rare on the North Atlantic coast, westward it is more abundant. On that coast it seldom winters north of Maryland, but on the Pacific coast it winters much farther north.

It nests in cavities, usually in hollow trees, seldom less than twenty feet from the ground, and often in the tops of tall trees.

In treeless places it sometimes nests in cavities in limestone cliffs or in holes made in sand-banks by kingfishers.

Their chief food is grasshoppers and crickets. When the supply runs low they supplement their staple bill of fare with beetles, spiders, mice, snakes, and sometimes small birds.

Often may one be seen poised in air watching the farmer hauling fodder, then suddenly darting downward and seizing a mouse almost at his feet.

From its habit of catching mice it is sometimes called Mouse Hawk.

### *The Catbird.*

This bird, so-called because of its distinctly feline note, is often looked upon with disfavor because of its supposed fondness for fruits. However, an examination of their stomachs shows that one-third of their

food is injurious insects and that more than one-half of the fruit eaten is wild. It breeds over the greater portion of America, in the greater portion of its range, rearing two broods per year.

By planting the Russian mulberry and encouraging the growth of such wild fruits as mulberry, cherry, grapes, elder, etc., their depredations on cultivated fruits may be reduced.

The insect part of their food consists of May beetles, smooth caterpillars, crickets and grasshoppers, and even the orange and black locust beetle.

### *The Wren.*

The wren is one of the most sociable birds from our point of view. The sparrow shows no fear of man in his selection of a nesting place, but the wren seems to court the proximity of a human habitation.

Once, when I was a boy, a wren tried to build in my bedroom by coming through an open window and placing her sticks in a slipper case.

I nailed an old hat to the window sill outside, cut a hole in it for her to enter, and kept the window closed for a few days.

The place seemed to suit her fancy, and she proceeded to fill the cavity with sticks, after which the nest proper was made of feathers and other soft material.

I used to sit by the window when I had spare time and watch the busy pair feed their clamorous brood.

They soon became so tame that on arrival at the nest a quick sidelong glance was all the sign they gave that they were aware of my presence, then they plunged into the nest.

For several successive years a pair of wrens occupied that place in the nesting season, and I suppose they were the same pair.

After the young are ready to leave the nest the old ones conduct them around in the vicinity of the nest, searching along rail fences and among piles of brush.

When frightened, instead of taking wing, they often hide in the brush from which they may be seen peeping like mice.

The wren is distinctly insectivorous. Examinations held on many stomachs show ninety-eight per cent insect food, the other two per cent being grass, wood or sand, probably swallowed by accident.

Half of the food of the wren consists of grasshoppers and beetles. The other half is approximately equal parts of bugs, caterpillars and spiders, with a slight addition of ants and other insects.

When fruit ripens, the catbird, and its relatives, the mocking bird and the brown thrushes, stop eating grasshoppers, but the wren keeps right on.

Where the English sparrow is found, the wren has to some extent been driven away by being deprived of its nesting place. The farmer should put up boxes, gourds, and the like, with openings just large enough for the wren, and then declare war on the sparrow without an armistice or a treaty of peace.

The sparrow while in the nest is fed upon insects, but as soon as he becomes of age and passes from under parental control his food is strictly vegetable. *Illinois.*



### THE HORSE, THE DOG, AND THE MAN.

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to the fence;  
Said the horse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense  
In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"  
And the dog looked solemn and shook his head and said:  
"I'm a goat if I do."  
The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them, "Stay!  
You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away!  
You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why should you treat me so?  
As I am God made me, and he knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"  
The dog laughed out and the horse replied: "Oh, the cutting won't hurt you! You see  
We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!  
God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail  
To do the artistic thing, as he did in furnishing me with a tail!"  
So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs and were deaf to his pitiful cries,  
And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes;  
"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!  
For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"  
"Still, it seems to me," the dog replied, "that there's something else to do;  
His ears look rather too long for me, how do they look to you?"  
The man cried out: "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see,  
And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"  
"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,  
"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"

So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,  
And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!  
But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!  
Such things are ended now, you know: we have reached a higher stage!  
The ears and thumbs God gave to men are his to keep and wear,  
And the cruel horse and dog look on and never appear to care!

—S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Times-Herald*.



### TO PREVENT POTATO ROT.

I was surprised recently in reading an article taken from the *American Agriculturalist*, which states: "A thoroughly satisfactory treatment for checking rot in potatoes is yet to be found." For the benefit of your readers and all others I will give a remedy that I have never known to fail. It is as follows: In storing away, whether in cellar or burying in the field, sprinkle air-slacked lime through them thoroughly, until they are white. I prefer the lime two or three years old, and slacked in a dry place. It will not take very much lime for a hundred bushels or more of potatoes. It will also kill the scab germ for planting the next season. I have been using this for years. You can put the tubers up wet, freshly dug, without losing a potato. Try it!—*Religious Telescope*.



### SOME THINGS ANIMALS TEACH US.

The woodpecker has a powerful little trip-hammer,  
The jaws of the tortoise and turtle are natural scissors.

The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring.

The squirrel carries a chisel in his mouth, and the bee the carpenter's plane.

The gnat fashions its eggs in the shape of a life-boat. You cannot sink them without tearing them to pieces.

A porcupine's bill is strengthened by ribs in the same way that the iron masts of modern ships are strengthened.

The diving-bell imitates the water spider. It constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between its legs, dives down into its submarine chamber with the bubble, displacing the water gradually, until its abode contains a large, airy room surrounded by water.—*Kind Words*.



WE live in a world where the man who would be successful in serving himself must at the same time be occupied in serving others.—*Arthur Twining Hadley*.



### THE GROWING OF PAMPAS PLUMES.

THOSE who admire the ornamental grasses would be very enthusiastic over the fields devoted to their culture in some portions of California and Central America. In rich valleys near Santa Barbara there are fields where the pampas grass is grown in noble rows ten to sixteen feet apart, with sometimes five thousand or more clumps or "hills" to the field. Above the giant tufts of reed-like grass thousands of towering, silvery plumes are airily ruffled and massed together by every passing breeze. Some of the stems that carry them are from eighteen to twenty feet high.

Although the pampas grass is easily grown from seed, the stock is usually multiplied by dividing the female plants, the plumes of which are much finer than those of the male plants. The ground is plowed deep and thoroughly cultivated before they are set out. The second year after planting there will be a crop of plumes numbering all the way from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty to a hill. After the third year there will be fewer plumes but they will be larger and handsomer.

From an acre of pampas grass 10,000 great silvery plumes are sometimes cut, the harvest beginning in September before the seed begins to mature. If the gathering is delayed they ripen into a thistle down and fall with every movement of the plumes, which average from two and one-half to three feet in length and are spread upon the ground to dry, after the green sheath which envelopes them has been stripped away. After exposure to the sun the female plumes becomes light and fluffy, but the male panicles hang their seeds in heavy heads, like oats.

After some days of drying in the sun and in packing sheds the plumes are graded into bales of two or three thousand and packed smoothly into boxes. When they reach their destination it is only necessary to shake them gently over a stove or in the sun to have them regain their original beauty. England and Germany send large orders for pampas plumes to these farms. The price, however, is no longer \$200 a thousand as when the farms were first established. Thirty or forty dollars a thousand is now considered a good price for them.

Those who now grow ornamental grasses in their gardens will find that they thrive best in a deep rich soil, and are particularly effective in solid lines or masses. The pampas grass is not so hardy as some other sorts, and north of Washington should receive good protection in winter.—*Vick's Magazine*.

### MEN'S CHANGING IDEALS OF HOME.

As the male member of the human species advances in years his ideas as to what constitutes an ideal

dwelling change so absolutely that there is between the different places he would select almost no similarity, says a writer who has made a study of the subject.

When three years old his idea is a tent formed from a table cover, a blanket, a spread, a piece of carpet, or other material that can be so arranged that it will form a little place into which to crawl.

At six the best possible dwelling is a hut built of barrel staves, boards and planks, and unknown to persecuting adults, and especially policemen.

A boy of ten would select a spacious cave, with a marvelous secret entrance, preferably with the entrance under water at flood tide, with the floors covered with heavy and costly carpets, the walls decorated with deadly weapons inlaid with gold, silver and precious stones, and with enough food stowed away to enable the inhabitants of the place to live a year if necessary.

At twenty his heart's desire is a room in a large hotel where the cost would be at least three dollars a day, and where there would be a dinner at seven o'clock, with lots of pretty and rich women present, a large smoking room and plenty of stationary with a heavy gold monogram or crest stamped on it.

At twenty-five the best possible home is a neat, comfortable, modern flat in some respectable neighborhood, not too far from the cars and shopping district, and with asphalted streets so there will not be too much noise.

At thirty-five the only proper dwelling is a town house, preferably situated near houses of men whose money is reckoned in the tens of millions of dollars and who really have considerable money, said house to have a music room and art gallery; and in addition to this house, another country house within easy distance of the city, and still again in addition to these two houses a modest but quaintly elegant cottage at some popular seashore resort.

At fifty a man's tastes have toned down and he longs for a little cottage in the country, where all is quiet, where birds sing and there are chickens in the yard, a cow in the stable, a goodly plot of ground that continually yields an unfailing supply of fresh vegetables, and where all is modesty, sweet content and freedom from the usual annoyances that make life a burden.

At sixty the cottage has grown smaller, and the man would be content with less ground, fewer chickens and vegetables, and could get along very nicely without the cow.

At seventy any place will do so long as a man is not disturbed and has reasonable assurance that he will not be.—*The Musical Million*.

EVERYWHERE in life the true question is, not what we gain, but what we do.—*Carlyle*.

## CROWS AS PETS.

Did you ever own a crow?

If not, you have missed more than a cartload of innocent fun. I have owned all sorts of pets in my life, from pet beetles to coons, dogs, and deer, but none gave the all-round satisfaction of the crow.

It is hardy, full of the jolliest of tricks, is as affectionate and loyal as a dog, as comical as a clown, and almost as intelligent as a boy. A pet crow knows its friends and its enemies, and will allow no liberties from a stranger. Of course, a crow's honesty is no better than that of a pack rat, but my crow never stole from me, and somehow or other one finds it easy to forgive a thief who only steals from others.

When we dug up our flower-bed in the early spring there were no less than seven silver thimbles unearthed, and not one of the lot came from our house. One day "Billy brought me a nice two-dollar greenback. In those days a two-dollar bill was a very, very large amount to me, and stood for an unheard amount of butterscotch and ginger bread.

Of course, the money did not belong to me, but neither did it belong to the crow, and "Billy" would not tell where he got his wealth, so after a consultation with my parents and my teacher, and after waiting to see if any one claimed the bill, it was at length decided to be my property, and it was the first two dollars I ever had all in a heap.

But it was not always money the crow found; once he filled all the crevices in my mother's bed with liver; this could not be seen and attracted no attention until the summer's heat began to act upon it, then everybody in the house knew that something had happened. The old folks said that a rat must have died in the partition, but the crow and I were chums and understood each other. I suspected the real cause of the disagreeable odor, and as soon as the coast was clear, discovered and removed the liver, and never until this day did I give the crow away.—*Dan Beard and His Boys, in April "Recreation."*



## A LITTLE AFRICAN ANIMAL.

"WOULDN'T you think yours was a long tongue if it was as long as your body?" asks Olive Thorne Miller, who knows so much about animals of all kinds. "Well, odd as it seems, there is a little fellow that lives in Africa, with just such a tongue, and you cannot imagine how useful it is to him. You see, he is a dignified, slow-moving little creature, and he lives on insects and such lively game. He could never catch them, and might starve to death, if it were not that he could dart out, quick as a flash, a tongue fully as long as his body. The end of the droll weapon is sticky, and holds fast any unfortunate insect that it touches.

"The little animal of which I speak is the chameleon, and his tongue isn't the only droll thing about him. His eyes are very curious. To begin with, they are very large and round, and stick out like beads on the sides of his head; and the funniest thing is that he can turn them different ways, so as to see all around him. He can turn one up and the other down, or he can turn one forward and the other backward, and thus see everywhere. It must be a very small fly which can escape these sharp eyes."

We all know of his ability to change his color; and another writer tells us that the chameleon, when agitated, or in a hurry, sometimes breaks or casts off his long tail. This seems to cause no physical pain, but the lizard is evidently ashamed of his awkward appearance afterwards, and hides himself in corners.

As he used his tail as a sort of spring by which to leap, the loss of it makes a good deal of difference to the little creature.

The chameleons make very gentle and interesting pets. They will run over one's hands, and watch eagerly for one to catch flies for them. They love sunshine and fresh air, and will swallow in the latter occasionally in great gulps, expanding a sort of pouch under the neck by the process. Although gentle when kindly treated, they will show anger if teased, opening their mouths in a ludicrous way, and assuming what they evidently think is a threatening attitude.—*Morning Star.*



WE all know the man against whom no one has a word to say. The whole world speaks well of him, for he speaks well of all the world; but there is no great fervor of conviction in the compliments of either.—*London Spectator.*

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

EIGHTY acre farm for sale; also horses, cattle and implements; buildings all new and up-to-date, and some fine Hereford cattle on easy terms. For particulars address Thomas Hesp, R. R., Mont Ida, Kans.

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# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## Importance.

The tumblebug that rolls the ball  
 Along the path, no doubt  
 Supposes that the heavens would fall  
 And all the stars go out  
 If he should cease to roll away—  
 He only sees his lump of clay.  
 There's many a man who, in his pride,  
 'Thinks all the wheels would stop  
 If he should some day step aside  
 Permitting things to drop:  
 The man who thinks he does it all  
 Is like the bug behind the ball.

—S. E. Kiser.

"Brown's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Smith to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs. Smith, irritably.

"Mrs. Brown has been thrashing 'im with it," was the facetious explanation.

Mrs. Crawford: "Why don't your husband buy you an auto?"

Mrs. Crabshaw: "He says he can run into debt fast enough now without employing machinery."—Puck.

Mrs. Stingy—What do you want to leave us for, Bridget? I'm sure we have treated you as one of the family.

Bridget—Indade, an' you hov, ma'am, an' Oi've stood it long enough.—Life.

## Facts and Figures.

Twenty-three hundred million bushels of wheat are required annually by the 517,000,000 bread eaters of the world.

It is stated that there are about 223,000 miles of cable in all at the bottom of the sea. Each mile costs about \$1,000 to lay.

In Australia there are 210 churches to every 100,000 people, a larger number in proportion than in any other country. England has 141, and Russia about 55.

A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless; they cost only ten cents apiece. Intique watches the jewels were often very costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.

Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use it was converted into a toothpick mill.

Comparatively few persons know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 960-pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot pounds of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000-pound bell broke after 18,000 blows of 350-foot pounds of force.

The smallest British possession is Gibraltar, with an area of two square miles. The largest is the Northwest Territory, in North America, with an area of 2,634,380 square miles. Its most populous dependency is India, with

294,360,356 people, while Ascension, in Africa, with only 380 inhabitants, is the least populous.

Doctor—What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed.

Patient—Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed.

Doctor (with dignity)—Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then.

## Immense Spiders of Ceylon.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him bite he will, and though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

## Anxious to Please.

Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard lightened with an anecdote an English lecture.

"There was a certain instructor," he said, "who was always impressing upon his students the need of perspicuity.

"A young man came to him one day to get back an essay that had been submitted.

"A very good essay," said the instructor, as he returned the paper, 'but, Mr. Smith, you should write always so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you say.'

"The young man looked up anxiously.

"What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor?" he asked."—New York Tribune.

"Virtue becomes a vice as soon as you begin to boast of it."

Quericus—"How did such a place ever get the reputation of being a great health resort?"

Cynicus—"Two or three prominent men died there."

## Neff's Corner

A number more members have just located in the Pecos Valley and steps are being taken to build a churchhouse in Lake Arthur. Some non-resident members are investing here and there is room for more. Every dollar of Brethren's capital invested here will give prestige to our mission and help directly or indirectly, to forward the good work. Several more houses at our command would enable us to better accommodate Brethren and others who are coming in, or would come if there were houses for them to move into, and they would be very profitable investments. To enable those to take part in this work who might not care to buy property here that they could not give their personal attention to, we have decided to form an investment association in which you can invest anywhere from \$10 to \$1000. As received this money will be invested to the best possible advantage and each investor will share pro rata in the increase. If at any time for any reason you want to withdraw your investment, your money will be returnable to you upon demand or immediately upon sale of the property in which it is invested.

I referred to a case here recently where a rental property was bringing an income of 42 per cent on the investment. I hear of others that are doing better and there is yet room for the investment of considerable more money in similar properties that should easily yield an income of fifteen to thirty per cent at least. Then there are many other opportunities here for the profitable investment of capital. For instance, early in October I bought apples 25 miles from here at one cent per pound. Now, six weeks later, they are selling for two and a half cents per pound. Early in the hay season thousands of tons of alfalfa could have been bought baled at \$7 per ton. Now it is selling at \$14. A little of your means placed in our investment association can be invested in these various ways so as to bring you good returns. It will help to give employment to some Brethren who are just getting a start here, and in a general way it will strengthen the work of the New Mexico mission. If you have some means that you would care to invest in a way that will at the same time profit you and do good, write to

James M. Neff,  
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

## THE OWL AGENCY OZAWKIE, KANSAS.



Write us for list of farms for sale in Jefferson county. Lands range from \$20 to \$60 per acre. We have prairie, timber and valley lands. Considerable of our wheat made 40 bushels, and our corn in some fields is making 75 bushels per acre. Our berries, cherries, grapes, peach and apple crop was enough to fill any one with delight. Red and white clover, timothy, blue grass, alfalfa, etc., are grown successfully here. Our county has no towns without railroads, and is well watered by springs, creeks and rivers. We are located 60 miles from Kansas City, 20 miles from Topeka, the state capital, 40 miles from Leavenworth, and 35 miles from Atchison, all large cities and fine markets. Don't fool away good time and money on land in the experimental stage, but cast your lot where Mother Earth yields abundantly, and the people are enjoying a big chunk of prosperity to prove it. There are several Dunkard Brethren churches in this county, the largest of which is located at Ozawkie with a membership of 70.

N. W. Brammell, Mgr.

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Brethren Publishing House,

Elgin, Ill.

# **SPECIAL NOTICE!**

## **A Change in Our Sunday School Publications**

With the close of 1906 we discontinue the publication of the Lesson Commentary, The Advanced Teachers' Quarterly and the Primary Teachers' Quarterly. The vacancy thus made will be filled by a new publication to be known as,

## **The Brethren Teachers' Monthly**

It is intended to make this monthly the very best help possible for our Sunday school teachers. In order to do this we have secured the assistance of some of our best writers along Sunday school lines.

There will be a number of pages devoted to the discussion of live Sunday-school topics. Each lesson will be presented under the following heads:

Introductory matter and explanatory notes, etc., by the Sunday-school editor, I. B. Trout.

The Gist of the Lesson, by P. B. Fitzwater, of North Manchester College.

The Lesson in everyday life, by Edward Frantz, of McPherson College.

Lights from the Orient, by E. B. Hoff, of Bethany Bible School.

The Lesson Illustrated by the editor.

How to teach the lesson to advanced classes, by A. C. Wieand, of Bethany Bible School.

How to teach the lesson to Intermediate classes, by Bertha M. Neher of Milford, Ind.

How to teach the lesson to Primary classes by Ida C. Shumaker, of Myersdale, Pa.

There will likely be other departments and features added as time and experience demand.

## **Why this Change?**

1. Because while the Teachers' Quarterlies and Commentary were very helpful to all who used them, yet they were not full and complete as they should have been in order to give the most possible help.

2. Because in this Monthly we purpose to give you twice the matter contained in the Commentary at only one-half the price.

3. Because the money, expended in covers for the Commentary and in postage can be utilized to much better advantage in expending it for good helpful suggestions. Instead of mailing this monthly at book rate like we did the Commentary, we can mail it at newspaper rate which is only one-eighth as much.

4. In the Monthly you will receive fresh matter in the way of illustrations, etc., which was not possible in the quarterly and commentary.

## **\$2.00 for 50c**

The Commentary contained a little over 300 hundred pages and cost you \$1.00. The Brethren Teachers' Monthly containing nearly 600 pages in the twelve issues, will cost you but 50 cents. Twice the matter at one-half the price. Subscribe now and get the January or first issue as soon as it is out, which will be about December 10th.

## **Every Teacher**

as well as every Sunday-school worker ought to subscribe now for this 48-page monthly. Send us your subscription for 1907 and we know you will be pleased.

### **Subscription Price**

|                                                               |                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Single copy, .....                                            | 6 cents.       |
| Single copy, per quarter, .....                               | 16 cents.      |
| Single copy, per year, .....                                  | 50 cents.      |
| In clubs of 3 or more sent to one address, per quarter, ..... | 13 cents each. |
| In clubs of 3 or more sent to one address, per year, .....    | 48 cents each. |

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## **BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILLINOIS.**





E. RINEHART, M. D.,  
Cancer Specialist.

# CANCER

## CURED WITHOUT SURGERY OR PAIN

Our latest book which we will send free of charge tells all about Cancer and all chronic and malignant diseases, and how they can be cured at home quickly and at small expense. Reference, patients cured in every State and Territory, ministers and bankers. Office, No. 50 West Walnut Street.

Address, Drs. Rinehart & Co., Lock Box 20,  
Kokomo, Indiana.



DR. J. S. FLORA,  
Ex-U. S. Examining Surgeon,  
Specialist in the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

### Scirrhus Cancer of the Breast.

Has been cured for four years and no signs of return. I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year which gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around the lump. Seeing that something must be done I consulted several physicians, some advising me to have it removed with the knife, To this I never could consent. While thinking the matter over I learned of Drs. Rinehart & Co. curing cancer without pain. I used three months of their treatment and can truthfully say for mankind that I am perfectly well. I suffered no pain in the least while under their treatment not even breaking the skin. Hoping this will be of some benefit to suffering ones,

Most respectfully,

Mrs. Sarah Miller,  
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

### Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,

Dec. 26, 1905. Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,  
64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

Michael Troyer, of Twinsburg, Ohio, cured of cancer of the cheek.

Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, of Amboy, Ind., cured of cancer of both sides of the cheek and nose.

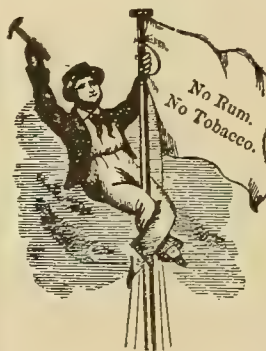
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Do you have some magazine that you would like to have bound? Perhaps you have some books or Bibles, of special value to you, that you would like to have rebound. If so we can accommodate you.

We have an equipment equal to the best, in the book-binding line and can give you good and prompt service.

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By A. SIMS

Contains 27 short, terse chapters. Goes over the whole ground and treats the subject from nearly every standpoint, physically, mentally, financially and morally. Packed full of startling facts and figures, statements of eminent medical men and clear Scriptural information. It is an eye-opener. If you want something that will strike tobacco all over, send for this book. Cloth covers, 50c.

**ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.** Large variety. Just what is needed to awaken in the minds of sensitive men an abhorrence to the vile and noxious weed. These tracts are doing much good. An assorted package, containing over 400 pages, to any address for 50c.

The Common Use of Tobacco, Paper bound, . . . 30 cents  
Send all orders to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

# The Brethren Colonies

## IN WESTERN CANADA

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### Are Prosperous and Happy

The soil there is rich. Good water and lots of it easily obtainable. Fuel and building material cheap. Your neighbors are those of like faith and practice.



Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Why not avail yourself of this, your last chance, to get GOOD LAND CHEAP? Wheat yields of forty bushels per acre are common. Oats has yielded one hundred and forty bushels per acre.

Prices of our lands range from \$9.00 to \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms.

For particulars and about cheap rates address

**The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,**

**440 Temple Court**

**Minneapolis, Minn.**

Those in Ohio and Indiana address

**ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.**



# I CAN CURE YOUR CATARRH

## I WILL PROVE IT FREE!

Do not neglect Catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications. Death, ruin and destruction follow neglected Catarrh.



### I Can Cure Your Catarrh

Because I KNOW  
What My New and  
Wonderful Discovery  
Has Already  
Done for Hundreds  
—Will Do For YOU  
—I will Cheerfully  
and Willingly Send  
a Full Treatment to  
You, Prepaid, Ab-  
solutely FREE, for  
TEN DAYS TRIAL.

I OFFER what is  
really a GODSEND  
to sufferers from  
Catarrh — Head,  
Bronchial and  
Throat troubles.

A new and won-  
derful medical dis-  
covery that cures  
by striking at the  
root and cause of  
the disease—by

#### KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter in what bad shape you are.

NOW I DO NOT ASK YOU to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days trial, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the Mediator to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

MY AFFLICTED FRIEND, do not suffer longer from this cruel Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.) MY NEW TREATMENT is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises, does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL. IT IS FOLLY to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

My treatment cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you: may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a lifetime."—J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back, which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EBEL, Flgin, Ill.

"I have been using your medicator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another, I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

Ninety-three per cent of the people of this country are suffering from some form of catarrh.

They are acting as store-houses and distributing stations of germ life that breed diseases ranging from incipient catarrh to quick consumption. Air is the agency that brings these germs into the air passages, and it must be the agency to remove them.

### CATARRH SUFFERERS

Should realize the fact that Catarrh is a very dangerous ailment. It is the beginning of nearly all diseases of the head, throat and larynx and is the forerunner of Consumption.

First a slight cold, acute in form, being neglected becomes worse, finally chronic, and leads to still worse conditions. How important it is that every person consider this matter seriously for himself.

Catarrh is constantly on the increase. There is more to-day than five years ago. Almost all people are subject to frequent colds. They are seemingly becoming more susceptible to this influence each year. Various causes lead to this condition. I am offering you my Spray Mediator, and Liquid Spray to counteract these emergencies.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a medicator on trial free.

See special trial offer.  
Do you hawk and spit up matter?  
Do you have watery eyes?  
Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?  
Is there a dropping in the back part of throat?  
Does your nose discharge?  
Does your nose feel full?  
Do you sneeze a good deal?  
Do crusts form in nose?  
Do you have pains across front part of head?  
Do you have pain across the eyes?  
Is your breath offensive?  
Is your hearing impaired?  
Are you losing your sense of smell?  
Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

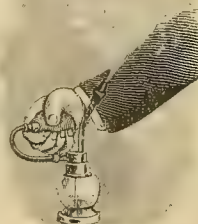
### MY SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

For a short time, if you will write me a mere postal card, mentioning The Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Mediator with treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$3.00, and I will mail the balance of six months treatment free. If you are not satisfied, mail me back the Mediator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage and you still have your money. Nothing could be more honorable. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless you are benefited.

Write this very day. Address:

**E. J. WORST,** 52 Main Street,  
ASHLAND, OHIO

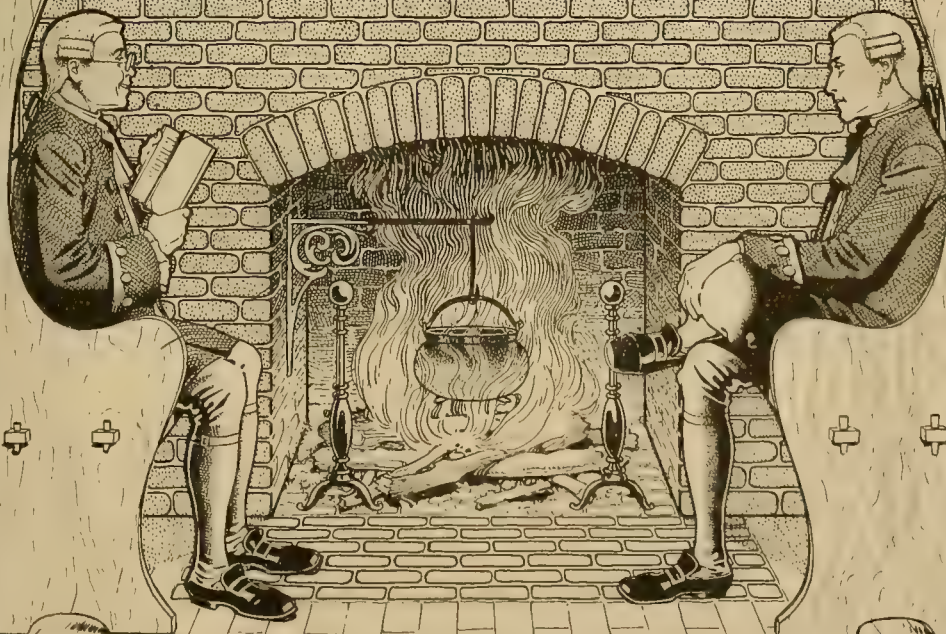
Describe your case, as I forward treatment to suit ailment.



# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

**T**O live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—*Channing.*



DEXTER & OTTILL, CHG.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 11, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 50. Vol. VIII



**Others Have Arranged to  
Why Don't You?**

# **Live in Your Own Hired House**

**Going, Returning and During**

# **Annual Meeting**

**In Los Angeles**

By joining one of the "CO-OPERATIVE" EXCURSIONS that will be run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to California for the Brethren and their friends who wish to attend the Annual Meeting.

Co-Operation SAVES MONEY by enabling the Brethren to take their lunch baskets and coffee pots and living in the Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars not only on the road but during the Annual Meeting, as these cars will be side-tracked at some convenient point where the Brethren can get to them during the Meeting.

Other parties are talking of running Personally Conducted Excursions but as the Union Pacific has been in this business for years and has a Specially Conducted Excursion Department in charge of S. A. Hutchison, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., who sends competent, experienced Conductors with each excursion, there is no question but what the trip will be made a pleasant one.

There will be a Pullman porter with each car whose duty it will be to make up beds, look after the Passengers and keep the car clean, not only en route but while cars are side-tracked at Los Angeles.

One of these excursions will probably go through Colorado, Idaho, Oregon and California, arriving at Los Angeles in time for the Annual Meeting. Others will go direct to the Annual Meeting, returning through Northern California, Oregon, Idaho and Colorado and some will go direct to and from the Annual Meeting.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, etc., address Mr. S. A. Hutchison, Excursion Manager, 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or Geo. L. McDonaugh, Traveling Agent, Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha, Nebraska.

## **"The Overland Route"**

is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

**E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,  
Omaha, Nebr.**



The Railroad Just Before It Enters Butte Valley.

## LARGE FORCE ENGAGED

---

**Five Hundred Men are Now Employed---Scarce Labor Delays Work---  
Superintendent Hoey is in Klamath Falls from the Scene of  
Work on the C. and N. E. Railroad.**

---

H. P. HOEY, superintendent and constructing engineer of the California-Northeastern railroad, is in the city looking after the work being done by the steam dredge and attending to other business matters. When seen by the *Express* reporter, Mr. Hoey said:

"The new contractors, the Western States Construction Co., are doing good work. They now have two steam shovels in operation and are making rapid progress.

"Erickson & Petterson, the old contractors, are getting in new material and the construction camps are now working along 18 miles of road this side of Grass Lake. We now have about 500 men employed and every man willing to work need not be idle. The work has been greatly delayed by a scarcity of labor and the conditions are not improving rapidly.

"The work will be continued throughout the winter and there will be no delay, excepting that caused by the scarcity of labor.

"I have no idea when the road will reach Klamath Falls and I am not going to do any guessing. We will get here as soon as possible, but when that will be depends entirely on labor conditions.

"The depot at Grass Lake will be constructed shortly and will be a permanent structure."

When asked if the road would be completed to the water this fall so that connection can be made by boat, Mr. Hoey stated that it was not likely that such would be the case.

The steam dredge is making good progress at this end of the road, and were it not for the scarcity of labor the road might yet reach Klamath Falls in time to get the \$100,000 bonus subscribed by Klamath county.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



## BRAWNTAWNS The Victor Tonic

Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

Brawntawns are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

Brawntawns will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.A.

## Look Here

Do you know that hundreds of thrifty people are finding homes in the Southwest away from cyclones, earthquakes and blizzards, free from malaria, catarrh and asthma, within 60 miles of the largest city in Texas, where cotton, corn, wheat and alfalfa, cattle and hogs grow side by side.

Why can not our Brethren possess a part of 30,000 acres just being put upon the market?

Join our personally conducted party on first and second Tuesday of each month, leaving St. Louis 8:32 P. M. If possible, join us November 20th.

For further information, address

ELDER L. A. BOOKWALTER,

838-80 Reibold Bldg.,

Dayton, Ohio.



## FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE

NINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE INGLENOOK.

## BONNETS AND CAP GOODS!

Fill out the coupon below, mail to us and we will at once send to you our new Catalogue No. 144, containing samples of Fall and Winter Bonnet Goods.



Style B.

We are showing a splendid line of Chemises, Felts, Silks and Velvets this Fall. We have patterns and designs never before shown, and they are sure to please you.

### WE MAKE BONNETS TO ORDER

Catalogue No. 144 is complete in every particular. It shows six shapes of Bonnets; gives full directions as to made-to-order Bonnets; gives prices complete on all goods, and has some Special Features in other lines which you should not miss. Send for it at once.

In connection with our Bonnet Goods we carry a complete line of goods used for Prayer Covering.

We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

### We are Headquarters for These Goods.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Please send Catalogue No. 144, showing samples of bonnet and cap goods for Fall and Winter wear, to the following address:

Name.....

P. O.....

R. F. D.....

State.....

Note—Write name and address plainly.

## WEISER, IDAHO. THE BEST LANDS. LOWEST PRICES.

RICH SOIL. ABUNDANT WATER.  
NO CROP FAILURES.

REFERENCE  
First National Bank of Weiser.

## CHOICE IRRIGATED LANDS

## CLIMATE MILD & HEALTHFUL

Fines Fruits, Melons, Berries, Grains, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets grown in any country. Weiser Valley soil cannot be beat. Rich, fertile and no alkali.

Send for descriptive price list.

Address R. C. MCKINNEY, Weiser Idaho.

## New 1907 Book and Bible Catalogue

will be ready for mailing soon.

### LOW PRICES.

We have cut out practically all agents' commission on books and Bibles and are going to sell direct to the reader at first cost, plus a small per cent of profit for handling the business.

### LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS

will be our watchword from now on in the book and Bible business.

### PROSPECTIVE BOOK BUYERS.

We want to place this catalog in the hands of every one that expects to buy books or Bibles within the next year.

### SAVE YOU MONEY.

We are sure we can save you money. Get our catalog and prove it for yourself.

### SEND US YOUR NAME

and address on a post card, along with several of your neighbors and friends who would appreciate a copy of this catalog and it will be

### MAILED FREE

as soon as it out. Send now to

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

# Wearing Out

---

THAT is just what a great many people are doing. They know something is wrong, and yet can't tell what is the matter.

Did you ever think what a large proportion of the American people are sick, or, at least, if not exactly sick, are not well? Something is the matter all the time.

How many people of your personal acquaintance are constantly complaining of being "so tired," having "such a headache," of "not feeling just right," and a thousand and one other things, until it almost seems as if the world had become one huge hospital filled with incurables! What is the cause of all this? It is certainly not a natural condition, but on the contrary one that should cause much anxiety and alarm.

The people in America are proverbially in a hurry. They eat in a hurry, work in a hurry and sleep in a hurry, overworking and overstraining nature, and then wonder why it is they don't feel well and strong.

One of the results of the American way of "rushing" things is the impoverishing of the blood which furnishes the sinews of life. Not being able to respond to the calls made on it, the blood becomes thin and weak, and, losing its strength, it soon fails to accomplish the work for which it is intended, and disease in its varied forms is the inevitable result. This weakness becomes sometimes the heritage of following generations.

Nothing will restore failing health, nothing will so quickly and surely bring strength, as DR. PETER'S VITALIZER.

## WELL EVER SINCE.

Greeley, Pa., Feb. 26, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Your valued medicine, the **Blood Vitalizer**, has now been used in our family for ten years. It has become our house doctor. The **Blood Vitalizer** cured me of a serious sickness. I had terrible pains in my side and felt as if there was a stone or weight of some kind oppressing me. I could hardly breathe at times and was unable to stoop or bend over. I would be flushed with heat occasionally and have distressing headaches. Ten bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** cured me completely. It is now ten years ago and I have not been sick since.

Yours respectfully,

Mrs. U. Eggenberger.

## A MINISTER WRITES.

Carleton, Nebr., May 23, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—People are getting better acquainted with your remedies. Everyone to whom I have supplied them reports good success. I, myself, have been cured of rheumatism by their use.

A business man here had a bad attack of rheumatism. He heard that I kept your medicine and so he sent over

and got a bottle each of the **Blood Vitalizer** and **Oleum**. It seems that he expected that the first dose or two should cure him and as this did not happen, they sent for the doctor. The latter prescribed something which deadened the pain, but failed to cure the disease. After a while I met the man's brother and asked him how he was getting along. He said they quit the doctor and used your medicines again and he is now well. I am convinced beyond doubt that the **Blood Vitalizer** taken inwardly and the **Oleum** applied externally is the best remedy there is for rheumatism.

Respectfully,

(Rev.) R. J. Voss.

## CURED SALT RHEUM.

Huntsburg, Ohio, March 27, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I suppose you think we are all dead, not having heard from us for so long a time. We have lived for about a year out in the country about forty miles from Cleveland. You will, no doubt, remember that I wrote you some years ago about your **Blood Vitalizer**, telling you that my husband was a sufferer with salt rheum and that nothing had been able to cure it. I am glad to inform you that your **Blood Vitalizer** cured him and that there is not a trace of it left.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Lena Lang.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is a remedy for young and old. It restores natural vitality, strengthens and builds up the entire system. Not for sale in drugstores. Sold to the people direct through special agents in every community. If there is no agent in your neighborhood, write to the proprietors direct and address your letter

**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**12-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**



# Homeseekers and Prospective Settlers

Should Take Advantage of the

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

### Oregon Short Line R. R.



Model Ranch in Idaho

### Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

### Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho — with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

For further information write to

Or to

S. BOCK, General Immigration Agent,  
Dayton, Ohio.

D. E. BURLEY,  
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER 11, 1906

No. 50.

## The Travelers in the Orient

By One of the Party

From Shore to Shore.



T high twelve, September 11, seventeen anxious tourists with a sense of keen satisfaction shook from their feet the dust of New York City; left behind them the noisy rapid-transit cars and hustling gothamites amid their skyscrapers and cramped quarters. Quietly we glide by the Statue of Liberty, and dropping our pilot at Sandy Hook, we begin to measure our course across the pathless Atlantic. Finally we have our own horizon at ten miles radius, with the Royal Mail Steamer *Pannonia* of the Cunard Hungarian-American Line as its center. Our home has a length of five hundred and one feet, a breadth of fifty-nine feet, a depth of forty-four feet and is a twin-screw steamship of 9,851 tons, flying the red British ensign. Daily every nook and corner is scrubbed, twice inspected and six times are we fed with the finest and best of food.

For courtesy and kindness and discipline the sons of our mother country, who man the ship, stand as types. Sunday morning the captain conducts Episcopal services, praying for the divine guidance and protection of his king and our president.

Our little world is made beautiful by rosy sunrise and citron sunset, blue sky and flocculent clouds; a few gulls and sporting porpoises, a passing ship and crested waves illumed by starry phosphorescence and the pale, growing moon, and sweet repose.

Ten days pass as one. There is no monotony. We begin to feel that "earth is crammed with heaven" and that he who sees does indeed "remove his shoes" in recognition of his Creator.

We pass within seventy miles of the Azores and finally Cape St. Vincent of the Portugal coast appears on the horizon with its high wave-carved, mothy-colored and cloister-decked cliffs.

We pass within one mile of the shore over a course that causes the patriotic spirit of the Englishman to

give expression, for it is here that his ancestors secured for him a portion of the supremacy he now enjoys.

Our party includes instructors to Ram Allah, Palestine; Miss Alice Whittier Jones, of Amesbury, Mass.; Misses Rose Lambert and Adaline Brunk, of Elkhart, Ind., who go to Hodjin, Turkey in Asia; Miss Lucy E. Dunn, of Pittsburg, Pa., to Jerusalem, Palestine; Mrs. E. A. Marshall, wife of Supt. Marshall of the Bible Institute of Chicago, Ill.; Pres. I. N. H. Beahm, President of Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Elder Elias Smeltzer, of Arcadia, Ind.; Elder S. M. Goughmour, of Ankeny, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Puterbaugh, of Plattsburg, Mo.; Mrs. Magdalene Myers, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Prof. J. C. Cox, of same place; Elder S. H. Flory, of Nokesville, Va.; Mrs. Maboud, of Jerusalem, Palestine; Prof. M. R. Murray, of St. Joseph, Mo., who is conducting the party, manager of the Murray Tourist Co., and Miss Marguerite A. Bixler, of Akron, Ohio.

President Beahm, of Elizabethtown College, frequently lectures on places we will visit.

At all times we are courteously and fully in the care of Prof. Martin Roy Murray, chief of the Murray Tourist Co., of St. Joseph, Mo. Our slightest needs and comforts are anticipated and we are as carefree as children.

Ring toss and shuffle board, a species of crokinole played on the deck floor with long shovel-like cues, banishes dull care and indigestion from our midst.

The Ladies' Shuffle Board Tournament was won by Miss Brunk, of Indiana, and a *Pannonia* ribbon, with British and American flags, awarded. For the gentlemen Mr. Flory, of Virginia, was victorious and received the loving cup. The tournament was a close and friendly contest.

The lights of the great fortress of Gibraltar are sighted; land early to-morrow morning when our journey from shore to shore is finished.



## A Pleasant Outing

N. J. Miller



NE of the many pleasing outings appreciated by the students of Mount Morris College is that along Pine Creek, which in some respects surpasses the Rock River saunter. Starting at the mouth of the creek our outing proceeds up the stream.

However, we must first recall the outcroppings of the stone strata. In their regular succession they are St. Peter's sandstone, buff, blue and Galena Trenton strata, all of them laid down in Si-

little girl she saw Black Hawk standing on this rock and heard him in an eloquent address encourage his braves to be true, valiant and heroic.

The natural features here show Black Hawk's position was well chosen to conceal his movements of men in the valley below and that the cliff afforded a splendid look-out for an enemy. Within a radius of a score of rods he could view Mount Morris in the north; turning eastward, the country across Rock River valley and beyond Nachusa in Lee county; turn-



"Effect of Water Cutting Beneath Ledges of Rock."

lurian times. The St. Peter's and buff Trenton are passed over before the John Lampin farm is reached. Standing on the crest of a cliff there one gets a splendid view across the Pine Creek alluvial bottom down to the river. To the southwest extends a narrow valley which once held in its flood plain the running waters of Pine Creek, diverted by some cause to the course they now occupy. This cliff is historic ground. The granite boulder, last year removed to Bovey's Springs, served as a platform on which the Indian chief, Black Hawk, once stood. Years ago an old squaw came through the country, pitched her tent not far off and informed the settlers that when a

ing slightly to the southwest, through the old deserted path of Pine Creek and across the landscape beyond; to the west, far into Whiteside county.

Across the creek bottom and on the Powell farm is a small gulley through which runs a little stream of water. This water is fed perennially by a spring issuing from the limestone bluff at the head of the gulley. This spring has greater volume than even Ganymede or Knox Springs, greater volume than any other in the county. The contour of the country is such that at little cost a dam could be constructed to form a cool lake, cold enough for cool-water fish, just the thing for pleasant angling.

One likes to continue the ramble a half mile farther to the Werner farm to visit the Broken Arch. This arch, measuring from the bottom of the ditch, is perhaps twenty feet high. Not many years past it formed



The Broken Arch.

a natural bridge. Old settlers tell of the time one could stride across from pillar to pillar. Even now the keystone is lying at the foot of the pillars of the "bridge" leaving a break of twelve feet in the arch.

The arch was formed by the erosive action of water. Quite likely the water coming from the little sag or ravine back of the "arch" did the work. Before the ravine was less than half as deep as it is now the water ran over the arch. The stone at this point being more resistant than the rest was not worn away but the water, through a crevice below, found an outlet which, by weathering and the rasping and cutting of the water and its tools, grew larger and larger, leaving the arch above. The elements continued their play until the keystone fell from the arch, now rapidly disintegrating. Soon the pillars will be so rounded and worn that the lines writing the past history of the arch will be obliterated. Of course, the arch might have been formed in other ways but not very likely. The great natural bridge of the Tonto Basin and the famous Natural Bridge of Virginia were formed, stated briefly, as follows: Underground water formed

caverns in the limestone; later the roofs of the caverns fell in save at several points. These more resistant and stronger portions of the cavern roofs form the natural bridges. These same phenomena might have occurred on the Werner farm, though not likely.

Another tramp across the fields brings one to Bovey's Springs, pouring their waters into the creek. It is a beautiful place to rest and enjoy the cool shade, the cool draughts of water, the swings and the brook. In summertime the place is popular as a camping and fishing resort. The short time spent there in camp life one summer was more enjoyed by me than any I experienced in the west.

Farther up the creek are the Pines, the only natural pine grove in the State. At places the grove is purely pine, the trees growing close together and towering slender and high: here the ax has never touched the wood. To account for the pine forest here, the only one in the State, is a hard problem. Theories, some-

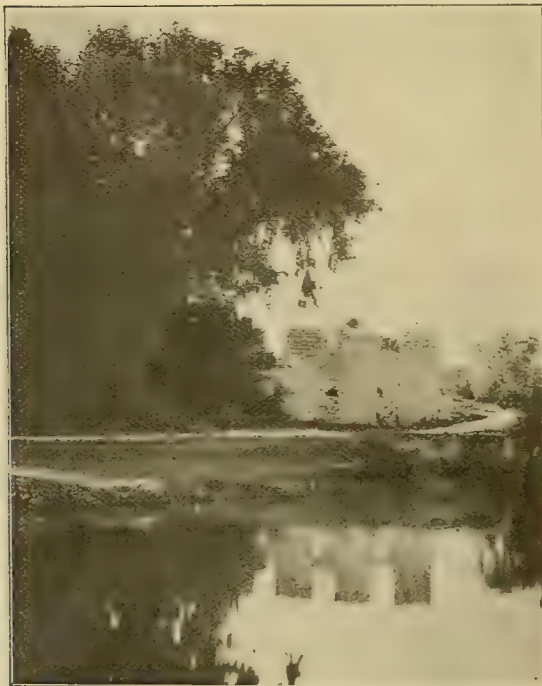


Near the Quarry which Furnished the Material for  
"Old Sandstone."

what difficult to understand for the popular mind, have been formulated to account for the natural grove. Perhaps one or more of them are correct, yet they seem not tenable. The State now has become interested in the Pines and it is hoped will set it, with adjoining tracts, aside for a public park. The creek



here has attractions aside from its plant and animal life and that about it. Nearly everyone having a camera tries a snapshot at the railroad bridge, only the arch being artificial. (The stream used to flow in a depression east of the bridge: this was dammed up and the rock at another place blown out and the water turned through.) The west bluff along the creek comes in for even a greater number of exposures, some to show the fine stratification and joint-planes of the Trenton rock and others to more particularly show the erosive effect of water cutting beneath ledges of stone.



The Old Mill.

The lack of space forbids us to speak of the origin of the joint-planes and strata, the effects of weathering and erosion, the xerophytic, mesophytic and hydrophytic conditions of plant life, all exceedingly full of interest here for the student loving nature. We very briefly note the ruins of the old mill farther up the stream and built of Trenton or Galena limestone. One enjoys being in the shadows of the old landmark, to pluck flowers so prolific on the cliff below it, to dream among the fern, to lunch beneath the spreading ash and elm or to throw a fish-line into the little stream to catch lively bass playing about the broken mill-dam. Altogether this is an almost ideal outing place in itself. The many saunters taken there by lovers of out-door life in woods and along streams verify the statement.

Just north of the road bridge, on the road connect-

ing Polo and Mount Morris, is a spot of no little interest. The bold cliffs on the west side of the stream are softened by plant life, large and small. How conspicuous are the strata and the vertical joint-planes, straight as a plumb-line, seldom deviating to the right or left! I presume the rock on the other bank once had much the same appearance and charm as this cliff before the quarrymen laid their tools to its destruction. Out of this quarry came the limestone to construct "Old Sandstone," out of whose classic halls have gone so many lives, impelled with high ideals, to be notable examples in civic virtue, political, intellectual and religious spheres.



#### A MAN NAMED JOHN WESLEY.

IN one of her lectures, Frances Willard told me the story of a young nobleman who found himself in a little village in Cornwall, where he never had been before. It was a hot day, and he was thirsty, and his thirst increased as he rode down the village streets, seeking in vain for a place where something stronger than water could be had.

"At last he stopped and made impatient inquiry of an old peasant who was on his way home after a day of toil.

" 'How is it that I can't get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours?' he demanded, harshly.

"The old man, recognizing the questioner as a man of rank, pulled off his cap, and bowed humbly, but nevertheless there was a proud flash in his faded eyes as he answered, quietly:

" 'My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts,' and with that the old peasant walked on.

"It would be interesting to know just what the nobleman thought as he pursued his thirsty way. But what a splendid testimony was this to the preaching of John Wesley! For more than a century the word that he had spoken for his Master had kept the curse of drunkenness out of the village; and who can estimate the influence for good thus exerted upon the lives of those sturdy peasants? What nobler memorial could be desired by any Christian minister?"

Yes, one of the pleasing and most encouraging features of the work of the gospel minister is found in the fact of the blessed results which follow his labors. Not for a day only does he toil who toils for God. He may be jeered or hissed by those who listen to the plain, unvarnished truths of God from his anointed lips; yea, brutal, vicious men may stone him to his death. However, he, like saintly Stephen, will doubtless be allowed to "see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."

—*The Wellspring.*



# THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN



## Chapter Two.

### A Sunday Dinner with the Kempers.



It was a rainy Sunday morning, but that did not affect the carrying out of the Kempers' customary plans for the day. They drove to Hampton to attend church and Sunday school in the morning.

John Kemper had a class of boys at the church of which he was a member.

Mrs. Kemper was not a church member. She had been at one time allied to the church which claimed John's services. Then she slipped back, for the stricter life it entailed did not appeal to her.

The teacher of the infants' class at John's church was a very ordinary personage and her mental equipment was much inferior to that of the teacher in the same position at the other church of the town. So, when Nat was old enough to enter a Sunday-school class, his mother went with him to the latter church. "For," said she, "we should have the best to be had, that we need."

John Kemper did not attempt to argue. His wife had little capacity for argument. Her statement was correct; but no verbal reasoning could ever have convinced her that her measurement of "best" and "need" was in error.

It had been the nine days' wonder among John Kemper's friends as to why he married Ellen Masters. But when they saw how the humble cottage took on its beauty, and how, in every region of it, was manifested a prosperity that comes from skillful management,—and which, without such skill, no wealth can produce,—the curious answered their own question conclusively and satisfactorily to themselves: "She is the born wife of a workingman. She'll not waste a penny of John Kemper's."

John Kemper loved Ellen Masters. He knew that was why he had married her. It was not in such a man to see the lack in her life and not do what he could to supply it from his own rich store.

And Ellen loved John. He had a spirituality that she hungered for, without which she was incomplete. But she did not love him so deeply that she adored the things that were his inspiration.

It was as natural for her to surmount material obstacles without any effort as it is natural to breathe. And she had never met with spiritual obstacles,—those which would demand that she endure the earthly trials

and hindrances in order to overcome the greater ones that count for life.

It was seldom that the family did not have from one to three persons to take dinner with them on Sundays. There were never more than three, for it was an unwritten law of conservative John Kemper's that the day be observed very quietly and to everybody's spiritual profit, and Ellen Kemper knew that she owed it to herself and to her station in life to not undertake hospitality on a large scale.

They had a definite plan for inviting their guests. Each was free to invite one; or, if one member wished to bring two or three certain persons, he or she informed the other two beforehand and neither of these latter infringed on the first speaker's right. Thus, if Nat had made up his mind to bring home the widow Donaldson and her twins, no objection was made, and father and mother strictly regarded their son's intention.

As was most frequently the case, however, no foredecision upon guests was made on this particular Sunday. It had become a delight to each one of the family to make a choice upon the spur of the moment.

Sometimes it happened that the invited trio was a most incongruous one. But at such times it rarely happened that there was not distinct readjustment under the influence of Mrs. Kemper's cordiality and John's well-presented motive.

One of the family's wise luxuries was a roomy carriage, utilized particularly in executing the Sunday design.

They drove to Hampton, John leaving his wife and son and the carriage at one church, himself walking thence to the other.

The class of boys was interesting, the ensuing sermon was inspiring; but there was not one among the rainy-day congregation that impressed John Kemper as being eager to accompany him home. So he returned to Ellen and Nat and the carriage empty-handed, as it were.

He found with his wife and son in the vehicle a silken-gowned old lady, who was introduced to him as "Mrs. Clarke," and a youth of sixteen or seventeen, who called the lady "Grandma."

Mrs. Clarke was inclined to be rather garrulous and she in short order explained about herself to the host as she had done to the hostess.

"My grandson Joe, here, and me," she said, "we



came here yesterday from Illinois to see about my first husband's grave. I hadn't been here since two years after Hiram died. We was going to the cemetery today, but it isn't fit on account of the rain. And I was right glad when your wife invited us. It's not pleasant in a little hotel on a rainy Sunday."

"You are Hiram Noble's widow, are you, and you married David Clarke?" asked John.

"Why, yes! There are not many of the folks here now I knowed when I went to Illinois with Dave. I knowed your pa, I guess,—Jake Kemper, wasn't he?"

John nodded.

"But your wife here," she looked intently at Mrs. Kemper, "I don't rec'lect anybody that much resembled her."

Joe had turned his face towards the woman on the rear seat, and he said, glancing from Mrs. Kemper to the other, "If you have seen her you must have seen a very pretty little girl."

"Well, yes," instantly returned Mrs. Clarke, "the best looking little girl I ever seen hereabouts was a little tow-headed one of Frank Masters'."

John Kemper had also turned and there was still on his lips the flickering smile that Joe Noble's remark had elicited.

"My wife was Ellen Masters," he said. "The years have put color in her hair."

"Yes, it's been twenty-five years since I married Dave Clarke. The time has took the color all out of my hair," the old lady said with grim humor.

She prattled on about those who had been her neighbors when she was Mrs. Noble, Ellen Kemper informing her, as much as she could, in regard to their subsequent histories.

When the party reached the little home the deficit in the trio of guests was supplied by a seedy individual who was sitting on the front porch and whose self-invitation was made valid by a verbal one from John Kemper.

"Yes, I'll stay to dinner. Thank yo'."

He was a sort of periodic tramp. He worked at times long enough to get money for clothing and trifles he wished, but for the most part he adhered to his calling as a "gentleman of the road."

He had called on the Kempers two or three times before in solicitation of "a bed for the night, please," or of "a dinner, mum."

He represented the upper tens of his co-professionals. He preferred a bed to a haymow, a hot, square meal to a bandana lunch. And, like other mortals, he got what he gave his ability to acquire.

The seedy man and the silken-gowned old lady and the agreeable youth were left with Nat in the parlor while Mrs. Kemper went to prepare dinner and John went to care for his stock.

But the first of the trio was so ignored by the second

and so abashed by the third that he sought temporary escape by loudly whispering to Nat, "Le's go warsh."

There was a downpour of rain as the two went out to the cistern. John entered at the same time and his wife beckoned him into the pantry.

"It is ridiculous, John," she said, "Jake Read eating with those other people."

"It's all right though, Ellen."

"Yes, we can't break our custom. He must have found out about our Sunday when he worked at Racy's. If we had a bathroom you'd have to invite him into it."

"Ma! Ma! Where are you?"

"What do you want, Nat?"

"I want a suit of pa's clothes for that old tramp. He's out there at the stable under the spout of the tinnin' and when he's clean he ought to have some Sundayer clothes on."

"Your old gray suit, John, and everything else,—old,—from the lower drawer of the bureau," Ellen said, laughing. Her husband was smiling.

Reinforced by the "warsh" beneath the primitive shower-bath and by the presence of the Kempers, Jake Read found his tongue again at the dinner-table. It could eclipse Mrs. Clarke's in limberness.

"John," he began familiarly, after he had used five minutes to unfold his napkin and fill his plate, to swallow a cup of coffee, a slice of bread, two potatoes and a chicken thigh, "John, I'd 'a' been at meetin' this mornin' if I could 'a' decided which one to go to. I reckon these folks wuz at Mrs. Kemper's."

"That was my church when I lived here," said Mrs. Clarke.

"You ain't o' these parts?"

"I went to Illinois twenty-five years ago."

"Bosh! I reckon you didn't go and live on a farm. If you did you'd 'a' done better to 'a' stayed here. That sandy, dusty State! The heat's turrible, still, I wuz out there one summer. I'd ruther be down in Georgy with the niggers. Niggers is nothin' but gorillas, but they're amusin'. When I marched behind Sherman they used to—"

"May I fill your cup again?"

"Yes, thank yo'."

"Is there Home Department work in your Illinois Sunday schools, Mrs. Clarke?" John Kemper's voice was so calmly assertive that Jake knew his conversational right had been monopolized.

Mrs. Clarke hesitated, and half turned toward her grandson.

"It is in some of them, though not in all, I believe," replied Joe. "It's one of the departments of our Sunday school and I heard the lady who visits the homes say she has about thirty in our town."

"The Department is in the Sunday school that Ellen tends, but not in the other yet. It has been sug-

gested a number of times but no action has been taken to introduce it. There are three or four homes within a mile of here where some of each family belong to church but none come regular to Sunday school and some of 'em don't come at all. It seems to me that such a system as the Home Department is would put new life into indifferent homes. It would connect these withered, barren branches to their vine again. And where members of the church are sick it would certainly be a blessing. I've noticed that when members slip back from the Sunday school it's not long until they've slipped back from all active interest in the church. They don't come to the communion and they don't like to pay their dues and they're apt to be the first ones to see the mistake another member has made. I know that each person that belongs to a church owes it himself, but the church is under as much obligation to do what it can to keep him a living, active member.

"That's right. It's purty easy to not care for church if church don't seem to care for you," said Mrs. Clarke.

"In so far as I can follow you, I believe you are right, Mr. Kemper," said Joe.

"Did you ever say that out in meeting? It ought to bring the Home Department into your church," argued Mrs. Clarke.

"Indeed I have. And others have spoken much the same way. The ferment has only been started. When enough members have been leavened we'll have a Home Department."

As the group rose from the table, Nat whispered to his mother, "I want to talk to Joe some to-day. I don't like to listen all the time."

"You can show him your books and the album," Mrs. Kemper whispered in return.



### PUZZLES IN A SCHOOLROOM.

C. R. BOOKWALTER.

As a teacher I wish to drop a few thoughts along the line of "what would be the proper method to pursue in obtaining the good will of a boy or girl." This question certainly confronts every school-teacher. Books have been written in answer to this question, but none have definitely pointed out a straight road by which an instructor may walk with his eyes incessantly on the goal of his ambition, and yet carry the obedience and good will of every boy and girl along with him as he goes. He must vary his government if he wishes to win the good will of that boy or girl who seems to have gone astray.

You may be able to work a puzzle by carefully following the rules given with it, but you will agree with me that this rule will not enable you to work all

puzzles. If you want to work a puzzle and have not the rule by which to work it, the thing to do is to study out a rule by which it may be worked.

In a sense children are puzzles given into the hands of school-teachers without rules.

Now I wonder what the teacher is thinking about as he makes his way to a little country schoolhouse on an early September morning. Does he realize the responsibility which rests upon him as he takes charge of about twenty-five or thirty of the most perplexing puzzles in the whole community, which are given under his supervision without a sign of a rule with which to work or control them? What will he do? Will he invent a rule and apply it to all of them? If he does, how long will it take him to find out that in all probabilities it will not work any of them? What then is to be done? You must do the same thing that you would do if they were really puzzles. You must devise a rule that will work each one separately.

The first day or week of school is the most important one. I firmly believe that the teacher's first impression upon a pupil is the lasting one.

I know of several schools where the majority of the pupils dislike their teacher because the teacher came before the school on that early September morning with a set of complicated rules, and a look of "stern command."

Children, representing all sorts of homes, will be met with in school. Some are well trained, while others are not. In some homes the children are ruled harshly, and the rod is not spared, yet they are not conquered.

These are types of the most perplexing puzzles that are ever met with in a schoolroom. The teacher should not be too hasty in approaching such pupils if his anticipation be a gushing forth of the awakening of a sense of duty, when striking at a vital point. For with all his careful preparation he might not have touched the right chord, and the result will be anything but pleasing; but bear in mind that this is the first impression, and in all probability the lasting one.

The teacher should go into the schoolroom on the first day of school with his resolution firm, and a determination to win the good will of every pupil by love, and not by the method of perpetuity used at home.

*New Paris, Ohio.*



### BIBLE HYGIENE.

J. S. FLORY.

A LARGE number of good-meaning people seem to have an idea that the principles of hygiene are of recent origin, and something distinct from pure and



undefiled religion. Indeed, we have come across a few ministers who question the propriety of introducing the subject into the pulpit, as they do also that of temperance. Vague questions of a nature touching their own individual interests, they don't seem to have any scruples upon, the subject of ministerial support, for instance. But as men are not infallible, we must make allowance for such strange freaks of the human brain.

Hygiene and temperance are as prominent features of the Bible as any other good thing taught there. It only depends upon what kind of spectacles we look through that we might discern the good contained in the good Book. Some glasses have the dust of prejudice and hereditary education so thick on them that they can't see the truth as it really is.

Daniel, the prophet of old, was a hygienist; he would not defile himself with rich food or with wine to drink from a king's table; the people of this day, as a rule, would have thought that "just splendid living." In the first chapter of the book of Daniel we have a clear, pointed text of the advantage of living on simple food.

King Nebuchadnezzar would have some of the children of Israel, whom he had taken captive, fed daily on provision of his own meat; he wanted them fed as well as he, and to drink of the wine he drank, that they might be fitted to stand before him.

Daniel had scruples in regard to such living, just as hygienists of to-day have. He talked with the prince who had them in charge, desiring to live on a more simple, healthful food. "Nay," said the prince, "to grant you this privilege and allow you to refuse the rich food and drink that the king hath appointed, would tend to make you of a sadder countenance; you would look lean and gaunt, and the king would hold me accountable for your appearance; you would not be so fair and ruddy as the rest of your sort." He reasoned just as people reason to-day, who are grossly ignorant of these things. Finally, Daniel prepared a test. To the steward he said, "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days; and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenances of the children that eat of the king's meat; and as thou seest, deal with thy servants." Daniel only asked ten days in order to prove the advantages of living on a vegetable diet with only water to drink. Pulse was a food prepared from beans, peas, and such like vegetables that grew in pods. "At the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar (the steward) took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse."

A grand victory was this, thousands of years ago

in favor of hygienic living. It may be claimed by some there was something of a miraculous nature about it. Be it so; it makes no difference so long as the same "miraculous" power is being manifested almost daily at hygienic institutions throughout the land. So long as the Bible is the standard of truth we espouse, let us hold fast our faith in *all* of its teachings, precepts and examples. And be assured, no one can be in the wrong who accepts of hygienic living, seeing it is upheld by the Bible, and in this as in all other things the Bible is for the good of men.—*Home Mirror*.



#### A TENDER-HEARTED SOLDIER.

THE following story, which General Lawton was fond of telling, seems to us another illustration of the truth that the bravest are the tenderest. All honor to the tired soldier who could still sympathize with a tired dog.

"The night of the El Caney affair," said the general, "when my division was marching back to El Paso to take up a new position the next morning, I was sitting at the side of the road with Major G. Creighton Webb, inspector-general of my staff, and one of the pluckiest men I know. My men were filing past, and we watched them. They were tired out, but full of ginger. The day was just beginning to dawn, when we heard some one coming down the road talking at the top of his lungs. He talked and laughed, and laughed and talked, and the men with him were chatting and joking.

"Here come the colored troops," said Webb, and sure enough the Twenty-fifth Infantry came along. The man who was doing the talking was a six-foot corporal. He carried two guns and two cartridge-belts loaded full, and the man to whom the extra gun and belt belonged was limping alongside him. The tall corporal was weighted down with his blanket and haversack, but in his arms he carried a dog, the mascot of his company.

"Here, corporal," said Webb, "didn't you march all night before last?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, trying to salute.

"And didn't you fight all day?"

"Sure, sir."

"And haven't you been marching ever since ten o'clock last night?"

"Yes, sir," said the corporal.

"Well, then," shouted Webb, "what are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why, boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.—*Selected*.



"It is a shock to the man who thinks he is world-famous to discover that there are people in the next block who never heard of him."

## THE BOOKWORM'S PLAINT.

One night a bookworm crawled out lazily,  
And, sitting on my ink-well, gazed at me  
With air forlorn and manner somewhat stale.  
I asked him why it was he looked so pale.

"I fear," said he,  
"This diet's killing me.  
Of late I've fed too much on Style;  
I've found no beef of substance this long while.  
It seems to me that in our modern books  
We get too much of sauces from our cooks,  
And not enough of solid, wholesome food  
To satisfy our appetites for good.  
It seems as if our literary clan  
Were victims of some culinary plan  
In which it makes no difference 'neath the sun  
Just what you cook, but how the thing is done.  
And as for me, who have to eat my way  
Through all the new creations of the day,  
Must feed on words full of fine technique,  
On poems that to me are so much Greek,  
On highly polished sequences of words  
As void of meaning as the chirps of birds,  
Through which to-day our writers win their bays—  
I feel as if I'd dined on mayonnaise;

And who'd grow fat  
On that?"

Poor worm! Indeed his was a sorry plight  
As he presented it to me that night,  
And taking pity on him I straightway  
Gave him a meal of Mr. Thackeray,  
With just a slice or two of good old Lamb,  
Topped off with one deep draft of O. Khayyam—  
Whereat with grateful look back home he crept,  
And from his later snores I judge he slept  
The good sound sleep of those who are discreet,  
And, 'stead of sauces, feed on solid meat!

—John Kendrick Bangs.



## WHAT RESULTS FROM THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR FORESTS.

UPON these forests three foes are concentrating their attack. First is the small farmer, who, crowded from the rich valleys, is endeavoring to hew for himself and his dependents a living out of the mountain side. To do this he clears a space, farms it in rude fashion and, in from five to twenty years, exhausts it: he now moves up the mountain side and repeats the process. Erosion follows his operations, and the land becomes a series of worthless gutters. Next may be mentioned the professional wood-cutters, including tan-bark men, pulp men and lumberers. The first seek only the bark; but, like the hunter of flamingoes' tongues or buffalo hides, they leave behind them to rot, after collecting their tribute, a huge but worthless residue. The pulp man cuts clean, good, bad, large, small, old and young, thus making natural reproduction of the forest impossible. The lumberman takes what he wants, much or little, but by methods that destroy almost as much as he takes, and prac-

tically insure fires, which complete the work of denudation.

Having conquered and burnt Carthage, Scipio passed the plow through its site. The corresponding final touch is given to the deforested mountain slopes by the rains. While the forests remain, these regulate the run-off, holding back the water, passing it into the underground circulation, and insuring, throughout the year, a substantially equal stream flow, greatly to the advantage of agriculture, commerce, manufactures and all other interests concerned. But the forests gone, and the very soil,—a vegetable mold,—eaten away by the flames, this conservative influence no longer operates. Torrents now rush down the mountain sides, filling streams and harbors, producing overflows, denuding farms of their soils or burying them with sand, destroying water powers, and sweeping away railroads, bridges, factories, houses, even villages. In this way, as by the Pacolet disaster, property valued at four and a half million dollars has been destroyed in a single day, while, as in 1901-'02, eighteen millions have been carried away in a year. The continuation of this process means, as in vast areas in the Old World, the rapid transformation of the region affected into a desert. And the remedy? Experience, European and American, teaches but one. Private initiative, and the individual struggle for life and profit, necessitate the onward march of the forces of destruction. A reversal of policy is essential. *Laissez faire* must give place to national ownership and administration. On this, all concerned are agreed. —From "The New National Forest Reserves in the Southern Appalachian and White Mountains," by Thomas E. Will, in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December.



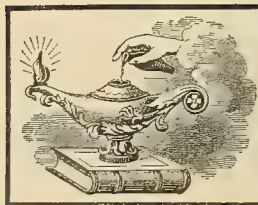
## THE EYE.

A VERY curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face. Yet, if you hold your head fixed, and try to move your eye while watching you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch. Of course if you look at the reflection of your nose or any other part of your face, your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion, the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass, is quite different from what it is when seen by others. —Selected.



THRIFT is not only one of the foundation stones of a fortune, but also one of character. The habit of thrift improves the quality of the character.—*Everybody's Magazine*.





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

JOHN W. WAYLAND.

"He is risen, as he said."

THE tomb was empty: death and the grave could not hold their prey. Calvary was in the past; the long, sad night was over; day was breaking; Christ was risen. The two Marys came to minister to the dead; but they were greeted by the messenger from heaven, speaking the message of life. They came in trembling and fearfulness; but the gracious word was now, as at his birth, "Fear not." A living Christ alone can free man's soul from fear: fear of foes without; fear of sin within; fear of wrath to come. The consciousness of weakness, of crime, of mortality, makes cowards of us all, till Christ makes our weakness perfect in strength, leads us out of criminal habits, and gives us eternal life. But it takes a living Christ, a risen Christ, to do this. Christ's suffering and death atoned for sin; but his resurrection proved his power, following naturally as the thing for divinity to do. He not only atoned for sin, the root of death; but he also gave us to know that sin has been washed out, by showing the bands of death broken.

The word of the angel was, "He is risen, as he said." Our Lord was very careful to prepare his disciples for this great event, as well as for many of the things that followed. He had told them of his suffering and death, and of his resurrection; and he had appointed a place in Galilee to meet them afterward. But in their sorrow, and in their lack of faith, and in their gross, materialistic view of things, all except present grief was forgotten. Their hope went out on Calvary, as must go out the hope of every man who faces death without assurance of forgiveness and a life beyond the grave. But Christ was risen, as he said. All of Christ's work was according to the eternal Word, spoken beforehand. He was born at Bethlehem, as was said; he came of a certain tribe and lineage, as was said; he brought the message of peace and goodwill, of comfort and healing, as was said; he came to save the whole race, as was said; he came and lived and wrought and taught and died and rose from the dead, all according to previous announcement; and yet men failed to recognize the great acts in the drama, and failed to receive the great blessing intended for them, simply because they forgot. Rather, because

they had opinions of their own upon these matters, and were slow of heart to believe what the prophets had spoken: even what Christ himself had spoken, and had certified by many infallible proofs. How many men go groping about in dead and empty tombs, in darkness, in hopelessness, simply because they are not willing to believe what Christ has said, and to follow him into Galilee, to the mountain-tops of his presence and fuller revelation! "He is risen, as he said."

*University of Virginia.*



## FLOWERS IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

THERE is a legend of Jesus which says that as he walked away from his grave, on the morning of his resurrection, sweet flowers grew in the path behind him. The legend is true in a spiritual sense—wherever his footsteps have pressed the earth, all these nineteen centuries,—flowers have sprung up—flowers of love, of kindness, of gentleness, of thoughtfulness. We represent Christ to-day, and if we fail to make little garden spots about us where we live and where we work, we are not fulfilling our mission, nor obeying the teaching that we should be in the world what he was in the world, repeating his life of love among men. It costs but a little to be a true blessing to others. Selfishness does no garden-making, plants no flowers anywhere. But if we truly love Christ we will have his love in our hearts. Then we shall live not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and living thus we shall be a blessing wherever we go.—*Selected.*



God hath a thousand keys to open a thousand doors for the deliverance of his own when it has come of the greatest extremity. Let us be faithful and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for him, and lay God's part on himself, and leave it there; duties are ours, events are the Lord's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How wilt thou do this or that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise his own office and steer his own helm.—*Samuel Rutherford.*



TRUTH is the highest thing a man may keep.—*Chaucer.*

## TEACH ME THY WILL.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Teach me to live, each day, O Lord,  
As though it were the last;  
Improving every moment given  
More wisely than the past.

Teach me to seek thy ways divine,  
To know and do thy will;  
Amid the tempest and the storm  
To trust and love thee still.

Teach me to act the better part,  
Though foes my path assail;  
And give me wisdom, strength of heart  
And courage, lest I fail.

Teach me the way that leads to light,  
Away from doubts and fears,  
And bless me with a contrite heart  
While in this vale of tears.

O, give me faith to understand  
My work and calling too;  
Be firm and loyal in the strife,  
Though volunteers are few.

Yes, teach me, Lord, that I may gain  
That blissful realm of peace,  
Drink from the fountains pure and clear  
Where strife and discord cease.

Teach me to live each day, O Lord,  
Improve the time that's given,  
With gentle deeds and acts of love  
Thus fit my soul for heaven.

Fort Hancock, N. J.

\* \* \*

## LIFT YOUR EYES.

SOMETIMES one's place in life is so "cabined, cribbed, confined" that anything like the progressive widening of life's interests seem utterly forbidden. In fact, thousands on every side are in a state only sufficiently described in the homely Scotch phrase, "Sair hadden doon." This is the lot especially of many a woman whose motherhood and poverty doom her to perpetual slavery in a life that circulates only between her bed and her fireside. No room for expansion—no time for sweet reflection—no outlook tempting her to cast her eyes abroad—no change of scene or of society to give her culture or a wider experience of the world. If this reaches the eye of any who painfully feel such limitations, let me narrate for them a simple but telling incident: A Scotch peasant and his wife emigrated to Canada, cleared a bit of the forest, built their log cabin, and sowed their crop in the small clearing. One evening when the husband returned from his work in the woods he found his wife sitting on the doorstep weeping bitterly. "What's wrang wi' ye, my woman?" he asked. "I cannot see oot," she answered. "No," he replied, with sym-

pathy in his voice, "but ye can see up!" and he pointed her to the circle of heaven that, like a great blue eye, looked down upon her from above. O, if you are straitened in your life, your outlook narrow and dispiriting, look up! Look up to the New Jerusalem, to your Father's heaven, to your future home, your coming destiny. There is always room to see up—a great world of thought and blessing in which your soul can dwell. Religion does not mean restriction. It is the greatest expanding force available for humanity. It is inspired manhood. Have you dreamed that the volume of life is diminished by religion? Christ gives to his people wide horizons—makes them the heirs of all the ages to come—enriches all their prospects, and fills them with endless hopes. Life without Christ is a stumbling pilgrimage between stone walls; with Christ in one's faith and one's heart, it is like the pilgrimage of the royal river that rises in the wells of Dee, then flows through rocky gorge across moor and dale, among the silver woods and by humble and castled homes of men—always fed upon the way by fresh inflows that deepen and enrich it, so that it is the fullest and strongest where it merges in the sea—true image of eternity. Get to be at home with God, and you will find that he has set our life in a large place.—*Wesleyan Magazine*.

\* \* \*

## "IN MY NAME."

AN illiterate countryman sold a lot of firewood to a gentleman in the city. When the wood was delivered, the gentleman gave him a check upon a certain bank. The countryman looked at it for a while, and then said, "This is not money." "But if you take it to the bank," replied the gentleman, "it will get you the money." "I have no money in the bank," remarked the countryman. "Very true," answered the gentleman; "but go with that piece of paper to the bank, hand it to the man behind the counter, and when he sees my name upon it, he will instantly give you the money."

When the countryman went to the bank, authorized to use the name of the gentleman, it was the same as if the gentleman himself had gone; for the name stood for the person. If it had not been for the name, the countryman might have begged and prayed for the money all day in vain; but the name, and the name alone, secured him success.

When we pray in the name of Jesus, we go to God conscious of the fact that we deserve nothing on our own account; that we have no personal worthiness to plead; that our application for the sake of anything in us, or anything done by us, would be utterly unavailing; but equally conscious of the blessed fact that, through infinite riches of grace, we are one with Christ.—*The Watchword*.



# THE INGLENOK

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## STINGINESS, ECONOMY AND SELF-SACRIFICE.



HERE are three words which, in view of their standing with reference to their respectability; would seem to bear little or no relation to each other. And yet they are related in a way, and are sometimes even used interchangeably. But this use is not based on a close relation of the words; it arises, rather, from ignorance as to the real meaning of the words, indifference as to a choice of words, or inability to know what word is applicable because the true conditions are not known.

Of course we all know a stingy man when we see one; at least we think we do; and yet I suppose there are more mistakes made in the application of this word than in either of the other two. These mistakes are made because we fail to err on the side of mercy and charity, but, human-like, impugn motives and so choose the word of least repute.

But let us go back to that stingy man. In what way is he stingy? You say he "squeezes a dollar until the eagle screams." But whose dollar? The one that rightfully belongs to someone else, or the one that belongs to himself, for which his own needs or desires are clamoring? If it is the former, then you may say "stingy" with all the scorn that is necessary to make the word sting. If it is the latter, you have no right even to think the word. Rather, if this apparent love for the American eagle is turned to account in ministering to another's needs, you should take off your hat and your shoes, while with awe and reverence you whisper the word *self-sacrifice*. The position of the stingy person is such an unenviable one that we ought to be very slow in placing any one in it.

Economy is a fairly respectable word, according to the world's estimate, and yet it does not receive the respect and honor that belong to it. The economical woman—I think we may say economy is of the feminine gender—may associate with almost any class, however high in the social scale, but how she is pitted!

Poor thing! Of course she will get through all right, but it is really too bad that circumstances make it necessary!

I have a growing conviction that the state of being economical is designed to be the normal one for every human being, that the rich are no more excused from the practice of economy than the poor. Stinginess and extravagance are declensions from the normal state, one as great as the other. On the other side we go beyond the human toward the divine in the practice of self-sacrifice.

The development of this virtue, in times past, was left almost wholly to missionaries and their kind. Now we are gradually coming to realize that self-sacrifice is essential to the religious life of even the most insignificant laymember, and we are learning by experience that, like other virtues, it is its own reward,—abounding in the strength by which the human is made into the divine.

Stinginess and self-sacrifice are as far removed from each other in their true essence as the antipodes. Any possible relation between them is not "blood-of-kin," but exists because of the relation of each to economy. The latter virtue, then, may lead up or down, subject to our own guidance. How we shall ultimately and unmistakably be classed depends upon how big a place self occupies in our little world.



## "THE MAKING OF A SCHOOL-TEACHER."

A FEW days ago there came into my hands a little book of some seventy-five pages, bearing the above title, published by C. M. Barnes Company, Chicago. In delineating the process of school-teacher making the author follows the events in the life of one person, and in a graphic manner shows how he made his way out of the tall prairie grass of a western State to the head of the public school system of our metropolis.

While one cannot help admiring the man whose sterling qualities are so vividly portrayed, yet the reader is at the same time impressed with the feeling that this man does not represent an isolated case, but a type; that thousands, like him, have climbed to the top by hard, faithful, persistent effort, which, with the hard knocks that attend such effort, has stood them in better stead than college course or university degree.

The author, in speaking of the Prairie Boy's early preparation for the work in the preparatory department of the State University, says: "Having read only solid books—most of them great books—his reading sense had not been pampered and weakened by feeding on stuff 'written down' to the childish level. He had escaped the mushy baby-foods of the modern 'juveniles'—a few flakes of history sweetened with the syrup of fable and folk-lore—and had

cut his intellectual teeth upon the bone and sinew of real literature. His capacity to get interested in books which held and captivated men of intellect and culture had never been undermined by a diet of 'reading made easy,' and he had no shrinking from the mental effort required in the mastication of literature made for men."

And who shall say that this solid foundation did not have much to do with the character of the School-teacher when he put into effect plans and measures always having as their end the advancement and well-being of the pupils?

The conviction that the public schools exist for the *pupils* and *not* for the teachers and politicians has characterized all of his movements, as his fight against the political bosses and Teachers' Federation proves. And convictions as sane and ennobling have marked the career of other school-teachers "made" after this manner.



#### FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 6.

A RIVER, whatever its size, furnishes a broad field for the fancy of the poet. Its every feature forms a center from which flow the rhythmic words. The waters "glide" and "slide," "sparkle" and "darkle," "turn" and "churn." The channel "curves" and "swerves," and the banks—commit the same pranks.

Even prosy people like to read about a river that yields itself so gracefully to fancy. And sometimes they attempt to write about it too,—not in measured song, but in the homely words of everyday speech.

We always imagine that the river the poet sings about is an exclusively country stream,—unconfined, innocent and pure. That is really the kind for a song, but the city river, while it seems to possess no attractions to inspire the poet's pen, is yet not without merit. It serves the people well as a member of the water department and the board of health, but, like all such public servants, it is often criticised and abused unmercifully. Only when one takes "the second thought" is he ready to acknowledge that the river of the city is in truth an active agent in dispensing many blessings which we would find it very hard to do without.

And the poet, if he would forego one of his trips to the country where his beloved river is "whisking" and "frisking," would find that the stream which flows through the town has not lost all of its pleasure-inspiring characteristics by its contact with the world.

As I sit at my desk, looking out upon Fox river, the opposite bank appears as a dividing line between two rows of buildings,—the one pointing up, the other down. The latter, while closely resembling the former row, is much more attractive. The coloring is the

same, though often heightened by a dark background. And then there is a certain indefiniteness of outline, where in the upward-pointing buildings are angularities and unseemliness. Altogether it is a pleasant, restful picture.

The other day as I turned to rest a moment amid these reflections I was much disappointed to find there were none to be seen. The river had not run away; in fact it had grown considerably. And the light was in the right position. What then was wrong? Ah, I began to get an idea. There had been a heavy rainfall and the water was considerably mixed with other things. It could not reflect the things above it because it was so filled with the things beneath. And here is my text. I will leave it to preach its own sermon.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

How many men go groping about in dead and empty tombs, in darkness, in hopelessness, simply because they are not willing to believe what Christ has said.—*John W. Wayland.*



And that's the way our pleasure flies;  
We think we have secured a prize,  
When oft we learn there's many a slip  
'Twixt tempting cup and waiting lip.

—Robert E. Ericson.



SOME glasses have the dust of prejudice and hereditary education so thick on them that they can't see the truth as it really is.—*J. S. Flory.*



I've noticed that when members slip back from the Sunday school it's not long until they've slipped back from all active interest in the church.—*Mary I. Senseman.*



Teach me the way that leads to light,  
Away from doubts and fears,  
And bless me with a contrite heart  
While in this vale of tears.

—Richard Seidel.



Do we test the grace of giving by the application of the golden rule?—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*



You may be able to work a puzzle by carefully following the rules given with it, but you will agree with me that this rule will not enable you to work all puzzles.—*C. R. Bookwalter.*



THE farmers are worthy of the highest respect, and so are the farmers' wives and daughters, whether they work at home, or for wages in their neighbor's kitchen.—*Ida M. Helm.*



## ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE shah of Persia is in a critical condition and his son, the crown prince, has been called home to take his father's place at the head of the government.

THE United States treasurer announces that he now has on hand a surplus fund of \$15,000,000 of the nation's money. This time last year there was a deficit of about that much.

It is rumored that Pope Pius is planning to take a trip. The rumor is based on the fact that orders have been given for the reconstruction of the pope's railroad carriage. This car has not been used since 1870.

AN official of the Pennsylvania Railroad announced that work will soon be started on a great power plant and dam, just west of Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, to electrify the Pennsylvania Railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

CICERO's tomb near Rome has been discovered. He was one of the most prominent men of Rome about the middle of the century before the birth of Christ. His orations are familiar to all who study Latin, and some of his essays are read with interest. He was assassinated by his enemies in the year 43 B.C. He made many political enemies.

FARMERS should be interested in a new bulletin being issued by the agricultural department. It treats of the ways in which the farmer can have many of the conveniences in the country that are enjoyed in the city. Among the subjects treated are water supply, plumbing, bath rooms and closets, sewage disposal, and heating. The bulletin is No. 270 in the Farmers' Series, and may be had for the asking.

THE report of Census Director North shows that the aggregate debt of the cities of the United States above 8,000 inhabitants is in excess of \$1,600,000,000, or "greater than that of the combined debt of the national and state governments and of the counties, school districts and other minor civil divisions." The census director wants more rigid laws to enable his officers to secure the information desired.

SAN FRANCISCO still remains firm in her decision concerning separate schools for the Japanese, notwithstanding President Roosevelt's attitude. They refer to the law passed by the state upon which their action is based, and likewise refer the objectors to the body that passed the law. They see no cause for the present excitement over the matter and believe that the Japanese, puffed up by their rapid progress and recent successes, are looking for trouble.

THE first traveling chicken show is said to have been inaugurated in Missouri. Two special cars were taken all over the state and free lectures were given in connection with the poultry exhibit, with the idea of stimulating poultry raisers in their efforts. All sorts of mechanical devices for use in the work were exhibited, the most novel being a machine which, it is said, converts ordinary chicken feathers, worth only 6 or 7 cents a pound, into down for pillows which sells for from 80 cents to \$1.50 per pound. Missouri sold last year \$37,000,000 worth of poultry.

THE first annual report of the operation of the Rhodes scholarships shows that there are at present 161 scholars at Oxford, of whom seventy-one are from the British colonies, seventy-nine from the United States, and eleven from Germany. Their general standing is excellent, the highest record for scholarship having been won by Rose, of Quebec, and Behan, of Melbourne. The latter won nearly \$5,000 worth of scholarships last year. The colonial students have outstripped the Americans in scholarship, while the Americans stand higher in athletics.

THE terminal building of the New York and New Jersey Railroad, which is to operate by tunnel under the Hudson, is now under construction, and will occupy two blocks in the business section of New York, from Fulton to Cortlandt street, one block west of Broadway. It will be in the form of two twin buildings, each twenty-two stories above the surface and extending seventy-five feet below the street to bedrock. There will be space for 4,000 offices. Up to the fourth story, the exterior will be of polished granite and Indiana limestone, and above that, brick and terra cotta. Beneath the building will be the terminal station of the tunnel railroad, passengers entering

from the street by stairways, inclined planes and elevators. Ticket booths and waiting rooms will be one flight down, and train platforms two flights down. The cars are to be entered from side doors, so as to facilitate the loading and unloading. The passage under the river is to require only three minutes. Of the four trolley systems now being built under the North River, the two downtown ones are three-fifths done, and the uptown ones completed to Sixth avenue. In Jersey City a transverse tunnel along the shore will connect with the various steam railroad stations. The terminal building will cost about \$8,000,000.

PROFESSOR D'ARSONVAL recently exhibited before the Academy of Sciences at Paris artificial vegetables which he produced by the methods of Professor Leduc, of the Nantes Medical College. The method is to form tiny seeds from one part sulphate of copper and two parts glucose, which are then deposited in a gelatine bouillon, to which is added a little ferro-cyanide of potassium and sea salt. The seed develops into plants resembling seaweed and other marine growth. They appear to have the same properties as the plants they resemble, being influenced similarly by heat and light.

It is said that a department for instruction in scientific railroading is to be established in connection with the Nevada state university at Sparks by the Southern Pacific Railroad. The school will be conducted for the benefit of railway employes holding responsible positions, with an effort to raise the standard of efficiency. It will be under the joint supervision of the university and railroad company, with a corps of expert railroad men to assist the professors. Two classes of men will be trained for service on the lines—apprentices and journeymen. Classes will meet for two hours twice a week.

It is said that the relations between the pope and France are likely to cost the church in France \$2,500,000 a year from one single source. This is the fund for perpetual masses which has gone into the coffers of the church for more than one hundred years. Catholics, on dying, have left sums to be invested, the interest to be devoted to saying masses to perpetuity. These invested funds amount to more than \$40,000,000. On December 11, if no public worship associations have been formed under the church and state separation law, to whom the money can be transferred in trust, it will all go back into the hands of the government. As it is extremely unlikely that Clemenceau's, or any other French government, will give orders for masses to be said, the money will lie in sequestration and the church will have deprived itself at one swoop of a revenue of 10,000,000 francs a year.

THE United States Steel Corporation has announced that commencing Jan. 1, 1907, wages of their laborers will be raised 10 cents a day. The advance applies to 68,000 employes. The total annual pay roll of this corporation is said to be \$130,000,000, and the number of persons depending upon the wage earners of the plants and steamships and lines of railways operated by it is said to be 850,000.

THE reason why incandescent gaslight is cheaper than electric light, as is well known, says the *Inventive Age*, is because the filament wires of the latter are very expensive, and the glass bulbs soon wear out. There has now been invented a substitute for the filament. Common metals are combined in a plastic mass, which can be handled like clay, and hardens when dry into a substance resembling stone. From this mass tiny wire threads are shaped which are of uniform thickness and of great homogeneity. The new lamp, it is claimed, needs hardly one-fourth of the current which the ordinary electric light requires. The intensity of the light remains the same, the bulbs never becoming black. The lamp can burn 3,500 hours at a stretch.

JAMES J. HILL, the railroad man, proposes in an article for the *Century*, that a system of model farms would be a better investment for the nation than a battleship or a couple of cruisers, which would cost about the same. He argues that the government is already engaged in similar work, and he believes that such farms could be made self-supporting. He believes that the average farmer gets little more than half what he should for his land. Mr. Hill would establish in every community a practical working model, preferably of thirty or forty acres, conducted by a trained man, who could show the farmers of the neighborhood exactly what could and should be done with their land.

THROUGHOUT the west there are places where real physical suffering has been experienced and also financial loss due to the fact that the railroads are not meeting the demand for cars to move freight. In several towns cars of coal have been seized by order of the officials and distribution made to those suffering because of a lack of fuel. In California the orange growers are resorting to unusual means to induce the railroads to furnish cars to carry the oranges to the eastern markets. And in the wheat belt of the northwest the farmers have filled the elevators and are stacking their wheat in temporary bins along the railroads. In all these cases it is claimed that the railroads are not doing what they should and could to relieve the trouble. The Interstate Commerce Commission is hastening its inquiry into the matter.





### IN THE MORNING.

If I had known in the morning  
 How wearily all the day  
 The words unkind  
 Would trouble my mind  
 I said when you went away,  
 I had been more careful, darling,  
 Nor give you needless pain;  
 But we vex our own  
 With look and tone  
 We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
 You may give me the kiss of peace,  
 Yet it might be  
 That never for me  
 The pain of the heart should cease.  
 How many go forth in the morning  
 That never come back at night!  
 And hearts have been broken  
 For harsh words spoken  
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,  
 And smiles for the sometime guest,  
 But oft for "our own"  
 The bitter tone,  
 Though we love "our own" the best.  
 Ah, lips with the curve impatient!  
 Ah, brow with that look of scorn!  
 'Twere a cruel fate  
 Were the night too late  
 To undo the work of morn.

—Selected.

### WORMY RICE.

SADIE BRALLIER NOFFSINGER.



HERE is all the difference in the world between charity and economy. Some, upon the first day of the week, or perhaps upon some other day, lay by their cast-off garments as their gracious portion, having spurred their conscience with the grand incentive, "As the Lord hath prospered me." Others, knowing that life is more than meat and the body more than raiment, and counting filthy lucre as the very mammon of unrighteousness, while the basket passes and the congregation sings, "Giving up *all* for the love of Jesus," wisely substitute far-reaching and burning prayers for their fellow-men.

And once I knew a sister in a benevolent mood to send a package of wormy rice to a starving family. It was not the least good to her, she said. What a spirit of truth the woman possessed!

Laying aside the thought of charity altogether, I can conceive of the propriety of giving cast-off clothing from the standpoint of economy. And granting that filthy lucre is often very filthy indeed, I can even add a deep amen to the burning and far-reaching prayers; moreover, we are to pray without ceasing. But in view of the golden rule, I can find no excuse, either in the flight of imagination nor within the range of common sense for giving wormy rice. There is but one argument that confronts me, namely, "*As ye would that men should do to you.*"

Brother, sister, should you like to live on wormy rice? Have you ever eaten it? Have you ever given it? Likely not of that literal type which the grocer weighs out in his scales, but have you ever had anything at all to do with that figurative substance which suggests vermin? Be honest with yourself, and take your conscience to account.

I was once present at a council meeting where the case of an invalid and dependent sister was presented for immediate action. It was wonderful what logical and burning speeches were speedily given in favor of economy, and some were large-hearted enough to designate the term *charity*. The poorhouse was suddenly hoisted upon a pinnacle; it was clearly shown how well the sister could be cared for, how much sacrifice it would save the local church and finally, what money might thereby be saved to forward missions, etc. Perhaps it had never before occurred to the majority of those present that the poorhouse was such a desirable and delightful place. One sister was brave enough to say as much. As for myself I could but feel that there was wormy rice afloat. I heard the swishing through the air.

Brother, sister, do we test the grace of giving by the application of the golden rule? Do we give until we feel that virtue has gone out? For nothing short of this *is sacrifice*. Do we indeed love the weaker ones and bear their burdens cheerfully? Are we generous in thought and word and kindly deed? Or do we lavishly give prayers, where well-prepared victuals and warm clothes are the articles eminently necessary,

or cold advice and perpetual harangues where only sympathy can help? Please take the pains to diagnose the case of that spiritual dyspeptic in your community. Perhaps *you* have given him something altogether stale. Of course it is not for me to say whether or not it was wormy rice.

But the fact of the matter is, we must simply erase that article of food from the catalogue of expediences. It was no blessing to the starving family which I mentioned. If it was a blessing to any class of creatures under heaven, it was a class of very hungry ones in a poultry yard, whose wings certainly flapped with relish at the outpour. We are not likened to gluttonous fowl which feast on carrion, but sheep who are to be fed upon green pasture and led by still waters. Christ is our great Shepherd. Listen! "Lovest thou me?" "Yea, Lord," we cry. His answer rings through all the avenues of time. It implies a test: "*Feed my sheep!*"

*Johnstown, Pa.*



#### AUNT BARBARA'S WAY.

IDA M. HELM.

UNCLE JONATHAN owned a large farm, consequently there was much work to be done and he always kept a hired hand. At first Aunt Barbara thought that she could do all the housework herself, but one day she found the work piling up so that she decided she must hire a girl to help her with the work.

Her neighbor kept a hired girl, but she always had great trouble in getting a girl to stay with her any length of time. Every couple of months and sometimes oftener she had to look for a new girl.

Aunt Barbara thought, "Something must be wrong or her girls would not all leave so soon." So when Hattie Flick came to work for her, Aunt Barbara soliloquized thus: "Now I will treat her exactly as though she were really one of our own family." So she gave her a nice room to have all to herself, and she planned the work so that Hattie could have a little while to herself every day unless it was an extra busy day. When the work was done she let her have the time for herself, she did not look for unnecessary work simply to keep Hattie moving.

When they had company they worked together and when the work was done Aunt Barbara invited Hattie into the parlor to help entertain the visitors. When she went riding, she thought, "Now Hattie will enjoy a ride as much as I will," so she took her along if she wished to go.

Aunt Barbara believed in the true dignity of labor, and she considered that girls that work in a farmer's kitchen and cheerfully and obligingly do the work that is so necessary to keep the farm-life moving

along smoothly and that do not live simply to be butterflies of fashion, or parlor ornaments, are not unworthy of a coronet.

If the farmers would all quit the farm and the land would all lie idle, how would the people live? The farmers are worthy of the highest respect, and so are the farmers' wives and daughters, whether they work at home, or for wages in their neighbor's kitchen.

Those that try to push the hired girl back to the wall and then try to push the silly, vain girl that lives only for fashion to the front, do not deserve to have any girls to help work in their kitchen. Aunt Barbara and I agreed on that. Hattie still lives with Aunt Barbara, and she says she likes her home.



#### ON SAYING "YES."

I THINK there are parents who might say "yes" to their children much more frequently than they do. It is very touching to see a family of children who are planning for themselves some little treat or pleasure, select the youngest because he is the pet or the one whom they suppose for some reason the most in favor, to go to ask papa or mamma, as the case may be, for the coveted permission; as if papa and mamma were two dread tyrants who must be approached with the utmost tact and discretion, and taken in a genial mood, or the little petitioners would not attain the desired boon.

Many a time I myself have been approached by some small friend and requested to "ask mamma for me; she will do it for you, I know, but she would say 'no' right away to me." And I, feeling that this would probably be the case, have exercised whatever tact I possessed with the mother, and when I have won the coveted permission I have gone with the happy sentence, "Yes, mamma says you can do it," to gladden the heart of the little petitioner waiting without.

Surely this is all wrong. It is true that a wise mother is obliged during the course of a day to refuse more than she is able to grant, but every child ought to have an assured confidence that these refusals are the result of no tyranny or caprice, but that they are all given in a spirit of perfect kindness and truest love. Often a busy mother has no time to explain her reasons for a refusal, sometimes it is best not to explain; in either case the child must accept the decision, and he will do it cheerfully if he is absolutely sure that mother would gladly say "yes" if she could. That is just the trouble. Why should Polly wear the blue frock instead of the garnet one? Why must Jack's new hat be a derby when he wants a soft felt? Why will you make gingersnaps when the children prefer cookies? Why cannot their tastes, ideas, and preferences be suited when it would do no harm? Many people seem



to think that the proper way to bring up a child is to cross it as much as possible.

Sometimes it is an excellent plan to allow a child to have its own way even when you know the result will not be in accord with the best judgment. A young girl of my acquaintance went once with her mother to purchase a pair of gloves. She selected a pair which were of delicate pearl color, while her mother thought it best that she should have brown.

"Mamma," said the girl, "I do want the pearl-colored ones very much."

"It is true," answered the mother, "that they are prettier, but they will not be so durable."

"Mamma, do you say that I *must* get the brown?"

"O, no," replied the mother. "I wish you to use your own judgment, only remember if you buy the pearl-colored ones that they will soil easily, and yet you must wear them as long as you would if they were brown, for I cannot afford to get you an extra pair."

"Mamma," said the girl, "I will be very careful of them, and they are so very pretty that I think I must have them." So they were bought, and the happy girl went home with her treasure, but of course they soon grew soiled and shabby; still Bertha wore them until they were worn out.

"Mamma," said she when at last she had another pair, "you were right, and I was wrong about those old pearl-colored things. Your judgment was better than mine, and you were so sweet about it. You did not scold me a bit, or say 'I told you so' once, but I have learned my lesson. I will never be so silly again."

"That is all I want, my child," answered her mother, smiling as her daughter gave her a kiss and ran gaily out of the room.

Sometimes parents say "Yes" in such a rude and grudging way that the granted pleasure is more than half spoiled.

"Yes; take it and be satisfied."

"Yes; go if you want to."

"Yes; go along. I am glad to be rid of you."

"Yes; take yourself off, do, and I'll have a little peace and quiet for a time."

Have not these sentences a familiar sound? Ah, fathers and mothers, say "Yes" whenever you consistently can. The day will surely come when it will be out of your power to make your children happy any more; and when you do say "Yes" say it cordially with all your heart.

"Yes, you may go, and I hope you will have a beautiful time."

"Yes, you may take one; doesn't it taste good?"

"Yes, you may have that. Mamma loves to give it to you."

Such little sentences as these make every privilege twice joyous. They sweeten the cake, make the new

dress still prettier, and the party more delightful than it could be otherwise to the loving, sensitive, childish heart, and it is just such little things as these which turn the tide for good or evil in many an impetuous child nature.—"*Children and the Home.*"



#### CHILDREN'S LOVE.

HAPPINESS in marriage is a good deal like happiness in work; it goes far deeper than mere gratification. While gratification fades, happiness remains, and becomes, as it were, a part of one's nature. When my wife and I had passed the youthful period of our love, we knew that we had experienced an intensity of happiness that we could never know again; but the great compensation was that we had no wish to experience it again, because we had found something stable and better, a happiness associated with our most serious interests, with our responsibilities toward society and toward our children. With the coming of our children, my wife and I knew that we had been given the greatest incentive to good living that human beings can have. If children cannot make parents long to lead fine lives, nothing can.—*From "The Autobiography of a Married Man," Everybody's Magazine.*



#### USEFUL HINTS.

A SMALL whetstone should be the constant companion of the cooking knives, and a little five-cent labor saver is much better than a case or butter knife for paring vegetables.

A shelf fastened up on the wall over the kitchen table at a convenient height for reaching will save hundreds of steps a day, as the little things which one uses constantly can be kept on the shelf, and the articles placed on the shelf can be protected from dust by a small curtain of some thin material.

The small brushes that can be bought for a trifle are a great help in the kitchen, as they are excellent for washing glassware having uneven surfaces, and the dirt can be removed much more quickly and effectively from potatoes, turnips, and such vegetables with a brush than simply by washing in water.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*



#### A FINE POULTICE.

DURING the months when we find pneumonia prevalent one may offer a helping hand, when medical power has been exhausted. I am asking that you make use of this recipe in your valuable column. It is for a most excellent poultice which has been the life-saver in many cases. Take six onions, chop fine, put into a large spider over a hot fire; add vinegar and rye meal enough to form a thick paste. Stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer from five to ten min-

utes. Put into cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to the chest as hot as the patient can bear. In about ten minutes change the poultice, and thus continue reheating poultice. In a few hours the patient will be out of danger.

This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too often fatal malady. Usually two or three applications will be sufficient, but continue always until perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known. He never lost a patient by the disease and won his renown by simple remedies. It is also an excellent croup remedy when applied to the throat.—*Mrs. R. E. R., in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

### GRUMBLE-BOY AND SMILEY-BOY.

IN the Jones house there were two small boys, Johnnie Grumble-boy and Johnnie Smiley-boy; but no one ever saw both at once. At first they hardly realized, this little boy's father and mother and Aunt Emma, that there were two boys; but, when one morning a little chap came down to breakfast with a big frown on his face, and blue eyes that were so cross that they looked nearly black, and when pleasant remarks from the family had no effect in making the boy look pleasant, they were obliged to make up their mind that a strange little boy had come to take the place of their pet. So they treated him with all the ceremony necessary with a stranger, and pretty soon he found himself feeling strange and queer.

But he wouldn't tell anyone that he felt strange. Not a bit of it. He was not that kind of a boy. When he came down feeling that way, why, everything was wrong. The oatmeal was too salty, his milk didn't taste right, and his egg was boiled too hard; and he just didn't want to wear his old cap to kindergarten, it wasn't comfortable at all.

This sort of thing went on for some time, until Aunt Emma made up her mind that some remedy must be thought out. The mornings when Smiley-Johnnie came down, there was the happiest little boy around the house all day, and home was a very different place from what it was on Grumble-boy's days.

So auntie thought, and thought, and one day, when Johnnie came down, and it was the Grumble-boy Johnnie who climbed up to the seat beside father, he found a great change in the atmosphere of the family table. Usually when he came down looking frowning and sour, and complained about everything, the kind members of his family tried to persuade him by cheerfulness that things were not so far wrong as he thought them. But to-day it was different.

"This hominy is too hot," piped a small voice.

"It is entirely too hot," Aunt Emma agreed, sulkily.

"Mine's burning my mouth," mother said, sadly.

"Mine's simply scalding," growled father.

Grumble-boy looked up surprised, and for five minutes there wasn't a word said.

Then came the boiled egg and toast.

"My egg's too hard," growled Grumble-boy before he thought, just because he was in the habit of saying it when he felt cross.

"So's mine," wailed auntie.

"And mine," sobbed mother.

"Mine's like a rock, it's so hard," growled father.

Grumble-boy could hardly keep from smiling, it was all so like the good old story of Silverlocks and the three bears; but he'd come downstairs feeling cross, and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some lovely hot griddle-cakes were brought on. Grumble-boy wanted to complain just because he felt like it. So, after he'd poured maple syrup over his cake, he touched it with his fork and grumbled:

"These cakes are tough."

"I can hardly cut mine," wailed mother, in a tearful voice.

Father started to cut his just then, and so did all the others, and at the same time father growled: "Shame to send such tough cakes to the table," and the cakes simply fell apart on their forks, and everybody burst into a roar of laughter.

After that, when by chance the Grumble-boy appeared at breakfast, it was enough for auntie to say: "Johnnie, are your cakes tough this morning?" to break the clouds and bring back sunshine.—*Examiner.*



### MOTHER'S LITTLE GIRL.

Mother knows a little girl

Mother won't tell who

Helps with all the many things

Mother has to do.

Sings to baby when he cries.

Builds his shaky blocks;

Iron's grandma's neckerchiefs.

Folds up father's socks;

Picks the berries, dusts the hall

Neat as neat can be,

Draws out grandpa's easy chair,

Sets the plates for tea;

Buttons little sister's dress.

Lets her come and play

When another little girl

Sometimes runs away.

Mother knows a little girl

Don't you wish you knew

Which it is who helps her so?

Mother won't tell who.

—Carolyn S. Bailey.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## YOU CAN'T CATCH ME.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

I lived alone up on a hill  
In a little log hut that's standing still.  
Squirrels passed the door but soon would scoot,  
And up a hill ere I could shoot.

Chorus.

Ha! ha! ha! Don't you see  
You're fooled again! You can't catch me.

I' take my gun and softly creep  
Along to the tree to get a peep  
At Bunny perched upon a limb  
But never'd get a shot at him.

I'd see him peep around the tree  
In a way that seemed he was teasing me;  
But that to him was only play,  
He said as plain as words could say,

Sometimes I'd fish beside the brook  
And would catch a grinnel on my hook,  
And think I had a splendid grip,  
Then through my fingers it would slip.

And that's the way our pleasure flies;  
We think we have secured a prize,  
When oft we learn there's many a slip  
'Twixt tempting cup and waiting lip.

So make the most you can of life,  
With the rising sun renew the strife;  
Do the best you can each added day,  
Though passing pleasures seem to say,

Illinois.



## THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

In Fourteen Articles.



THE general public seems not yet to have recovered from the scandal laid at the doors of the packers by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," and by investigations conducted by agents of the government and agents of the public.

Without referring to any irregularities which may have been, other than to say that many statements were in a measure true, and many were absolutely false, we will begin our series of articles by a description of the work as conducted in

### I. "A Modern Beef and Sheep Abattoir.

Animals are slaughtered in great numbers in abattoirs. The modern abattoir consists of a vast series of overhead railways, waterproof floors inclined at such an angle as to make good drainage a matter of very low expense, and containing every improvement, in the particular line, known to the slaughtering business.

With the packers, as with all wide-awake business men, it is the rule to save labor and expense wherever possible. For this reason all the slaughtering is done on the top floor, the animals being driven up long chutes, the idea being to carry on most of the inside traffic by virtue of the law of gravitation, rather than by steam and electric power.

Directly upon entering the abattoir the animal (cattle) finds himself occupying one of the many small compartments of a long chute into which from twenty to thirty animals are driven. Here the "knocker," with a quick and accurate blow, fells him with his light sledge. Reaching a rope hanging beside him the knocker manipulates the machinery which inclines the floor of the compartment, rolling the stunned and unconscious animal out upon the abattoir floor. Kosher cattle, killed and dressed for the Jews, are not stunned as above, but are at once severed from their heads by means of a razor-sharp knife in the hands of an experienced Jewish butcher. Close track is kept of these beeves, which come of the finest grade of cattle.

He is now quickly hoisted into the air by his rear legs and hung upon an overhead rail over which he is run to a gutter into which his lifeblood gushes when the experienced "sticker" has completed his part of the work. At this point also his head is completely severed. Now he is again lowered to the floor, rolled upon his back and steadied by props while the hide is removed from his legs and under parts. Immediately he is hoisted to a half vertical posture a couple feet farther on where the "gutter" removes the viscera, the "Dock" (government inspector) performs his examination, the hide is removed from the sides and back, the tail is severed and the back split to the neck. He is again hoisted, this time to an overhead railway, from which he hangs throughout the rest of the work. At this juncture removing the hide is completed, and the neck is split, separating the two halves of the carcass. It is wonderful how expert the butch-

ers become with their knives, very few hides being cut or viscera severed during removal.

Now the carcass is switched upon an endless chain with many others, when the following proceedings are gone through: trimming the inside, ligating the neck blood vessels, trimming the external bruises, washing and drying, labeling with meat-inspection labels, weighing and finally lowering into the freezers on the floor below. These freezers will be the subject of our next article.

Sheep and calves go through the same processes with slight modifications. They are killed in the same manner as kosher cattle. Very little noise accompanies the work, except that made by the "splitters," cleavers, and an occasional bellow from some animal. Water is used in great abundance, both for cleaning and keeping clean. The rooms, machines and tools are cleaned every night and very little contaminating material can come in contact with the meat at this stage of the work.

*Chicago, Ill.*



#### BIRD FRIENDS OF THE FARMER.

"CRACK!" "Bang!"

In every direction the sharp snap of the shotgun is heard. Every discharge of these pieces brings a feeling of pain to my heart, for I know that one more bird has laid down its life, not because it has done any wrong, but to satisfy the passion of some man for sport.

Sport, did I say? Yes, that is what the hunters call it; and yet, is it not a strange kind of sport that calls for the suffering and death of a poor little feathered creature that never did anyone harm, but which, on the contrary has worked all its life long to help and befriend the very man who now takes its life? By law we give license for this wholesale killing of the farmer's friend, the bird.

Stop long enough to read this extract from a news despatch published in England.

"Fruit and hops are chiefly affected among crops, and many orchards and fields in the great growing districts of Worcestershire and Kent are suffering from the worst plague known for many years past. In the former district the hops are black with aphides, or green fly, which have attacked the crop in devastating numbers everywhere . . . . The tent caterpillar and codling-moth are swarming on the apple trees, while scarcely a currant bush is to be found which does not show signs of the ravages of the currant aphid. The turnip fly, the wire-worm and the larvæ of the winter-moth are ravaging the root crops, vast numbers of the tiny corn thrip and the eelworm are striving to work their worst on the cereals, the onion fly-grub has made an onslaught on its particular

vegetable, the ghost-fly is attacking the tomatoes, and, in short, nothing seems to have escaped the extraordinary swarm of pests except the broad beans."

What is true in England is true on perhaps fully as large a scale of the crops in our own country. The Agricultural Department at Washington has been conducting for a number of years a thorough examination of the stomachs of the birds of the United States to see what they live on. The result in showing the immense numbers of insects and weed pests destroyed by these feathered friends is decidedly interesting. From these investigations it is estimated that not less than 3,000,000 bushels of weed seeds were disposed of by tree sparrows in one state in one single season!

And yet, millions of birds die a tragic death by violence every year. Does it not seem strange that the farmer should not be the best friend the birds have? Instead of that he is often quite indifferent to their interests, being aroused to lift a hand in their defense only when compelled to do so by the laws of the State.

By most of the farmers the crow is looked upon as an enemy. He does do much injury to the corn crop of many states. Every spring there is a sharp fight between the farmer and the crow to see whether the corn crop shall make a fair stand or whether the crow shall destroy the seed so that the crop will fail. For three or four weeks the battle goes on unrelentingly. The farmer fills his field with scarecrows that the crow laughs at, and resorts to many other devices that are little better than worthless, with the result that the former pronounces the crow an unmitigated nuisance.

All this time, while the crow is levying his tax on the corn fields, he is in other fields doing splendid work to clear up insect pests that would without his efforts destroy ten times as much as he does. We are learning how best to fight farmers to feed the crow by scattering poor corn over the field so that he may get it and go away with his appetite satisfied. Others drive him away by putting tar on the seed they plant. He does not like that very well and soon leaves the field. Still others hire boys to watch their fields during the few days when the crow is most likely to work injury to the seed.

But there are many ways in which we may show our appreciation of what the birds do for us. We may build boxes for them to nest in. The other day I saw a number of these snug little homes fastened on the top and sides of a little country wood-shed near a school-house. I was interested enough to get out of my carriage and look into some of these. I found them partly filled with straw and fine grass ready for the coming of the birds. They had made these little boxes and put them up to invite their friends to come again in the springtime.

Then, we may encourage the birds by favoring laws that prevent their being slain under any pretext. In



our own State of New York it seems to me we have had more birds the past season than for many years before. I think this has been due largely to the strict enforcement of the game laws of the State. The department which has this work in hand has made stringent rulings governing the killing of birds and the wearing or sale of their feathers. Early in the season many violations of the State laws were reported, but after the commissioner took the matter in hand and directed the positive enforcement of the laws, it stopped short.

And then, as winter is a hard time for such birds as stay with us, may we not share our crumbs with them? Think what our farms would soon be without the birds! Take them away and it not be long before they would be ruined by the myriad insect pests that have so multiplied in the past few years. And the feature which relates to weed seeds is not to be overlooked. Weeds are increasing all over the country. The birds will help us to keep these in check.—*Edgar L. Vincent, in Farm and Fireside.*



#### SCHOOL GARDENS.

THE movement for school gardens which has been so prominent a feature of recent educational development, probably means more to the home gardens of the next generation than any other phase of educational work. At first such gardens met with serious objection from many classes of people, but wherever they have been introduced they have been of such value that they have won approval on all sides.

An education that does not fit a person to be better able to support himself and those dependent upon him certainly falls far short of what it should. It should also make him a better citizen, for that is one of the great reasons that state funds are continually appropriated for the establishment and maintenance of our public schools. Since less than one per cent of our boys and girls who are to earn their living from the land attend agricultural schools or colleges, it seems important that our common and elementary schools should teach something of the rudimentary methods of agriculture, and help in a greater degree to fit them for their life employment.

Where there is sufficient space to allow an individual garden for each pupil, better work can be accomplished, as it develops the individual characteristics. Even if the gardens are small, a great deal of good may be done. Sometimes the produce raised is a great inducement to the boys, and when it is sold by the school it often furnishes a fund for pictures and books, besides furnishing enough to prepare the garden for the following year.

To overcome the lack of space which exists about many school buildings, vacant lots may often be utilized to good advantage. Unsightly vacant lots are a

nuisance, and the effect of vacant lots which are used as dumping grounds are demoralizing to a neighborhood, from a sanitary and scenic standpoint.

Another very important point in connection with the school garden is the fact that it furnishes an opportunity for the physical and moral development, as well as the mental developing of a person to the greatest extent. Too many children are injured in our schoolrooms by uninterrupted study. The establishment of a school garden has, I believe, in no instance ever prevented the pupils from going through the required curriculum already existing in the public schools. In fact, where school gardens have been conducted for many years, those pupils having the gardens have been more rapid in mental, moral and physical development than those not having them. What greater argument can any one advance in favor of a school garden?—*Exchange.*



#### GOOD WHITEWASHES.

WE are frequently asked how to prepare a good whitewash for use in stable and henhouses, and, having noticed the following recipes published in a reliable English contemporary, and said to have been thoroughly tested, we give them for what they are worth. It is stated that they will not rub off, as does the ordinary lime and water mixture:

1. Slake in boiling water one-half bushel of lime, keeping it just fairly covered with water during the process. Strain it to remove the sediment that will fall to the bottom, and add to it a peck of salt dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled in water to thin paste; one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water. Mix the different ingredients thoroughly, and let the mixture stand for several days. When ready for use, apply it hot. If a less quantity is desired, use in the same proportions.

2. A good whitewash for use on outside work may be prepared as follows: Slake in boiling water one-half bushel of lime, and strain as before. Add to this two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one pound of salt, dissolved in water. If any color but white is desired, add about three pounds of the desired coloring matter, such as painters use in preparing their paints. Yellow ochre will make a beautiful cream color, and browns, reds, and various shades of green are equally easily obtained.

3. Another excellent wash, lasting almost as well as ordinary paint, may be prepared for outside work as follows: Slake in boiling water one-half bushel of lime. Strain, so as to remove all sediment. Add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, one pound common salt, and one-half pound whiting, thoroughly dissolved. Soil and humus forming an ideal combination. But the farmer's wife may assure herself of a good crop

Mix to proper consistency with skimmed milk, and apply hot. If white is not desired, add enough coloring matter to produce the desired shade. Those who have tried this recipe consider it much superior, both in appearance and durability, to ordinary washes, and some have not hesitated to declare that it compares very favorably with good lead paints. It is much cheaper than paint, and gives the houses and yards to which it is applied a very attractive appearance.—*Farmer's Advocate*.



#### A HOME-MADE SMOKE HOUSE.

A LARGE cask or barrel may be used for smoking a small quantity of meat. To make this effective, a small pit should be dug, and a flat stone or brick placed across it, upon which the edge of the cask will rest. Half the pit is beneath the barrel and half is outside. The head and bottom may be removed, or a hole can be cut in the bottom a little larger than the portion of the pit beneath the cask. The head or cover is removed while the hams are being hung upon cross sticks which rest upon two cross bars made to pass through bored holes in the sides of the cask. The head is then laid upon the cask and covered with moist sacks to confine the smoke. Live coals are put into the pit outside of the cask, and the fire is fed with damp corn cobs, hardwood chips, or fine brush. The pit is covered with a flat stone by which the fire may be regulated, and it is removed when necessary to add more fuel.—*Montreal Star*.



#### ONIONS FOR THE HOME GARDEN.

THE onion-bed is about the first thing thought of by the ambitious gardener, and well it may be, for there is no more appetizing vegetable, and not one that will stand cold weather better. A few large onions put into the ground as soon as the snow is off will supply a relish in a short time. Better, if some of the perennial top onions have been planted in the fall. They grow almost under the snow, and are fine for early use. Though a bit stronger than the others, this defect can be largely overcome by soaking in salt and water a couple of hours before using. They never form large bulbs, but for eating fresh with salt they are worthy of culture because so much earlier than any other kind.

The onion likes rich soil. Some of the best onion-growers find their ideal in reclaiming swamps, the bog by working droppings from the poultry-house liberally into the soil. It should be thoroughly mingled with the soil, however, for this concentrated fertilizer is injurious to bulbs of any sort if placed directly in contact with them.

The white and yellow-skinned onions are favorites

for market, on account of their fine appearance; yet they are more inclined to be tough than the old standard Red Wethersfield, which is not only well adapted to cold, wet, clay soil, but is an exceptionally good keeper. The Barletta is a favorite for pickling, and for eating raw, but its small size renders it too much of a luxury for general use.

Onions are wholesome and nutritious, and in cases of cold, grippe, and kindred troubles, have a decided medicinal value. A bit of raw onion and salt, taken every time one coughs, will often cure where a doctor's medicine fails.—*National Farmer and Stock-Grower*.



#### SELECTING VARIETIES.

In planting a new orchard, or renewing an old one, the matter of selecting the proper varieties is sure to be a very important one. Some excellent suggestions are offered by a writer in the *National Stockman* in the following little item:

"How is one to choose the varieties which he ought to set? Nursery catalogues will help him a little. Personal letters to the proprietors of nurseries should also be of service. The local grower especially should be able to give good advice. His opinion should be of the first importance to those who are setting trees. The experiment stations in many of the States have become valuable sources of information on this subject. Tests of all important varieties suitable to the climate have been made by them, and the results are from time to time reported till it is quite well understood what is to be expected of the different kinds in the various counties of the State. A letter to the director, describing the location and the soil, will bring a valuable answer. It is well to give this matter of selection some attention, as a mistake in the choice of varieties is not easily remedied."



#### HORSE RECOGNIZED CHURCH BELLS.

FOR twenty years H. B. Smith's horse has carried its owner to the Congregational church, at Monterey, Mass., on Sundays. Mr. Smith being ill recently, the animal was turned into a pasture to exercise. When the church bells rang the horse cleared the fence in a bound and trotted to the house of worship. It remained patiently in the sheds until the last hymn was sung and the worshipers began to leave, when it trotted back home at a sedate Sabbath gait.—*Philadelphia North American*.



SOME people seem to rake up all the sorrows of the past; to them they add the burdens of the present; then they look ahead and anticipate a great many more trials than they will ever experience in the future.—*Dwight L. Moody*.



# FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

## Who Dat Knock?

Who dat knock at de cabin do' i  
 Ol' Age!—Well, des pass on,  
 I got no time to fool wid you--  
 I got to hoe my cawn.

I reckon dere's been some mistake --  
 Dat's des whut hit shorely be,  
 Caze I'se too spry fo' you to come  
 A-huntin' 'roun' fo' me.

An' what dat you got wid you dere?  
 Ol' Rheumaticks, you say?  
 You'll haf to 'scuse me ef you please—  
 Dis here's my busy day.

—Eloise Lee Sherman.

"Oh, well," said Kwoter, "mistakes will happen sometimes."

"Mistakes always happen," replied Wiseman.

"How do you mean?"

"Nobody ever admits making mistakes; therefore, they merely happen."—Philadelphia Press.

"Woman's hand," remarked the moralizer, "has played an important part in the great work of civilization."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the demoralizer. "I believe her slipper has been more effective than her hand."—Chicago Daily News.

"Out of a job, eh? Well, come around to the factory at 7 in the morning and I'll put you to work."

"I can't come to-morrow, sir."

"Why not?"

"I've got to be in th' parade of the unemployed that takes place to-morrow."—Houston Post.

## Think About It.

It is a little queer how much faith a doubter has in the things which feed his doubts.

Pin-pricks will kill as dead as dynamite, if you only have enough of 'em, and little meannesses sowed thick in a man's life sink him as low as robbin' a savings bank or murdering a president.

Be true in all you do.

Believe nothing against another but upon good authority.

If at first you don't succeed, learn the cause and apply the remedy.

Instruction ends in the schoolroom, but education ends only with life.

"I am the one thief," said Procrastination proudly, "that decent people are not ashamed to associate with."

To wish to preserve ourselves is to condemn ourselves, to wish to prevent the brook from running, the hour from passing, the flowers from falling.

Yesterday belongs to the irrevocable past, to-morrow belongs to God, but to-day is ours. It is a crisis in our lives.

All things come to those who hustle while they wait.

Govern yourself and you will be able to govern the whole world.

Energy and persistence conquer all things.

Every good action is in some way well repaid.

—Collected.

## Items of Interest.

In Vienna a society has been formed to assist persons with short memories. A card is issued on which the purchaser writes the date of an engagement and posts to the society's office, and by the first post on the day of his engagement the card is received by the purchaser.

The oft-repeated statement that a Jap will fight for twenty-four hours on a ration of two or three beans, and a sip of tea has been explained by the statement that the "bean" is not one of the common variety, but a vegetable large enough to fill a quart measure. A single bean makes a meal for a hungry ploughman.

Each year that they live under the British flag the natives of India are drinking more and more beer. Last year there were 9,000,000 gallons of beer made in India, but it is said that forty per cent of this was consumed by the English army.

In Russia runaway horses are unknown, because no one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When a horse starts to run the cord is pulled and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

## Hen and Cat Coöperate.

A new form of coöperative home-making was discovered the other day in a barn at Rogers Park, says the Chicago Tribune. A Maltese cat and a brown Leghorn hen were in partnership in a manger. Between them they have three white kittens and eleven eggs. The hen was sitting on eight of the eggs and one of the kittens and the cat was lying on the other three eggs and coddling the other two kittens when the novel menage was discovered. When the hen goes to eat the cat tries to keep all the eggs warm. When the cat goes to seek food she leaves her kittens in charge of the hen.

## Neff's Corner

You will get some idea of how people are rushing into this country by reading the following item clipped from the Lake Arthur Times of Nov. 15:

"The Lake Arthur Land Company were very successful selling land to the last excursion crowd from the North. We are informed that eight hundred acres of fine land was sold, and that they filed men on two thousand acres of choice land. The crowd was enthusiastic over our country. All took land with the intention to make this country their home. Our delightful climate which has restored so many people to health is in itself enough inducement for many to locate here. Our town came in for a great many compliments. Our citizens will welcome these new settlers with open arms, and cause them to be pleased with the change, and have no regrets for the good old country left behind."

"The Pecos Valley is without a superior as a farming country, and it is as well known and thought of as the famous valleys of California."

The Roswell Record speaks of a 640-acre ranch about twelve miles from here that was sold to some members of the same excursion party for \$80,000, and says, "With the exception of forty acres which is in a young apple orchard, it is all in alfalfa, and is a good dividend producing property every year." The same paper makes mention of a deal that is pending on five sections near Lake Arthur for \$100,000.

And by the way, a good way for you to keep in touch with actual conditions in any section is to read the local paper published there. We have a wide-awake weekly here that you can have six months for 50 cents, or a year for \$1. Subscriptions may be mailed to

James M. Neff,

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

P. S.—You will not overlook the point that it pays to invest where things are moving as above indicated. By our investment association plan previously outlined you can invest \$10 or \$1000 here and thus both benefit yourself and help us.

L. SHATTO,  
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There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps—they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

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A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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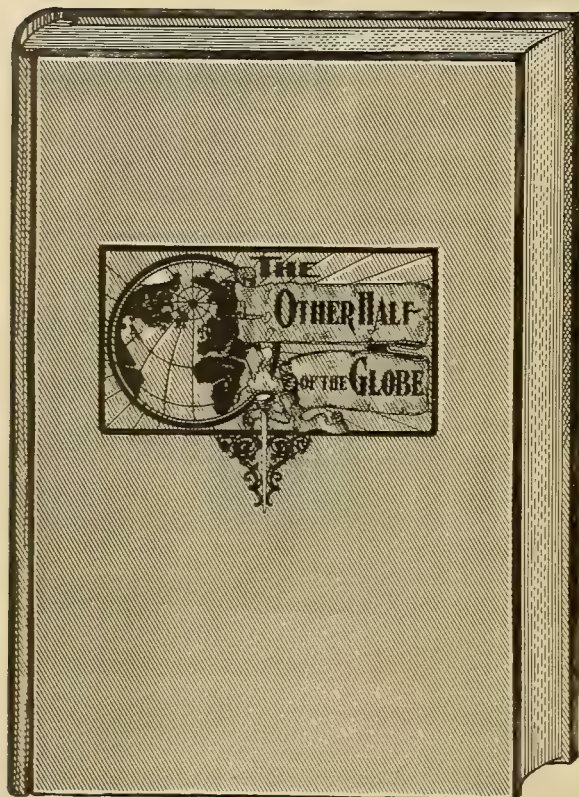
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No. 21C3000.—We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors, black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

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No. 21C3003.—For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

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in

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Look around in your own congregation and see if there are not some who would better their conditions both temporally and spiritually by moving west and then think, is it not your duty to render them every assistance possible to accomplish the same? Do this understandingly, join one of the co-operative excursions that will be run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to the Annual Meeting, as they will pass through (either going or returning) some of the congregations in Idaho, Oregon and California and give you time to visit and see for yourself what the Brethren are doing.

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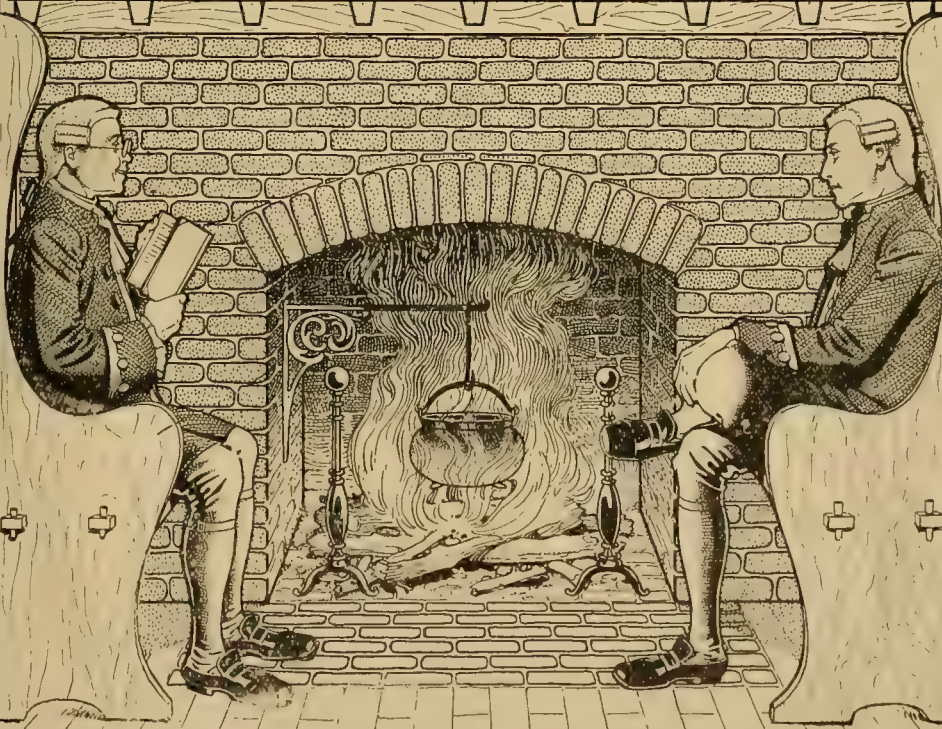
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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

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# That's Going Some

---

Butte Valley was unknown to the world practically prior to one year ago.

During the holidays of 1905 and 1906 the first Investigating Committee of the Brethren made a report on the Valley as being favorable for colonization.

The little pamphlet, "Silas Smith's Second Wife," was written shortly after that and sent to the public who as a rule read it at one sitting, without respect to age, sex or occupation; the reason for it is, that it contains a naked truth told in simple language.

A little later a second committee, mostly farmers from different sections of the country who were representative Brethren were sent to corroborate or reject the report of the former committee. This committee reported that both the pamphlet and the first committee were exceedingly conservative in their statements.

Next, the circular, "The Beautiful Butte Valley," was floated among the prospective customers telling all about the Valley.

The Brethren Annual Conference at Springfield assembled in the early part of June, at which place photographs of the Valley were shown by stereopticon after the evening services. At this time, more than four thousand acres of land were sold to representative Brethren.

On August the 14th a personally conducted excursion visited the valley and selected and purchased altogether about 5,000 acres. On October the 4th another excursion brought other purchasers. The latest excursion was October 23rd, at which time quite a number went to stay, to prepare for others en route.

The sound of the hammer is heard in the land now, and several Brethren are directing houses and other buildings pursuant to a permanent home. The development of the valley is absolutely phenomenal.

Inquiries are coming from all over the States and in some instances practically whole neighborhoods intend to move to the valley. These statements can be corroborated at the pleasure of those interested.

The Brethren hope to dedicate a church prior to the Annual Conference.

The railroad men are working as hard as they can to push the road through the valley. A town site has been selected through which the railroad will pass assuring an early market for the products of the valley.

The coal strikes do not worry the inhabitants of the valley. There is plenty of fuel to be had for the asking. It will be decades before the fuel supply will be exhausted.

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**504 Union Trust Building,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



# ON THE DOWN GRADE

---

Said a business man the other day: "Why is it that I cannot work as I used to? I once thought I could do any amount of work and still feel fresh and strong; but now when night comes I am all tired out, my head aches, my back feels as if it were broken, and I ache all over, and in the morning I feel as if I were all rusty. The fact is, I am fast getting to be good for nothing."

Few people know how many men there are who feel that way, and it is not only men, but an equal number of busy housewives who feel as if they were almost worn out. Such people are in need of something which will strengthen their systems and permanently relieve by purifying and invigorating the blood. They are on the downgrade physically and unless their course is checked, they will soon find themselves the victim of a specific disease and become almost hopeless invalids.

Of remedies of genuine merit there is probably no preparation which has met with such marked success in building up the system and restoring shattered nerve-power as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. Thousands have testified to its power and efficiency.

## A HAPPY WIFE.

Newark, N. J., July 6.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—We have now had your **Blood Vitalizer** in our home for over ten years, and I must say it has done a great deal of good. My wife had been obliged to keep her bed almost continually. She had been a sufferer for many years with some form of stomach trouble. Since we have had your medicine in the house she is happy and well and recommends it to all sufferers. She says your remedy is better than anything she has ever come across.

Yours truly,

J. C. Ruschenberger.

## GAVE COURAGE TO LIVE.

Bronaugh, Mo., Jan. 29.

Dr. P. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Your **Blood Vitalizer** is doing much good here. All who have used it say it is excellent. I will tell what the remedy has done for us.

Our daughter was very weak and sickly. She was unable to work and suffered from some defect in the blood. She had terrible headaches, vomiting spells, boils, and would wake up in the night in frightened dreams. She often said it were better if she could pass away. She commenced using the **Blood Vitalizer** and after having taken one bottle she realized that the medicine was helping her. She kept on using it with steady improvement until she got well. She commenced to get stronger right away and got courage to live. She also increased in flesh, and was able to go to work again. She says herself that

the **Blood Vitalizer** saved her life. I myself have also used the remedy. I suffered for years with my stomach and nothing helped me. In fact, I got worse day after day. I felt finally so weak that my legs would hardly carry me. I was dizzy, absent-minded and suffered with pains in my back over the kidneys. My limbs and feet were swollen and so painful I could not sleep at night. I commenced a regular treatment with your **Blood Vitalizer** and can truthfully say the remedy has saved my life too. I feel as spry as a fish in water. I thank you for the blessing of your medicine.

Yours truly,

Albert Eiben.

## LIKE A FLOWER IN BLOOM.

Loper, Pa., Sept. 11.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—As I have never before related to you the wonderful effects of your **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**, I will do so now. I have had two cases in my own family where your remedy has shown its worth. Our daughter had been sick for over three years. She had no appetite and coughed a great deal. She was reduced almost to a skeleton, but what a wonderful effect your **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** had upon her! After using a few bottles of the remedy she is entirely well and as rosy-cheeked as a flower in bloom. Also our little boy had been sick for a long time with, it seemed, endless doctoring to no avail. I commenced to give him the **Blood Vitalizer** too, and there has been no need of a doctor since.

Gratefully yours,

A. Gardner.

Do you wish to gain strength, to gather flesh, to acquire an appetite, to enjoy a regular habit of body, to obtain refreshing sleep, to feel and know that every fiber and tissue of your system are being braced and renovated? If so, commence a treatment with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER at once. The very first bottle will convince you of its merits. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not an article of commercial traffic. It is not put up in a humdrum way for the purpose of sale but is prepared with the most scrupulous care and exactness as a medicine for sick people. Every bottle, as it leaves the laboratory, is supplied with a registered number and is duly recorded. For good reasons, the manufacturers do not supply the BLOOD VITALIZER to druggists or others interested in "traffic" goods, but supply it to people direct through special agents appointed in every community. For further particulars address the sole proprietors,

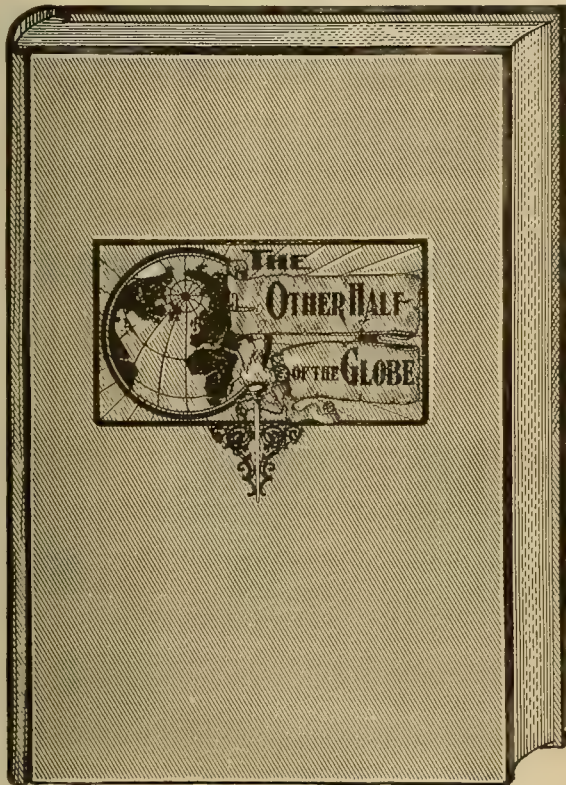
**DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.**

**112-118 South Hoyne Avenue**

**CHICAGO, ILL.**

# "The Other Half of the Globe"

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Should Take Advantage of the

## Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

### Oregon Short Line R. R.

#### Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 3rd Tuesday in December, 1906, and on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of January, February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

|                        | From Chicago | From Peoria |
|------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| To Boise, Idaho, ..... | \$49.50      | \$47.50     |
| To Caldwell, .....     | 48.80        | 46.80       |
| To Idaho Falls, .....  | 36.60        | 34.60       |
| To Nampa, .....        | 48.30        | 46.30       |
| To Twin Falls, .....   | 41.90        | 39.90       |
| To Weiser, .....       | 51.90        | 49.90       |

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

These Winter Excursions will give the busy farmers of the east an opportunity to see Idaho when they have leisure time.

#### Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

#### Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho—with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of \$50 to \$100 per acre may be realized.

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# THE INGLENOOK

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER 18, 1906.

No. 51.

## The Travelers in the Orient

By One of the Party

From Shore to Shore.—No. 2.



UR approach to Gibraltar is made under thoroughly magnificent conditions. A severe thunderstorm burst upon us at evening and the last hour's run is lengthened four times. The vessel proceeds under slow speed and extreme care, the great fog horn sounding constantly. The great bell is put to clamoring time and signals. At low twelve we anchor and await daylight. The vivid flashes of lightning at very short intervals now show the coast in dim relief and again a minute outline—to our starboard the frowning, dusky peaks of the African coast and to our port the serrated approach to Gibraltar of the Spanish coast. Forward lies the great fortress.

Next day we drive through the city and Alameda Gardens. We pass through the corridors made by the English convicts from 1785 to 1789. We cross the neutral ground to Spanish soil. Over all a well-preserved Moorish castle keeps watch. Its grey walls seem to say, "I mark time. Dost thou?"

We pass through the narrow strait into the Mediterranean and view Gibraltar as a crouching lion looking inland with the lighthouse perched upon the tip of his tail. The strait is scarcely five miles wide. The rock is an island, save a mile of low land, neutral ground.

More storm and waterspouts and growing moon keep us interested as the days grow warmer and we more indolent. We pass south of Sardinia and between Ischia and Capri into the harbor of Naples just as the sun passes the horizon. The terraced mountainous islands with vineyards and lemon groves; the ancient fortress, prison or convent; the flat top pine against the horizon all set and showered round about in the gorgeous color of an Italian sunset again makes our journey's end magnificent.

Through fertile valleys strewn with ruins of Ro-

man castles, roads and aqueducts, we pass by rail into the "Eternal City." Here we visit the Pantheon, Catacombs, St. Paul's, Coliseum, Forum, Vatican and St. Peter's, the Monument of the Reformation, from the dome of which Rome, the surrounding country and the sea are visible. In Rome we are amid the wreck of former imperial splendor and present beauty of chisel and brush.

We leave Naples under the French tri-color, passing Stromboli by night. While in the Straits of Messina, during a furious storm, seasickness invades our party, leaving but two of us on the hospital corps. After seventeen hours of rebellion on the part of the whole internal anatomy and the paying of tribute to Neptune the Port of Pireas is reached. Those who, in their own minds, had faced certain death, again sit up and take nourishment.

From Pireas we travel by rail to Athens. Here amid a driving rain storm we visit the Temple of Thesus, Mars' Hill (Acts 17:22), Socrates' Prison and the Acropolis. The magnificence of preceding empires lies in ruins at our feet as we proceed eastward.

Our next stop is at Smyrna, the scene of Polycarp's work, *en route* to Constantinople. Here again a glorious sunset greets our coming and another speeds our going. We drop anchor just as the clock strikes twelve and prayers are called from the minarets. The dogs make night hideous. As we pass through the Mosque of St. Sophia, our unholy feet are shod with slippers. We see the soldiers assembling, for our Friday is the Sultan's Sunday and at high noon he goes to prayers.

We again pass over the historic Sea of Marmora through the Dardanelles to Smyrna of the province of Lydia, containing five of the seven churches of Asia Minor. We pass Melitus at even and Patmos at dawn, landing at Rhodes by noon. We again set sail, passing Cyprus, and land at Beirut, Syria, which



completes our Mediterranean journey. Here thirty-six years ago Dr. Bliss founded the American College with sixteen students and one tutor. To-day the college owns forty acres, has accommodations for a thousand students and Dr. Bliss still lives to know that he is loved throughout Syria.

Here within sight of the beautiful Lebanons we must part with "this friend of our friend's who has been doubly our friend"—Sister Rose Lambert, associate founder of Orphanage at Hadjin, Turkey, eight years ago, and her new assistant, Miss Adaline Virginia Brunk, also Miss Alice Whittier Jones, instructor for Friends' School at Ram Allah, Palestine, and Miss Dunn and Mrs. Marshall, *en route* to Jerusalem. The missionary of the interior is bearing the brunt of frontier work. They are the ones, who, devoid of the comforts of missionaries of the coasts or

large cities, must in a large degree be content with the native customs, which so terribly annoy the traveler during his brief sojourn in the land.

With the beauty and magnificence of our surroundings; the worshipful dedication of the highest types of God's creation to his own work; "the last vestige of atomic selfishness washed out; the effort to make an actual divine society out of this rather stubborn and unpromising potential material and prayer ending in labor and labor ending in prayer," we have seen on this journey that:

"Never on custom's oiled grooves  
The world to a higher level moves,  
But grates and grinds with friction hard  
On granite boulder and flinty shard.  
The heart must bleed before it feels,  
The pool be troubled before it heals."

## A Visit to An Esker

N. J. Miller

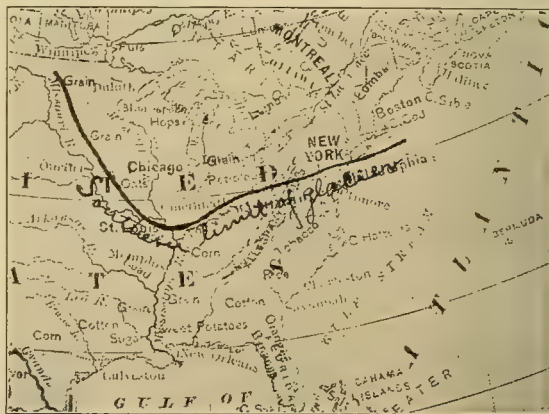


WE halt at the brow of the hill to view the long stretch of land before us. North Forreston, merely a depot, is below us. Beyond it a little creek creeps lazily toward the east. Railway tracks and bridges cross the fields and stream, but what interests us is the chain of undulating hills extending through the long axis of the valley. This chain stretches eastward towards Adeline, a village, as far as the eye can carry, and westward for a mile or more. The entire chain of hills, covered with very thin soil, supporting scanty pasture and a few trees, is about one thousand feet wide and about twelve miles in length, ending in the west rather abruptly and in the east gradually fading into the gravel bed of that section. These hills average about sixty feet in height, through the crests of some of them are over one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water in the small streams, one on either side the greater part of the chain, flowing eastward into Leaf River.

We drive across the valley to climb the hills and give them closer study. Their surface is thinly covered with soil which is sandy and stony, so much so that digging into it with the spade, without the aid of a pick, is an almost hopeless task. It is our good fortune that a section of the hill is already cut and excavated for our study. The Illinois Central R. R. Co. is hauling away the hills to be used as ballast for its road. So without the use of the spade we learn that the hills consist of gravel—small stones with plenty sand. The sand is white, yellow, brown or red, as the case may be: the gravels at places are burdened with small

boulders, and what's more, the whole accumulation is not haphazardly thrown together, but laid down in definite layers, *i. e.*, strata, and the strata dip toward the west.

How did these hills come to be? Old theories, extant



thirty years ago, explained the origin of these hills as the mere accumulations of foreign matter dumped here by icebergs floating over the waters when this part of American Continent was covered with a shallow sea. Since icebergs are great floating pieces of ice broken off glaciers, creeping from some height into the sea, and since nearly all parts of glaciers carry loads of drift and stone, either on their backs, front, or imbedded in the ice anywhere, as the massive body of congealed water creeps over the earth, it is not so difficult to understand how great masses of material

(hills) might accumulate on the floor of the sea. If icebergs floated on the seas then throbbing across Ogle county and the adjoining territory, and here at this particular place melted or "turned turtle," dropping great loads of gravel, boulders, etc., and then should there follow an uplift of land above the seas the origin of these hills might be accounted for, but the iceberg theory is now held as archaic and erroneous. Then, too, it could not account for the grooves and markings and on the underlying rock, here and in the whole northeastern part of the United States, extending generally in a southwesterly direction. The clear stratification of these hills also is inexplicable by the iceberg theory.

Louis Agassiz developed what is known as the Glacial Theory. He studied the glaciers of the Alps and "found that far above the glaciers and far below in the valley were striated rocks" and the masses of earth accumulated there by the ice creeping slowly down the hills and mountains at about the same rate as it melted below. He also noticed that great boulders, so-called "nigger-heads," carried far down the valley just like those on the mountain tops where the present glaciers originate. The creeping of the great mass of ice accounted for the scarring and grooving of the rock beneath, also for the general direction of the grooves; its flow down the valley, for the boulders scattered here and there; its melting or recession, for the deposit of boulder clay or till—composed largely of small stones or "rock-flower" gathered from the bed rocks by the grinding and plucking of the glacier itself."

From these facts, together with others, Agassiz established his theory. Continuing his studies he determined to the satisfaction of the scientific mind that at one time in the earth's history, great glaciers, great sheets of ice crept over the northeastern part of America and northwestern Europe. In America the glacier or glaciers crept from the northeast across the continent, sometimes advancing and sometimes receding, until its southern border coincided with the line shown on the map. It came south of New England New York and Pennsylvania, down nearly to the Ohio river. Its most southerly limit extended along the Ohio across Missouri, Nebraska, the Dakotas and Montana, almost following the present course of the Missouri river. The ice sheet destroyed everything in its rigid march. Old valleys were filled up, new ones gorged out, lakes were built, rocks ground to powder, mountains worn down and carried along the path of flow. So when the glaciers retreated, there was left a beau-

tiful country with new lakes, rivers, waterfalls and the best soil on earth.

Occasionally portions of the ice-sheet halted in their retreat, *i. e.*, their rate of flow was just counterbalanced by the rate of melting so that great chains of hills, called moraines, accumulated. At least eight such moraines were formed and now exist in Illinois itself; one at Shelbyville, another at Cerro Gordo, others at Champaign, Bloomington, Marengo, Marseilles, etc. But the hills at Forreston are said not to be a moraine. The linear ridge which the hills constitute, also its stratified structure and gravel are accounted for otherwise. It is pointed out by authority that these hills forming a serpentine ridge were formed by stratified material laid down by a subglacial stream, similar to



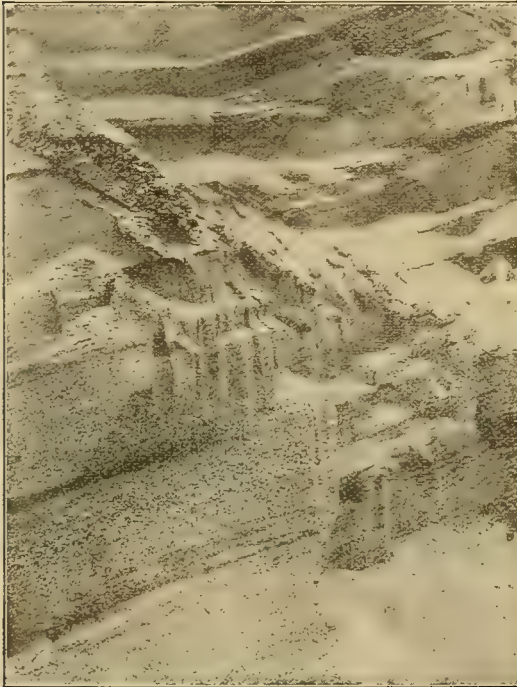
The Esker at North Forreston.

the Aär river which to-day issues from the Unter Aär glacier in the old world. A stream like this carries ground rock-waste from beneath the glacier and spreads it in the neighboring valley floor. "Two hundred and eighty tons of sand were found to have been discharged in one August day by the stream from beneath the Aär glacier." In a way similar to this we are told the Esker, near Forreston, was built. The mouth of the ancient glacial stream clogged somewhat: the rate of flow was checked so that much of its sediments were deposited on the bottom of the stream. After the ice walls and cap receded, the floor of the subglacial stream stood above the general level of the country. To-day, the bottom of this subglacial stream of the dim long-ago yesterday is a chain of green undulating hills.

The pebbles and stones of the Esker are interesting. Nearly all are worn smooth or rounded, showing the effects of being driven, ground and rasped by the ice and waters of that ancient stream. Some of the pebbles are limestone, remnants of the upper Trenton, or so-called Galena, limestone out-cropping in the northern part of the county and state. So these are of native origin, but the rest are foreign. Here an/



there are pieces of lava, obsidian, granite, hornblend porphyritic rock, schists and the like. All these have an origin associated with mountains and volcanoes. No such physical forms exist here. But, should we, as scientists have suggested, visit the Laurentian Highlands north of the Great Lakes the same classes of rock will be observed. The glaciers, sweeping over that ridge cut down the rugged peaks and rock-ribbed ledges of granite and transported and dumped them



Strata of Sand and Gravel.

piece-meal far and wide in their trail. These specimens of foreign origin in the esker come from the primitive Laurentian mountains, now so old and cut down to such an extent as to be considered the Laurentian Highlands.

Denver, Colo.



#### WHO INVENTED THE ALPHABET?

THE two nations credited with this wonderful achievement are the Phœnicians and the Persians. But it is not usually conceded that the two are entitled to anything like equal credit. The Persians, probably in the time of Cyrus the Great, used certain characters of the Babylonian script for the construction of an alphabet; but at this time the Phœnician alphabet had undoubtedly been in use for some centuries, and it is more than probable that the Persian borrowed his idea of an alphabet from a Phœnician source; and that, of course, makes all the difference. Granted the

idea of an alphabet, it requires no great reach of constructive genius to supply a set of alphabetical characters; though even here, it may be added parenthetically, a study of the development of alphabets will show that mankind has all along had a characteristic propensity to copy rather than to invent.

Regarding the Persian alphabet-maker, then, as a copyist rather than a true inventor, it remains to turn attention to the Phœnician source whence, as is commonly believed, the original alphabet, which became "the mother of all existing alphabets," came into being. It must be admitted at the outset that evidence for the Phœnician origin of the alphabet is traditional rather than demonstrative. The Phœnicians were the great traders of antiquity; undoubtedly they were largely responsible for the transmission of the alphabet from one part of the world to another, once it had been invented.—*Henry Smith Williams, in Harper's Magazine.*



#### LIBERTY.

[Note: The following splendid poem, by the late John Hay first appeared in the Waterbury, Conn., *American*, Nov. 2, 1874.]

What man is there so bold that he should say:  
 "Thus and thus only would I have the sea?"  
 For whether lying calm and beautiful,  
 Claspings the earth in love, and throwing back  
 The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;  
 Or whether freshened by the busy winds,  
 It bears the trade and navies of the world  
 To ends of use and stern activity;  
 Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way  
 To elemental fury, howls and roars  
 At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust  
 Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,  
 And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore—  
 Always it is the sea, and all bowed down  
 Before its vast and varied majesty.  
 And so in vain will timorous men essay  
 To set the metes and bounds of liberty.  
 For freedom is its own eternal law;  
 It makes its own conditions, and in storm  
 Or calm alike fulfills the unerring will.  
 Let us not then despise it when it lies  
 Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm  
 Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;  
 Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times  
 It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry  
 Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame  
 Of riot and war we see its awful form  
 Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax  
 Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.  
 For always in thine eyes, O Liberty  
 Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,  
 And, though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.



OUR grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies chiefly at hand.  
 —*Carlyle.*



# THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN



## Chapter Three. Afternoon.



YOU ain't got a view like this in your country, young fellow, have you, now?" declared Jake Read, plumping himself into a rocking-chair and indicating, with a jerk of his thumb, the scene from the parlor window.

Joe Noble turned to his host for assistance.

"You traveled pretty well over the whole State of Illinois, did you?" John asked the man.

"Up and down 'long the Mississippi, in the north and in the center,—'bout all over it, I guess, 'less in the southeastern corner."

Joe turned his gaze slowly from John Kemper's silent lips to the stretch of country that was in view from the window.

"Well, it happens that my home is in southeastern Illinois. And I believe there are views there you'd say are pretty, too," he said cautiously.

John Kemper drew the window curtain between the older man's eyes and the panes.

"Even these trees and fields look dingy now, don't they?" he asked, suggestively.

"He, he!" grunted Jake. "You're a bad aig, John. I rec'lect now I did have rags a-shuttin' off my vision while I wuz in Illinoy. You ~~are~~ a slick one," he asserted to his host. Then, seeing the inquiry in Joe's eyes, he explained briefly, "John's meanin' I got my head hurt takin' a ride on a cowketcher."

"Pa," whispered Nat, nudging his father's elbow, "ma said I might show him,"—indicating Joe,— "my books and the album."

"Ask him if he cares to see them," advised John.

"Do you?"

"Yes, sir. And my name's Joe."

"I'm Nat. Come out here where the book-case is."

Jake Read placidly bumped the rockers of his chair to and fro until the voices of the boys drifted in in settled colloquy.

"Sech a rainin' day! When—Huh? Did you say sumpin'?"

"What are your plans for the winter?" quietly asked John.

"Hain't made up my mind yet fur sure. Might strike Dan Racy fur a job, but I git spells o' rheumatiz in my wrists and Dan's sech a corker of a wood-chopper. I been thinkin' some o' goin' back south,—

to South Carolina or Georgy,—but them States ain't what they wuz durin' the war and we had sech a jim-crackey time then; it makes a fellow so doggoned lonesome and homesick to be in that country when it's so different."

"You don't like towns."

"Town's no place fur me."

"Our church needs a sexton."

Jake grinned.

John continued in his quiet, insisting tone: "It would be of profit for you to do just that. Of course it seems foolish to you now. But you can do it all right. You'd get seventy-five dollars a year in money. And I believe even you would get more than that value in satisfaction."

"Can't eat satisfaction and sleep in satisfaction and how much grub and beddin' would seventy-five dollars buy? You'd have me a-goin' to meetin', John. Oh! you're a slick one."

"How much do you make a year now?" inquired John, his eyes twinkling confidentially.

"My board and lodgin' and my duds," answered the tramp. "And if I'd turn sexton I'd have to give up my eatin' and keep, by gum! And you meetin' folks would git a chance to use about two-fifty of them seventy-five dollars to buy a pine box and hire the grave-digger. I'll hold my present job. I'm farin' well,—git the pick and choice of the whole country, good things to eat, good places to sleep, and duds fine enough fur me to wear. Git the best as we go, I say, of things we have a fancy fur."

The voices of both men were hushed there, for the younger was once more face to face with the limitless statement, couched this time in unanswerable phrase; and the older man, with greedy instinct, knew himself master of the moment.

"A fine lot of books for a boy of eight, Nat," sounded the voice of Joe Noble.

"I think they're dandy. But then, what's the use in gettin' what you don't like much when there's better in the stores?" responded Nat, in convincing tones.

"You do have the coziest little home, Mrs. Kemper. And here is little Nat, showing my grandson his books and the pictures. Ah!" continued Mrs. Clarke, peering into the parlor, "you two men have surely looked at the clouds too much. We'd better bring these boys in. They'll brighten you up."



"Come, one and all," invited John. "We were getting mopy."

"I've inspected every corner of your house, Mr. Kemper," said Mrs. Clarke, seating herself, "and where must I put my praise? On you or your wife, or on both? I must say I never saw a more sensible arrangement of house furnishings than you folks have."

"My wife will have to say 'Thank you' for that. Before she gave me a home in this house I lived in one room and used my trunk for a washstand."

There was a general laugh.

"He, he! Why, I'm better off than he wuz," snickered Jake. "I have seven different rooms a week an'—"

"Wash at the—" but Ellen Kemper's swift hand covered her son's lips in time.

"I haven't learned yet what was the sermon at the other church," said John.

"The text was those verses about gaining the world and losing the soul," answered Ellen.

"It's in Matthew, the sixteenth chapter," added Nat.

"Mr. Hammond is a good speaker," said Joe.

"Yes," said John, "he handles his subjects well."

"But what did he mean," queried Mrs. Clarke, "when he said that every day and even every hour we have to choose between the value of the world and the value of our own souls?"

"Don't you remember what he said right after that, grandma?"

"I heard it, but I couldn't follow him all the time."

Joe Noble's face contained the light that his name suggested, as he answered, "He said if we are alone we must think to the glory of God if we would make use of the value of the soul. We must speak for the purpose of declaring our peace in his service. We must act so that we bring our brother nearer to God. And he said that so often we should suppress our acts, because we do overmuch, we overstep the bounds of sincerity and are out taking account of the value of the world. Mr. Hammond said to live to pay what we can of the debt we owe. God demands sacrifice from moment to moment,—sacrifice of everything worldly except as it increases one's spiritual power. He said not money or name, pleasure, comfort or health or even life itself must be given a position in our hearts higher than our faith in God and our patient work for him. 'But,' he said, 'no person receives more of the very things he has sacrificed than the man who places those worldly things second in his heart. For such a man has money enough, his name is known only for good, his pleasure never wearies him, his comfort is from his own joy, his health,—it is health-giving to serve God,—and the life of such a man,—he has the gift of everlasting life.'"

"For such the 'I want' of life dare never be first," said John Kemper.

"Always the 'Am I helping God's cause?'" responded Joe.

"And, though the years that include one's lifetime show but limited accomplishment, if they have been spent unselfishly their power will live and increase forever. Every clean life exemplifies that. The life of every apostle was a type of it. Christ himself died with nothing more than his few years of life as the son of a carpenter and as the traveling preacher, and that life stands out first in all the world."

The sneer that had squinted Jake Read's face when his host first asked concerning the sermon had vanished from sheer helplessness. Mrs. Clarke had heard her grandson proudly and had nodded now and then at John Kemper's remarks. The look in Ellen Kemper's face was of wonder and of hunger. And Nat's reflected hers.

Reaction came speedily to the old man's feelings.

"That preacher's better than your'n, I reckon," he said to John.

It took John a long time to answer. He went to the dining-room and chose from the side board a rich, yellow-tinted apple, round and smooth and wide-curving. Then, in the kitchen, he found another apple, as mellow as the first and as yellow, but bruised at one spot, shriveled at another, and knotted here, misshapen there, and dwarfed.

"It's strange your husband don't 'tend that church. He seems to like the preacher," John heard Mrs. Clarke comment.

Jake Read was inwardly gloating upon his second easy success in "shutting up" his host.

"I reckon," he said, "in John's church they ain't so many able to boss. So John gits more satisfaction in bein' important up there than he would in bein' jist ord'nary down where his wife goes."

The face of Joe Noble flushed as much as that of Ellen Kemper.

"That can't be true," the boy said.

And the woman, stinging from the insult, said meaningly, "Did my husband invite you to our dinner because you would be the best guest he could get?"

There might be other dinners desired by the tramp, so he answered quite meekly, "I beg your pardon. My tongue don't give me a chance to think, sometimes."

"Here are the two preachers," said John, entering and giving Jake the apples. "Both these are from the same tree. And you see you can get as good meat from one as from the other, though not as much, and there are poor places to be sorted out in the one."

"You're a slick one!"

Mrs. Kemper had risen and stepped toward Nat. She turned her head to speak to her husband.

"Nat is sleepy. I think he had better take a nap so he won't sleep in church this evening."

"Am kind o' sleepy," drawled the little boy.

And John, noticing an ever so slight beckoning glance and attitude from his wife, excused himself and followed her and Nat from the room.

Nat lay down on the lounge, and the husband and wife stepped out of doors, beyond any possible hearing of their guests.

"John, won't you go to the other church to-night? You ought to be with us, these folks being strangers. And maybe Jake Read would go to meeting at that church if we'd all go together," Ellen said with guileful tempting.

"There are services at our own church. It would hardly be best to slight them." And they returned indoors. John had spoken in a tone that satisfied the wife's hunger far more than the words of light concession to her wishes could have done.

Joe was in the sitting-room, ostensibly admiring a book. He looked up at John as the latter drew near, and sauntered to the window. His host followed.

"If it isn't asking too much of a favor, I should like to go to the church you attend, this evening," the boy said in an undertone.

"And I should like to have you go with me. I'll invite the others."

"You must show me these books," entreated Joe.

John Kemper looked into the parlor to ask Jake to come out. But Jake's head was resting on the back of the rocking-chair and his tight-shut eyes and somewhat sonorous breathing forbade disturbance.

Ellen took Mrs. Clarke to see her spring-house and her chickens and the man and the boy were left alone with the books.

There was not a great number of volumes, but an hour quickly passed in an inspection of their contents. Afterward, it was just the thing for Jake, listless from his nap, and for Joe, cramped by the afternoon's confinement, to accompany their host in doing his chore-work.

The light repast which they found ready when they entered the dining-room was as enjoyable and as refreshing as the hot dinner had been at its hour.

Nat was at his place and chattered in care-free, disconnected fashion during the brief meal.

He ended with sober roguishness. "Everybody's goin' with pa to-night. That's my order to you."

"I second that, as an invitation," said John.

"I've already invited myself, and accepted, and I'll receive the other 'ayes' or 'nays'," said Joe.

Joe Noble's wish was his grandmother's way. Ellen could then have no choice. And Jake, when the carriage rolled away toward Hampton, swung down the highway to find a night's lodging, having exchanged John Kemper's clothes for his own.

The plain attire of the people among whom Joe Noble found himself in the church, their unostentatious, humble, matter-of-fact reverence, appealed to his gentle, sincere character.

"Good-bye," he said, gripping John's hand at the close. "Would you care to write to me now and then? I'll tell you, Mr. Kemper, I like this church and I wish there was one in our town."

Nat was overhearing, for he said, "Joe, if I'd be you and liked it better'n any other, I'd build one."

The hosts and guests went their respective ways.



### IS THE WORLD BETTER OR WORSE?

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

"Is the world better or worse than it was years ago?" is a question that I have seen in print many a time, and many a person has boldly said that the people of the world are far worse now than they were long years ago.

Now, while I do not pretend to be a judge of the social conditions of the world and its people at large, still I do not hesitate to state that I believe the people of the world are really much better now than they were in years past.

If the old historians can be relied upon, I think there were times in the years that are past when even those who professed to preach the Word of our Master were as bad in many ways as the ones they preached to—or worse, I had better say—for they did not practice what they professed to teach others.

The human race never was perfect, and it never will be. But still I believe that many are really trying to better their own lives, and also are working for the betterment of those around them. We all know that there were times in the past when wine was served at the tables of the clergy, as well as at the tables of others; no one seemed to think they were laying the foundations to make drunkards of the young people. Now those that do not want to see drunkards do not put temptations in their way.

Yet there are many people who claim that there are more crimes committed now than in years past. Now if those grumblers will only look up the past record of events, and compare them with those of the present time, they will find that the balance is in the favor of the present. For example, take the middle ages in the time of Martin Luther. Who then was preaching the Word of Life, or who cared what crimes were done?

Many people will clinch their statement by citing the fact that you cannot pick up a daily paper without seeing the accounts of a dozen or more crimes that have been committed in different parts of the country, which is all true; but that does not prove



that the world is worse. Complainers should remember that there are more people in the world now; and it's the news reporter's trade to hunt up and bring to light everything that can be classed as news. Years ago there was not such a perfect system for news hunting as there is now, and hosts of crimes were committed that were only known of in that section of the world where the crimes were committed; and there are crimes punished now that were looked over in the past.

Now I freely confess that I think the world and its people of the present day are a great improvement over those of the past decades. There are more people working for the uplifting of the human race. More good works are done, and more exposures of the traps set by the evil-minded to trip the feet of the young and the weak.

In the past there were many shady deeds done that never troubled those in authority. Now such deeds are being noticed and the offenders punished. There are more churches and more preachers of the Gospel. More schools, and less people who cannot read or write their own names; and that I think is proof enough that the human race is steadily advancing, and will improve with the passing years, as the people grasp for higher ideals in life.

If those grumblers, who see that the people are worse now than they were in the past, would only put some of the energy they waste in complaining into trying to influence others to do right by words and actions, they might keep at least one crime from being committed, and that would be a little gain in the betterment of the world's people.

*Steel, Ohio.*



#### "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

ELIZA and Sarah Flower were gifted English sisters, whose earthly lives began and ended between the opening and the close of the first half of the last century; and yet in that brief period both left their impress on their generation; and the younger, Sarah, achieved undying fame by composing the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The meeting and courtship of their parents were romantic. Benjamin Flower was a bright young fellow whose business frequently called him to France, and he became early imbued with the spirit of the French Revolution. Afterward he became the editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, and for defending in its columns the French Revolution, and for real or imaginary reflections on the English constitution, he was brought to trial in 1799, and was sentenced to pay a fine and to spend six months in the famous or infamous Newgate Prison.

During his imprisonment, Miss Eliza Gould, an en-

thusiastic young woman of culture, whose soul was fired with indignation at the injustice of his punishment, called upon him to express sympathy. They proved to be congenial spirits; the strangers became friends, the friends lovers, and soon after his release they were married. Two daughters were born to them, and in 1810, the mother, never strong, went to her reward. The training and education of the children devolved upon the father, and right nobly did he meet this added responsibility. Both girls were unusually talented—Eliza as a composer of music, and Sarah as a composer of verse.

In 1834, Sarah married William Bridges Adams, a civil engineer. Believing that the stage might be made to perform an important service, in connection with the pulpit, in elevating mankind, she essayed to act, with the approval of her husband, the character of Lady Macbeth. Although she met with considerable success, she soon learned that the demands were far too severe for her physical powers, so she turned her attention to literature. In person, she was tall and remarkably beautiful, and her manners were charming. She wrote a number of poems of rare sweetness and power. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," suggested by the story of Jacob's vision at Bethel, as found in Gen. 28: 10-22, was first published in 1841, and although it met with some favor, it was not until 1860 that Dr. Lowell Mason's beautiful and sympathetic music "quicken'd it into glorious life" and gave it a permanent abiding-place in the hearts of the people. Mrs. Adams died in 1848, at the age of forty-three—two years after the death of her sister Eliza, who died unmarried, at the same age.

Many and interesting are the stories told in connection with the usefulness of this hymn, which has been an inspiration wherever the Christian religion has gone. It is a special favorite of Miss Gould, whose sweet winsomeness and noble charity have made her one of the best loved women of our land.

The Rev. Millard F. Troxell, D. D., narrates this experience: "The beautiful August day was warm with sunshine along the lower levels, but the three train-loads of tourists found the summit of Pike's Peak enveloped in mist and cloud too heavy to peer through, so that for an hour or more we gathered about the fire of the block-house and tried to become better acquainted. It was suggested that we sing some popular melody. A voice bravely began one of the many sentimental songs of the day, but very few knew enough to join in, so the singer was left to finish it alone. Then some one began to sing softly 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and before the second line was ended it seemed as if all who had been strangers now felt at home, and, for the time being, the place seemed like a very Bethel. It seemed, too, as if the clouds were parted and lifted by the singing, for when a

little time had quickly passed, some one exclaimed, 'Oh, there's the sunshine!' and out we rushed to find that the mists were rolled away and before us stretched the most wonderful of views."

On one occasion, three distinguished travelers in Palestine heard in the distance faint snatches of a familiar tune, and were deeply touched, on drawing nearer, to find a group of Syrian students reverently singing, in Arabic, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." One of the hearers, in relating the story, said that the singing of the hymn by these youthful natives moved him to tears and affected him more deeply than anything of the kind to which he had ever listened.

The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D., thus writes of his visit to Bethel on March 12, 1902: "As we stood there, where heaven had once come so near to earth, I am sure that there was not one in all our large party who did not share, in some degree, in that ladder vision which Jacob had; and you will not be surprised to know that we fell into the mood of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams' ever-precious hymn, and, without a word of suggestion, sang together, with deepest feeling, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee!' Who can say that Jacob's vision did not become ours as we softly chanted the trustful, prayerful words! We shall ever count it a rare privilege that so many of us were permitted to sing the hymn on the sacred site of Bethel itself."

A pathetic story in connection with this hymn is told of a heroic woman whose train was caught in the great Johnstown flood of 1889. Hopelessly imprisoned by the rising waters, and with death surely approaching, she breathed a prayer to her Maker, and then, with a voice of marvelous trustfulness, began singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," while hundreds, unable to help her, listened breathlessly. Before the last words of the hymn were reached the brave voice was still and the singer had gone to be with "those who had come out of great tribulation and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Chaplain Henry C. McCook, who was with our soldiers in Cuba, says: "It would seem strange that such a hymn as 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' should be the most popular and apparently the most widely known among all classes of soldiers. Yet it is so. When conducting services as chaplain in the camps and hospitals of the Fifth Army Corps, and upon ships of war and transports, as well as in the camps of the States, I found that when this hymn was announced, all the soldiers took hearty part in the singing. One would hardly think that the high spiritual note touched in this familiar hymn, which breathes longings for a nearer spiritual communion with God, even at the cost of human sacrifice, would truly voice the sentiment of the rough-and-ready, oftentimes coarse and profane men, who joined with their more religious comrades in sing-

ing. Yet such was the case. It was the favorite hymn at funerals, a fact that can be understood more easily. All soldiers are more or less affected by the sense of the near presence of death. The loss of their comrades is indeed 'a cross'; and in the true spirit of *camaraderie* they feel a touch of woe that the companions of the tent and of the march, who shared with them the toils and perils of battle, have passed away."

He also gives this interesting description of the closing scene on the battlefield of Las Guasimas, June, 1898: "That night there was a clear sky, a quarter-moon and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, and restless, battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast and buried at Siboney. The other heroes were placed side by side in one broad trench with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was laid a layer of long, thick, green leaves of guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood Chaplain Brown; around it were the comrades of the dead; along the road struggled a band of patient, ragged Cubans; and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' sang the soldiers; and the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done."

This hymn gained immense additional popularity through the tragic death of President William McKinley. His last intelligible words, spoken just before his soul took its flight, were: 'Nearer, my God, to Thee, e'en though it be a cross, has been my constant prayer.' His prayer was answered. It was a cross—one of the greatest that could come to him and to the beloved nation which he had served so faithfully—that led him through a martyr's suffering and death to claim a martyr's reward, that of being ever near the blessed Savior. In a different way, the prayers of his countrymen were also answered, for, although his life was not spared, yet there was infused into the hearts of all a greater reverence for the head of the nation, a greater horror of assassination, a greater love for our country, a deeper devotion to our political institutions, and a deeper faith in God.—Allan Sutherland, in *The Declineator*.

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If death take you from the temple below, it will carry you to the temple above. It will indeed take you from the streams, but it will set you down by the fountain. If it put out your candle, it will carry you where there is no night.—Thomas Boston.

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"Lose to-day by loitering, and it will be the same story to-morrow—and every to-morrow thereafter. Be on time now."





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

F. F. HOLSOPPLE.

"And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and was carried up into heaven."

THIS is the simple record of the dignified ending of a majestic life. Forty days had passed since Calvary received its baptism of immortality. A few final words were spoken by the *risen* Savior to his followers and now the parting moment has come. "While he blessed them" are significant words. His presence always was and always is a blessing. So multitudes found him. Whether on the storm-tossed waves of Galilee, at the grave of Lazarus, hard pressed by hunger-impelled crowds, in busy streets, or on lonely highways, his presence blessed all who came within the sphere of his influence.

Now his physical presence is to become a memory. The work given him to do is finished, and the disciples, after a period of waiting, conference and preparation, are to go into all the world. What a message was theirs! Infinite love, infinite power, infinite salvation, for all who would hear their word and would *believe* their report.

"Lo, I am with you alway." His spiritual presence *would* remain, *did* remain, *does* remain. To those hungry for divine truth and consolation he comes. To eyes suffused with sorrow's flood he brings gladness. To hearts that are breaking he brings consolation. To all men at all times among all nations, kindreds, and tribes, he is an ever-present friend and savior.

"And was carried up to heaven." He trod the wine press alone. Oft his weary feet had trod the rough paths and streets of mountain, plain and city. He knew the weight of weariness and pangs of hunger. Life's journey from the cradle to the tomb he trod with unflinching courage. He knew the hour of exultant triumph when the multitude shouted his approval, and he knew the hiss and gibe of scorn and venom of envy. Every experience of triumph and deep and dark despair had in turn swept through his spirit, and now the end was attained. He no longer walked who had no pillow to rest his head, but "was carried."

Lazarus "was carried," Elijah "was carried," Christ "was carried"; the weary, toil-worn Christian

who goes to his journey's end, when yet the way seems long—so long, so dark, so cold, so lonely—"will be carried." No mother's caress on sleeping infant's brow, no mother's clasp of helpless infant's form can be gentler than angel hands that bear aloft the time-weary spirit as it mounts upward. "When that which drew from out the boundless deep returns again home."

"Into heaven" is a phrase that means more than voice or pen can tell. In it is comprehended the mystery of godliness. Poets have sung its glory, prophets have heralded its story; but "eye hath not seen nor hath ear heard." Christ is there. The angels are there, God is there. When I awake in his likeness I *shall be satisfied*.

Huntingdon, Pa.



## LIFT THE GATES OF HEAVEN.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty."

Lift the gates of heaven,  
I would enter in,  
Bearing all life's burdens,  
Free from taint of sin.

Lift the gates of heaven,  
Angels guide my way;  
Illumine the path I enter,  
To eternal day.

Lift the gates of heaven  
On the pilgrim's sight;  
Lead me, guide me, Father,  
In the way of right.

Lift the gates of heaven,  
Joy and peace are there,  
Where the soul reposes  
In his tender care.

Bless the King of glory,  
The gates are open wide,  
Everlasting hills sing,—  
Joy on every side.

Fort Hancock, N. J.



HOPE animates the wise, and lures the presumptuous and indolent who repose on her promises.—*L'anvenargues*.

## THOUGHTS.

IDA M. HELM.

It has been said, "The whole dignity of man is thought." If that be true, how necessary it is that we think right. Our thoughts affect our character and our whole life.

The Creator never intended for us to harbor wrong or evil thoughts. Selfishness, jealousy, envy and unforgiveness leave indelible scars on the mind; they lower the character. If we nourish such thoughts we only aggravate ourselves and we suffer a loss that we cannot repair. Wrong thoughts produce discord.

If we admire the good and beautiful things around us, let us look only for good in the people with whom we come in contact, read only good books and papers, sing only pure and elevating songs, believe in and adore God, have confidence in ourselves and in our fellow-men. By thinking only of the good, the loving, and the true, surely we will have more true dignity than if we harbor wrong thoughts.

*Ashland, Ohio.*



## PERFUME OF GRACE AND TRUTH.

J. R. MILLER, D. D., tells of a perfumer who bought a common earthen jar and filled it with attar of roses. Soon every particle of the substance of the jar was filled with the rich perfume, and long afterwards, and even when broken, the fragments retained the fragrance. So it is that a human life becomes filled, saturated with the Word of God, when one loves it and meditates upon it continually. The thoughts, feeling, affections, dispositions, and the whole character become colored with the spirit of the Word. Such a filling of the heart and memory with the pure Word of God is the best way to prepare for any future of darkness into which the life may pass. It is like hanging up a hundred lamps, while the light of day yet shines, to be ready to pour down their soft beams the moment the daylight fades.

The Spirit-filled life is a life of trust. There is beauty and power, but it is not to be forgotten that there is also such a prevailing trust in God that whether the sun be shining or whether it be obscured in the clouds, one is always filled with rejoicing.—*Unidentified.*



## ILLUMINATED CHRISTIANS.

WE see very few illuminated Christians now. If every one of us was illuminated by the Spirit of God, how we could light up the churches! But to have a lantern without any light, that would be a nuisance. Many Christians carry along lanterns and say, "I wouldn't give up my religion for yours." They talk

about religion. The religion that has no fire is like painted fire. They are artificial Christians. Do you belong to that class? You can tell. If you can't your friends can.

There is a fable of an old lantern in a shed, which began to boast because it had heard its master say he didn't know what he would ever do without it. But the little candle within spoke up and said: "Yes, you'd be a great comfort if it wasn't for me! You are nothing; I'm the one that gives the light." We are nothing, but Christ is everything, and what we want is to keep in communion with him and let Christ dwell in us richly and shine forth through us.

I have a match box with a phosphorescent front. It draws in the rays of the sun during the day and then throws them out in the dead hours of the night, so that I can always see it in the dark. Now, that is what we ought to be, constantly drawing in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness and then giving them out. Some one said to some young converts, "It is all moonshine being converted." They replied, "Thank you for the compliment. The moon borrows light from the sun, and so we borrow ours from the Sun of Righteousness." That is what takes place when we have this illumination.—*D. L. Moody.*



## DAY BY DAY.

I heard a voice at evening softly say,  
Bear not thy yesterday into to-morrow,  
Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow;  
Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try  
To weight the present with the by and by.  
One step and then another, take thy way—  
Live day by day.

Live day by day.

Though autumn leaves are withering round thy way,  
Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee.  
Push straight ahead, as long as thou canst see.  
Dread not the winter whither thou mayest go,  
But, when it comes, be thankful for the snow,  
Onward and upward. Look and smile and pray—  
Live day by day.

Live day by day.

The path before thee doth not lead astray.  
Do the next duty. It must surely be  
The Christ is in the one that's close to thee;  
Onward, still onward, with a sunny smile,  
Till, step by step, shall end in mile by mile.  
"I'll do my best," unto my conscience say,  
Live day by day.

Live day by day.

Why art thou bending toward the backward way?  
One summit and another thou shalt mount;  
Why stop at every round the space to count?  
The past mistakes if thou must still remember.  
Watch not the ashes of the dying ember  
Kindle thy hope. Put all thy fears away  
Live day by day.

—Julia Harris May, in *The Atlantic*.



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## HAVE YOU HAD YOUR TEST?



HERE is a pretty general belief that some time in life every one is tested. Not the kind of test or trial that may, and does, come to one everyday, but a supreme test,—one that seems to be the sum of all the others in strength and importance. Aside from any philosophical reason that the world may have to offer for this belief, the Scriptures give us unmistakable evidence in support of it. Of his people the Lord said, "I will try them as gold is tried." "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."—Job, the man who knew something about supreme tests, was strengthened by this trust, "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Any one can see the wisdom of making a thorough trial even of the things with which he works. Every machine that has a reputation to sustain or to make, must be put on trial. If the puny, inanimate tools with which man works or plays need to be tested in order that he may know whether they may be depended upon for the required service, how much more necessary is it that man, who is designed to fill an important place in the plan of the Infinite, shall be subjected to such a test as shall determine his real value in the working out of that plan.

And what constitutes a real test? Is the strength of the tree put to the test by the gentle summer breeze that plays among its branches, or the worm that crawls indifferently over its surface on its way to a neighboring plant? No, it is tested only by that which is armed as an enemy and aims at its vitals. When a gun is fired at random into a whole regiment of soldiers it is not an effective agent in testing the real courage of any one man of that regiment; but when one man knows that he is singled out and made the special object of attack, it is then that his true mettle as a soldier will appear. We are so constituted that what may be a supreme test to me

may not seem like even the puniest attack to another. And so when we come with the question, Have you had your test, we feel to repeat it and say, Have you had *your* test?

One thing that we do not realize, at least we seem never to realize it when dealing with one who has apparently gone down in the fight, is the fact that the human mind cannot know the real result of a test. May we not say that even the one who has been in the crucible is not always able to judge of the outcome? It is plain that this should be so. We look at things through the natural eye which cannot discern the things of the spirit,—where the test is made. Some lines from a favorite poem come to me now when I think of the spirit which should control us even when we seem to be defeated:

"I do not pray that thou  
Shalt grant me victory;  
Enough to know that from my foe  
I had no will to flee.  
Beaten and bruised and banned,  
Flung like a broken sword,  
Grant me this thing for conquering—  
Let me die fighting, Lord!"

So when you see a man apparently yield after putting up a stiff fight, let no word of scorn or censure escape you. Perhaps the devil is skulking away even then in defeat. And if the man has seemed inexcusably weak and has given up early in the struggle, hold back the words of contempt still; perhaps the struggle has been longer and harder than you can know. But if he has thrown up his hands on the first attack and has failed ignominiously, why,—  
"let him that is without sin cast the first stone."



## SOMETHING ABOUT OUR PROSPERITY.

No one who is in any degree acquainted with the material condition of our country can be ignorant of the fact that we are living in most prosperous times. While we observe and experience many things attesting this prosperity, not all of us know how widespread is the condition, or what causes have combined to bring it about. An article in the December *Review of Reviews* discusses the subject at length. We are indebted to it for what is said here.

The writer considers first the conditions in the farming world. Several tables of statistics are given, showing the increase in value of all farm property since 1870, the increase in value of farm products, number of people engaged in farming, etc. As a sample of what these tables of figures show, the average value of the per capita production of all engaged in agriculture was \$287 in 1890, \$451 in 1900, \$558 in 1905, and probably will be nearly \$600 in 1906, or more than twice as much as the per capita

of 1890. "For every man, woman and child engaged in farm work, the average value of farm property, which was \$1,579 in 1880, has now increased to about \$2,300." The writer then speaks of scientific farming, which is yet in its infancy, by means of which the soil now depleted will be restored to its former fertility and that of virgin areas preserved and even improved. And this subject of soil fertility leads to that of land reclamation by means of irrigation and drainage. The government is taking a hand in both of these systems of reclamation and the benefits resulting therefrom will be much more apparent in the future than at present.

In connection with the drainage work is that of the improvement of rivers and harbors, an improvement that is bound to be appreciated with the increased demand for means of carrying our productions.

And this brings us to the railroads. "It is a wonderful story, one that stirs the imagination, as we study the figures which tell of what American railroads have done, and yet in this study we learn that there seems to be no prospects that our railroads for many years to come will be able to keep pace with the expansion of industry and commerce." To give one an idea how the business of the country is gaining on the railroads, consider that in the last ten years the number of miles of railroad has been increased less than one-third, while the passenger mileage has been nearly doubled in the same time, and the ton mileage more than doubled. Notwithstanding this fact, the growth in railroad mileage has been really wonderful,—from twenty-three miles in 1830 to about 223,000 in 1906.

Our growth in the line of manufactures is keeping pace with that in other lines. The production of coal per capita is now more than four times what it was in 1880. Nearly seven times as much pig iron is produced now as in 1880, and almost twenty times as much steel. In the same time the petroleum production has been multiplied by five, and in six years the output of Portland cement has been more than quadrupled.

"With prosperity on the farm, with prosperity in the factory and in railroad operations, with prosperity for the mechanic and the day laborer, there is being developed out of the changed conditions in the world's business affairs a more well-rounded prosperity than any of which history gives us a record. The progress of the last quarter of a century is merely the beginning of our real broad national advancement, and what we have wrought in that period will be doubled, and in many things, quadrupled, during the next twenty-five years. A conception of the possibilities which are ahead of us should quicken the lifeblood and stir the pulse of every man whose

horizon is broadened as he looks out upon the world's mighty activities."



#### A REPEATED REQUEST.

IN the INGLENOOK dated November 13, A. H., of Colorado, asked for the views of some of our readers as to a certain line of school work. As yet we have had only two replies,—one pro, one con. While these are good, they do not include all that might be said on either side and we feel that our inquirer ought to have a more thorough discussion of the subject. School-teachers, parents, and all who are interested in the education of our children, let us have your views on the question. Write them out at once and send them to us. As in the case of the inquirer, we will print only the initials and the state of each one who replies, though the full name and address should accompany each paper. The symposium form will be a fair way to present these views, and with a dozen or more represented it will prove interesting to all our readers.



#### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

THOUGH the years that include one's lifetime show but limited accomplishment, if they have been spent unselfishly their power will live and increase forever.—*Mary I. Senseman.*



WHETHER on the storm-tossed waves of Galilee, at the grave of Lazarus, hard pressed by hunger-impelled crowds, in busy streets, or on lonely highways, his presence blessed all who came within the sphere of his influence.—*F. F. Holsoapple.*



IF those grumblers would only put some of the energy they waste in complaining into trying to influence others to do right, they might keep at least one crime from being committed.—*Maggie M. Winesburg.*



By thinking only of the good, the loving, and the true, surely we will have more true dignity than if we harbor wrong thoughts.—*Ida M. Helm.*



It is what we are more than what we do that will count for or against us in the last day.—*Mrs. Lula Goshorn.*



Lift the gates of heaven  
On the pilgrim's sight;  
Lead me, guide me, Father,  
In the way of right.

—Richard Seidel.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

## Points of President's Message.

THE message which President Roosevelt sent to Congress December 4, a document containing about 26,000 words, is regarded on all sides as a State paper of unusual scope and force, dealing as it does with nearly every issue before the American people. As had been expected, he handled the Japanese school question without gloves, referring to San Francisco's exclusion of Japanese pupils from the public schools as a "wicked absurdity," saying that it was a sure mark of low civilization and low morality to abuse or discriminate against the stranger, and that this hostility might be "fraught with the gravest consequences to the nation." He lauds the Japanese people for their progress; refers to the duty of the national government to guarantee the fulfilment of its treaty obligations and recommends an act providing for the naturalization of the Japanese, and also such an amendment to the criminal and civil statutes as will enable the President to enforce the rights of aliens under treaties. He says he will do everything in his power, using both military and civil forces of the United States, to protect the Japanese in their treaty rights.

Next to this new and uppermost issue of international policy in public interest was the President's recommendation in favor of graduated inheritance and income-tax laws, not only for the purpose of raising revenue, but also "to put a constantly increasing burden on the inheritance of those swollen fortunes which it is certainly of no benefit to this country to perpetuate."

In line of this policy the President urges a law giving the government the right of appeal in criminal cases, saying that it would greatly assist in the successful prosecution of the criminal corporations or trusts.

He renews his recommendation for a meat inspection law, charging cost of inspection to the packers.

All public coal lands should be withdrawn from sale or entry.

Unregulated competition, it is asserted, results in a single corporation or individual rising at the expense of others and producing an effect more degrading than communism.

He says the rate law has proved its efficiency by reducing more than 5,000 separate tariffs.

The aim should be steadily to reduce the hours of labor, with the general introduction of the eight-hour

day. He favors a government board of mediation and arbitration to handle disputes between capital and labor, adding that "the triumph of the mob is just as evil a thing as the triumph of plutocracy."

The President insists that "the best way to avert the very undesirable move for governmental ownership of railways "is to secure control and regulation of interstate carriers."

The horrors incident to child labor are "a blot on our civilization" and a law for Federal territory is recommended.

Power to deal with the divorce and race suicide evil should be conferred on the National Government.

Again a law is asked for prohibiting all corporations from contributing to the campaign expenses of any party.

Judges are warned to use great care in exercising power of injunction.

In regard to the lynching problem, the remedy proposed is swift and orderly punishment by death for all criminal attacks on women; the President even going so far as to say that "assault with attempt to commit rape should be made a capital crime, at least in the discretion of the Court; while the trial should be so conducted that the victim need not be wantonly shamed while giving testimony."

Either a ship subsidy bill or a measure to establish mail lines to South America is strongly advocated.

Free trade with the Philippines and citizenship for Porto Ricans are urged as matters of simple justice.

Cuba must show its capacity to keep order if it hopes to maintain its independence.

Some plan to favor a more elastic currency is deemed wise.

There is no recommendation for radical revision of the tariff.

To maintain the navy at its present strength, one new battleship should be authorized every year.

The Monroe doctrine is still vital.

THE Secretary of the Treasury transmitted to Congress the annual estimates of government expenses for the fiscal year 1908. The total is \$689,028,453, which is \$66,305,302 more than the estimates for 1907. The principal items of increase are \$25,000,000 for the Panama Canal and appropriations for other public works.

THE postmaster general announces that photographs and engravings on very thin paper may be pasted on the back and left half of the front of postal cards entering the mails, provided these photographs or engravings adhere completely to the card. Private post cards need not have printed on them "post card" or "postal card."

THE new battleship *Ohio*, which was constructed by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, and which has been a flagship of the naval forces in the Far East, arrived at New York, December 2, having sailed 50,000 miles without straining a rivet. Her coming is pursuant to the policy of withdrawing all battleships from the Asiatic station.

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has made known its purpose to investigate car shortage, or whatever conditions account for the great stagnation of freights, and particularly of grain in the Northwest. A circular has been issued, asking the grain growers to submit detailed information about the amount of freight offered and the reasons given for not transporting it.

SOUTH AMERICA'S total trade, exports and imports, is placed approximately at \$1,300,000,000. England leads in commerce with that country, and Germany is second. That the United States is behind these other nations in trade with South America is due to neglect on the part of American manufacturers and merchants, "lack of direct steamship communication, and absence of banking facilities." Until these conditions are overcome our trade with the South American states will continue to grow but slowly.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN recently put the finishing touch on the interior of his private art museum in New York city by laying \$300,000 worth of Oriental carpets in the various rooms. When this museum is stocked with the art treasures of Mr. Morgan it is said that it will be the most costly and artistically valuable private assemblage in the world of rare books, paintings of the old and modern painters, and antique manuscripts, tapestries, and Scriptures.

THE annual report of Postmaster General Cortelyou shows a deficit of more than \$10,000,000. It intimates that the railroads are withholding information that might tend to reduce carrying charges, "urges a ship subsidy to facilitate foreign mails, recommends reform in the second-class mail system, favors increasing employees' wages, declares for a parcels post on rural routes and recommends that politics give way to business methods in the department." Concerning the deficit the postmaster general

says: "I repeat what I stated a year ago, that although it would be a gratifying circumstance if the postoffice department were self-sustaining, I am less concerned about the deficit than about the efficiency of administration."

THE annual report of the governor of Alaska says that the gold-bearing area of the territory is rapidly increasing, especially in the Yukon valley and the Fairbanks district. The population of Alaska increased about 3,500 in the fiscal year ended June 30 last. There was a marked increase in the value of the commerce between the territory and the states. The products shipped from the states were valued at more than \$14,000,000, and from the territory to the states at \$9,208,000.

Two Chicago public school principals who have been making further investigations concerning fraternities in the high schools report that "their influence is detrimental to the school—an evil and a curse. Their tendency is to break up all literary societies and divide the schools into cliques and bring into the school the worst kind of politics and morals. They split the school on every project in which unity is desired. The standards they set up are different from, if not opposed to, the standard ideally set up by the school authorities. They are often an element of danger in the government of a school."

TERRIBLE suffering from starvation is reported in many parts of Russia, it being estimated that 20,000,000 of the population was now included in the famine stricken district. Thousands of peasants are living on weeds and hay, and are so physically weak as to be unable to perform any labor. Independent organizations attempting to distribute relief are suppressed by the government because suspected of revolutionary methods, but the government's methods are totally inadequate. It is said that in some places the wives and daughters of peasants are being sold into slavery to obtain money.

AT Strasburg, Germany, a dental clinic has been opened at the university for the treatment of school children. Hither all the school children are sent in order, by their teachers. Each child is quickly examined, as many as eighty children being dealt with in an hour, and nearly three hundred a day, by a single doctor. Teaching goes hand in hand with treatment. The doctor tells the child how to use a toothbrush, sees that he uses one, and sends him home to practice with it. The movement is spreading. In Wiesbaden and Mulhausen school dental clinics are to be erected.





### GRANDMA'S COOKBOOK.

It holds no faded roses,  
 No sprays of mignonette;  
 But the scent of ancient spices  
 Around it lingers yet.  
 So many a sweet remembrance  
 On every leaflet lies,—  
 The wraith of ginger cookies,  
 And the ghost of pumpkin pies!

But ah, to grandma's vision  
 That dear old cookbook seems  
 To breathe of vanished treasures  
 Long lost in the land of dreams!  
 Once more a proud young mother,  
 Once more a happy wife,  
 As the long years pass before her,—  
 The long, sweet years of life.

And the children, grown and scattered,  
 Beneath a far-off sky,  
 To the golden days behind them  
 Look back with a smile and sigh.  
 Again in the happy homestead,  
 In those loving eyes to look,  
 And taste of the pies and doughnuts  
 In grandma's dear old book!

—Blanche Trennor Heath.



### KNICK-KNACKS.

MRS. LULA GOSHORN.

SOME people hate to have their pet superstitions exploded by common sense theories.



WHEN I was a little girl I was visiting a very fashionable family and the mother had dressed one evening for an entertainment. Just as she was leaving home the baby of two or thereabout came running to kiss her, but pushing the little arms away and hurrying off, she said, "You mustn't touch me now when I'm dressed up." She was well painted and the touch of a little finger might mar the effect. Somehow, child that I was, the scene impressed me and I can never forget it. Mothers, the little hands won't cling to us long, theirs are the purest caresses we will ever receive. Are we repulsing them!



BE accurate. It is very annoying when one is not able to give exact measurement or amount in com-

pounding a mixture of any kind. Especially is this true in cooking. The good old-fashioned cooks (and none are better) could, I verily believe, prepare a dinner fit for a king without a measure of any sort. Let a young aspirant ask for the recipe of a certain dish, it's something like this: "Well, I hardly know, it's a lump of this and a little of that and a pinch of the other," and so on. The experienced cook may have some idea what that means, but it's all very mysterious to the novice. Those cooks seemed to know just what and how much it required by the looks or instinct or some other art in which present-day cooks are sadly lacking. There are natural born cooks just as there are poets, but less favored ones must see many a savory dish go down to oblivion owing to a deficiency in the knack of knowing just *how* to make it.



IT is very hard for the ambitious woman with little children to see her neighbor raising chickens, working in the garden and doing many things she feels that she cannot do, however much she wants to. With three or four little ones, and they are usually all babies at once, the average woman has as much as she can well do in looking after household affairs. As a rule she is laundress, seamstress, cook, nurse, wife, mother and general manager, without mentioning unexpected odds and ends incidental to all housekeeping. If she is strong, she can do all this well and possibly carry on extra work to aid the family income, but if at nightfall she has not the energy to care whether another day dawns, or not, or is as one woman expressed it, "too tired to rest," it is time to let some things go undone. In the stress of our times we are tempted to try to keep up outside appearances to the detriment of more important duties. We sweep and dust and cook a great deal more than necessary and let the children gather manners and morals at random, when our first care should be to look after that which is eternal and let the things that perish have second place. We strain every muscle to have our surroundings just as neat and tidy as our abler sister when we really ought to be gathering up the tattered nerve ends by a breath of fresh air and sunshine, else before we are aware they are striking our best loved ones.



NATURE rebels sometimes. She will not endure

abuse forever and every woman must plan her work as a law unto herself regardless of her neighbors. Let her be just as nice and orderly as she can afford to be, but she must learn to distinguish between the things she wants to do and the things she must do and sometimes it is a long tedious lesson; but when she once learns to leave the unimportant details without worry and contentedly does well that which she is able to do, she is on the way to a successful happy life; for when overworked one cannot be to the inmates of her home what she should be, for home-making means a great deal more than menial drudgery.



By care and forethought a great deal of life's burden may be left by the wayside. May our vision be quickened to discern life's true aim.



It is what we are more than what we do that will count for or against us in the last day.

*Ladoga, Ind.*



#### GIVING GOOD CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

I WONDER how many are planning to give "good" gifts this year? Gifts that are what good originally meant,—suitable. Every year it seems as if the Christmas spirit gets farther away and instead of measuring our presents by the love that prompted them, we measure by the dollars and cents spent on them.

Every year the shops are more filled with useless trifles that no sane person would buy for themselves, but which they will buy to give someone "who'll give me something and I'll have to get her something and this will do as well as anything," regardless of whether the recipient-to-be would like that article or not.

At no other time—unless when buying a wedding present—should the Golden Rule be applied more carefully. If everything was bought as if for one's self, the probabilities are that the stores would carry over the greater share of the so-called holiday goods.

It isn't a question of the amount of money spent. Some of the most unsuitable presents given have been expensive. But it does mean a matter of thinking carefully what the persons you are giving to would like best, that you can afford to give. Put yourself in their place. That is, after all, the secret of giving appropriate gifts. To understand, sympathize fully with the life of the one to whom we give. If we looked into people's hearts more at Christmas time and less into the shop windows our gifts might be much more appropriate things than they generally are. No matter how simple the gift: if it is appropriate, and if it answers a heart's need, that is enough.

If possible give the children pretty things that they wouldn't have to have anyway. Don't give them

a pair of shoes and expect them to feel extremely "Christmas-sy." But don't go to the other extreme and buy the cheap mechanical toy. Better buy a box of blocks, or if it is for an older child a little hammer and saw. Give them things that they can construct with and use their imaginations.

Above all don't think of all this extra Christmas work as a burden. Remember if there are many on your list that you would like to send little gifts to, how much these other lives mean to you through the year, and how bare your life would be without the friendship and love that the list stands for and to send every gift with good will; that is the essence of Christmas time.—*Adapted from Prairie Farmer.*



#### HOW TO SAVE COAL.

EVERY stove and every chimney has a way of its own, and one must know all about those "ways" first, writes Isabella H. Nordick in *Good Housekeeping*. I never put a poker in the top of the fire, but do all my clearing from the bottom. In the evening, if the furnace fire is poor (ours is a hot air furnace), we put on a little coal, turn on all the drafts, and when the coal is half burned, poke ashes and cinders out from the bottom grate, thus giving it plenty of air, and then we put on first a layer of stove coal, packing it down solid, and top off with a layer of nut coal to fill in the hollows. Over all we put on a thin layer of cinders or ashes, and when the little blue flames leap merrily through these we know it is time to shut off the main drafts, a little later closing them all for the night. You have then a good, clear, solidly packed fire, well banked, which will last and give warmth all night. In the morning it may look dead, but when all the drafts are turned on, in five or ten minutes the furnace is ready for another good feed of black diamonds. Of course, during the day we do not bank the fire. It is only in very, very cold weather that we find it necessary to attend to the fire in the middle of the day; generally mornings and evenings suffice. My range fire I treat about the same. It is a mistake to use large (egg) coal, though dealers often urge its use, for it requires a lot of draft to keep it alive, and more than half the heat is thus lost up the chimney. Use stove coal, with a fine top dressing, and pack even and solid—that is the most economical method. I use much less coal in preparation than do some of my friends.



#### HYGIENIC CRUST FOR PUMPKIN PIES.

Now is the season for pumpkin pies. The common manner of making the crust is objectionable. A delicious and hygienic crust can be made by sprinkling corn meal thickly on the warm pans, oiled or greased with butter or suet. Fill pans with the prepared pump-



kin, and bake as usual. This is so simple and labor saving, as well as so healthful. Our fine crop of pumpkins gives us many such treats these days.—*Mrs. L. Sherman.*



### TAFFY.

ALICE HELM.

THREE cupfuls of granulated sugar, two-thirds cupful of water and one-third teaspoonful cream of tartar. Boil all together without stirring; when half done add a teaspoonful of butter. When it will string when tried in cold water it is done, and must then be poured into a buttered plate to cool. Be careful not to cook too much. Pull until smooth and white. While pulling flavor with peppermint or vanilla. Pull in lengths and cut with shears.



### SELECTED CHRISTMAS GOODIES.

NUT CRISP.—Chop your nut meats, and for each cupful of these have one cupful of granulated sugar; put the chopped nuts where you can reach them from the stove where you cook the sugar, and have a buttered pan at hand. Put the sugar in the skillet, and put nothing with it, save a spoon for stirring; stir and watch closely until it is melted into a pale yellow liquid, then instantly pour in the nuts and take off the stove, pouring at once into the buttered pan. Try a little at first, as the whole process must be very rapid. This makes a delicious confection, if prepared right. A hodge-podge of nuts and fruit is nice in this candy.



CREAM WALNUTS.—One pound of white sugar, one-half teacupful of water; put on the range and boil until it threads—that is, until it falls from the spoon in threads—flavor well with vanilla, remove from the fire and stir until white and creamy. When cool enough to handle, roll into balls, press walnut halves into the sides, and drop into granulated sugar, shaking violently for a second or two.



CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One-half pound of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of light brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, and a piece of butter as big as a small apple. Cook for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into a pan and cut into squares.



COLLEGE GIRLS' FUDGE.—Four ounces of chocolate, lump of butter size of an egg, two heaping cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of sweet milk; mix and boil ten minutes. Take from fire and stir until it begins to harden. Add vanilla and chopped nuts. Turn into buttered tins and cool.

## Read this to the Little Ones

### HOW BETTIE HELPED.

"THE ground was all covered with snow one day, when two little sisters were busy at play." Yes, that is just it, we are busy at play when we should be busy at work, making the 'sweeties' for Christmas as mother asked us to do. "Now, Bettie, what have you decided to make? I intend to make creamed peppermints; all our aunts and grandma like them, for I have asked each one and they all said 'peppermints,' I suppose they know how nicely I can make them." And the satisfied but still very painstaking child, Janet, turned from the snowy prospect without, to her sister Elizabeth, fondly called "Bettie" by all who knew the dear, little maid.

"You have chosen such an easy one, but mine is going to be simply delicious." Here Bettie closed her eyes and twisted her mouth as if she were already tasting something particularly toothsome. At this remark, Harold, the younger brother became interested and put down "Jack Harkaway's Adventures, Afloat and Ashore." "Well, what is it, Bettie?" he asked. They were great friends, this brother and sister.

"It is called 'Turkish Delight,' and Bettie looked as if all the secrets of the Sultan's household were an open book to her.

"Where did you learn to make it?"

"Oh, it will be some fussy mess!" exclaimed her listeners.

"Wait and see," said the little girl.

Not without reason was little Bettie thus criticised, for many a nice dish of candy had she ruined ere this; because she undertook recipes too difficult for her, and was too eager and impetuous to give proper care and attention to them.

"I am going to make popcorn balls," said Harold.

"Why, Harold, you are not going to make anything, just Bettie and Lucy and I are going to make these candies for mother. She likes them so much better than bought candies," expostulated Janet, who as elder sister found it incumbent on herself to keep Harold in order and to restrain Bettie when her ways became too prankish to be endured.

Harold persisted, however, and said: "I am going to make something sensible, something you can munch on when you are reading. Everybody likes popcorn and it is just the thing for Christmas." Certainly, there was no gainsaying this.

"Let him make them, Janet, and you will go and tell Lucy to come over and bring all her stuff with her, for we are going to make candy this morning for Christmas, won't you?"

This pleased Janet for Lucy was her dearest friend; so an immediate adjournment was made to the kitchen, where a wild clatter of spoons and pans nearly overpowered a wilder confusion of talking and reading aloud directions. Mother looked in, but after sacrificing her best pans and skillets to their entreaties and adjuring them to be very careful and not burn themselves, she fled to quieter regions upstairs.

Let us look over quiet Lucy's shoulder and see what she is reading. This it is:

*To make chocolate almonds:* Blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them and let them stand a few moments; then turn the hot water off and throw cold water over them. The skin may then be easily rubbed off. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put them in a small dish, and stand this dish over the fire in a pan of boiling water. When the chocolate is melted put a blanched nut meat on the point of a hat pin and dip it into the melted chocolate; then lay it on oiled paper to cool.

Lucy began methodically to pour the boiling water over the almonds, when, sad to relate, Harold juggled her with the long handle of the corn popper, and the hot water ran over the end of her little finger! Her shriek of pain startled them all and after her finger was wrapped up in cold water and soda, they became quieter and things went along smoothly and more sensibly.

Janet's candy was really so simple that she had time to attend to it and to the rest also; just a pint of granulated sugar in a porcelain kettle, wet with one gill of water. When the sugar had come to boiling point, she let it cook ten minutes and then added the extract of peppermint to her taste; of course everyone tasted, but the mints were not ruined by the advice to put "lots more peppermint in," because Janet wisely took one up for her mother's decision and abided thereby.

She was well pleased when she saw the white drops, rapidly cooling and flattening out on the oiled paper.

She at once offered to make the molasses candy for Harold, who very hot and rather tired, gladly accepted this kindness as he had not the slightest idea where the molasses, sugar, and other things were, let alone the recipe. But he could pop corn to anybody's taste, as the large pan, full of snowy white kernels testified.

Another visit to mother, and Janet boiled together one quart of good molasses and a cup of sugar, adding butter size of an egg. When, after repeated visits to the watertap, she found it was hardening, she stirred in a scant teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water. Of course it bubbled up, but it was poured over the popcorn still protesting.

Now came the enjoyable moment—even Bettie for-

got her delicious confection, and Lucy suspended her operation of stabbing almonds with a hat pin to watch the balls emerge, some rotund and proper, others "flattened at the poles." At last they were finished, and relegated to the same position of honor on the dining table that the "losenges" occupied.

And how was the girlie getting along who knew all about the Delight of the Turks?

She was rather troubled to find that the ounce of gelatine had to soak in a cup of water for at least half an hour, but forgot all about that in her anxiety to fill a cup with the meats from walnuts and butter-nuts. It was very slow work, but at last the cup was, well, not overflowing but reasonably full. Very carefully she weighed one pound of granulated sugar and put it in one of her mother's best granite pans with half a cup of cold water.

Her spirits rose when she saw how nicely the sugar was commencing to boil. Oh, Bettie, you have been so much in earnest hitherto. Do not look around. Never mind the popcorn balls; but she did.

Alack! What a smoke and a smudge! And nearly all the sugar had boiled over and out of the pan. All flew to help and comfort her. Janet scraped out the residuum of the disgraced sugar and washed the pan. Harold grated the rind off an orange, and Lucy squeezed the juice of a lemon and also of the orange that Harold had polished off.

Soon all was in readiness again and three pairs of eyes saw that nothing distracted the little cook again, as she carefully measured and put the sugar and water together. As soon as it reached the boiling point, the gelatine, nicely soaked by this time, was added and it boiled steadily and demurely for twenty minutes: then the juice and grated rind of the orange and the juice of the lemon were added and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Lastly the nuts.

Having wet a pan with cold water, a proud little cook, all smiles and sunshine now, poured the sweetie into it to the depth of an inch and put it out of doors to harden.

"Now, while that is getting hard, let us clear away our muss," said Janet.

Presto! such a running to the sink, such a polishing of pans, such recitals of fears and emotions at possible disasters. At last, the "delight" was brought in and found just right to cut into inch squares. Then it was covered with confectioner's sugar, and arranged along with the rest. While Bettie was finishing hers, Lucy was industriously dipping every one of her chocolate almonds into the chocolate bath again, so they were doubly sweet. It certainly made a goodly show and so mother said when she came and pronounced upon their work.—*Frances E. Drake, in Vick's Magazine.*





# THE RURAL LIFE

## ROOM FOR THE OLD HORSE YET.

Though the trolley goes buzzing along the highway  
And under the blossoming trees,  
And past the broad fields where the scent of the hay  
Floats lazily out on the breeze;  
Though it fills the red steed with suspicion and gear,  
And causes the goslings to fret,  
And zips up and down through the once quiet town,  
There is room for the old horse yet.

Though the automobile whizzes over the scene  
That once was so peaceful and still,  
Leaving dust in its wake and the scent of benzine,  
As it disappears over the hill;  
Though its zips and its jolts give alarm to the colts,  
Let us not for a moment forget  
That, in spite of man's need of excitement and speed,  
There is room for the old horse yet.

A thousand inventors are busy to-day  
Building ships to be sailed in the air;  
By to-morrow the eagle may flutter away  
From the gay people soaring up there;  
The chicken may squawk, seeing men as they flock,  
As high as the birds ever get,  
But in spite of the things we may do without wings,  
There is room for the old horse yet.

Though the lightning express, with its rush and its roar,  
Remains but a moment in sight;  
Though the trip that took months in the wagons of yore  
Is easily made in a night;  
Though the engine's wild-toot causes heifers to scoot,  
And the country lies under a net  
Made by long rows of steel for the steam-driven wheel,  
There is room for the old horse yet.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



## GRAFTING.

ROB'T. E. ERICSEN.



RAFTING has been practiced from ancient times. Paul mentions it in his epistle to the Romans as though it were then a common art.

The object of grafting is to propagate fine varieties of fruits not reproduced from seed, and is a more sure and rapid method than by layers or cuttings; to turn to account the vigor of root and stem when the branches are exhausted or otherwise unproductive; or to give a delicate variety a hardy root and thus render it better able to resist an adverse climate. Large crops are

often obtained by this means sooner than by any other means.

The hard wood in a graft never unites. A graft may be cut open and the wood will still show the junction.



Cleft



Splice



Tongue



Saddle

The stock is cut off straight and split by means of a thin chisel or knife.

The grafts, cut in the shape of a wedge, are inserted, one on either side, using care to have the outer edges of the bark adjacent. This method is the one commonly used to restock large trees, or to introduce new varieties.

For splice, tongue, or saddle grafts the stock and scion should be of about the same thickness.

In *splice grafting* the parts are cut obliquely and the parts bound together.

For tongue grafts, cut as above, then cut a slit in the center of stock downward and one in the scion upward, forming a tongue. Insert the tongue in the

The main points to observe are to have the alburnum of the stem to be grafted (called the stock) joined to that of the scion (the twig inserted), and to exclude air.

The scions are usually pieces of the previous summer's wood cut six or eight inches long and with several buds, though two-year-old twigs may be used successfully.

Cut the scions from a healthy and fruitful tree. The lateral branches are said to be more likely to become speedily fruitful than the uppermost and rapidly-growing twigs.

Grafting may be done in winter and the plants packed in sand and stored in a cellar till spring.

If growing trees are to be grafted, do the work as soon as the sap begins to appear. The scions may be cut a few days before using and kept in damp sand in order that the stock may make a more vigorous growth. The ends should be freshly cut before using.

Some of the commoner methods are as follows:

*Cleft grafting* is used when the stock is considerably larger than the scion.

slit. For my use I have found this method the most successful.

The *saddle graft* is made by cutting the stock wedge-shaped and the scion to fit over it.

Whatever method is used, be sure to bind firmly and exclude air by means of grafting wax. After a union has been effected the string may be cut and left for the elements to remove.

Recipe for grafting wax:

1 part beeswax,  
2 parts resin,  
4 parts tallow.  
Melt all together.

Grafting to be successful must be performed with wood of the same species. The greater the difference the less probability of a union, and the greater chance for subsequent death. Apples do best when grafted on apples or pears, but though willow is sometimes used as a nurse root, oak is seldom used successfully.

Grafting is not usually practiced on trees whose bark grows in rings, as the plum. Such trees are budded, which operation is performed in summer, when the bark is easily separated from the wood.

*Illinois.*



#### COMBATING BROWN-TAIL MOTH.

In the east, and particularly portions of New England, owners of vegetation are having a vast amount of trouble with the brown-tail moth. The insect was introduced from Europe many years ago, and has gradually increased until to-day it is more or less successfully contending against the interests of the state to such an extent that legislation has been enacted to fight the pest.

The adult moths are pure white with the exception of the brown tail. The eggs are laid in July in masses of about three hundred. The masses are brown and covered with hair, and vary from two-thirds to an inch in length and about one-quarter inch in width.

The full-grown larvæ are about two inches long. They are reddish-brown in color, broken with white. Head is pale brown with darker mottlings.

The full-grown larva spins a grayish cocoon at or near the tips of branches. They are also spun under fences and beneath edges of clapboards. Winter webs are spun in September, averaging five or six inches in length and containing around two hundred caterpillars. The remedies as described by Howard are as follows:

The most obvious means of controlling the brown-tail moth, and the easiest one, is the collection and destruction of the winter nests after the leaves have fallen. These webs are conspicuous from October to April. Many of them are within reach, and as each contains two hundred caterpillars or more, each one capable of destroying a number of buds

in the spring, the value of this work is at once evident. The webs should be removed before the first part of April.

In Massachusetts, on the larger trees, are used ladders and climbing irons, and some men make a business of destroying these nests upon private estates. The twigs carrying the nests are clipped off with one of the ordinary tree pruners and the collected nests are burned.

After the leaves come out in the spring the nests remaining on the trees will be empty, and it is no longer worth while to make an effort to collect them. Practically the only remedy after this date is spraying with an arsenical mixture. When they are young the larvæ may be effectively destroyed by spraying with arsenate of lead. They may also be destroyed by a Paris-green spray, in the proportion of one pound to one hundred or even one hundred and fifty gallons of water. A stronger mixture will burn the foliage. Arsenate of lead, however, may be applied much stronger, and this substance should be used when the caterpillars are larger. Mr. Sanderson, as the result of an experiment in New Hampshire, recommends five pounds of arsenate of lead to a barrel of water when the caterpillars are large.

Organized efforts have been made in many villages and towns, under the auspices of local associations, to secure the collection and destruction of the nests in the winter. In some cases the services of school children and others have been enlisted by the payment of a small bounty, and very many thousands of nests have been collected and destroyed in this way.—*Prairie Farmer.*



#### NATIONAL FOREST RESERVES.

EXCLUDING the two reserves in Alaska, which cover nearly 5,000,000 acres, there are now in the United States fifty-one forest reserves, with a combined area of 57,833,974 acres. These reserves are divided among thirteen States and Territories of the West. If they redeem arid land only to the extent of their own areas, it would mean 373,337 new farms of 160 acres each, for water is the West's greatest need, and it is now recognized that water conservation is to be the most important service rendered by the reserves. What this would mean in the way of increased agricultural wealth it is easy to see.

The people of the United States, as a whole, have little idea of the enormous magnitude of the interests affected by the government's forest reserve policy. Timber supply, important as this is, is a relatively small part of the whole purpose. The reclamation of millions of acres of arid land, a sustained or heightened fertility for other millions of acres of farm lands, and, finally, the safeguarding for the future of pasturage for millions of head of sheep and cattle, are



already certain results of that policy. It contemplates furnishing the present and thousands of prospective settlers wood, water, tillable lands, and prosperous homes. Roundly stated, the purpose is to give these forest reserves their highest utility to all who use them now or will use them hereafter.

This is clearly a work of stupendous proportions. Irrigation, which will prove the salvation of millions of acres of these lands, cannot realize its largest possibilities unless the watersheds of the West are under conservative forest management. Great damage has been done there by overgrazing, reckless lumbering, and, most of all, by fires. Reserves were established to stop this damage and to give the forests their greatest usefulness by conserving the water supply without shutting off the supply of timber. On account of the expense and natural conditions involved, there is a limit to the size of impounding reservoirs, hence the necessity for preventing their overflow by floods, and for making their supply regular, that all the water possible may be saved for use. Forests are the chief agency in this work, and to maintain them is absolutely essential to the reclamation of the arid West.

This use of a forest, however, is not at all inconsistent with its use for many purposes. Lumbering, when rightly done, is an advantage, not a detriment. Grazing, when regulated, does not injure the forest, and prospecting, locating, and developing mines are not interfered with by reserve restrictions. Thus the government, in establishing reserves, in no sense withdraws the forests from use. On the contrary, while all their present uses are continued, their greatest power for good is kept from injury and increased in value by the wise and careful protection afforded by reserve management. Only under such management can these forests most effectively aid irrigation in reclaiming thousands of square miles of waste lands, and in building homes over vast areas hitherto regarded as impossible of settlement.

The Bureau of Forestry has had during the past summer fifteen agents in the field investigating actual and proposed forest reserves. If they discover that agricultural lands, or lands more valuable for other purposes, have been included in reserves, they will recommend their immediate exclusion. If they find land which will be more useful when reserved than when not reserved, they will recommend that it be added to an adjacent reserve or form a new one.

Often the hardest task of the bureau agents is in reconciling conflicting local interests. Sheep and cattle men may be disputing over the same grazing grounds, or each class may be at war over individual grazing rights. Again, owners of farms or of water-power plants may object to any grazing in the forests, lest the water supply be injured. In all such cases the bureau experts must examine and report on every

phase of the question, that, so far as possible, absolute justice may be done to all interests. In perfecting present boundaries and increasing reserve areas temporary local injury to some interest is sometimes inevitable. This is most unfortunate, but these occasional injuries cannot weigh against the importance of the general purpose of forest reserve establishment.

In all of this work one large fact is to be recognized. It is that in the execution of the policy of reserving from private acquisition such parts of the public domain as are suited to forest growth and most useful under permanent forests, a far-reaching and beneficent policy is being carried out. Under it the government is acting to secure perpetually in the interests of the whole people vast wealth-producing resources which otherwise, under the stimulus of immediate private profits from lumbering, grazing, and the like, would in no long time be lost forever.—*The Religious Telescope* (1904).



#### PROFITS IN TREES.

THE idea that because trees do not grow and ripen as fast as other crops, forestry in the woodlot will benefit future generations only, is all a mistake, says *Farming for March*. Most forest trees reach commercial size well within an ordinary lifetime, many in a much shorter period.

Did it ever occur to you that this country offers today few investments which equal in safety and in net returns the thrifty-growing tree of a commercially valuable kind? Don't fall into the way of thinking that the only interest which a tree yields is its annual growth. That in itself shows a fair return. But your trees are not only increasing in size; they are also increasing rapidly in value.

A few days' work in the woodlot each year will yield more money for the same effort than any other work on the farm.



#### A PLEA FOR THE APPLE.

THIS efficacious fruit, so plentiful and cheap at this time of the year, is not prized half so much as it should be. It has not been recognized yet as a valuable medicinal food. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than has any other fruit known. It excites the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. Also, it agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, and helps the kidney secretions. It obviates all possibility of indigestion, and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Like the lemon and the orange, the apple is an invaluable antidote for the craving of those who are addicted to the alcoholic habit.

Eat as many apples as possible. Eat them at night,

just before going to bed. Store a barrel in your cellar, and you will be the gainer in good sound sleep and in general health.—*Physical Culture*.



#### GERMAN TOY-MAKING.

IN an article entitled "Where the Toys Come From," in the Christmas *Everybody's*, Vance Thompson tells of a universal occupation in Germany. "Once a week," he writes, "the wagons go round through the Thuringian forest and collect all the toys that have been made in the wooden cottages, and take them to the city. In Sonneberg itself there are great toy factories. There they make the heads for dolls, using porcelain or papier maché or some other composition; for wax dolls are not made any more in the German world. There, too, the leather dolls are made, and all those trinkets of glass and gilt that are hung on Christmas trees, and the woolly dogs and sheep. Thirty thousand grown-ups are employed in this pleasant trade in the Thüringer Wald alone, and two-thirds of them work in their own homes. And lest the art should be lost, a paternal German government has established a toy school at Grünhainichen, where the pupils are taught—not such negligible things as reading and writing—but the best way to make toys.

"The Troedel Market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low-eaved house with a little darkling doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal—who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys. Round all the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabers; and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel Market not even the rusty old man could tell you—mighty armies of pewter and tin. Hundreds of regiments, of battalions, of divisions are drawn up on the shelves, waiting for the day when they shall be sent out into battle. And with a kind of pride the rusty old man says: 'They are Edifying Soldiers.'

"That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or a campaign—the war of Troy, the campaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Cœur de Lion, the war of Thirty Years, the siege of Orleans, the victories of Napoleon, the battles of 1870, and (the one I liked best) that desperate battle in which a tiny tin hero with gleaming teeth rough-rode it up San Juan Hill. In a word, the Edifying Soldiers teach history, geography, strategy.

"A little of every age of civilization is in its toys. The future historian will have no difficulty in reconstructing our age if he finds merely a few toys in

dusty garrets or museums. Do you know what the little children in the early days of the persecuted Christians played with? I have always thought it at once pathetic and horrible; they played with little toy instruments of martyrdom. So to-day childhood plays with the things of science. What went oversea this year from Paris and Nuremberg were toys of wireless telegraphy, electrostatic machines, electric tramways, automobiles driven by alcohol or electricity, electric torpedo-boats that plunge and come to the surface again, cinematographs, for the magic lantern is declassified, and chromatropes, that present colored moving pictures; these scientific fancies of the moment and a dozen others. I looked at them one and all and amazement grew upon me. What kind of a little boy is he who will play with these somber and intricate toys? And I pictured him as a dreary and learned little man, buttoned up in a black blouse, one finger lifted to his enormous forehead and his eyes wrinkled with uncanny thought.

"And then I remembered that even the little twentieth-century boy is one of the Wise People; in his untiring wisdom he knows that toys—even Ruhmkorff coils and Geissler luminous tubes and voltmeters—are best when broken, and I foresaw for him splendid moments, inquiring, destructive."



#### REAL EDUCATION.

IN our factories, our stores, our shops, the fundamental lessons of society are taught. Too many people miss the symbolism of this world of ours, that all a man does with his hand reacts upon his spirit, that day after day and day after day he is either learning or refusing to learn the greatest lessons in life. When the factory bells ring out they summon men and women to learn the lessons of truth, honesty, honor, steadfastness, without which society could not endure. Better a thousand times the education which makes the hand respond to the brain and the brain to education than that education which is but touching with curious hands upon the surface of things and never penetrates to the deeper truths. Remember that education is only a method of learning.—*Hamilton Wright Mable*.

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#### WANT AND EXCHANGE

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

---

WANTED, a matron for McPherson College. Please write at once. McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Egotist and His Picture.

An egotist sat down one day  
To look the family album through;  
The dust of years upon it lay,  
The clasp with verdigris was blue.

Aunt Hattie's picture made him smile,  
He laughed at dear old Uncle John  
And marveled at the funny style  
Of all the clothing he had on.

At Cousin Grace's photograph  
He looked awhile and turned his head  
Endeavoring to choke a laugh—  
For she, so gladsome once, was dead.

How awkwardly she seemed to stand,  
The happy bride of long ago;  
On Reuben's shoulder lay her hand,  
He had his oiled hair parted low.

At last the egotist espied  
The picture of a boy who gazed  
At something far away, squint-eyed  
And seemingly a little dazed.

His ears hung out like wings, his hair  
Was plastered down across his brow;  
His clothes—alas, what boy would dare  
To venture out in such things now?

The egotist gazed for awhile  
Upon the homely boy, then o'er  
His features broke a sickly smile—  
He was an egotist no more.

—S. E. Kiser.

The irony of fate is exhibited in the case of a certain professor who, having acquired proficiency in ten different languages, went and married a lady who never allowed him to get a word in edgeways.

A young man from the country who was courting a city-bred damsel proposed to her by letter. He added a P. S.: "Please let me have your answer by return post, as I have somebody else in my eye."

A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, and some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile, she said, "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied, "I guess you smell these apple-parings on the plate." "No, no," said she: "'tain't them I smell. I smell whole apples."

### Items of Interest.

It has been figured out that the British Empire is sixteen times larger than all the French dominions, and forty times greater than the German Empire.

The Great Wall of China is the largest artificial structure in the world. It is 1,500 miles in length, and varies in height from 40 feet to 50 feet. It was built over 2,000 years ago.

The right of wearing a red hat was given to Cardinals by Pope Innocent IV., in the first Council of Lyons, 1245. The color of the hat is to signify that the wearers are always ready to shed their blood in defense of the church.

Egg gatherers of the Scottish island of St. Kilda prize

ropes of human hair. Ropes vary in length, some being forty to fifty feet long. Such a rope is a bride's dower. To manufacture it is the work of years, but the St. Kildan girl saves her hair combings religiously. A curiosity collector who visited the island a short time ago wished to buy a fine specimen of hair rope, but the \$100 offered was refused.

Growing of grapes in graperies furnishes an important source of revenue in some countries, notably in Belgium and the Channel Island, where large quantities are annually grown and exported. The United States is a good customer for them, as high as thirty-five cents to seventy-five cents a pound wholesale being paid for the fruit. Grape growing in pots is much practiced in parts of Europe, and especially in France, where the vines are largely used for decorative purposes on festive occasions.

❖

"If good advice were meat and clothing what a happy old world this would be."

❖

"There is a vast difference between money that is the master and money that is the servant."

❖

A firm of tailors in the north of England has compared the measurements for clothing made two generations ago with those of to-day, the results going to show that chest and hip measurements are now three inches on the average more than they were sixty years ago.

### The Song of the Pavement.

They took a little gravel,  
And they took a little tar,  
With various ingredients  
Imported from afar.  
They hammered it and rolled it,  
And when they went away  
They said they had a pavement  
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it  
To lay a water main;  
And then they called the workmen  
To put it back again.  
To run a railway cable  
They took it up some more;  
And then they put it back again  
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits  
To run the telephone,  
And then they put it back again  
As hard as any stone.  
They took it up for wires  
To feed the electric light,  
And then they put it back again,  
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;  
There are patches everywhere;  
You'd like to ride upon it,  
But it's seldom that you dare.  
It's a very handsome pavement,  
A credit to the town;  
They're always diggin' of it up  
Or puttin' of it down.

D. T. L. in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Neff's Corner

The carpenters in Lake Arthur are all so busy that I took saw and hammer and went at the house on that \$250.00 property and am doing considerable of the work myself, and already before it is ready to occupy there have been several inquiries for houses to rent. A brother in Indiana sent me a check with which to buy him a lot in Lake Arthur, and on investigation I found that only three lots remained unsold in one part of the town that I considered especially desirable, so I bought one for the brother and made a small payment to hold the other two. Next mail brought a check from a brother in Canada for one of the \$250 properties, and so I will have a house erected for him on one of these lots, and in reply to an inquiry from a friend in Illinois I have offered him the third, which I am expecting him to buy at once and build on soon. Now if a few more of you decide to invest a little here, I think I can find you some good lots in another part of town, and with several more houses built, Lake Arthur will be a little better prepared to take care of her new settlers as they come in, and your \$250.00 investments will be bringing you an income of from \$60.00 to \$84.00 per year. If interested address

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We have cut out practically all agents' commission on books and Bibles and are going to sell direct to the reader at first cost, plus a small per cent of profit for handling the business.

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We are sure we can save you money. Get our catalog and prove it for yourself.

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and address on a post card, along with several of your neighbors and friends who would appreciate a copy of this catalog and it will be

## MAILED FREE

as soon as it out. Send now to

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

## HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

### OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000.—We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors, black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

### THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003.—For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

### AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes Nos. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood will cost you \$1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The Best quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
Dept. 21. Chicago, Ill.

## VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicines that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIE COMPANY,  
Frederick, Maryland.

## Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncy A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend \$9.00 or \$10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## Sunday Half Hours With Great Preachers

By M. Laird Simons.

How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Simons has selected the fifty-two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 846 large pages. Publisher's price, \$2.00; our price, bound in elegant cloth, beautifully stamped, \$1.35.

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## SONG PRAISES

For Sunday Schools and Christian Workers' Meetings

EDITED BY

PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER

Author of Gospel Songs and Hymns No. 1 and Brethren Hymnal.

This new volume embrace selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

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Per dozen, prepaid, .....\$2.50  
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Published in round and shaped notes. Shaped notes sent unless otherwise specified in order. Address,

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# His Last Week

The story of the Passion and resurrection of Jesus in the words of the four Gospels.

## OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

for the remainder of this year with one exception are all taken from

## JESUS' LAST WEEK.

In view of this fact, nothing would be more interesting just now than to have all the transactions of that week as given in the four Gospels brought chronologically together. That is just what you have in "His Life." Size, 4 by 6 inches, 64 pages. Price in paper cover, 7 cents prepaid. Ten or more to one address, 6 cents each.

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BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Illinois.

## A Plain View of the Rites and Ordinances of the House of God

By ALEXANDER MACK.

This work is arranged in the form of a conversation between father and son, and vital questions concerning the faith and practice of the early church of the Brethren are ably defended.

Besides this, many ground-searching questions are answered by the author. This book contains 89 pages. Paper bound.

Regular price, .....25 cents  
Now, prepaid, .....10 cents

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Elgin, Illinois.

## MILLER AND SOMMER DEBATE

This most interesting and able discussion between Robert H. Miller, of the Brethren church, and Daniel Sommer, of the Christian church, which was placed in book form some years ago, has been read with profit by many.

We have just a few copies left and are offering them at a very low price. The book contains 533 pages, is well bound in cloth and formerly sold at \$1.50. We will now furnish them so long as they last for only....38 cents.

Postage, 17 cents.

Send your order now, to

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Elgin, Illinois.

# Low Holiday Rates

Greatly reduced rates will be made during the Holidays to all points on and many points off the line of the

## Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

Tickets will be on sale December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30 and 31, 1906, and January 1, 1907.

Tickets will be limited for return to January 7, 1907. Half of excursion rates for children of half fare age. For further information see nearest ticket agent of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, or write

F. A. MILLER

General Passenger Agent  
CHICAGO

# San Francisco Destroyed

## An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st. or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d. it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, I e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

### 55 PICTURES.

This souvenir album contains 55 pictures (among which is a double page panorama of the destroyed city and a double page panorama of the city as it has been).

At the bottom of each picture a brief description is given. The album contains 48 pages, with a neat cover. Size, 7½x10½ inches.

### ONLY 40 CENTS.

Knowing that there would be a great demand for an album of such valuable pictures we have arranged with the publishers for a large number of these books and thereby secured a very low rate. That is the reason we are able to offer this album to you at this price.

### ORDER ONE NOW.

Order a copy for yourself now and show it to your neighbors and it will mean many sales for us.

Regular price, .....50 cents  
Our price, .....40 cents  
Postage extra, .....5 cents

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

# The Brethren Colonies

## IN WESTERN CANADA

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### Are Prosperous and Happy

The soil there is rich. Good water and lots of it easily obtainable. Fuel and building material cheap. Your neighbors are those of like faith and practice.



Harvest Scene in Western Canada.

Why not avail yourself of this, your last chance, to get GOOD LAND CHEAP? Wheat yields of forty bushels per acre are common. Oats has yielded one hundred and forty bushels per acre.

Prices of our lands range from \$9.00 to \$15.00 per acre, on easy terms.

For particulars and about cheap rates address

**The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,**

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Those in Ohio and Indiana address

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# I CAN CURE YOUR CATARRH

## I WILL PROVE IT FREE!

Do not neglect Catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications. Death, ruin and destruction follow neglected Catarrh.



### I Can Cure Your Catarrh

Because I KNOW What My New and Wonderful Discovery Has Already Done for Hundreds —Will Do For YOU —I will Cheerfully and Willingly Send a Full Treatment to You, Prepaid, Absolutely FREE, for TEN DAYS TRIAL.

I OFFER what is really a GODSEND to sufferers from Catarrh — Head, Bronchial and Throat troubles.

A new and wonderful medical discovery that cures by striking at the root and cause of the disease—by

#### KILLING THE GERMS.

A CURE for YOU, no matter in what bad shape you are.

NOW I DO NOT ASK YOU to take my word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, I want you to try this treatment, entirely at my personal risk, at my expense. Just say the word, and I will send the treatment to you, without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days trial, you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the Mediator to me. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer? Your word decides it. I fully trust and believe you.

MY AFFLICTED FRIEND, do not suffer longer from this cruel Catarrh. Don't drag out a miserable existence, a curse to yourself, a nuisance to those around you. Don't let down the bars to more dangerous disease. (CONSUMPTION MOST FREQUENTLY STARTS IN CATARRH.) MY NEW TREATMENT is applied direct. No drugs to swallow; its application is a pleasure. As if by magic, it stops the hawking, spitting, sniffing and snuffing, relieves the maddening head noises, does away with the nauseating dropping of mucus into the mouth; the queer, stuffy and oppressed feeling of the head; the painful burning and smarting of the air passages. Soothes and heals the irritated membranes, and leaves the head CLEAR AS A BELL. IT IS FOLLY to take medicine into the stomach to kill the germs of Catarrh in the head.

My treatment cures Catarrh, Asthma, Head Colds, Pains and Roaring in the Head, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Headache, Partial Deafness, La Grippe and all diseases of the air passages by a patented method of dry inhalation.

The treatment is easily carried with you: may be used anywhere, at any time.

Read what grateful persons write:

"Your treatment has done me more good in three days than all others I have used in a lifetime."—J. D. S. ATKINS, Durham, N. C.

"After using your treatment one week I have got my hearing back which I thought was lost forever."—REV. ALBERT EBEL, Elgin, Ill.

"I have been using your mediator three weeks and would not take \$1,000 for it if I could not get another, I can sing again, something I have not done for two years."—MINNIE COLLINS, Hayner, Ala.

Ninety-three per cent of the people of this country are suffering from some form of catarrh.

They are acting as store-houses and distributing stations of germ life that breed diseases ranging from incipient catarrh to quick consumption. Air is the agency that brings these germs into the air passages, and it must be the agency to remove them.

### CATARRH SUFFERERS

Should realize the fact that Catarrh is a very dangerous ailment. It is the beginning of nearly all diseases of the head, throat and larynx and is the forerunner of Consumption.

First a slight cold, acute in form, being neglected becomes worse, finally chronic, and leads to still worse conditions. How important it is that every person consider this matter seriously for himself.

Catarrh is constantly on the increase. There is more to-day than five years ago. Almost all people are subject to frequent colds. They are seemingly becoming more susceptible to this influence each year. Various causes lead to this condition. I am offering you my Spray Mediator, and Liquid Spray to counteract these emergencies.

### Symptoms of Catarrh of the Head and Throat

Have you any of the following symptoms? If so you have Catarrh in some form and should immediately send for a mediator on trial free.

See special trial offer.

Do you hawk and spit up matter?

Do you have watery eyes?

Is there buzzing and roaring in your ears?

Is there a dropping in the back part of throat?

Does your nose discharge?

Does your nose feel full?

Do you sneeze a good deal?

Do crusts form in nose?

Do you have pains across front part of head?

Do you have pain across the eyes?

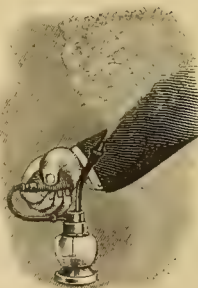
Is your breath offensive?

Is your hearing impaired?

Are you losing your sense of smell?

Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?

### MY SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER



For a short time, if you will write me a mere postal card, mentioning The Inglenook, I will mail you my new Spray Mediator with treatment of Liquid Spray with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days trial, and you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send me \$3.00, and I will mail the balance of six months treatment free. If you are not satisfied, mail me back the Mediator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage and you still have your money. Nothing could be more honorable. I will deal fairly with you as I do not want your money unless you are benefited.

Write this very day. Address:

**E. J. WORST,** 52 Main Street, ASHLAND, OHIO

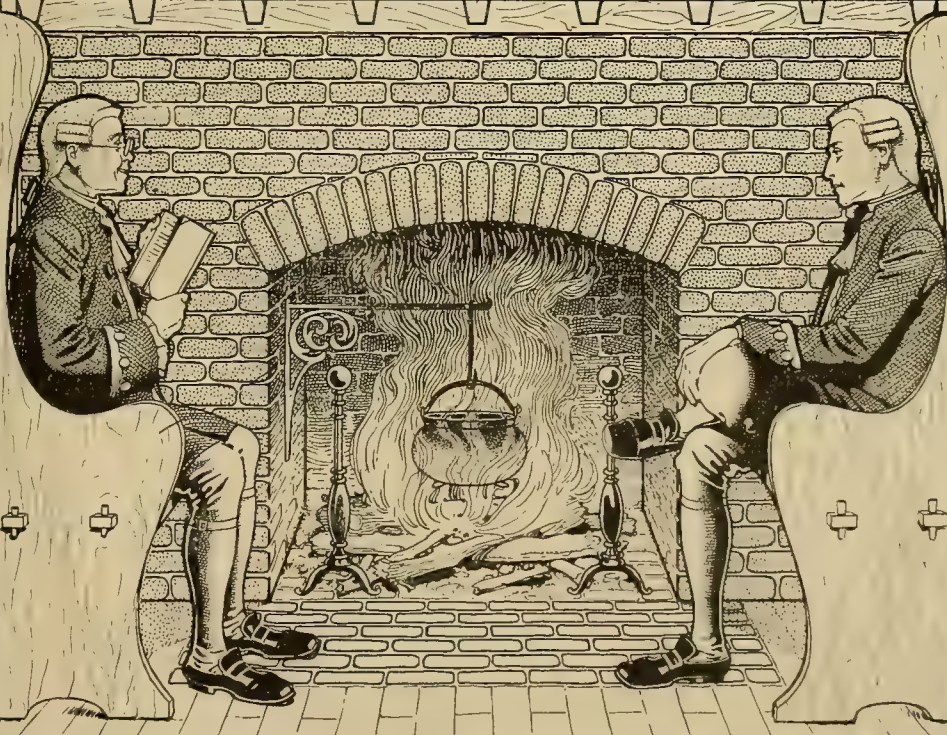
Describe your case, as I forward treatment to suit ailment.

# THE INGLENOOK

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A  
MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST PRAISING GOD,  
AND SAYING, GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON  
EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.



DEXTER & TOLLE, CHG.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

December 25, 1906

PRICE, \$1.00 PER ANNUM

No. 52. Vol. VIII



# Many New Congregations and Upbuilding of Others

Will Undoubtedly Result  
from

# Annual Meeting

in

# CALIFORNIA

---

WHEN the first Annual Meeting west of the Missouri River was held in a park owned by the UNION PACIFIC Railroad Company, in what is known as Bismark Grove, Lawrence, Kansas, in 1883, there were but sixteen congregations in Kansas, none in Oklahoma or Colorado, and but few in Nebraska.

In 1889 when the writer removed to California there were seventy-nine congregations in Kansas, several in Oklahoma and Colorado and quite a number in Nebraska and but one in California.

The Annual Meeting of 1907 will find over twenty congregations in California, and over twenty-five congregations in Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

As Elder H. C. Early, of Virginia, recently said in the *Gospel Messenger*, there is no question but what many crowded congregations in the east would be benefited by some of the Ministers, Deacons and Members moving into some new section of the country in the west and there building up a new congregation or strengthening some weak one.

Look around in your own congregation and see if there are not some who would better their conditions both temporally and spiritually by moving west and then think, is it not your duty to render them every assistance possible to accomplish the same? Do this understandingly, join one of the co-operative excursions that will be run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to the Annual Meeting, as they will pass through (either going or returning) some of the congregations in Idaho, Oregon and California and give you time to visit and see for yourself what the Brethren are doing.

S. A. Hutchison, Excursion Manager, 120 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, will give you information about these excursions or you can write Geo. L. McDonough, Colonization Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha, Nebr.

# That's Going Some

---

Butte Valley was unknown to the world practically prior to one year ago.

During the holidays of 1905 and 1906 the first Investigating Committee of the Brethren made a report on the Valley as being favorable for colonization.

The little pamphlet, "Silas Smith's Second Wife," was written shortly after that and sent to the public who as a rule read it at one sitting, without respect to age, sex or occupation; the reason for it is, that it contains a naked truth told in simple language.

A little later a second committee, mostly farmers from different sections of the country who were representative Brethren were sent to corroborate or reject the report of the former committee. This committee reported that both the pamphlet and the first committee were exceedingly conservative in their statements.

Next, the circular, "The Beautiful Butte Valley," was floated among the prospective customers telling all about the Valley.

The Brethren Annual Conference at Springfield assembled in the early part of June, at which place photographs of the Valley were shown by stereopticon after the evening services. At this time, more than four thousand acres of land were sold to representative Brethren.

On August the 14th a personally conducted excursion visited the valley and selected and purchased altogether about 5,000 acres. On October the 4th another excursion brought other purchasers. The latest excursion was October 23rd, at which time quite a number went to stay, to prepare for others en route.

The sound of the hammer is heard in the land now, and several Brethren are directing houses and other buildings pursuant to a permanent home. The development of the valley is absolutely phenomenal.

Inquiries are coming from all over the States and in some instances practically whole neighborhoods intend to move to the valley. These statements can be corroborated at the pleasure of those interested.

The Brethren hope to dedicate a church prior to the Annual Conference.

The railroad men are working as hard as they can to push the road through the valley. A town site has been selected through which the railroad will pass assuring an early market for the products of the valley.

The coal strikes do not worry the inhabitants of the valley. There is plenty of fuel to be had for the asking. It will be decades before the fuel supply will be exhausted.

**CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.,**

**504 Union Trust Building,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



## BRAWNTAWS The Victor Tonic

Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

Brawntaws restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

Brawntaws are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

Brawntaws will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

Brawntaws are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntaws are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.

## THE FARMER WHO SPRAYS

will save his fruit trees from San Jose scale. It is well worth while and not hard to do. We sell the apparatus used by State Demonstrators and give free recipes for standard mixtures. Write for price lists.

ECONOMIC LIGHTING COMPANY,  
St. Peters, Pa.  
W. G. Nyce, Secretary.



## FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c. or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

## The Lord Our Righteousness

By Elder S. N. McCann,  
Missionary in India.

This little volume contains eighteen chapters filled with food for thought. It all points to the end sought—"The Lord is Our Righteousness." It is a most excellent work and every one ought to have a copy and give it a careful and prayerful reading. Enough is said to lead any Christian to a higher and nobler life and to turn sinners to repentance.

The book contains 128 pages and is bound in cloth.

Price Reduced.

We have only a limited number of the second edition of this book which we will furnish as long as they last for only 35 cents per copy.

Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,  
Elgin, Ill.

# BONNETS AND CAP GOODS!

Fill out the coupon below, mail to us and we will at once send to you our new Catalogue No. 144, containing samples of Fall and Winter Bonnet Goods.



Style B.

We are showing a splendid line of Chenilles, Felts, Silks and Velvets this Fall. We have patterns and designs never before shown, and they are sure to please you.

## WE MAKE BONNETS TO ORDER

Catalogue No. 144 is complete in every particular. It shows six shapes of Bonnets; gives full directions as to made-to-order Bonnets; gives prices complete on all goods, and has some Special Features in other lines which you should not miss. Send for it at once.

In connection with our Bonnet Goods we carry a complete line of goods used for Prayer Covering.

We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

## We are Headquarters for These Goods.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Please send Catalogue No. 144, showing samples of bonnet and cap goods for Fall and Winter wear, to the following address:

Name.....

P. O.....

R. F. D.....

State.....

Note—Write name and address plainly.

## WEISER, IDAHO. THE BEST LANDS. LOWEST PRICES.

RICH SOIL. ABUNDANT WATER.  
NO CROP FAILURES.

REFERENCE  
First National Bank of Weiser.

## CHOICE IRRIGATED LANDS

## CLIMATE MILD & HEALTHFUL

Fines Fruits, Melons, Berries  
Grains, Alfalfa, Sugar Beets grown in any country. Weiser Valley soil cannot be beat. Rich, fertile and no alkali.

Send for descriptive price list.

Address R. C. MCKINNEY, Weiser Idaho.

## Josephus

Complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned, authentic Jewish historian and celebrated warrior. To this are added seven dissertations concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, James the Just, God's Command to Abraham, etc. This is the translation of Wm. Whiston, A. M., with an introduction by the Rev. H. Stebbing, D. D.

It is a large 8vo. book, well bound in cloth and contains 1,055 pages. The print is large and clear.

Regular price, .....\$2.00  
Our price, ..... .95  
Postage, ..... .32

Sheep Binding.

Regular price, .....\$2.50  
Our price, ..... 1.50  
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Elgin, Ill.

## The Inglenook Cook Book

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents  
Oil cloth binding, each, ....35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,  
Elgin, Illinois.



E. RINEHART, M. D.,  
Cancer Specialist.

# CANCER

## CURED WITHOUT SURGERY OR PAIN

Our latest book which we will send free of charge tells all about Cancer and all chronic and malignant diseases, and how they can be cured at home quickly and at small expense. Reference, patients cured in every State and Territory, ministers and bankers. Office, No. 50 West Walnut Street.

Address, Drs. Rinehart & Co., Lock Box 20,  
Kokomo, Indiana.



DR. J. S. FLORA,  
Ex-U. S. Examining Surgeon,  
Specialist in the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

### Scirrhus Cancer of the Breast.

Has been cured for four years and no signs of return. I had a lump the size of a walnut in my left breast for over a year which gave me a great deal of annoyance from sharp pains darting in and around the lump. Seeing that something must be done I consulted several physicians, some advising me to have it removed with the knife, To this I never could consent. While thinking the matter over I learned of Drs. Rinehart & Co. curing cancer without pain. I used three months of their treatment and can truthfully say for mankind that I am perfectly well. I suffered no pain in the least while under their treatment not even breaking the skin. Hoping this will be of some benefit to suffering ones,

Most respectfully.

Mrs. Sarah Miller,  
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

### Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,

Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,  
64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

Dec. 26, 1905.

Michael Troyer, of Twinsburg, Ohio, cured of cancer of the cheek.

Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, of Amboy, Ind., cured of cancer of both sides of the cheek and nose.

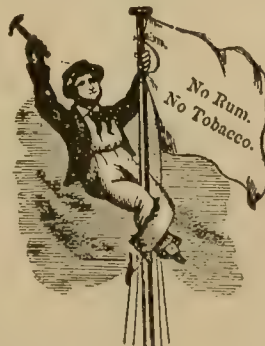
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Do you have some magazine that you would like to have bound? Perhaps you have some books or Bibles, of special value to you, that you would like to have rebound. If so we can accommodate you.

We have an equipment equal to the best, in the book-binding line and can give you good and prompt service.

Write us, giving full particulars, size, etc., of what you want bound and we will quote you prices.

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Condemned by Physicians, Experience, Common  
Sense and the Bible.

By A. SIMS

Contains 27 short, terse chapters. Goes over the whole ground and treats the subject from nearly every standpoint, physically, mentally, financially and morally. Packed full of startling facts and figures, statements of eminent medical men and clear Scriptural information. It is an eye-opener. If you want something that will strike tobacco all over, send for this book. Cloth covers, 50c.

**ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.** Large variety. Just what is needed to awaken in the minds of sensible men an abhorrence to the vile and noxious weed. These tracts are doing much good. An assorted package, containing over 100 pages, to any address for 50c.

The Common Use of Tobacco, Paper bound, . . . 30 cents  
Send all orders to

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# THE INGLENOOK

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## The Gathering Up of the Fragments

Oma Karn



O you think that is possible in these days?"

"In what way do you mean?"

"For the miracle of the five loaves, and two fishes to be applied to the present times."

"By the help of one thing, yes!"

"And what is that?"

"By the blessing of the same power that blessed the loaves and fishes. It is being done everyday."

Warren Hartle shrugged his shoulders. An incredulous smile hovered around the corners of his mouth. "I'm afraid, Shirley, I'm a good deal like this Andrew you had in your service to-night. I like Andrew. He was so practical in the way he went about things. It seems to me his question would suit your assertion very well, 'What is that among so many?'"

"And how was it made to reach around?" asked Shirley, quietly.

The man gave another half-amused, half-puzzled glance at his companion. He whistled softly before he answered. "I suppose you would say it was that inexplicable thing called faith. When the Master gave his orders for the great company to sit down, those disciples evidently thought that he knew what he was about, and all lent a hand toward obeying his command. And then the boy happened to be right at hand you know. I like that boy. He had the making of a good business man in him. There was no food to be had up there on the mountain; the people would get hungry; so this young financier reasoned that his five loaves and two fishes would bring him in considerable cash. He did not know he was making himself famous."

"But you are getting away from the real point," said Shirley. "The means that were used were of the most insignificant kind. Could not the same principle be applied to the present time?"

"In what way?"

"By the active coöperation of Christian people for

the mutual benefit of mankind; using the commonplace things of life by which to work the miracle."

Warren gave another shrug of his shapely shoulders. He felt himself sinking into deep water again. It was a strange look that he flashed down at his companion this time. The tiny arrow had found a crevice in the armor of Doubt and slipped in where many a weightier shaft had fallen powerless. "I wish I had faith like yours, Shirley," he said.

"It is not hard to obtain," was the low reply.

"Tell me the secret of its power."

"By taking the Savior of mankind into the heart."

There was silence after that until they came to a well-lighted square. Warren took his companion by the shoulders and faced her about. "Look!" he said as he pointed to each of the four corners caused by the crossing of the streets.

On each corner stood a brilliantly lighted building. Gay music was floating out from its wide doorway, but something else came out with the merry strains,—lurching, staggering forms, and through the plate glass windows many more of the same could be seen,—God's most perfect piece of workmanship, reduced to the lowest degradation, by the power of rum.

The man and woman stood looking at the scene in the same silence. One with the eyes of loathing and scorn, the other with eyes of the same tender compassion that must have looked upon the hungry multitude on the mountain.

"Messiah church is two squares from here," said the man as they started on. It has two hundred members. The inscription on its cornerstone says that it is a praying, working church. Six weeks from to-day is the great day of the Christian world—the birthday of the King you serve. Do you think that the combined effort of prayers and work, of the mind and heart, and hands of those two hundred could keep Kohls' Corners sober for twelve hours on that day?"

They left the icy sidewalk and went out on the



street. The snow crunched under their feet; the merry jingle of sleigh bells mingled with the distant sound of oaths and inebriated cries; the gay strains of a popular song, from the same distant source, chimed in with the inspiring strains of the Doxology that came from a nearby sanctuary. But the silence continued until Shirley's home was reached.

"If we undertake this work will you come and help us?"

Warren was half way down the steps, but he turned quickly as Shirley spoke. She stood in the open door, under the mellow glow of the electric light. Her appearance always thrilled him—this woman that had trusted her future happiness in his care—but to-night it thrilled him with strange power. He felt it at the time and never forgot it. He had turned to answer her question with a half-skeptical smile on his face, but it died away in a vain effort, and it was a voice that had the ring of true feeling in it that answered, "Yes, Shirley, I will."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It will have to be something different from the ordinary free dinner to the poor," said a woman back in the audience. "That would hold them for a few hours; but if you want to keep Kohls' Corners sober you'll have to hold them from dawn until midnight."

"It will take lots of work," said one tired-looking woman on the other side of the room.

"And lots of prayer," added another.

The basement of Messiah church presented an unusual scene this particular Wednesday afternoon. It was the regular weekly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society; but instead of a few ladies sitting about in the room, busily stitching away, indulging in various bits of gossip as they worked, the room was well filled with people. Eager, expectant faces looked up from the well-filled seats. The feminine part of the congregation predominated, but back in the far part there was a considerable sprinkling of men, intelligent, wide-awake business men, looking as if they felt somewhat out of their proper element, and yet were very much in earnest. The movement had been started, and the momentous question before the audience was, "How to keep Kohls' Corners sober on Christmas day?" It was strange how this question had taken effect upon the minds of the people after the necessity of it was once fairly put before them. But how? The immensity of the question seemed to make the task a hopeless one.

"It can be done," one earnest-faced woman was saying, "we have no doubt of that, for God's blessing rests upon every effort that is put forth for the good of humanity. But what is the best means to use to obtain the end?"

"Why not take the advice given us by the Master himself?" said one man who had the appearance

of being well used by the world. "Why not gather together the fragments? There is enough of the material things of life; and enough of the intellectual powers of men and women, fragments of time and means wasted in one day's time on emptiness and nothingness right here in this section of the city which if combined together into one mighty effort, by the blessing of the power that fed the hungry multitude, could transform Kohls' Corners into a paradise."

And so it was decided by unanimous consent that every one of the two hundred members of the Messiah church were to concentrate their efforts to keep Kohls' Corners sober on Christmas day, from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been a wild night, and the morning looked scared. The snow had fallen steadily all the night and its soft fleecy mantle enveloped everything except where the wind had been at work. Not a ray of sunlight peeped forth to relieve the solemn tinge caused by low-hanging grey clouds, and the white glare of the snow, and yet it was a time of gladsome joy. It was Christmas morning. The wind and the grey clouds were not the only agency abroad this morning. In front of the low brick building reaching back the entire length of a square, and once bearing the sign of bread factory, a multitude of people—men, women, and children, were pushing, pulling, and stretching in an eager endeavor to get near to the closed doors of the great building. Kohls' Corners were deserted. For once a stronger attraction held the people in its power.

In order to reach the divine in man, you must first care for the physical. So when the great doors were opened, the pushing; jolting crowd rushed in pell-mell. They were met by the first requirements of nature—warmth and food. One-half of the problem of keeping Kohls' Corners sober was solved in this one fact. But, would the combined effort hold them fast until hunger asserted itself again?

"They're getting restless," said one of the workers, as a murmur and a rustle began and some of the foremost began to push toward the door, "and they must be held!"

"It will take a stronger power than ours to do it," said another one. "If we only"—he stopped in amazement and gave a low whistle of surprise as a well-known voice in ringing tones began to address the crowd of restless humanity. "'Pon my honah! The day of miracles is surely here! As I live! If there isn't Warren Hartle!"

For Warren, the doubter, the indifferent, was addressing the people, holding them fast by the matchless skill with which he was telling and sketching with chart and crayon, the story of the Prince of

Peace. Other hearts than those found in the rough element before him, thrilled as they heard him. For two hours he held them with a power that was wonderful and irresistible. Shirley followed with her magnificent voice for another hour, leaving the queer audience in such an interested and subdued state that it was not a difficult matter to entertain Kohls' Corners the remainder of the day.

It was close to the stroke of midnight when Warren and Shirley left the place where the united effort had been proved a success. The streets were strangely silent. The buildings on the four corners were brilliantly lighted and in holiday dress, but not a

figure was seen within. Here and there a weak, tempted one, was looking hesitatingly in through the windows. They stood on the same spot they had stood on six weeks before, and looked at the scene. "The fragments have been gathered together, and yet some are lost," said Warren as they started on. But the tone of regret in which he spoke carried a different sound from the scorn with which he had spoken on the former occasion.

"And some have been saved," said Shirley, and there was a tremor of strange new joy in her voice.  
*Covington, Ohio.*

## The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff

### Industrial Life.



HE Indian's advancement toward civilization can usually be measured by the progress of his industrial life. As he becomes a better farmer, a more skillful mechanic or a more industrious laborer, the more nearly he approaches the ideal of American citizenship.

While among the Mescalero Apaches I gathered some facts concerning their industrial life that to me were interesting. In his report for the year 1888 the superintendent notes that then for the first time it was observed that some of the Indians were milking their cows and using the milk. Now ten good milch cows are kept at the agency, milked by the Indians and the product used at the mess hall where the school pupils and employes board. The Indians not only cultivate and grow the crops upon which their families subsist, but a considerable amount of wheat, oats, beans, hay, mutton, beef and many horses go to market. They also cut wood and posts, transport supplies from the railroad sixteen miles away, manufacture lumber and shingles and work at the carpenter trade.

An accurate account of the cash income of the Indians under his charge has been kept during the last five years by Mr. Carroll, the agent at Mescalero, and a glance at the tabulated statement covering the four years previous to 1906 shows an increase that is really remarkable and one that reflects great credit both upon the industry of the Indians and the ability of Mr. Carroll in directing and assisting in the management of their affairs. The statement follows:

| Per capita Income, | For the Year |
|--------------------|--------------|
| \$20.97, .....     | 1902         |
| 25.56, .....       | 1903         |
| 41.55, .....       | 1904         |
| 45.40, .....       | 1905         |

In order to further encourage the industry of his

Indians and protect them in their rights, Mr. Carroll has secured the consent of the department of Indian affairs at Washington to a system of grazing permits which he has established on the Mescalero reservation. Until this system was adopted it was very common for the cattle and sheep men in the country adjacent to the reservation to run their flocks and herds in on the fine pastures of the reservation and thus get much that they did not pay for and had no right to. The Indian police were often sent to drive them off, but frequently the officers were no sooner back to the agency than the thieves were back with their stock on the forbidden ground. Then, too, much of the grass that was not thus stolen went to waste, the Indians not having sufficient stock to consume it. By the system of grazing permits referred to the right to graze stock on the reservation pastures is sold to a few responsible stock men and the proceeds used for the benefit of the Indians. From this source enough is received to enable the agent to distribute seven dollars per year to each Indian in the tribe, including men, women and children, and purchase a number of improved farming implements for the use of the Indians and some thoroughbred rams with which to breed up their flocks.

The cash income of the Mescaleros for 1905 was made up of the following items:

|                                                   |           |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| They received from the government:—               |           |
| For 17,000 pounds mutton, .....                   | \$1445.00 |
| For 27,300 pounds flour, .....                    | 682.50    |
| For 25,858 pounds oats, .....                     | 387.87    |
| For 2,000 pounds beans, .....                     | 100.00    |
| For 175 cords wood, .....                         | 700.00    |
| For 28½ tons hay, .....                           | 285.00    |
| For 40 oak posts, .....                           | 10.00     |
| For transportation of supplies, .....             | 317.57    |
| For transportation of lumber and shingles, .....  | 1563.12   |
| For irregular labor at agency and school, .....   | 5118.50   |
| They received from other sources:—                |           |
| Per capita payment from proceeds of grazing, .... | \$3444.00 |



|                                        |         |
|----------------------------------------|---------|
| Sale of wool, .....                    | 4101.30 |
| Sale of mohair, .....                  | 440.20  |
| Sale of farm and ranch products, ..... | 290.00  |
| Sale of curios, .....                  | 1500.00 |
| Labor performed, .....                 | 500.00  |

Total, Income, .....\$20,885.06

In his report for the year 1901 the agent in charge says: "It has been my good fortune to witness during the last six years the rapid evolution of a band of four hundred and fifty Apaches from a wandering, thriftless, lazy people into a community of industrious, clean, law-abiding farmers. When I first became ac-

merly so common to the wild man of the west has disappeared.

"The old Indian warrior has buried his scalping knife and sits in the door of his home smoking the pipe of peace. He hears the murmur of the stream as it spreads over his growing fields, sees his children clothed in civilized garb, with bright, clean faces as they toil on his farm, some irrigating the growing crops, some bringing home the well-kept flocks, turns and finds his table well filled with wholesome food prepared by his daughter just returned from the boarding school, and says to his old squaw who has



Log Yard and Mill on the Mescalero Indian Reservation.

quainted with these Indians six years ago the greater portion of the males wore during the summer a 'gee' string, moccasins, bracelets, earrings, beads, long hair, and painted their faces, heads and bodies. A few wore leggings and coats, but all wore long hair, with empty cartridge shells, tin tobacco stamps, mussel shells, bones, beads, red flannel, old watch wheels, etc., fastened into their long queues. In winter they added a many-colored blanket to their costume. The women and children wore a short skirt which extended from the waist line to just below the knees, but the younger and more modest ones wore in addition to the skirt a shirt Chinese fashion." Now the men wear short hair, are dressed in citizens' clothing, and nearly all the ornamentation of beads and bones, for-

shared all his sorrows, for pleasures he had but few, 'This is peace, here we rest.'

Lake Arthur, N. M.



I SHOULD like to see every boy spend his youth in the country, go up and down the streams and through the forests, and climb the hills until he knows every foot of them and all their abundant life; so that when he goes to the city, as he may have to do, he will feel that he has a place in the country that draws him, a home which he loves, for which he longs, and to which he will come back in his old age.—S. C. Schmucker.



"THERE are no gains without pains."



# THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN



## Chapter Four. Two Little Girls.



BECAUSE it was Monday, and because the heavy rain had slushed the roads, the teacher, who boarded from Monday to Friday, was behind her usual time in reaching the schoolhouse that morning. And because it was the morning following a rainy Sunday, little Victoria Ryan and

her brothers, Harry and Cecil, and her sister Marian, arrived an hour before school time.

Mrs. Ryan brought the quartet in the family surrey. It was a two-mile drive home again and the baby and the twin four-year-olds had been left across the road at Newton's, so the four were commanded to hastily alight.

Marian was a tall, thin-faced girl of thirteen, Harry and Cecil were respectively nine and ten years old, and dainty, auburn-crowned Victoria was just past seven.

Marian found that her hair had become rumpled, presumably from the jolting of the surrey, and she forthwith proceeded to comb it.

Only the boy who did the janitor work was there besides the Ryans.

It was chilly in the schoolhouse and Victoria went outside to gain the advantage of the shifting sunbeams.

"Marian," she said in a little while, "I'm goin' down the road to meet a girl that's comin'. I think it's Flossie Reynold."

She walked along leisurely, but as soon as her approach could be discerned by the girl down the road that little girl came running in joyous haste.

The newcomer's brown braids were dancing against her neck when she came to Victoria. Her hazel eyes were like two deep wells of crystal water.

"I was just wishin' you'd not be late this morning. I want to play 'make rivers.'"

"I'd rather play school," stated Victoria.

Flossie's lips curled in a pout.

"Well, then, if I play school this morning, you've got to make rivers at recess. The water will be about all off the road then or else everybody else will be wantin' to play."

"It'd be fun to help each other."

"Yes, and the boys will spoil all we do, too."

"You've got to be teacher," Flossie continued, in

the schoolroom, and let me have the lesson about the seashore."

"All right."

And in two minutes the "teacher" called the class in "g'ography" to recite. Flossie looked up inquiringly, but at Victoria's "One, two," she marched soberly to the front.

"Where's the seashore?" asked the teacher.

Flossie was equal to the occasion. "It's along the sea," she replied.

"Where's the sea?" was the next question.

Flossie would never have dared "talk back" to the teacher, so she began whispering to Victoria.

"This ain't a g'ography lesson. This is first reader."

"Where is the sea?" repeated the teacher.

"Don't know," replied the pupil.

"You'll just have to stand on the floor till you learn your lesson better."

There was the noise of a scramble at the schoolhouse door, then a triumphant yell, "This is my puddle."

After a brief space, another yell answered, "Oh, ho! You ain't got no stick to make rivers. And while you go for one I'll get your puddle."

Quick as a flash came the first voice again, beginning defiant, ending appealing.

"Victoria, come out here."

Victoria ran to the doorway.

"You come here, won't you," said the first boy, who was standing beside a huge mud-puddle. "I want you to stand here for me while I get a stick to make rivers. Must I get you one, too?"

Flossie was still in her corner.

"Flossie, I'm not goin' to play school any more. I'm goin' to make rivers." And Victoria ran out to guard the puddle.

Flossie went out, too, in time to say "Good-morning" to the teacher as she was driven to the gateway.

"May I go down the road, Miss Barret?" the little girl asked.

"Why, Flossie?"

"I want to make rivers, and," she added in a lower tone, "there's a great big puddle down there a little ways."

"Not far, Flossie, I can't allow you to go far."

She sped away, first calling to Victoria, "You can



come with me if you want to." But Victoria answered, "Not now."

Flossie had completed one long stream and was beginning on a little network of tributaries when she was distracted by a hubbub in front of the schoolhouse.

"You're stealin' from my river!"

"You ought to share up, Nat," she heard the boy who had been at the smaller mud-pond reply.

"I'm sharin' with Victoria," answered Nat. "This is the best puddle and Victoria's the best pardner, you quit stealin'."

Cecil Ryan ran up, breathless.

"Come on, you fellows, and play dare base. Victoria," he added, "you better be playin' with a girl."

"Flossie! Flossie!" Victoria immediately called.

Flossie was at her side in a moment and the two created a wonderful system of watercourses.

"Don't you want a bite of my apple. It's a Rambo," offered Flossie at recess time.

"No, I don't want any. I have a peach to eat if I'm hungry. I don't much like apples."

"Ain't you goin' outdoors?" inquired Flossie.

"I don't care to. I want to see Emma's new book."

"Well, I'm goin', I'll play with Ella and Lena, I guess."

Victoria did come out before recess was over, to get a drink. When she started back again a crowd of boys came rushing around the schoolhouse, and ran full in her pathway, shoving her down into some mud and water.

She got up on her feet screaming with rage. Her dress was a dripping, sand-smeared garment.

The teacher came to the door to learn the trouble, and Flossie and her two playmates, came with wonder and pity in their faces.

"What caused this?" asked Miss Barret.

"These mean old boys knocked me down, M-m-m!"

"On purpose, boys?"

"No, ma'am." It was Cecil Ryan who answered, and nobody ever doubted the words that came as much from his clear, twinkling blue eyes as from his lips. "We were playin' 'gray fox.'"

The girls strayed into the schoolhouse after Miss Barret and Victoria and watched in awkward silence while the teacher did what she could to clean the dress.

"You oughtn't to keep this on, Victoria," she said at last. "I can't get it cleaned properly, and besides, you are apt to take cold. Marian," she said, turning to the older sister, "I'll send Harry or Cecil home with Victoria."

Flossie cried spasmodically, "Teacher!" She had got the word out of her mouth at last. "Teacher, Victoria can have my apron."

The apron was one cloud in Flossie's life; the dress beneath it was another. The former was a plain garment, "just an outside dress," some said, without ruffle or sash or low-neck as any proper apron should have. The dress was a brown one, tight-waisted like the apron, and without even the relief from old-fashionedness that the apron possessed in its having full sleeves with cuffs.

"Why, yes, Flossie, your apron will do very well. We'll just slip off Victoria's wet dress and let her wear the apron awhile," agreed the teacher. "And we'll have picture writing this afternoon," she hastily added, seeing the don't-like-apron look beginning to appear in Victoria's countenance.

The teacher's stratagem was effectual, and Victoria, who was fond of the picture writing, which now and then took the place of script, submitted to the apron.

"It ain't very nice," said Flossie, removing the checkered garment.

Victoria was buttoned up in it and then disposed herself in a silent, humble attitude at her little desk.

"Second Reader Numbers, One, two," summoned Miss Barret, a half-hour later.

Kenneth Martin, Della Cooper, and Lena French marched promptly to the recitation bench. Flossie started forward hesitatingly, checked by the shame of her old brown dress. Victoria kept her seat, head down. Flossie saw that and she hesitated no longer. A look of sympathy shone in her eyes as she hastened back to where Victoria's dress was hanging, and then she went swiftly up to Miss Barret.

"Her dress is dry, I guess, teacher," she whispered, holding her hand at that corner of her mouth toward the pupils.

"All right, dear," returned Miss Barret, "you and Marian go with her to the entry to exchange."

Cecil Ryan's hand was aloft.

"What do you want, Cecil?" asked the teacher.

"May I go out there pretty soon?" he entreated, jerking his head toward the entry.

"Presently." And Cecil soon tiptoed to the door at which the girls had made their exit.

He tapped lightly before he passed out to the entry passage.

When Flossie had given Victoria's dress the last straightening-out tug, Cecil motioned his sister to come to him.

She sprang back from him to Flossie. "Thank you for lettin' me wear your apron," she said.

"Girls," said Miss Barret when the two came to the recitation, "I'll have to take your work and see whether you have it right. There is not time enough now for you to tell us your results."

When she came to examine the work during the noon-hour she found that each little girl was entitled to about a half-grade. Flossie's problems were all

copied neatly and just one of the score of them was correctly solved. Victoria's lines of figures were straggly and crooked and dim; the results were correct, though occasionally misplaced.

Miss Barret had a fleeting, mischievous desire to sketch on Flossie's slate a plain, brown dress; and on Victoria's, a checkered apron. But she drew instead, on each, a pretty ruffled dress from which the water dripped.

And Flossie and Victoria, looking at the sketches and at the critical markings on their sums, laughed. They had previously received the initiation of picture-writing.

"Ain't these leaves gettin' purty?" Flossie said to Victoria as they sauntered beneath a maple tree at the roadside.

"I'll tell you we've got a wreath of leaves fixed nice at home. They're all stiff and shiny with rosin," she added.

"Ho'd you fix 'em that way?" asked Victoria.

"Why, mama melted the rosin and dipped the leaves in it or rubbed it on."

"Le's get some and have teacher put 'em up in the schoolhouse."

"Oh, they'll be lots purtier after while and there'll be more to pick from."

"Well," insisted Victoria, "we can take the nicest of these and fix 'em and have 'em up now. You hold your apron."

"What'll we do with 'em till time to go home?"

"You can put 'em in your box. Hold your apron."

The two little girls selected a number of the brightest and most perfect of the autumn leaves, depositing them in the apron, which Flossie was holding, pouch-like.

"Victoria! Victoria! Flossie! Come over here. Le's play," somebody was screaming from the school-yard.

Victoria snatched up a handful of leaves and shoved them into the apron.

"Come on," she said. "You go put the leaves in the box and I'll see what they're goin' to play."

Flossie hastily dumped the collection into the shoe-box that she kept in her desk. When she ran to the group of girls and boys Victoria had started back.

"We're goin' to play 'Anthony over,' and Victoria's goin' to get your ball," said Lena French.

The schoolroom was empty except for Victoria, fumbling among the leaves and trinkets in Flossie's shoe-box. As she pushed aside some of the leaves a penknife slipped from among them. Victoria looked at it, wondering.

"Why! that's Dan Gibbon's knife that he thought somebody'd stole. Flossie wouldn't 'a' kep' it." Then she noticed the dirt on the knife. "Oh, I bet one of us picked it up with some leaves. If I leave it here

Dan will say Flossie had it and I know she didn't. I'll put it back in his own old desk."

She laid the knife as far back in Dan's desk as she could, then, finding that the shelf on which the books lay could be shoved forward a little out of place, she wedged the knife in the crevice, and, with Flossie's ball in her hand, went to join her waiting companions in a game of "Anthony over."

When Dan Gibbon looked under his desk that afternoon to see what of his possessions had gone thumping to the floor, he picked up the penknife gingerly, muttering, "Gee! That must 'a' been squz most awful tight back o' that board to'a' stuck there a week."



### A LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

LULU C. MOHLER.

It was Christmas eve in 1904 while we were sitting together in the twilight in a dear little grandmother's home and she told us this merry, pathetic story of a little cedar that grew in her front door-yard.

The little tree had never grown as little trees should. It developed a heavy top and a fragile body which, of course, caused it to tumble over, and out of kindness of heart its friends had given it a prop to lean on. But over it would go when the wind blew against it. This caused it to be a care.

A neighbor mother asked for it to be a Christmas tree for her children, and as grandmother had given up all hopes that her kindness and training would induce it to grow in the way it should go, she gave it to her and an ax laid it low and it was hid in a mysterious place until bedtime when the children were all snugly tucked in their beds; then it was set up and decked out in beautiful trappings and knew the highest joy a cedar may ever hope to know.

When Grandmother finished her story we all had a merry laugh. Then it set me to thinking, and perhaps it will cause you to think too as you sit in the gloaming and dream of what life shall be or has been, for is there no hope for us when we seem not to be growing right? Will we never have any part in the joyous Christmastide in the Glory Home?

Leeton, Mo.



### ONE GLASS.

IRA P. DEAN.

THREE glasses and a kettle of beer stood upon the dining room table. A mother and her two sons surrounded it engaged in drinking the hellish fluid. The older son had just emptied his glass and stood it back on the table.



"Do you want some more?" asked his mother.

"No!" said the son, "this shall be my last glass of beer or intoxicating liquor."

"Yes, until next Saturday night," said his mother.

"No! forever," replied the boy.

He was about twelve or thirteen years of age. Turning to his younger brother who was still drinking, he said. "It's time for you to quit, too."

"Attend to your own business. I can attend to mine," said his brother.

"Yes," said his mother, "I don't object to him drinking a glass now and then; one glass will not hurt anyone."

"Well, he better quit now before he gets like our father (a drunkard)."

"Aw! Shut up. I ain't going to be a drunkard. You attend to your own business," again chimed in the younger boy.

"Well," said the older boy, "you can drink if

you want to, *but I won't. I am going to be a man.* This is my last glass."

I am still acquainted with these two boys and the mother. The older boy has never touched liquor since; he is an active church member. While I have seen the younger boy thrown into the front room through the window—dead drunk at two o'clock in the morning; he has been in jail and has lost all his friends apparently.

His mother has often come to me in anguish and asked me what to do to reform her son. Alas! She said, "One glass will not hurt anyone." Fatal statement. It has since hurt her; it has heaped upon her sorrow, remorse, anguish. Just one glass. Fathers, mothers, don't allow such a statement to escape your lips. One glass ruined this home, making drunkards of the father and one son, and wrecking thousands of other lives and homes. The mother now repents her statement, but, alas! too late.

Harrisburg, Pa.

## The Travelers in the Orient

By One of the Party

From Shore to Shore.—No. 3.



W e leave the deep blue Phœnician waters at Beirut and travel by rail through the ravines of the Lebanons to Baalbeck (the town of Baal). Mythology and tradition associate with this section of the country the names of Adam, Cain, Noah and Nimrod. During the biblical era it was one of Solomon's depots en route to Mesopotamia, Damascus being denied him by Adad. During the Phœnician era it was the religious city associated with Tyre and Sidon. We have no record of the Greek period. The building of the Roman temple of Jupiter was interrupted by Constantine and a basilica erected upon the unfinished part, which in turn was turned into a fort by the Arabs. The temple consists of a great portico, the outer court, the great court or Pantheon and the inner court of Temple of Jupiter. This plan may have been a model for Solomon's temple. A temple to Bacchus and Venus are near by. The structures are of massive blocks of native magnesium limestone with pillars of Egyptian granite. The jointings are scarcely discernible. The carvings are delicate and emblematic. An ancient road to the coast has been discovered over which the pillars were most possibly brought. Earthquake, religious zeal and the tooth of time have razed the gigantic structures built by captive hands. The last rays of a setting sun again embellish the scene. With twilight begins the vigil of the dog and jackal amid the confines of the once glorious temple.

We continue our journey by rail through the ravines of the Abana, to Damascus. Here we visit the house of Judas, the street which is called Straight, the house of Ananias, the Palace of Naaman and the scene of Paul's escape from the wall. Our horses and muleteers meet us here. We lunch at Artus, the place of Paul's conversion, and find our camp pitched at Kefr-Aiwr in the shadow of Nimrod's tomb. Our camp consists of forty horses and mules, seven tents, thirty attendants, complete hotel equipment and the best of everything to eat. The stars and stripes and star and crescent float o'er us and guards keep watch while we sleep. Our day's journey will average about thirty miles. We cross the Pharpar and slopes of Hermon into Bannias (Cesarea Philippi) for the second night. Here is one source of the Jordan, the sanctuary of Pan, the scene of the gladiatorial combats, celebrating the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, and the Crusaders' temple of Subeiboh.

Our third day's journey brings us to the second source of the Jordan and the Hill of Dan; across the third tributary source of Jordan on a well-preserved Roman bridge, through the upper Jordan valley to Ain-Malaha, just west of the Waters of Merom. The city of refuge, Kadesh Naphtali, nestling midway up the slopes of Naphtali lies before us in the early morning's ride. We lunch in a Bedouin village, where possibly once trod the embattled hosts of Joshua.

Our fourth day is one of splendor and hardship. We leave the upper Jordan, pass the Jewish section

of Jaouny through long lanes shaded by Eucalyptus trees and ascend the hills beyond, getting our first glimpse of Galilee. By rough trails through deserted Bedouin villages and sheepfolds we reach Chorazin's ruins and thence over rougher trails into Capernaum on the Lake for lunch. Well preserved ruins of the ancient synagogue are being excavated. Our ride amid blossoming Oleanders across the Plain of Genessaret brings us to Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. We pass through Dalmanutha to Tiberias, having skirted the northwest lake shore, first on the plains and then on a narrow trail several hundred feet above the water. Fish from Galilee for dinner. After dinner we enjoyed an invigorating swim.

The fifth day we row to Bethsaida Julius and the mouth of the Jordan and pass the country of the Gadarenes on the return.

The sixth day brings us early to the Horn of Hattin where we hold a brief service in which the Beatitudes and Lord's Prayer are repeated. Safed, high amid the hills of Naphtali before us, was most probably the "City set upon a hill." We lunch on the summit of Tabor, the supposed site of the Transfiguration, overlooking the Plain of Esdraelon, "the great battlefield of nations," where the embattled hosts of the Midianites, Philistines, Assyrians, Persians, Egyptians, Crusaders, Saracens, Turks and French contended for supremacy. Where Gideon, Saul, Jonathan, Joshua, and Napoleon marshalled the loyal. At sunset we are at Cana, the scene of the first miracle, and camp in Nazareth.

Our Sunday was spent in attending services at the Church of the Annunciation and visiting the scenes of Christ's early life and eighteen years of silence. Monday some go to Mt. Carmel while others rest. Our ninth day's journey is across the Plain of Esdraelon, visiting Nain, Shunem, Jezreel and Jenin, the source of the Kishon, where amid the hills of Samaria, the jackal's cry makes the night hideous. En route we pass near Deborah and Endor.

Our tenth day's journey is through olive orchards on the terraced hillsides of Samaria. We lunch amid the ruins of the ancient capital. The rude plow here turns the mosaic of former grandeur aside as it grates by the huge pillars of the colonnade of Herod which encircle the whole hill. The rising sun found us at Dothan on the Egyptian caravan route where Joseph was sold, while we view the sunset over Shechem between Ebal and Gerizim as we stand by the tomb of Joseph and the well of Jacob.

Our next day brings us early to the Fountain of Lebonah and Shiloh by noon where again the plow turns aside the mosaic-strewn soil amid the ruins. Bethel and Aii bring us in sight of Jerusalem. We camp at Beeroth where the Christ child of twelve

was found missing. We visit Ram Allah on the twelfth day and lunch near the tombs of the kings in sight of Mt. Scopus where Titus pitched his camp before his attack upon Jerusalem. Historical interest and not scenic beauty, save perhaps the view of olive groves from Lebonah or from the approach to Bethel, characterizes the trip overland.

(To be continued.)



#### THE WREATH OF HOLLY.

THE holly wreath has been associated with Christmas for so long that it is impossible to trace their connection back to its source. It is said that the name itself is derived from its use as an ornamental decoration for this day, the term holly-tree being the outgrowth of holy-tree, and holiness being imputed to the tree because of the sacredness of the day.

Some tell us that holly branches have been used for decorations at gatherings half festive and half religious from the time of the Roman Saturnalia. This feast was named in honor of the god Saturn, who was thought to have ruled the world during the Golden Age—when all men were upright and all things free from the taint of wrong.

We can say with more certainty that the holly, under a different name, of course, was used by the ancient Germans. The Greeks and Romans had a multiplicity of gods, some more important, some less. Among the latter were the deities supposed to dwell in springs and streams, in mountains, and in forests. The sylvan nymphs held an important place in the old Teutonic religious system. They could hide anywhere among the leaves and branches, and their good will was courted by the people. In order to gain their favor, wreaths and branches of holly were hung up in the houses in which the nymphs could hide.

We do not know in what particular way the green wreath of spinous leaves and scarlet berries became associated with our Christmas observance. Perhaps it was but the transfer of a well-established custom of the ancients to a different holiday of our own having a similar meaning. In all probability, the beauty of the evergreen, its abundance, and the ease with which its branches can be formed into a wreath have had much to do with the preservation of the custom, if not with its origin.

The holly is found in temperate climates, preferring light soil. Its size varies from a shrub to a tree fifty feet high. Some kinds have white berries and others yellow, though the scarlet predominates. The wood is almost as white as ivory, very hard, and has a fine, close grain. It can be colored as black as ebony, and so we see it as handles on cooking utensils. The trees can be trimmed into ornamental shapes. In some places in England they are used for hedges.—*The Religious Telescope*.





# THE QUIET HOUR

## SERMONETTE.

GALEN B. ROYER.

### "His Name."

"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

PAUL says of Jesus that God "gave unto him the name which is above every name," at which "every knee shall bow." Have you ever found that name? Perhaps here it is in this prophecy long drawn out in a number of words. For, looking over them, what one repeats the thought of another and yet which one would we dare to miss and complete the idea of our Christ!

Unspeakably marvelous is this One, born a child. Says a poet, "The eternal light enters and gives the world a new splendor; it shines clearly at midnight, and makes us children of the light. He whom the whole circumference of the world could not embrace lies in the womb of Mary. He who alone sustains the universe has become a little infant."

"Wonderful." He is no ordinary man, no more than his miracles can be classed as ordinary occurrences of mankind. Men have become great because they were the central figure of some great reformation or revolution. But none stand out as leader and founder of anything in this world as does this One whom the prophet first calls "Wonderful." As founder of the Christianity which is fast spreading over the earth, he has revealed himself also as its mighty power. "God manifest in the flesh," seeking his kingdom among men, spending his life energies proclaiming its unmistakable principles, closes up his life with the assurance of "all power" and thrills every real disciple with the promise, "Lo I am with you." Every one who has with a whole heart sought to carry out his will has indeed found him most wonderful.

"Counsellor." Verily! "In him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," so that from the very beginning of things he was consulted and knows all the details. With this knowledge he sought to teach man the best way, the right way, THE Way back to God. Through him God has sought to give us the best counsel. (Ps. 16:7; Rev. 3:18). Other men the world outgrows; but eternity is not long enough to find out all of this great Counsellor.

"The Mighty God." I do not understand it, yet I have a glimpse of this fact. Within the eternal God was One from the beginning "the express image of his person," "in the form of God" whom we have learned to call the "Son of God," "the only begotten of the Father." Yet he was not after God as the son follows the father. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "In him dwelt all the fullness of the god-head bodily." He came to earth. The decree of heaven was, "Let all the angels of heaven worship him." He lived on earth a short lifetime, and at his ascension the decree of earth is, "Let every knee bow to him." His blessed life on earth shall never be understood until we fully understand the revelation of God. His tears, God's pity; his tenderness, God's longsuffering. These are but snatches of the infinite Father "who so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." The Son himself declares, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I and my Father are one." Why not then see God in him, believe in this wonderful love and rest in its wonderful power? A mighty God is ours.

"Everlasting Father." Do not be confused because Jesus was born into time. This was God's way of revealing what he has been from the beginning. His Father heart sought our good always. As the world may know him now, so he has always been. "He has neither beginning nor ending of days." "Father of eternity." Everlasting!

"The Prince of Peace." Blessed assurance. "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." "The kingdom of God is joy and peace." "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." Just think of this disturbing, disquieted, selfish, conflicting world coming to the supreme reign of peace through Jesus Christ, to a time figuratively described as "the wolf dwelling with the lamb, and the leopard lying down with the kid." How strongly he exemplified this element of his name. He was quiet and serene; like a lamb he came into the midst of the fiercest conflicts; he soothed the impatient; he returned good for evil; with all the cohorts of heaven at his command when being unjustly and cruelly arrested, tried, condemned and executed he raised not a finger or opened his mouth save to pray for forgiveness for those who thus mistreated him. He taught, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you, and do good

to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you": he exemplified this great teaching in his own life; and the reign of peace on earth would rapidly come, did all his disciples take these words just as the Savior gave them, and seek to live them out fully.

Marvelous Name! Yes a thousand times marvelous. To tell this name in its fullness is to tell perfectly of the love of God, its height, its depth, its breadth, its length, its all. While no mortal can do this, each one may know more about it by living more fully as Christ himself taught.

*Elgin, Ill.*



### THE CHISTMAS STAR.

SELECTED BY LIZZIE BEANBLOSSOM.

One silent midnight not long ago,  
When earth was white with winter snow,  
While bird and beast to shelter crept,  
While shepherds watched and children slept,  
There rose in far-off Bethlehem sky  
A star unknown to mortal eye.  
A star whose brightest golden ray  
Shone o'er the lowly place where lay  
The infant Christ on bed of hay.

No place had the baby King  
No royal robe, no golden ring,  
No picture books, no pretty toys,  
Such as we give our baby boys.  
His birthplace was that cattle stall,  
His bed a manger, but o'er all  
The lowly place the wondrous light  
From that one star shone clear and bright,  
Keeping its watch through all the night.

And some there were, God's chosen few,  
Whose faith was strong, whose hearts were true,  
Who read the message of the star  
And traveled from their homes afar  
Their worship and their gifts to bring  
To Jesus, who was born a King.  
And humble shepherds' hearts were stirred  
By angels' songs that still are heard  
By hearts that listen for God's word.

Oh, hear the chorus, sweet and strong,  
Sung now by the angelic throng.  
"Peace on earth, good will to men,  
For Christ is born in Bethlehem."  
Then bring your treasures to his feet,  
Give him your love and incense sweet;  
Then with the Christmas star shine bright,  
Filling each heart with holy light,  
Where Christ reigns King on Christmas night.

Shickley, Nebr.



"He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with difficulties and crosses, has an every-day greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals."

### KINDNESS.

RICHARD SEIDEL.



Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness and paves the darkest path with gems of sunlight. A smile betrays a kind heart; the pressure of the hand, an affectionate brother; a cheerful word, a friend in need; kind and courteous deportment toward all, a Christian heart. Kindliness adds a charm to beauty, and adds beauty to a homely face.



### THE THREE KINDS OF LOVE.

THERE are three kinds of love—perhaps, rather, I should say, three instruments on which love plays. It may manifest itself through the heart, through the soul, or through the mind. My love for you may be either practical, admiring, or communing.

The love of the heart is practical; it ministers in common things. The love of the soul is admiration; it looks upon a far-off glory and longs to be near it. The love of the mind is communion; it has a touch of equality with its object; it can listen and respond.

A mother's love for her child is that of the heart, it is helpful.

A poet's love for nature is that of the soul; it is wondering, admiring.

A friend's love for a friend is that of the mind; it is intellectual sympathy—communion.

I think our love for God plays successively each of these tunes. We begin with the heart; we say, "Our Father"; we try to work for our Father. By and by the vision of wonder breaks upon us—the love of the soul; we bow with admiration before mysteries of the universe. At last comes the glad morning—the love of the mind; we begin to know God—to commune with him, to speak with him face to face as a man speaketh with his friend; that is the manhood of our love.—*George Matheson.*



ONCE when Spurgeon was stricken with a severe illness, says *The Christian Advocate*, he exclaimed, in his impatience to get back into the pulpit where for so many years he had swayed the multitudes and led hundreds of souls to the Savior: "If I ever preach again, I will leave out every bit of flourish and preach nothing but present and pressing truth, hurl it at the people with all my might, live at high pressure, and direct all my energies to the salvation of souls."



# THE INGLENOOK

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## CHRISTMAS JOY.



THROUGHOUT the land this Christmas morning dawns upon many happy homes,—made happy by the consciousness of love that has gone out or come in with the gift which betokens its presence. No other element is so powerful in the production of happiness as love. And giving

is love's only means of existence. That is why giving and happiness are so closely related,—the one depends upon love and love depends upon the other.

Every one who possesses the true Christmas spirit values his gifts, not according to their market or intrinsic value, but according to the love that prompted them. And this love he must measure by his own capacity to love in return; so that in the case of receiving gifts as well as giving, the degree of happiness is controlled by himself. We are happy, then, in giving in proportion as we give of ourselves with the gift, and we are happy in receiving in proportion as we have given of ourselves to the giver.

Our attitude toward the Gift of gifts and the Giver of that gift is determined by the same conditions. While it is true that Christ is the greatest gift that could possibly have been given and the greatest that we could receive, our appreciation of that fact, and therefore our happiness, depends upon the extent to which we have given ourselves to him.

The value of the Gift of gifts is beyond reckoning, as we must realize when we consider that one soul is worth more than the whole world, and that Christ was given to redeem all the souls of time. As we said above, No element is so productive of happiness as love, and since the love of the Father is commensurate with the value of his gift to us,—“God so loved the world,”—what opportunities for unmeasurable happiness come to us with this Gift!

And how much of this happiness do we possess? We may measure it by our love,—by our giving and

serving. This season, when we commemorate the giving of the greatest gift by the little tokens that pass through our hands, furnishes a grand opportunity to increase our happiness. May we so fully use it that we shall not be able to contain our joy, and with heart and voice will exclaim, “Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!” “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”



## LOSING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

A GOOD deal is said again about the ideas concerning Christmas being perverted and that customs, not only foreign to the true Christmas spirit, but actually harmful, are being laid upon the people as a result of this perversion. I cannot vouch for the truth of such statements, to a great extent, from personal observation, as I endeavor to keep away from anything that may savor of such departure. But I am not ignorant of the fact that there are grounds for complaint and need of reform in order that the conditions may harmonize with the spirit that should prevail.

Individually, we have ourselves to blame if the Christmas season does not mean all to us that the true Christmas spirit is able to give. And not only may we blame ourselves if we are lacking in the blessings that the season offers, but we must hold ourselves accountable, in part, if others have degraded ideas of the season, and therefore miss the blessings that come from a realization of its true significance.

Perhaps the would-be reformers along this line may accomplish something by their crying long and loud against some of the modern accompaniments of Christmastide, but the real reform must begin first with the individual Christian. He must have his ideas revised to conform with the spirit that was possessed by the shepherds and wise men at the time of the event which we profess to commemorate, or, if he claims to have that spirit, he must have the moral courage to live by it, all modern customs and requirements notwithstanding.

We forfeit our right to be credited with ordinary common sense when we bend beneath the burden of preparation for Christmas and set up a wail against the customs that require it, and at the same time spend our money and our physical strength for the trash and baubles that constitute a large part of the season's “trade.” Are we as helpless as the caste-ridden people of India, and will we with them whine out the excuse, “It is the custom; we can do nothing!”

If we are losing the Christmas spirit, let us woo it back at once by the means which are within the power of every Christian. The beneficial results of such a course are sure to be apparent to others, and prove a mighty inducement to them to follow our example.

### "WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR."

THERE are few passages of Scripture equal in length to that containing the words of the wise men and at the same time embracing so much history, expressed in language so interesting and vivid and appealing so forcibly to the imagination. The words are given a setting, too, that strengthens these characteristics, and one is impressed anew at each reading with their wonderful charm. "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

The imagination begins to work at once, and we see the gorgeous court, the travel-stained wise men,—their every feature emphasizing their words of inquiry,—and the voluptuous members of the court with their wonder-filled countenances. But we dwell longest on the scene painted by the words, "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him." The east meant wide stretches of desert sand, and the star meant lonely nights and wild beasts and robbers lying in wait. How wonderful the attraction of that star! How earnest and faithful those men to be led by such a faint light! Well may they be called Wise-men!

Out of the multitudes of people, only a few recognized and followed the light of that star, shining among thousands of its fellows. And we do not wonder, because the way was very long and dark, and the light only a star-gleam. But what shall we say of those who heed not the light of that Star, now revealed as the Sun of Righteousness, shining with all the warmth and splendor and effulgence of midday? Surely the wise men may sit in judgment on such.

And what of ourselves? Are we to be outdone in earnestness, faithfulness and gratitude by these strangers? "We have seen his star, and are come," said they, bringing gifts to him. Can we say in return, "We have seen the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and we are come, bringing to him the gold of adoration, the frankincense of devotion, and the myrrh of consecration"? So be it.

### AN APPRECIATION.

WE hear a great deal about the trials of an editor, but I want to tell another story now. For some time I have wanted to say a word to our contributors in appreciation of their kindness and helpfulness. Of course I could write this to each contributor,—I do try to express my gratitude to them when I write to them individually,—but I feel that the whole INGLENOOK family should know of their goodness, and that the

articles they have been reading and enjoying have not been wrested from the writers by main force, but have been offered by them willingly, in the cause of pure, wholesome, ennobling literature.

I never considered myself a success at making people do what they did not want to do, and somehow I had imagined that nobody wanted to write for a paper,—unless there was "something in it"—a big something, too, at that,—and as I knew I had not that in my power to give, I was prepared to throw myself into the most humble and beseeching attitude in order to secure original material. You can then imagine my surprise to find good writers actually *willing* to contribute regularly to our paper. And they have not grown weary in well-doing,—their number is increasing all the time.

In view of this fact,—what Herculean tasks may not be expected of the editor, and to what heights of excellence may we not attain? Surely the encouragement and support from without is sufficient to make of the INGLENOOK a magazine that shall stand at the head of its class, and to bring into reality the dearest dreams of the editor. That it does or will lack in any point must be put down to our inability to go where others could and would take us in the march upward.

And now we wish you all, contributor and reader, a merry Christmas. May the Spirit of the Christ-child reign in your hearts!



### WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

HE taught, "Love your enemies;" he exemplified this great teaching is his own life; and the reign of "peace on earth" would rapidly come did all his disciples take these words just as the Savior gave them.—*Galen B. Royer.*



KINDLINESS adds a charm to beauty, and adds beauty to a homely face.—*Richard Seidel.*



Is there no hope for us when we seem not to be growing right? Will we never have any part in the joyous Christmastide in the Glory Home?—*Lulu C. Mohler.*



When I was a wee little child  
I thought that the snowflakes could hear.  
To them I expressed every wish  
For the Saint and his prancing reindeer.  
So when that glad Christmas time came,  
And I was especially good,  
I knew by my gifts that my friends  
And the great Santa Claus understood.

—Jennie Taylor.



# ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

FOR the year 1906 the total receipts of the patent office from all sources amounted to \$1,811,297.84; and the total expenditures were \$1,538,149.40, leaving a surplus of \$273,148.44, which was turned into the United States treasury.

OFFICERS of the geological survey report that there is an abundance of coal in this country for many centuries to come. They figure that the coal supply will last for 5,000 years, notwithstanding that the rate of consumption is increasing so rapidly.

FOLLOWING the recommendation of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, the secretary of the interior has withdrawn from allotment a large section of the Choctaw and Cherokee nations in the Indian territory. It is the intention of Secretary Wilson to make a big forest reserve in this part of the country, just as has been done elsewhere.

DR. ROBIN, of Paris, has reported to the Academy of Medicine a new method of treating pneumonia with the application of which only six fatalities out of fifty-one cases occurred. The treatment consists of subcutaneous injections of a metallic element. Dr. Robin said the kind of metal used seemed to make little difference, although heavier metals and gold and silver seemed to have stronger action.

THE interstate commerce commission has announced its intention to investigate the car shortage or whatever conditions have caused the poor grain delivery in the Northwest. A circular has been issued asking the grain growers to submit detailed information about the amount of freight offered and the reasons given for not transporting it.

HITHERTO it had been thought that there was extant no complete set of the *Spectator*, the publication made famous in England in the eighteenth century by Addison, Steele, and others. But a complete set of 635 numbers has recently been found in a Philadelphia picture store and purchased by Harvard university for \$500. For years it is said that the British museum has offered a large sum for such a set, but search for it was fruitless.

THE next total eclipse of the sun takes place January 13, 1907, and will be visible in central Asia. The track of the eclipse is wholly on land, and the best position for observing the eclipse is reached by railways recently built in Russian territory. Jizak, in Turkestan, is only a few miles from the exact line of central eclipse. This will be the last favorable opportunity for observing an eclipse until April 17, 1912.

A NEW metal called monel is being produced in Canada. It consists of a compound of copper, nickel, iron, and one or two other minerals. Its importance lies in the fact that it is much less costly than nickel, is less liable to rust, and will serve, it is claimed, all the purposes now served by that metal in the industrial world. The new metal is said to be of equal ductile strength with nickel, and to possess all its other essential qualities, but it is not claimed that it would serve the purpose of nickel steel, used as armor plate.

THE rapidity with which San Francisco is being rebuilt is illustrated by the records of the building inspector's office of the burned city. During one week there were permits issued for one hundred and ninety-four buildings. The value of these improvements was nearly \$2,000,000, or an amount almost equal to the average building operations of the city of New York for an entire month. Of the one hundred and ninety-four permits, one hundred and forty were for permanent buildings.

CENSUS BUREAU figures for five years ending with 1905 show an enormous expansion of the printing and publishing industries. The cost of materials used in the making of newspapers and periodicals increased \$20,000,000 in the five years, the value of the paper alone jumping from \$37,823,856 to \$58,966,258. The total number of publications increased from 18,226 to 21,400. The number of dailies jumped from 2,226 to 2,445, with a circulation of 19,624,957 for weekdays and a Sunday circulation of 11,539,521 copies. The number of weeklies increased from 12,979 with a circulation of 39,852,052, to 15,049, with a drop in circulation to 36,733,597. The monthlies jumped from 1817 in 1900, with a circulation of over 39,000,000, to 2,500, with 62,776,155 circulation.

THE National River and Harbor congress met in Washington a few days ago and adopted strong resolutions advocating the increase of the appropriation for river and harbor improvements to \$50,000,000 yearly. The resolution recites that some sure and adequate system of transportation must be added to the railroads and the development of the natural highways is the only answer to the problem. The United States congress is asked to put the river and harbor bills on the same footing as other regular appropriation bills.

SECRETARY TAFT in his annual report on the Philippines says conditions show steady improvement. "The government is doing the work there that it has proposed to do. It is maintaining peace and order with a firm hand; it is teaching the people by practical experience lessons in self-government, and it is giving them an opportunity by the raising of crops, the proceeds of which they may with certainty take to themselves as their own, the means of making the island prosperous." The balance of trade in favor of the island is about \$6,000,000. The finances also are in good condition, the gold surplus being more than \$1,500,000.

DECEMBER 12, the house of representatives went on record in opposition to the new spelling as recommended by the president. The subcommittee of the house committee on appropriations had inserted in the legislative appropriation bill a provision in favor of requiring the old form spelling to be used in the printing of all congressional reports and papers. By a vote of 142 to 25 the following was adopted as a substitute to the provision: "No money appropriated in this act shall be used in connection with printing documents authorized by law or ordered by congress or either branch thereof, unless the same shall conform to the orthography recognized and used by generally accepted dictionaries of the English language."

AMONG other recommendations in the annual report received by congress from the commissioners of the District of Columbia was one asking that the last Thursday in April be substituted for the presidential inauguration day. The commissioners invite early attention to this matter so that "the health of those who participate in the ceremonies of the inauguration of the president and vice-president may be protected from the dangers of the weather, which have proved fatal to so many in the past and have deprived the country of some of its most valuable servants." The wisdom of such a change is apparent, but as it would involve some complications it will probably be some time before a new inaugural day is set.

THE Pennsylvania railroad has issued new orders so as to reduce the danger in hauling explosives. Not more than three cars with explosives may be handled in a train for through road movement, and they must be five car lengths apart. If the train is long enough they must be fifteen lengths from the engine. Only cars in good condition and of not less than 60,000 pounds capacity may be used to carry common black powder, smokeless powder, etc. Cars with explosives will not be hauled in a passenger train; trainmen are required to examine them every time the train stops; and the cars next those with explosives must not be loaded with oil, lumber, or other inflammable material, or with iron pipe or anything that might break through the car.

THE great whistle of the East St. Louis electric railway can at times be heard twenty miles away. It is said that it is about the only whistle in the region roundabout that blows, as none of the others can be heard along with this one. Some 100,000 people are said to tell time by it. This siren is made up of three whistles, the largest of which is nearly as big around as a man, and six feet high. On each side of the main one is a smaller whistle. The three units combine to make one noise which even at half blast can be heard for ten miles. The whistle always blows on time as it is connected with an electric clock which is regulated by the government standard time sent out from Washington on the dropping of a ball exactly at noon each day. This clock is guaranteed not to vary five seconds in a year. The cost to the company of blowing the whistle is one dollar each time.

THE annual report of Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock was transmitted. In speaking of his investigation of land frauds, he said he has not considered either the station or the power of the guilty, excepting to regard the higher offender as the greater criminal. During the year four hundred and ninety persons have been indicted for violating land laws and eighty-nine have been convicted, while other indictments still pend. He reports that 19,431,187 acres were disposed of, of which 1,777,341 were sold for cash. There remain about 799,000,000 acres of unappropriated public lands, of which nearly half are in Alaska. In the Indian schools there is a total enrolment of 24,762. As to pensions, the roll has decreased during the year from 1,033,415 to 985,971, 34,974 new names being put on and 47,444 taken off by death and other causes. Of the names now on the rolls, 666,345 were actually soldiers and sailors, the rest being widows or dependents. There are now twenty-three irrigation problems of great magnitude under way in the West, and there have been twenty-two additional reservations of forests.





### LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

When I was a wee little child,  
It seemed that the star-fires could see;  
I thought they were bright, shining eyes,  
That came out at night to watch me;  
And while they looked steadily down,  
I tried to be specially good,  
For I thought that the gay little stars  
And the great Santa Claus understood.

When I was a wee little child,  
I ran down the long garden way,  
I thought that the jolly old moon  
Was calling me out for a play.  
And as I ran breathlessly on  
In the race, I was specially good,  
For I thought that the "man in the moon"  
And the great Santa Claus understood.

When I was a wee little child,  
I thought that the flowers could know,  
To them all my plans I explained,  
Would tell them each joy and each woe.  
And when they looked wisely at me  
I tried to be specially good,  
For I thought that the wide-awake flowers  
And the great Santa Claus understood.

When I was a wee little child,  
I thought that the snowflakes could hear.  
To them I expressed every wish  
For the Saint and his prancing reindeer.  
So when that glad Christmas time came,  
And I was especially good,  
I knew by my gifts that my friends  
And the great Santa Claus understood.

Tipton, Iowa.



### THE GUIDING STAR.

IDA M. HELM.



URKEY dinner, fifteen cents for one person," said Charlie.

"Oh, oh, oh, where?" exclaimed Elva.

"I was just reading the notice placed above the counter over there," answered Charlie. But we can't go to the dinner.

He put his hand in his pocket, then he took it out quickly. "There is no use counting it again," he said, "I have just six pennies. Oh, I did hope

I could get a set of carpenter's tools, but I must give it up. The money that I earn to-morrow by doing errands for Mrs. Hodges I must use to buy coal for mother; the rent is paid, and I will save these pennies and I can buy twelve ginger cookies. Mother has cornmeal and side-meat and apple-butter and we ought not to complain," said he.

"I bet they'll have cranberry sauce and mince pie and fruit cake and oranges. We never have anything good to eat and I never tasted turkey nor cranberry sauce," said Elva, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, dear; you're too big a girl to cry, you're six years old," coaxed Charlie. "In five years I will be sixteen years old and I can earn lots of money. Then I'll buy a turkey and cranberries and oranges for our Christmas dinner."

Elva, although unconsciously, echoed the sentiment of Job when he told his friends that they were miserable comforters, for her tears fell faster and she said, "Maybe we'll both be dead in five years. Oh, I want a turkey dinner this Christmas."

As Charlie and Elva Pence started to go out of the store, Uncle Jonathan stepped out from behind the big stove and asked them what their names were and where they lived. Then he looked out of the window and watched them as they walked slowly past the big windows and looked longingly at the tempting presents and realized that they could not buy even the cheapest one.

When they had passed out of sight Uncle Jonathan pulled his cap down over his ears and went across the street to a grocery and bought several large parcels. Next he went to a toy shop and bought several bundles. Then he got into his buggy and started home.

That evening, Uncle Jonathan and Aunt Barbara sat down by their comfortable fire and talked about the happenings of the day. Afterwards, he put on his spectacles and began reading his newspaper and Aunt Barbara finished her preparations for the next day's work and when the clock struck nine the kitchen looked like a grocer's bakery.

All the next day the kitchen was filled with the odor of spice cake, fruit cake, doughnuts, mince pies, apple pies, pumpkin pies, and stewing dried peaches and cranberries. In the afternoon, Uncle Jonathan

came in, carrying in one hand a fat gobbler and in the other a plump duck that had been greedily feasting on corn for the last two months. Aunt Barbara took the duck and began scalding, plucking and singeing it and getting it ready to go in the roasting pan when the proper time came. Then she began on the turkey and when it was dressed she put them both in a large crock and set them in the summer house to freeze. She said, "If they are allowed to freeze before they are cooked it improves the quality of the meat."

In the afternoon as Mrs. Pence sat in her poorly furnished room in the city and stitched away on a coarse garment, she thought of the cheerless Christmas that her children would spend, and feelings of resentment filled her heart and welled her eyes with tears as she thought of the money that would be spent and of the costly presents that the rich would give to their over-supplied children, and she could not give her children even the smallest token of love.

About three o'clock the mail-carrier handed her a letter and when she read it the gloom and bitterness that had settled on her mind suddenly dispersed and such feelings of gladness filled her soul as she had not known for many a day.

"I will not tell the children," she said, "and if there is a mistake in this they will not be disappointed." But the burden of care that had seemed so hard for her to bear now seemed a pleasant task as she stitched away and began humming this beautiful Christmas song:

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King."

That evening Charlie and Elva sat by the window and watched the stars as they sparkled and glimmered, and occasionally one seemed to lose its place in the sky and tumble to the earth.

"I wonder which star it was that led the wise men to Jesus?" said Elva.

"I read in a paper the other day that we must keep the star in our own hearts; that will lead us to Jesus to-day," said Charlie. "I wonder what it meant."

Their mother was listening and she said, "Jesus was then a little baby and the wise men wanted to worship him and give him gifts and they did not know where to find him, so God sent the star to guide them to where the little Prince was lying. To-day Jesus is a King. Instead of lying in a manger he is sitting on a beautiful throne in heaven and in place of the star he has sent the Holy Spirit to lead us to the King. If we will let the Spirit rule in our hearts we will grow more and more like Jesus.

Before Elva went to bed she hung her stocking by the stove and wrote a note and laid it on the stove hearth asking Santa Claus to give her a doll. Then she went to bed and dreamed of dolls of every size

and description. When the morning dawned and she flew to her stocking she found it hanging empty and the note lying just as she had left it. Then all the joy that had glowed so hopefully in her heart went out and tears of disappointment streamed from her eyes.

Alas! old Santa, the children's god, is a partial fellow; he leaves his presents only when he receives value for his service.

When Mrs. Pence saw the grief of her little daughter, her conscience smote her with sorrow and regret that she had ever taught her to have faith in such a false belief. It seemed to the children that Christmas would be indeed void of all cheer. Their mother told them that she would tell them Christmas stories to brighten the day. Elva tried to look cheerful and she said, "But I'd like to *live* in a nice, real Christmas story."

While they were talking, some one knocked on the door, and when Charlie opened it he saw the man that had asked them in the store where they lived. He told them that he had come with his surrey to take them with him to spend Christmas at his country home two miles from town.

Mrs. Pence's faith in mankind was strengthened when she found that there was truly no mistake in the letter she had received. And the children's happiness knew no bounds, they had not even dreamed that such pleasure could be in store for them. "Will you have roasted turkey and cranberry sauce and oranges for dinner?" Elva asked of Uncle Jonathan.

"Plenty of it, and you shall have all you can eat," answered he.

"I'd rather have them than all the dolls I dreamed about last night," replied she as she danced about him with delight.

Never in her short life had Elva been in the country, and she saw enough wonders to keep her busy thinking for a long time. The pleasant rooms with their rocking chairs and soft couches on which she could nestle and look at the beautiful pictures on the walls seemed like paradise to her.

When dinner was ready and she saw the table spread with the very things for which she had longed, but thought she never could have, she said to herself, "I guess these people keep the star in their hearts and it led them to our house to bring us here for dinner."

When the joys of the day were over and Uncle Jonathan took them back to their home, many useful presents went with them, besides a beautiful doll for Elva and a set of carpenter tools for Charlie. And Uncle Jonathan and Aunt Barbara assured them they would not forget them. Mrs. Pence knew that the star that glowed in their hearts would continue to shine in her humble home.

*Ashland, Ohio.*



### CHRISTMAS DAINTIES.

MRS. LULA GOSHORN.

As the holidays approach, one thinks of some of the dainties common to the festive time. Here are a few simple ones easily and quickly made at home:

Slice six sweet oranges, sprinkle with sugar and over all one cup cocoanut. Makes a nice dessert, as also sliced bananas sprinkled with sugar and served with cream.

**COCOANUT MACAROONS.**—Two-thirds cup granulated sugar, one-half cup water; boil until it slightly hardens; remove from fire and stir in one-half pound cocoanut. Add by degrees the beaten whites of three eggs. Mix well with a spoon, drop in small cakes on buttered tin and bake until light brown.

**PLAIN MACAROONS.**—One sup of sugar, one egg beaten stiff, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon lemon extract. Drop in pans in very small cakes and bake lightly.

**CHOCOLATE FUDGE.**—One cup granulated sugar, scant one-half cup cream, one square chocolate, butter one-half the size of an egg; vanilla flavoring to taste. Break chocolate into small pieces, melt the ingredients together, boil hard for four minutes, take from fire and stir until thick; pour in buttered pan and mark in squares.

**APPLE SNOW.**—Five good-sized apples pared, cored and cooked tender in very little water, with the rind of a lemon. When tender take out the lemon, beat the apples to a pulp, cool them, add the well-beaten whites of five eggs and four tablespoonsful of white sugar; continue beating until the mixture is stiff and white. Pile on a glass dish and garnish with thin slices of currant jelly. Or any bright jelly will do.

**FIG FILLING FOR CAKES.**—Cook one-half pound figs until tender, chop fine, add one cup sugar and one cup water; boil in a double boiler until smooth and thick, then add one teaspoonful vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of white cake.

*Ladoga, Ind.*



### BAKING POWDER AND SODA TOGETHER.

WE are told not to combine baking powder and soda in the same food. In fact the combination often proves most satisfactory.

Baking powder biscuits are as much improved by wetting them with buttermilk sweetened by soda as can be imagined.

One great mistake made by very many is in using too much soda. Very little is needed. A very scant even teaspoonful will sweeten a pint of very sour milk or buttermilk. Someone says pertinently, "Be sure you have not enough soda and you will have it just right."

A good rule for baking-powder biscuits is a quart of flour sifted well—if sifted two or three times it is better. Into the flour incorporate two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoon even full of salt, a very scant teaspoonful of soda, not even full. Mix into the flour, etc., a very large tablespoonful of lard, and wet up with two cupfuls of sour milk or buttermilk. If the measuring has been correct the milk will make the dough very soft—so soft it will seem impossible to handle it. By dredging the bread board well with flour and sprinkling a little on top of the paste it can be rolled out into a sheet not more than half an inch in thickness, cut with small cutter, put in pans so they do not touch and bake in very hot oven. Five minutes will bake them. If liked larger and thicker, more time must be allowed, but oven must be hot for good biscuits.

Doughnuts are much better made with sour milk or cream and soda with baking powder. Sour cream cake—in fact nearly everything in which these things are used where tenderness rather than flakiness is desired will be found improved by their combination.—*Farmer's Voice.*

## Read this to the Little Ones

### CHRISTMAS MORN.

We love to think of Bethlehem,  
That little mountain town,  
To which, on earth's first Christmas day,  
Our blessed Lord came down.  
A lowly manger for his bed,  
The cattle near in stall,  
There, cradled close in Mary's arms,  
He slept, the Lord of all.  
If we had been in Bethlehem,  
We too had hastened, fain  
To see the Babe whose little face  
Knew neither care nor pain.  
Like any little child of ours,  
He came unto his own,  
Though cross and shame before him stretched,  
His pathway to the throne.  
If we had dwelt in Bethlehem  
We should have followed fast,  
And where the star had led our feet  
Have knelt ere dawn was past.  
Our gifts, our songs, our prayers had been  
An offering, as he lay,  
The blessed Babe of Bethlehem,  
In Mary's arms that day.  
Now break the latest Christmas morn!  
Again the angels sing,  
And far and near the children throng  
Their happy hymns to bring.  
All heaven is stirred, all earth is glad,  
For down the shining way  
The Lord, who came to Bethlehem,  
Comes yet, on Christmas day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## MAGGIE'S "TRULY" CHRISTMAS.



MAGGIE had been perfectly satisfied with her Christmas in 1904. In her stocking had been an apple, a cruller, six peppermint lozenges and a rag doll.

Proud and happy, with her doll wrapped in a handkerchief, to keep it warm, and a peppermint in her mouth to keep her warm, Maggie went over to Josie's to see what Santa had brought to Josie and her many brothers and sisters. From Josie's she had returned with lagging steps and a very sad little face.

"Oh, mama," she cried, "why couldn't I have a truly Christmas like Josie and May and Willie and Bennie? Josie and May have really dollies that open and shut their eyes, and truly hair that curls. Willie has a tin train, and Bennie has a cart, and they all have lots and lots of candy."

Mama's heart was heavy because her little girl missed the prettier things that she could not afford to buy her, and she and papa said that when Christmas, 1905 came round Maggie should have a "truly" Christmas if they could manage it, and it did come about in a strange way.

There were no more shoes to be mended that year than any other, and mama's rheumatism was quite as bad, and coal was very high and very little drift wood could be found, and so when September came, not one cent had yet been saved towards the "truly" Christmas.

Now Maggie lived in Canso, which is the very farthest point of America towards the east, and there the land runs out in long ledges and reefs and scattered rocks, all of granite, as though America were trying to reach out long rocky fingers to Europe.

In September came three days and nights of broken fog, and on one of those nights a big "tramp" steamer got a little too near the long rocky fingers and instead of going on to New York, slipped up on a granite ledge and stuck fast.

Nobody was the least bit hurt, and everybody got safely ashore at Canso. Then came days when many tugs went back and forth to the "tramp," and many boxes and bales of cargo were taken out of her. Then divers went away down into her hold under the water that half filled her, and sent up more boxes and bales, and at last the divers said there was nothing else fit to come up. There were boxes of Christmas goods spoiled by the water and not worth saving. So at last, they blew up that "tramp" steamer, because there was nothing valuable left in it.

All Canso went out in their boats to see the sight, and Maggie's papa took his little boat and went too. They all saw a puff of white smoke, and heard a dull heavy sound, and the big ship lifted herself up and

slipped down into deep water, and that was the end of her.

But the water was covered with bits of floating wreckage, and all the little boats were rowed frantically about as men, women and children gathered all they could of the spoils. Maggie's papa gathered what he could too, and rowed home and drew up his boat, and rolled the things he had picked up in a big piece of canvas and hid it, and never said one word to Maggie or her mama about it.

But after Maggie had gone to bed he brought the canvas bundle into the little kitchen, which was dining-room and parlor as well, and he and mama spread it out to see what the big "tramp" had brought them.

"Spoiled Christmas goods," papa said, but to mama they were perfect treasures. There were parts of half a dozen dolls, a lot of tinsel balls and tops, all more or less broken, ever so many torn and water-soaked books, one good rubber ball and broken bits of wee furniture, not one piece whole, and some scattered and broken woodwork from the vessel.

Maggie's mama went to work with the broken up stuff. Out of the doll remains she found two unbroken heads, but as they had no wigs, she secured wigs from two broken heads. New bodies she had to make, but found enough arms and legs to go round, the legs still adorned with stockings. These dolls, when neatly dressed with pretty muslin and bright ribbons, were really lovely, and no one would dream that their legs and arms and lovely curly wigs were never meant for them.

When the jumble of water-soaked paper, that had been books, was dried, it was rather discouraging. But one or two were found which were whole, and only a little stained, and mother made a big scrap book into which she pasted pictures and stories which had not been spoiled, taken from badly torn or disfigured books.

On Christmas eve papa cut a little spruce tree back on the hill, and after Maggie had gone to bed, her mama hung on it the tinsel balls, the big rubber ball and one of the dolls. The other doll sat on the scrap book, and the other little things, such as dolls' chairs and tables, stood around her.

On Christmas Day little Maggie took one of those beautiful dollies, with real hair, and eyes that open and shut, and putting on her overstockings and coat and a "cloud" around her head, carried it away over the long hill and down the road past the marsh to little French Jeanette, who was lame and could never run and play like other children, and little Jeanette loved the dolly so much that she often forgot her weariness and pain in the joy of playing with it. So Maggie's "truly" Christmas brought joy also to the heart of another little girl.—Stella T. Payson.





# THE RURAL LIFE

## CHRISTMAS GIFT (ACROSTIC).

[Robert E. Ericson's first poem, written when 12 years old.]

### The Sleeping Infant.

Come all of you and view the child,  
His features are so calm and mild,  
Rich locks of hair adorn his head,  
In peace he lies upon his bed.  
So calm upon his bed he lies,  
'Tis joy to look at his fair eyes.  
May God go with him through his life,  
And be his stay in storm and strife,  
Steady his feet in coming days,

Go with him in all wisdom's ways.  
In all thy ways direct his feet,  
For in this life with snares we meet  
That are spread for unwary feet.

Illinois.



## THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

### II. The Beef and Mutton Chillroom.

THE carcasses being now weighed and numbered are at once sent into the chillroom on the next floor below, either by means of a vertical elevator or carried by an endless chain moving in a long chute, which ends at the entrance of the cooler.

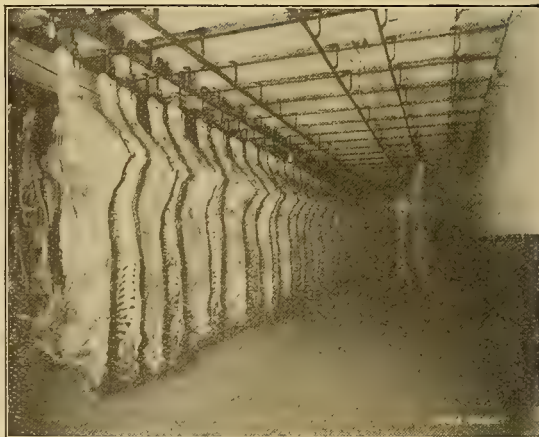
Dozens of overhead rails and switches have been emptied during the early hours of the morning and are waiting to receive the day's killing. These rooms are very closely made, often ceiled from top to bottom and windowless, so that no air can escape except through doors when opened. The floors are covered with clean sawdust, which is renewed every week.

There must, of course, be artificial light, and electricity is the power chosen, perhaps because it produces the least heat while giving the most powerful light. In spite of these lights, however, there are often times when objects five feet ahead can not be seen, owing to the vapor produced when the warm meat and frosty air come in contact. The temperature is kept low by means of ammonia gas forced through coils of pipe placed about the walls and ceiling.

It is in these rooms where the freezing is done, the beefs hanging a period of two days or more. Here they hang close side by side, sometimes a thousand or more in one room at once. Long rows of beef-

halves, quarters or minor cuts, some bearing the government inspection label, others designed for canning purposes bearing no label, some bearing the kosher's brand. Over to one side or perhaps in the corner is the government retention room, perhaps now empty, perhaps filled with diseased meats, all bearing the red condemnation tag of the government. This is locked by government employes and opened whenever an animal is condemned or when disposition is made of the contents.

In these freezers they are cut into quarters and



wrapped in cloth and burlap ready for interstate and export trade. To one side also may be seen long racks upon which are hung the viscera and tongues in order that they may drain and become hardened. The moving of carcasses in the coolers is done by hand. Occasionally a truck breaks or perhaps runs into an open switch and down come the beef and truck and the employe considers himself fortunate if he is quick enough to escape being crushed by the beef or struck with the heavy iron truck.

And thus it goes. The coolers are filled by the products of the day's killing only to be emptied of their contents during the night that room may be in readiness for the products of the following day.

Chicago, Ill.



BLESSED are the workers, for theirs is training, service, and brotherhood.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

## A CONVICT FARM.

JOHN R. CULP.



WE had often wondered what a convict farm is like, and upon receiving an invitation from the superintendent to come and make him a visit, we lost no time in accepting it.

Securing an old Southern Colonel for guide,—and he was a fine old gentleman of the old school and had fought, and fought well in the lost cause,—we started for a twenty-mile drive to see some two hundred negroes, convicts,—men sentenced for all kinds of crimes even to murder, and for life, at work on an open farm.

It was a beautiful morning and how I like those long southern sunny, dreamy days, driving through fine forests of magnolia and fir and live oak and pine. We passed a number of grand ruins of old plantations, now grown over with moss and ivy, mute emblems of a past agricultural wealth and splendor and lordly living, the like of which the world had never seen.

It makes my heart feel sad to view the ruins of these once palatial homes where now is nothing left but the outlines of the brick walls, crumbled to dust, with an occasional tall chimney left standing as if a sentinel to guard from intrusion the lost hopes and ambitions and friendship and love that lie buried there. Perhaps these are surrounded by yet other ruins, the small log cabin, a half dozen or more, the homes of the lowly.

The stately live oak that lined either side of the broad drive from the main road up to the great front porch alone have not suffered the ravages of time, but instead have grown and spread out their branches wide as if to make the ruins even more desolate. What kings in their own realm these large cotton-growing slave owners were.

But imagine our surprise when we were told we were at the entrance of the farm. No high palisade or brick or stone wall surrounded it, but just a simple two-wire fence tacked to posts or trees scarcely enough to turn a stray mule. We opened the gap,—there was no sentinel to guard it,—and drove up to the buildings about the center of the farm. They were all of frame and consisted of a large sugar house, where the cane was ground and converted into sugar, the superintendent's house, a few small cribs for corn and hay for the mules, a kennel for the bloodhounds, and a long low building in which the convicts slept, which reminded me of a low northern corn crib with bunks arranged in it and a padlock on the outside to keep some one from stealing corn.

The superintendent being away, the foreman invited us to dinner in the sugar house, which is also

a dining hall for the convicts. We were given a separate table, but surrounded by and waited upon by convicts. In addition to the usual setting of the table that every housewife knows how to place, there were four large fully loaded revolvers placed on our table and a bowie knife at every plate, and with a half dozen white guards with double-barrelled shot-guns in hand so placed that they could see every corner and crack of the room, we ate heartily.

But how about the men? Why do they stay when it would be so easy to escape? First, they are negroes. Then they are well fed and have congenial work and are not usually overworked; out in the open air they have their thoughts occupied and are always worked in squads and are company for each other. Many of them came in from the fields astride their mule or carrying a hoe, either whistling or singing some old plantation melody. Then they are closely guarded, a white guard to about ten or twelve negroes. In the field the guards are always on horseback and a double-barrelled shot-gun is never out of their hands. With plenty of ammunition in the belt and the finger generally on the trigger, there is really small chance. The guards are picked men who know no fear and will shoot when occasion demands. And then the bloodhounds the negroes have an abject terror for, and the farm keeps an ample supply of the best that can be had and knows how to use them.

Then, too, the convicts are so well treated that many of them beg to remain after their time has expired and there seems to be imparted to them an honor or trustworthiness that they come to be proud of. Some of the older and most trustworthy are often sent twelve or fifteen miles to town with four-mule teams, hauling sugar or provisions, and no guard nearer than they left at the farm, and we were told they had never had a breach of such trust.

*Eureka, Ill.*



## GROCERYMAN VS. THE FARMER.

CONSIDERABLE attention is being attracted in northern Illinois by the action that has been taken by the farmers of Will county in forming what is known as the Plainfield Potato Growers' association. This organization was brought into being by the movement on the part of about twenty-five grocery-men and produce dealers in Joliet who caused an ordinance to be passed which prescribes such a high license that farmers are practically prohibited from selling the products of their farms direct to the consumer by "peddling" from house to house.

The farmers in Will county have organized with the intention of fighting the ordinance and propose to carry the case to the Supreme court if necessary. The farmers have named their organization the Plainfield Potato Growers' association because it is this



tuber chiefly that has become the bone of contention.

It appears that the grocerymen and produce dealers of Joliet have lost the sympathy of the consumer as well as the farmer. Last year it is charged that the merchants raised the price of potatoes from sixty-five cents up to ninety cents so that by thus manipulating the market they were able to unload thousands of bushels at the top price.

This year the farmers charge that the dealers combined to force the prices down while the growers were hauling their crop to market. When the farmer attempted to sell from house to house they put the screws on by passing the ordinance that practically prevents the grower from selling to the consumer direct.

After the organization had been effected the farmers went into town with tubers on their shoulders so to speak, and dared authority to knock them off. Thus far no arrests have been reported, but it is asserted that as soon as an arrest is made the Plainfield Potato Growers' association will immediately throw the matter into court. It is said that citizens of the town as a class are backing the farmers in their fight. It is also asserted that the police authorities are inclined to aid in making the obnoxious legislation a dead letter.

The farmers justly claim that they have been earning fair prices for their products, and that they object to allowing a dozen or more men to fix the price of their commodity rather than the natural law of supply and demand. The Joliet situation is a vital one and the outcome will be watched with interest by the farmers in other sections who have found themselves in similar situations.—*The Prairie Farmer*.



#### SAN JOSE SCALE: APPEARANCE, HISTORY AND REMEDIES.

At the present time there is no greater menace to fruit growing in Indiana than the San Jose Scale, (pronounced San Ho-zay). The scale has already been reported from about half the counties of the state, and there are doubtless many infested localities where its presence is yet unrecognized.

The rapid and alarming spread of this pest, together with the great variety of plants upon which it feeds, makes its eradication a matter in which every fruit grower and nurseryman must be vitally interested.

The presence of the scale may be first detected by the general sickly and unthrifty appearance of the affected trees. Upon a closer examination, the bark may be seen to be coated with a rough, ashy gray deposit.

Upon the young and tender growth of the apple and pear and upon the fruit of these trees, the scale

causes bright red discolorations about an eighth of an inch in diameter. At this time of year the scale on the fruit is very conspicuous.

The gray coating on the limbs is due to the continuous layer of insect bodies, each one about the size of a pinhead, and each intent upon sucking the juice from the living tissue of the plant.

The winter is usually passed in a half-grown condition. When the weather gets warm in the spring the immature scales begin to grow and during the latter part of May or early June the young commence to appear.

The females bear the young alive and six or eight are born daily for several weeks. In about five weeks the first born begin to reproduce. The rapidity with which this insidious pest spreads is not to be wondered at when it is realized that a single pair in a single season have progeny to the number of a thousand million.

For about a day after birth, the young, which are a sulphur yellow color and barely visible to the naked eye, crawl about looking for a favorable spot for beginning operations. During this stage they may get upon the feet of birds, or upon larger insects and are readily transported to hitherto uninfested localities.

By the end of twenty-four hours the young have become located and the scale begins to form over their backs. This is at first pure white, but later becomes gray or black. Reproduction continues throughout the summer and is most active during September.

Remedial measures in the shape of dilute whale-oil soap sprays may be taken during the summer against the larvæ for the purpose of holding the scale in check, but it is to the more caustic washes, which require to be applied when the tree is dormant, that we must look for its eradication.

The best and cheapest of these is the lime-sulphur wash and is made as follows: By using at first a small quantity of water mix fifteen pounds flowers of sulphur into a thin paste.

Slake twenty pounds clean stone lime in about ten gallons of hot water. While boiling violently from the slaking, stir in the sulphur. Then add fifteen gallons more of hot water and boil for one hour. Dilute to fifty gallons and apply while warm.

In badly infected orchards two applications are recommended, one in fall after the leaves are dropped, another in the spring just before the buds open. Be sure to cover thoroughly every part of the tree above ground.

The lime-sulphur wash in addition to its effectiveness against the scale is a valuable fungicide and the spring spraying will replace one application of Bordeaux mixture. The secret of success in its use is thoroughness in putting it on.—C. G. Woodbury, *Ind. Exp. Sta.*

## AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Before this old-time fireplace in the days that now are gone,

On Christmas Eve, we gathered, blithe and gay,  
It was here we hung our stockings, just above the old  
hearth stone,

Ere the feet of loved ones strayed so far away.

Now I sit alone beside the hearth, 'tis Christmas Eve  
again,

I watch the glowing embers fade and die;  
'Tis the wind, and yet I fancy gentle fingers tap the pane,  
That I hear their voices o'er the threshold sigh.

I am gray, and bent, and withered, age o'er me has shadowed  
cast;

All the palaces of youth are dust and mould;  
Yet before the ancient fireplace, from the ashes of the past,  
I rebuild them in their beauty, as of old.

And memory comes and sits with me, a wistful Christmas  
guest,

Together we recall those vanished years;  
And looking in the fire I see the picture—loved the best—  
The castles of my childhood, veiled in tears.

Shadows gather 'round the fireside, and in fancy I can see  
Each, as of old, in his accustomed place;

The circle is unbroken, as I pray some day 'twill be,  
Where there is no vacant, chair no missing face.

'Tis but an old man's dream, and yet 'tis sweet for me to  
know

The world to which my dear ones all are gone  
Is not so far but I can hear their footsteps come and go,  
As I sit and dream beside the old heartstone.

—Minnie Reid French.



## THE KAISER'S FAMILY AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

CHRISTMAS is always celebrated by the Kaiser strictly *en famille*, says Wolf von Schierbrand in the December number of *Lippincott's*. The Empress keeps a special memorandum book in which, year after year, are noted down the presents made to every member of the imperial household (no matter how high or humble), as well as to friends and relatives. The careful study of this little book causes her Majesty, for weeks before the actual festival season, no little thought and anxiety; for duplication must be avoided at all hazards, and the special wishes of each consulted, as far as possible, while valued old servitors must, of course, be specially considered. In her small, dark, brougham the Empress nearly every day drives from store to store, making individual purchases.

For the higher officials, relatives, etc., jewelry, watches, sleeve-links and other trinkets serving for personal adornment are presented, for the Kaiser believes in things of permanent value and capable of constant use. In this connection it may be said that it has occasioned some sarcastic comment that of late years he has quasi-established a rule by which a large percentage of the above named category of gifts has taken the form of twenty-mark gold pieces set in

diamonds in the shape of a brooch (for ladies), and ten-mark gold pieces similarly encrusted for sleeve-links (for gentlemen), but it is to be presumed that there were good reasons for making such an innovation.

Then there is a medium-sized tree for the Kaiser and the Kaiserin, and a small one for each of their children—all in a row, with a plethora of gifts beneath. For days previous the *Muschelsaal* has been forbidden ground for the children, even for the darling of the family, Princess Victoria Louise, now a tall, slender girl of thirteen. They, the brothers and sister, have been playing hide-and-seek with their own gifts (all purchased out of their by no means extravagant allowance of pocket money), and now the happy moment has arrived to bring them out.

The Kaiser makes it a rule always to include in his gifts to his family some (generally of slight intrinsic value) which contain a lesson or adorn a tale; often these are whimsical and give rise afterwards to pleasantries within the imperial family. The sons of the Kaiser are: Crown Prince William, born May 6, 1882; Eitel Fritz, born July 7, 1883; Adelbert, July 14, 1884; Augustus William, born January 29, 1887; Oscar, born July 27, 1888; Joachim, born December 17, 1890; and the only daughter Victoria Louise, was born September 13, 1892; thus all of them are fast getting beyond the childish stage, to the intense vexation of their mother. Nevertheless, the Christmas traditions of their childhood are still kept up, and even the Crown Prince, though now a young benedict, at the *Bescheerung* is treated and behaves like a youngster.



If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—*Emerson*.



"Love is the wonderful angel of life that rolls away all stones and sorrow and suffering from the pathway of duty."

## WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED, a matron for McPherson College. Please write at once. McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.



## FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

### The Eggs That Never Hatched.

There's a young man on the corner,  
Filled with life and strength and hope,  
Looking far beyond the present,  
With the whole world in his scope.  
He is grasping at to-morrow,  
That phantom none can catch;  
To-day is lost. He's waiting  
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's an old man over yonder,  
With a worn and weary face,  
With searching, anxious features,  
And weak uncertain pace.  
He is living in the future,  
With no desire to catch  
The golden Now. He's waiting  
For the eggs that never hatch.

There's a world of men and women,  
With their life's boat yet undone,  
Who are sitting, standing, moving  
Beneath the same great sun;  
Ever eager for the future,  
But not content to snatch  
The Present. They are waiting  
For the eggs that never hatch.

—Merchant Traveler.

### Her Christmas Scheme.

"I hope you remember what I told you about our circumstances and that you are willing to forego your customary Christmas present this year," said Cobwigger.

"Indeed I have, my dear," replied his better half, "and when I tell you how I've planned it all out so that I get the present without its costing you a single penny you'll be ready to admit what a clever little wife you possess."

"Umph! How's that?" inquired Cobwigger, with a trace of apprehension in his voice.

"Now my dear," returned his wife, "even if I say it myself, I don't think any one but a woman could have hit upon such an ingenious scheme. The store where I buy things has just started in to give trading stamps. They are just the thing to help out a woman who was in my predicament! For a hundred dollars I bought the loveliest lot of Christmas presents for my friends you ever saw. I haven't yet had time to count up all the trading stamps I got with them, but I can tell at a glance that I have enough to get the very present for myself I had set my heart on all along."—New York Times.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer, "That fellow ought to be chuck full of work." "He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—Success.

Nuremberg, Germany, is and has been for years a great center of the pencil trade, possessing between 30 and 40 factories, which give employment to 8,000 to 10,000 hands, while the annual output of pencils numbers 350,000,000, of a value of upward of \$2,500,000.

### Studying Bird Notes.

There was a peculiar sound from the direction of the woods as the member of the Birdlovers' Society sat in the window of her friend's country home one summer afternoon.

She quickly took her small "Bird Guide" from her ever-present bag and rapidly turned the leaves. At last she paused with a smile of satisfaction and listened, with her finger between two leaves of the little book till the sound came again.

When it was repeated an expression of doubt flitted across her features, but still she was hopeful.

"You probably know many of the bird notes living so near the woods and in such a quiet spot," she said to her friend. "Can you tell me what bird that is?"

"That," said her friend briefly, "is our goat. We shall have to move him further off."—Youth's Companion.

### Couldn't Remember.

"William," said Mrs. Hardy, "can't you let me have some money to-day?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Hardy, "what did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?"

"Well," said the faithful spouse, "I had to have a new bonnet, Walter and Kittie needed new shoes, James a new suit, Burt a new hat, Martha a new gown, Grace a pair of gloves, Daisy some aprons—and—and—really, William, I can't remember what I did with the change."—The Christian World.

When the thermometer dropped below zero Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed by the thought that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

"Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Huldah without enthusiasm.

Mrs. Rogers, happy in the belief that her maid was comfortable, slept soundly. In the morning she visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah, how did you get along with the flat-iron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma-am, I got it 'most warm before morning."—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in the December Everybody's.

Shakespeare's autograph is the rarest. There are only seven in existence, and three of these are doubtful. The best is in the British museum, in a translation of "Montaigne." It cost \$15,000, and would sell readily to-day for \$25,000. The two next best are in conveyances of property. Three are in Shakespeare's will, but two of these are doubtful, and there is a doubtful one in the folio edition of his plays.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "e" to his name after inheriting a fortune?

Gyer—He, probably figured out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.

## Neff's Corner

When I was in the mountains I bought a pony for \$15 and brought her down into the valley and sold her for \$35. I was offered a bunch of thirteen pretty young horses and colts for \$165. There were only two reasons why I did not buy them. First, I am not a horse jockey, and second, I lacked about \$164.50 having enough money to pay for them. I could have brought them into the valley and sold four or five of them for what the thirteen would have cost; and I mention this to show you that there is more than one way of making a living in New Mexico. In fact it is a good place for a man with a disposition to work and an eye to business.

Now those \$250 properties I've been telling you about—we had the house on one about finished,—inclosed, roofed, celled and floored, but neither papered nor painted and some of the battens and cornice not yet on, when a renter came along and insisted on moving in. You know I said I could buy you a lot and have you a house built in Lake Arthur for \$250 that would rent for \$5 per month, possibly \$7. Well, this house is taken at \$6 thus before it is finished and they tell me three families that just came in have left our town and gone to the next because they could rent no houses here. This house was built for a sister in Oklahoma, and already she is receiving a good income on her investment. Part of the lumber is already bought for a house ordered by a brother in Canada, and work will begin in a few days. We want to have the work begin on the church in a few days, so it is possible that the carpenters will be so busy that when your order comes in for one of those \$250 properties it will take a little more time, with so much other work to look after, to get it ready to occupy than it would otherwise, but we will do our best to have your interests looked after promptly, so whenever you are ready, let me know.

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resulted in sales of over 2,400 acres from 30,000 now coming on the market. We remind you of promptness in securing a holding in this favored region. This locality offers a mild and equable climate, with sufficient and well distributed rainfall and cheap fuel.

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No. 21C3003.—For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.



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